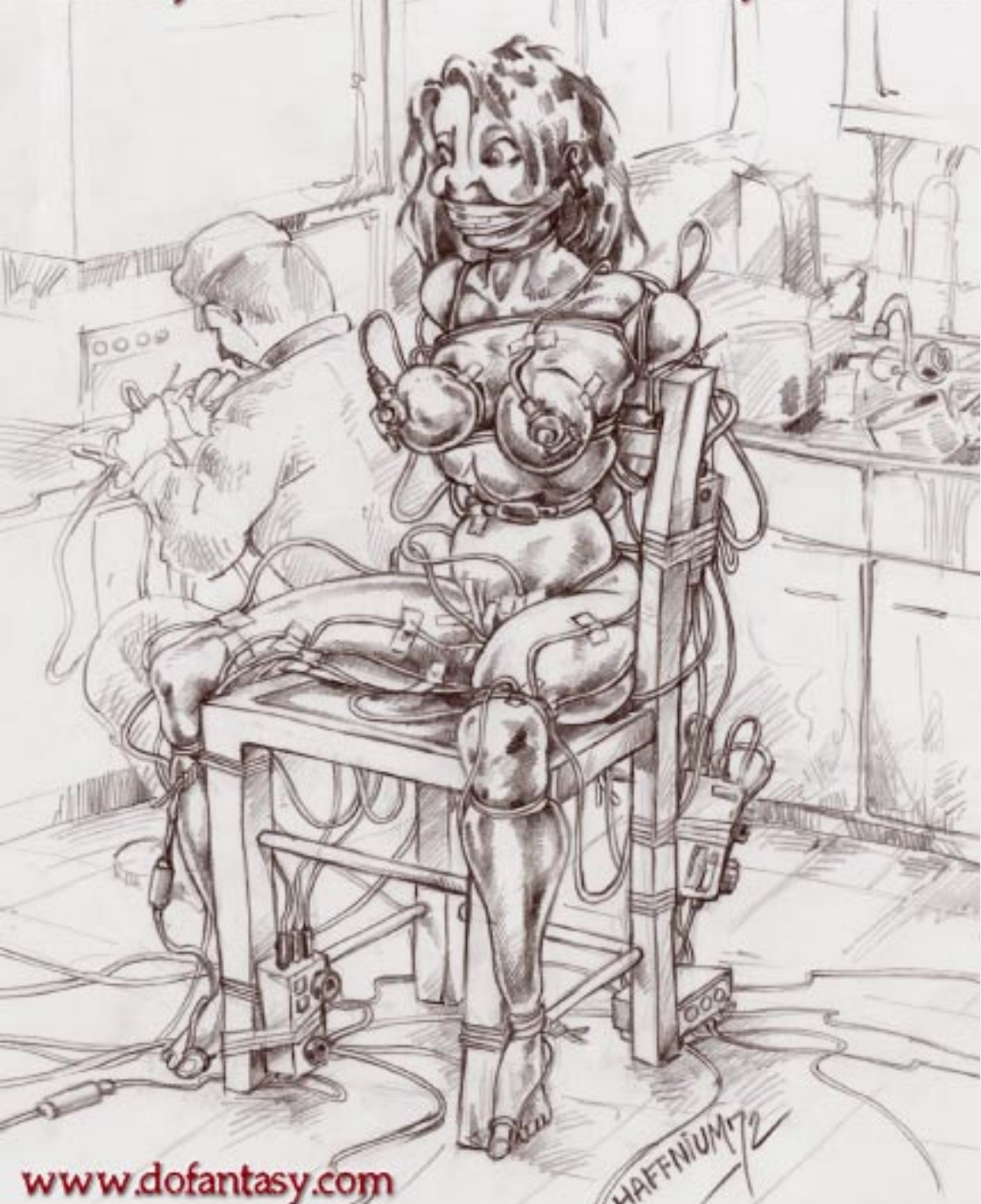


# THE ELECTRICIAN

Geoffrey Merrick

illustrated by Haffnium72



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# THE ELECTRICIAN

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# PART ONE

# THE ELECTRICIAN

## PART ONE

**H**e saw her running up the driveway through the kitchen window. He immediately knew what he wanted to do and almost immediately knew what he was going to do.

It was the way her long, straight, dark, parted-in-the-middle hair bounced behind her. It was the way her breasts heaved in the light cotton dress as she ran. It was the way her sweet face smiled in happiness, life, and anticipation as she got closer to the kitchen door. It was all these things, and more, that caused him to make an instantaneous decision.

He turned back toward the living room, where her pictures covered the mantle piece. Pictures of her in the school choir, pictures of her graduating junior high, pictures of her in her prom dress...

He turned back as she came in the kitchen door, her form sinking into his brain as if it were cement. Big brown eyes, straight nose, sweet red lips, perfect teeth, oval face, slim arms, nice hands with only one simple silver ring on her pinkie.

Summer minidress: beige with subtle, faded purple squares and little green flowers, flocked around the breasts, held up by a single, slim, elastic halter around the back of her slim neck. Long, lightly tanned legs, dainty feet in sandals...

Five-five — five-six in the sandals. Thirty-six, twenty-three, thirty-

four...

"Mom," she started, then stopped when she saw him. "Oh," she said.

Her overweight mother came out of the pantry. "Hello dear. This is the electrician. I had to call him because the lights kept flashing on and off."

"A loose connection somewhere," he said reassuringly. "Nothing to worry about. I'll take care of it." Then he picked up his toolbox and headed upstairs.

"Okay," he heard the girl say to her mother. "Cool."

"What are you going to do, dear?" he heard her mom reply. "Not much time left in the afternoon."

"Had to stay late to work on the dance," he heard her say as she rummaged inside the refrigerator.

"Sure, honey," he heard the mother reply. "You gonna do your homework?"

"Sure." He heard the fridge close.

"Will you be eating?" her mom asked.

"I ate at school. This'll do fine."

"Okay, dear."

He smiled as he stepped out into the upstairs hallway. These modern, single, suburban mothers. They don't even try to discipline their kids anymore...

For the final time he thought about the odds for his success. But then he took a look into the girl's room, and all worries left him. No matter what happened, it would be worth it...

**T**he girl came bounding around the corner and strode to her doorway in the middle of the hall. She took another bite of an apple and stepped through — taking for granted the two windows on the far wall, obscured by the branches of the maple tree just outside, her bed and bureaus to the left, her desk and closets to the right, and the light switch just inside.

She paused just before flicking on the light, remembering the electrician. It was in that moment that he stepped out the shadows,

pushed the tazer against her side, and thumbed the switch.

He knew exactly what voltage to set it. After all, he was an electrician. There was a small snapping noise and the girl's lips opened, but the apple muffled her tiny, surprised cry. Apple flecks flew out of her mouth as she jerked in place, then fell heavily onto the bed.

She was instantly unconscious. The electrician only took a second to stare at her lovely young body stretched across the mattress before he quickly checked the hallway and listened intently for any activity from downstairs. He heard the fat middle-aged woman puttering around the kitchen.

He quickly gathered the girl up, almost gasping when he felt her chest against his arms. So full, so firm... He had his arms wrapped around her torso, under her buoyant breasts, her head lolling down on her chest. He dragged her out of her room, her heels sliding on the carpet, and down the hall where they had come from.

Afternoon light poured in, infusing the scene with bright illumination as he all but silently dragged the unconscious young girl by the back stair's doorway. He slowed, careful to make no sound, totally aware of the insensible girl's uncovered mouth and hanging arms.

But all he heard was the clanging of pots and the radio going on. As the muffled music made its way up the steps, he couldn't help but smile wickedly, and continued to pull the girl slowly toward the attic door.

He laid her carefully down on the floor and then gently worked the doorknob. It flicked open with hardly a sound. He swung it wide while listening for any tell tale creek. Finally he kneeled, put his arms under the girl's shoulders and knees, then easily hefted her up.

A hundred and five pounds, maybe. He had carried a lot more. So it was relatively easy to take one step at a time up into the attic. He had been there before. He had checked the cellar and the attic for loose wires as soon as he had arrived, so he knew the layout.

Sloped colonial ceiling, three brick support columns, steel support beams along the sides, two small circular windows at opposite ends, a single, hanging, naked lightbulb, and a wooden floor covered in gray pads. He lay the girl down in the middle of the floor. God, she was

pretty.

He immediately moved back down to pick up his toolbox which was lying just inside her bedroom. When he left, he silently closed the door tightly behind him. Then he was back in the attic. She hadn't moved, as he knew she wouldn't. The charge he gave her would put out a girl her size and age for at least fifteen minutes.

He kneeled beside her and opened the toolbox. He worked as quickly and professionally as an electrician with twenty-five years experience could. In ten minutes he was all but done. She was on her back, her arms above her head, her wrists tied together with black rubber-coated wire around one of the steel support beams.

He had first tied her wrists together with four wraps each, then noosed them tight by then wrapping the wire between her wrists. There was no way, short of cutting her hands off, that she could twist them loose.

He had then bound each of her ankles, pulled her legs about three and a half feet apart, then stretched the wires up to two slats in the ceiling so her feet hung about a foot and a half off the attic mats.

Finally he wedged a hard rubber, four-way plug cover into her mouth — so that two prongs wedged down her tongue against the roof of her mouth, while the other two prongs pressed against the inside of her cheeks. Then came the newly developed, dull white, insulated electrician's tape.

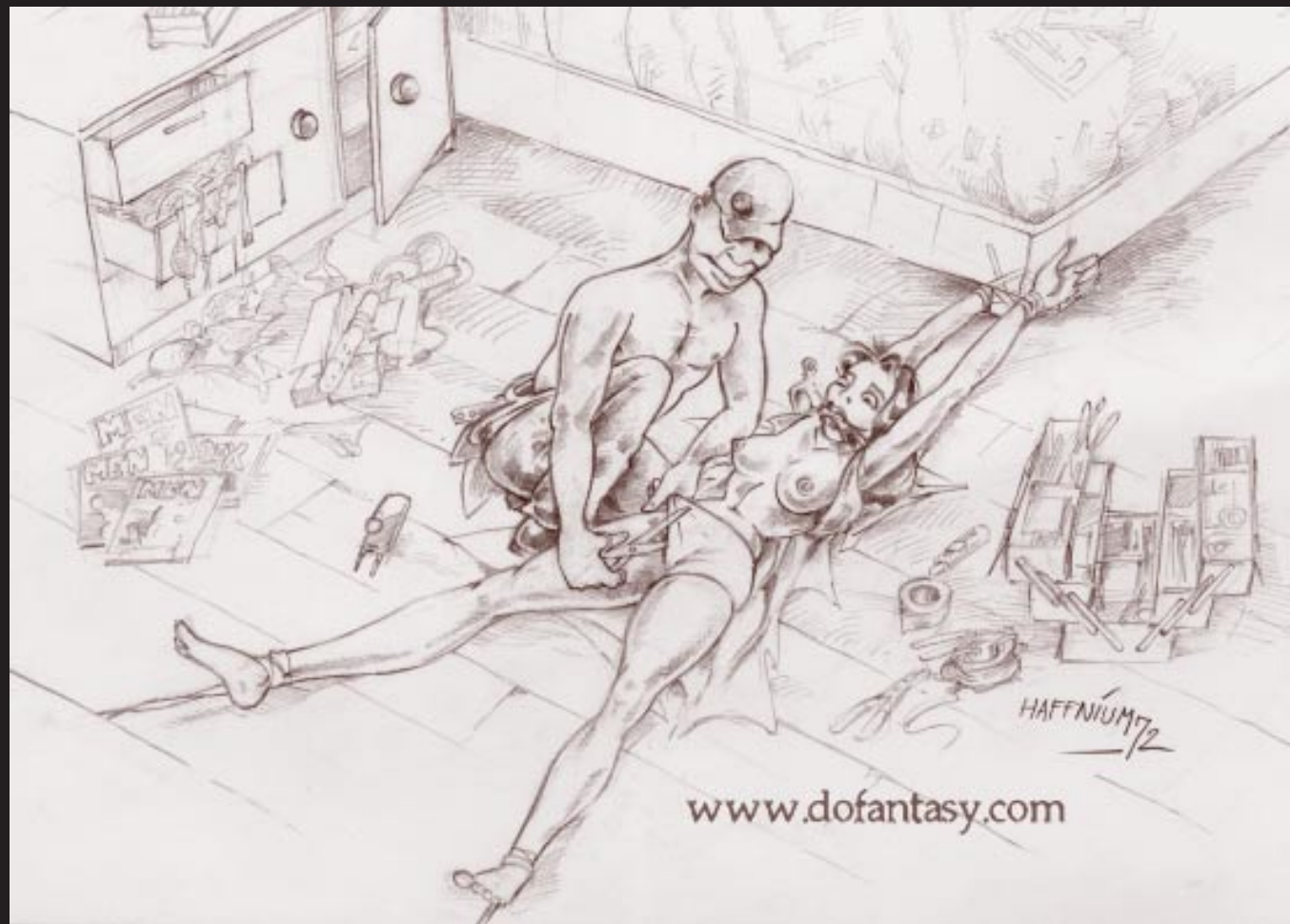
The swaths went from just under her nose to the line of her chin. They stretched from ear to ear, his professional eye choosing exactly the right length. He pulled it perfectly taut and pressed it deep into her skin perfectly tight. It adhered there like cement.

He stood above her, breathless at the sight of her lying there in her thin cotton dress, her shapely legs hanging, her chest slowly rising and falling, her breasts swelling the flocked bodice with every breath.

"Excuse me?" he heard. The shock was so great he lost his hard-on. "Excuse me?"

A nano-second later he realized the voice was not coming from just behind him, but from downstairs. He quickly left the attic and stuck his





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head down the back stairs.

"Yes, ma'm?" he called.

"Oh!" the woman cried from the bottom of the stairs. "You startled me. My, you move on cat's feet don't you?"

He smiled hearteningly. "Comes with the territory," he told her. "I try to be as helpful and as unobtrusive as possible. Don't want to bother anyone..."

"Well, that's very nice," the woman said. "I just wanted to know how much longer you think it'll take."

He thought quickly. The flickering lights were easy. It was just a loose fuse down in the cellar. "Shouldn't be more than a half-hour," he finally said. "I just need to trace some more wires."

"Oh, that's fine," said the woman. "I'll have my dinner then."

"Sure," he told her encouragingly. "That's a good idea. I should be finished up here when you are down there. Take your time..."

She went away, and so did he, up to the girl in the attic, sealing the door silently behind him. She was still comatose, her eyes closed.

Breathless, he kneeled down again. He hooked his fingers inside her bodice and started slowly pulling it down. The flocked top, with loose elastic inside, was no problem.

Her tits was amazing. Round, solid, and dense, they had tiny quarter-sized, light pink aureoles, and small nipples. They, too, were lightly tanned, with just a hint of where a bathing suit had lain across them. He gently, oh so gently, squeezed, feeling their solid, natural, heft in his hands.

He laid the elastic flocking tight in the groove at the bottom of her boobs, then took the light hem of the dress' skirt and started slowly lifting it toward him. There were her extraordinary thighs and then the simple, white, panties — the packaged sporty kind that now every underwear maker distributed. Even though they covered the rear and crotch, they revealed the entire leg, and the brand-name band at the top was somehow even sexier than French cut lace.

His wire cutters were in his hand before he was even completely aware of them. With a pinch of the material, a pull, and snip, they were

off one hip, and then the other. He pulled the panties away, nearly dizzy at the sight of her smooth, silky thatch of auburn cunt hair.

He could stand it off no longer. He forced down his zipper, freeing his erection before it tore open his pants. He gripped it tightly, taking a deep breath.

"All right, he whispered. "No more foreplay."

He turned his head just in time to see her eyelids flicker. She was waking up.

He climbed between her legs, his arms on either side of her chest as her eyes finally blinked, then opened.

"Hi," he said quietly. "Welcome back." Then he started guiding his cock between her vaginal lips.

The girl started, her eyes widening, a sound deep in her throat. Her arms tensed, her legs pulled, and then she knew. She started trying to scream.

No, no, no, she kept trying to say, her wrists thudding uselessly against the solid steel beam, designed to hold a hundred ton house together. Stop, stop, she tried to cry, her legs humming from the roof slats designed to stop a hundred mph hurricane.

But the thing in her mouth held her jaw wide, and the swath after swath of insulated electrician's tape made her pleas panting hums.

She tried to squeal when his cock surged inside her, but that sound, too, emerged as just a choking gasp.

"Humph," he hummed, feeling her open channel clamping down on his shaft. "Does your mother know you're not a virgin?"

Then he started thrusting while she started wailing.

**H**er mother ate her dinner down at the kitchen table, obliviously admiring how quietly the electrician worked. Upstairs, her daughter cried out for her again and again. Mom, mom, help me! Moooooommm!!!

But only he heard were her moans as he mashed her tits in his paws while ramming his cock back and forth in her tight, warm sugar walls.

Her fingers splayed, her toes pointing, her head going back, her eyes squeezing shut as he fucked her, her bodice crammed at the bottom of

her tits and her dress hem lying at her waist.

Then his arms curled under her shoulders and he clamped her to him as he rutted, his mouth suckling on her throat and ear as she stiffened in horror and disgust.

Then he was up, holding her hips like a priceless sculpture he dare not drop, kneeling between her legs. She sobbed as he started violently jamming her onto him like a piston driver — her wails turning to gargling gasps as he fucked her brains out.

Downstairs, the overweight woman started cleaning the plates, pots, and pans in the sink. Up in the attic he stiffened, jamming himself all the way up into her daughter and choking off an animal howl.

He came. The girl's body lifted off the floor, her fingers clawing, her head hanging back, her eyes screwed shut.

They couldn't believe it. He had done it. He had attacked her in her own room, not thirty feet from where her mother was downstairs, and he had raped her, coming into her, in the attic, all while her unknowing mom ate supper only two floor below them.

The girl cried in despair, then stiffened as he straightened, panting. He looked down at her fearful, despoiled face. Her expression was transparent. I'm fucked...but what happens now?

He opened his mouth, as if to say something, then closed it again. As she watched in mounting horror, he answered by reaching for the tazer.

Downstairs the pots clanged into the cabinets. Upstairs the girl shook in agony as he thumbed the zapper against her right tit. Downstairs the pans clanked into the drawers. Upstairs the girl shook in pain as he pressed the zapper into her left tit. Downstairs the plates clattered into the dishwasher. Upstairs, the girl yanked against the bondage as he hit the tazer switch against her side.

The woman closed the dishwasher as her daughter collapsed upstairs, nearly electrocuted. Only then, when he was sure she was out for a good long time, did he start to untie her.

**E**xcuse me?"

"Yes, ma'm," said the electrician as he stepped out into the hallway.

"Are you through yet?" the woman called from the bottom of the stairs.

"One more thing," he said, coming down the steps. He walked by her and opened the cellar door. "All the wiring is done," he told her. "I just have to make sure the fusebox is okay." He went into the basement, tightened the loose fuse, and immediately came back to the kitchen. "There," he said. "All finished."

He gave her the bill, which was surprisingly reasonable, and said to be sure to call him if she ever had any more trouble. Then he was gone.

The woman tapped her hair absentmindedly, taking a glance at her disappointing reflection in the kitchen window. Her time of distracting the electricians of the world was over, she sadly admitted to herself. That talent had passed on to her daughter. Maybe she would be strong enough to weather whatever slings and arrows life hurled her way, and not let her body go to pot during, and after, a bad marriage.

Oh well, the woman thought, her mind lingering on the image of her daughter. Well, at least there she was lucky. Her daughter was a good kid, with only the most unaffected behavior. Sure, she was a handful sometimes, but she was never malicious or guileful, and seemed perfectly comfortable with her really quite extraordinary body and face.

The woman almost called up to her daughter then, but stopped herself, not wanting to disturb her during homework. Instead, she puttered around downstairs and watched television until it was nearly nine. Only then did she head up.

The girl's door was slightly open. Her mother paused in her own doorway, then decided to see why her daughter's lights were out. She quietly pushed open the door a few more inches and looked in.

Her daughter was in bed, under the covers, on her side, facing away from the door.

Isn't that cute, her mother thought. Being unable to turn on the lights while the electrician was here, she had gotten tired in the gathering dusk and decided to take a nap that had gotten away from her.

Her mother smiled to herself. Well, she thought, I guess she's really in for the night. The woman shook her head, backed away, and went to

her own room.

Of course, had she looked closer, she might have seen the remnants of the wire marks on her daughter's wrists, or the cum stains across her face where he had ejaculated on her while knocking her out, or maybe even the fact that the clothes she had been wearing that day were missing from her room...

**H**e was smelling them now, the minidress pressed against his face, as he watched the house intently from down the street. He had driven his electrician's van home and switched to his nondescript car. The panties were on the seat beside him, and her shoes on the passenger side floor.

He waited until all the lights in the house had gone out, then he waited some more. He waited until it was deep in the night and he was fairly sure the woman had fallen asleep. Then he drove as quietly as possible into their driveway with his headlights off.

He waited some more to see if there was any reaction or undue traffic on the quiet street. When the night was not disturbed by even so much as a curtain being pulled back, he got out (his car's overhead light switched off) and went to the back door, completely out of sight of the street.

He used a pass key to get in, then silently moved up the stairs and over to the girl's room. He felt a surge of excitement when he heard her stirring. He had made it just in time. He felt, once again, that his decision was fated as he slid into the darkness and closed her door noiselessly behind him.

The girl was beginning to turn over in the bed, her eyes moving faster and faster under her closed lids. She was, indeed, coming out of it. He rushed forward as she settled on her back and her eyes opened. Then he was on her, his left forearm tight on her throat and up against her jaw as he clamped the sodden cloth in his right hand over her nose and mouth.

The girl had only a millisecond to comprehend it. She was naked under the covers. He was dressed in black over the covers. Her arms were down, his knees hemming them in. The bedcovers were tucked

tight, trapping her feet and legs. And something sickly sweet was crawling up her nostrils and down her throat...

She heaved upwards like a hooked marlin, her head going back and a sound coming from her like a pony falling backwards off a cliff. But he was like a tick affixed on her, the thick wet pad over her lower face like a wad of glue.

"That's it, bitch," he hissed, riding her. "Breathe...breathe deep."

No, she tried to cry. No, not again! ... but then the pungent aroma was in her head, smothering her senses one by one. Her legs started to feel heavy. Her arms became weak. She couldn't think straight any more — stabbing visions of him raping her like bolts of lightning in her mind's eye. Her eyes rolled back and her eyelids started to flutter.

"Good," he whispered as she stilled. No more chances with the tazer. This time he wanted to be sure she'd stay quiet until he was done. He quickly and quietly went through her closet and drawers. For such a pretty girl with such a sexy body, she didn't have a lot of cocktease clothes.

He pulled down the bedclothes and tossed some underwear atop her, following it with an old jr. high school uniform, a nice green velvet gown for choir concerts, a dance recital costume, a simple black minidress, and some bathing suits. The sexiest shoes she had were the pumps that went along with the choir gown, but they had only two inch heels, so he left them where they were.

He opened the big, empty duffel bag he had brought with him, placed it beside her on the bed, and started padding it with her clothes. Then he carefully lifted her off the mattress and into the bag. Taking a last look, he fought the desire to either tit-fuck her or tie and gag her there and then.

Instead he closed the zipper over her, hefted the bag over his shoulder, and headed for the back door.

**H**e let the car roll out the driveway and didn't start the engine until he was halfway down the street. Then he didn't turn on the headlights until he was well away from the neighborhood. Stopping behind a



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deserted gas station, he went to work.

By the time he broke into the small, rural, lingerie shop five towns away, she was lying in the darkness of the front seat, barely covered by the simple, black, scoop-necked, stretch cotton minidress — her wrists and elbows cinched behind her with the rubber-coated wire, her knees and ankles likewise fastened, and the underwear he had worn earlier in the day balled in her retaped mouth.

He took what he wanted from the store, then gave it an electrical fire. The light of the growing flames wasn't even illuminating the shop's front window when he drove away, the drugged girl's head resting on his lap, his hand slipping under her dress' neckline...

**H**e carried her to his room, the black, five inch high heels he had taken from the shop now wedged on her feet, and a swath of tape now covering her eyes. She was moaning and undulating only slightly, as if having a bad dream.

No one saw him mauling her tits on the way back or how he rubbed her head against his crotch. No one saw him sit her up in his attached garage, or carry her into his small house on the outskirts of the city nearest her own home.

Here the houses were more run-down and closer together. But here almost all the windows were always closed, locked, barred, shuttered, blinded, shaded, and curtained, and the doors always bolted.

He laid her on his iron, four-poster bed in his small, one-windowed bedroom, then tied her ankles to the baseboard and loosely leashed her throat to the headboard with the rubber coated wire. He left her there to collect the duffel bag full of her clothes and the sabotaged shop's lingerie and accessories.

Finally, he stood in his bedroom doorway looking at her amazing shape and sealed face. It was incredible. She was still achingly pretty even with her mouth and eyes covered. He felt his heart thudding in his chest and his cock throbbing in his pants.

He had done it. Somehow he had done it. He had taken her in her own home with her mother not even knowing. Then he had kidnapped

her right from under her mother's nose in such a way that...what? Will the fat broad even think to connect his visit with her daughter's disappearance "a day later"? Especially since she couldn't even report her daughter missing for a full twenty-four hours...

"She was in bed, sleeping, officer."

"Hmmm. Pretty girl. Sounds like a runaway to us, ma'm."

"But...!"

"Is anything else missing, ma'm?"

"Well...yes...some of her nicest clothes are gone too, but..."

"Hmmm. Yes. We've seen this sort of thing before. I'm sorry, m'am, but it does sound like she snuck away to have some fun. Is there any major social event coming up?"

"Well, yes, there's a big dance at her school, but..."

"Humph. Just as we suspected. I know it's tough, m'am, but you're going to have to give her some space. A pretty girl like this, at her age, well, she's just feeling her oats. Just be patient. After the dance is over...maybe even a day or two later, she'll probably call. You let us know, okay?"

Feel her oats? Do even cops use that phrase any more?

He checked his watch. The first six hours weren't even up, let alone twenty-four. And she was already violated, then soiled, once.

"Time to go for two," he said quietly to himself, taking a step toward her...

**H**e undid her elbows. He untethered her neck from the bed. He laid her on her back. After separating her ankles, he tied each to her thighs so that they flopped down wide, making her sexy little self into an upside-down "T" — driving up her skirt hem and exposing her cunt like an opened fruit.

With a scooping twist of his fingers he pulled her tits from the minidress' scooped neck, then climbed between her legs again. Wrapping his left arm under her neck and grinding her left tit tightly with his right, he corked her cunt with his cock and whispered, "Hey baby, I'm baaaaaack...!"

She started trying to screech a third of the way through the assault, but was only able to grunt and weep within seconds of regaining consciousness. With her lids shut under the tape, her eyes could give him no clue. Her sounds of suffering only drove him on harder. He pumped viciously into her, growling like a wild animal, until he came a third time.

She sobbed, shuddering, beneath him, making the same sort of cries she had made in the attic. "Oh no, baby," he gasped, louder than before. "She can't help you now. You aren't in Kansas anymore..." The girl gave a choked off bleat, then started to tremble in earnest, wailing.

"Shut up, shut up," he growled needlessly while pushing off from her. "No one can hear you in here." He slid his damp, drooling log from inside her, then looked down into her sweating, shivering face. "You're mine now, bitch," he told her. "And you have to do what I want."

She started to wail again but whoofed under the tape when he plopped unceremoniously onto her stomach. She gagged and choked and coughed, then felt his shaft between her mounds. She tried to beg, but it was already too late. He crammed her tits together around his log and started sliding it up and down, up and down, up and down between them...

"Oh that's nice, isn't it?" he cooed. "Doesn't that just feel great? Come on, baby, come on, you know it does, you know it, don't you?"

The girl shook her head desperately, straining to sit up, trying to get his weight off her torso and bound arms.

"Oh, sure it does," he told her, then dragged her head, his fingers deep in her hair, up so his cock crown would poke her taped lips at every crest. "Get used to it, bitch," he snapped, feeling yet another load gathering. "There's a lot more where this is coming from...!"

The cum splattered into the tape, splashing into her nostrils. She gasped, then wailed, then struggled wildly, trying to get him off her and her air passages clear. Finally she had shaken and rubbed enough cream from her nose to breathe clearly again. But he just laughed, sat up, and dragged her up with him by the back of her neck.



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"There," he said mockingly. "That's better, isn't it, baby?" He then started shifting, holding her hair like a leash, so he could start sliding under her. "Better get used to the smell," he advised. "You'll be tasting it soon..."

Her reaction had the desired effect. As she tried to dive away, he wedged himself under her bent legs and gripped her tightly by the hips. Suddenly she was sitting on his haunches, her tits wobbling free. With one lifting pull, he had impaled her on him.

Moments later she had stopped screaming and twisting. Eventually she just sat there, head down, weeping quietly as he casually bounced her on his cock while playing with her tits.

"You really are something," he said mildly. "So tight, so deep, so juicy. I wonder who popped you. That prom date? Did you like it? Was it as good as this?"

He noticed that all her tears and sweat had loosened the tape on her eyes and mouth a bit. He'd have to do something about that. But there was time. Ever since the timing had worked so well zapping her, dragging her into the attic, raping her, then drugging and abducting her again — all within inches of her mother — he felt pretty good about his ability to judge timing.

"Oh, the silent treatment, eh?" he murmured, relishing the irony that this would have been her best chance at getting off a scream. "Well, that's all right, bitch," he promised her. "We'll take care of that soon enough..." He started jabbing her onto his erection with vigor as she wailed ... only stopping when the tape started peeling from the side of her face.

He immediately shoved her back onto the bed, then snapped her legs free with his electrician's knife. As the girl struggled to get feeling back in her legs and force the fetid cloth from her mouth, he dragged her up by her hair and wedged himself between her arms so she was painfully forced to hold him to her, his front to her back.

Suddenly they were standing beside the bed, the high heels still wedged on her numb feet. He tore the tape from her eyes, then ripped the remaining adhesive from her mouth, just catching his shorts with one

crooked forefinger as she tried to spit them out. With terrible purpose, he slowly, carefully, cruelly forced them back in — no matter how she twisted, ducked, or shook her head.

Then, almost as if they were a dungeon door closing, his fingers sealed themselves over her mouth, their tips sinking into the flesh of her cheeks like burrowing worms. Then his other hand slowly gripped her left breast ... and squeezed.

“Welcome to your new world, bitch,” he whispered in her ear as she cringed, trying to focus. “Let me give you the tour...”

He was clamped onto her back, her arms wrapped behind her, around him. He was so much taller the tips of her shoes barely touched the carpet. He was so much bigger and heavier that when he leaned forward she barely managed to stay on her feet. He was so much stronger and her legs were so weak from their hours of bondage that she could hardly move, let alone kick at him.

So, where he moved she was forced to stagger — out the bedroom door to the stairs. It was a Cape Cod cottage, with only two rooms upstairs, flanking the straight stairwell. “That’s the storeroom, cow,” he told her. “You’ll never see it. My bed’s the only place you’ll see up here...”

She started to cry again, the tears sliding over or along his clamping hand — never under.

“These, of course, are the stairs, baby,” he continued, forcing her down them from behind her, grinding her breast with every move. Her legs stretched as they went down each step, her high heel resting, then taking her full weight and enough of his to bow her down — so her boob sunk deeper into his grip. He moved his free hand from tit to tit with each successive stair.

“Ooo, isn’t that nice?” he’d coo. Then “Succulent, huh? Luscious...” Then “What’s that you say, honey? More? You want to see more...?”

Finally they reached the small, dusty living room, with an old recliner, sofa, coffee table and television. She bore his insistent weight again as he leaned on her by the door, her sweat-soaked black dress plastered from her shining wet lower chest to her moisture-glowing upper thighs.

"See that, dear?" he whispered as her eyes widened, as if trying to will herself onto the other side. "Out there is the street. What? What? You'd like to see the street?" He shook her slightly as if reprimanding her. "No way, baby. You've already seen the street." He shook her slightly again. "You want to say something, sweetie? Well, you better say it now, 'cause you'll never get closer...!"

The girl's cry turned into a surprised wail as he whirled her around toward the kitchen door. "Come on, bitch," he growled. "Time's a-wasting." He forced the small, lithe, well-endowed girl forward, her sexy shape like an asterisk against his hulking form.

"Kitchen," he said curtly. "Bathroom." All were dark, dirty, and dingy. Then his hand came off her tit with a small wet pop so he could pull open the cellar door. "This," he said, "is your place now."

She threw her head back, thudding against his chest, for one last try at a scream. But it was swallowed up by his grunt of effort as he propelled her inside and swung the heavy door closed behind them.

**H**er name was Marisa. He found that out in the phone book. She had her own number listed, at the same address as her mother's house. And since no one else lived there, who else could she be?

Marisa was down in the finished, low-ceilinged basement, between the paneled walls, sitting in a heavy wooden armchair. Perhaps sitting was the wrong word. She was lashed there with tape and then rubber-coated wire, her wrists on the chair arms, palms up, her elbows wrenched behind her, her waist cinched to the chair back, her thighs affixed wide, her feet pulled outside the front legs and tied back so her high heel tips again could just barely, achingly, touch the floor.

She was gasping repeatedly, her head back, her long, straight hair tied to the chair top. Her jaw was forced open by one of his one-and-a-quarter inch belts — shortened and brutally buckled tightly around her head — holding in a large, round, decorative, hard plastic lampshade top. Drool poured down her chin and cheeks, coursing across her throat and down her chest — between her quivering, aching tits, where two tiny wire clamps shook on her little nipples.





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Just below that was a strapless, black satin bustier with blue lace overlay that he had stolen from the lingerie shop. He had purposely taken the small size, so the boning really dug in when he forced it closed on her. It's 34B cups couldn't hope to contain her, so her breasts erupted out. On her lovely legs were black lace thigh highs, revealing a glorious swath of thigh flesh.

And below that the nine-inch, battery-run, vibrator that he also stole from the store throbbed deep inside her, held in by rubber coated wire, cunningly tied deep in her hip grooves and between her vaginal lips — just barely blocking her attempts to force the twisting, pushing thing out of her.

Marisa grunted, cried out, and spasmed in anguish, her fingers clawing yearningly for her chest and crotch, unable to reach either. Her toes curled inside the pointed high heels, scratching their tips agonizingly across the rug, as she swung her hips sharply against the chair sides with every twist of the dildo.

**H**e had punched her in the stomach when they had reached the cellar, pulling himself from between her arms as her mouth worked, trying to find the air he had knocked from her. Then he was on her again, hand back over her mouth, dragging her to the adjoining, unfinished workroom.

Between its stone and concrete walls he had forced her back onto the work bench, shoved a rag in her mouth, and wound more tape completely around her head until everything was obscured between her nose and chin. "Sweat that off," he had challenged, then tore her dress off. He wrapped that, too, around her lower face, knotting it in her hair.

Finally he had wedged himself against her, dragging her exhausted legs up by her ankles to retape them, one at a time, to her thighs. "We're not finished yet," he had spat. And there, on the dirt and cement floor of the workshop, he had sat her on his cock again and furiously jerked her up and down on it until he came in her a third time.

By then she had been nearly unconscious from the savagery and lack of air, so it was easy to drag her back into the finished section, open the

convertible coach, and fall asleep atop her.

**B**eing that he was a freelance electrician who lived in such a relatively inexpensive place, he had the luxury, and the bank account, to turn jobs down, or at least schedule them for times when the girl was too exhausted to do much. He had the zapper and the drugs, so he could still manage a well-paying job or two if he wanted. But why would he want to with her there?

For her, however, there was no longer day or night. When she was being emptied and cleaned and clothed, it was day. When he was drugging or zapping or fucking her, it was night.

It had only been twenty hours, but it might as well have been an eternity. No matter what happened, he had already defiled her repeatedly, and her very existence depended upon his continuing desire to assail her.

Marisa jerked, screeching, in the seat again, as the vibrator dug its scabrous tip into the sides of her vagina, the nipple clamps singing, her limbs twisting in their taut bondage.

No one heard her but the electrician, who started to think about what he wanted to do to her next...

**W**hen he came back down after eating she was all but unconscious. The dildo's battery had run out, and so had her strength. Naturally then, it was easy to redress her and retie her.

When Marisa finally awoke she was upstairs in the living room. Only one dim lamp was on, but she could see that she was now barely wearing her grammar school, ruby-red, crushed velvet, dance recital dress. Her breasts bulged out from the spaghetti straps that hardly brought the triangular-topped cups to her nipples, and the ruffled skirt barely covered her tight butt and tuft. The rest of it adhered to her like an eighth layer of skin.

Her wrists were bound behind her, then again to her waist, to keep her hands away from her crotch. The thigh-highs were balled inside her mouth and her lower face was again sealed by the electrician's tape.



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On her feet were red, ankle-strapped, five-inch high heels he had taken from the shop, and her ankles were wired side by side.

Otherwise the room was empty. Marisa looked at the front door, and almost immediately started crawling toward it. She was young and strong, but the last day had weakened her. Still, the chance of escaping helped her ignore the ache in her arms, jaw, legs, and loins.

She managed to slither over to it, doubling and straightening her body, within a few minutes. She was again covered in sweat and clamped down on the stockings in her mouth to keep from moaning. If he was somewhere slumbering in the house, she didn't want to alert him.

Her face pressed against the door as she gathered her energy, then started sliding around to get her back against the partition. Dragging her high heeled feet under her, she locked the stilettos to the rug and forced herself upwards. Much to her relief she managed it on her first try.

Her deadened fingers gripped the doorknob spasmodically. She twisted and pulled with all her might, but the door was locked. She nearly collapsed then, but before she started to kneel, her eyes closing in frustration, she glimpsed a beige instrument on the floor next to the couch. It was a phone.

She could call the police. She could moan agonizingly. They could trace the call.

Marisa tried to hop over. The high heels were treacherous, and her knees buckled. She curled her body sideways, and her shoulder took the brunt of the fall. She cringed, blinking away tears for a few moments, then started to creep forward again. Finally she reached the phone, dragging herself up to lean on the sofa front.

Twisting her torso around, her fingers stretched for the receiver, just as her right breast popped completely free, blocking her arm movement. Grinding her teeth in frustration, she twisted even farther around, her fingers scrabbling on the handset. She knocked it to the floor, sat directly in front of the cradle, and leaned back — her fingertips searching for the nine and one button.





She pressed the first once and the second twice, then hurriedly laid down beside the receiver. She waited breathlessly for a ringing, but there was nothing. Tears blinding her, she sat up again, pressed down the disconnect button, and tried again. This time she was so tired she all but fell to the floor. Still nothing.

She stared at the phone for a few moments, then tears began to slide out of her eyes and her body began to shake. He had fucked her again and she had finally realized it.

"No one home?" he said as he appeared in the kitchen doorway. Then he applauded three times. "Great show, baby. You can crawl with the best of them." She kept quaking as he put a tape in the VCR. She kept crying as he grabbed her waist and dragged her up to his lap on the couch. He sat with her back against his front, grabbed her totally revealed tit, and used the remote.

Marisa watched herself crawling to the door and back again as he mauled her tit and chortled. "See that, baby? You are a piece of work, I can tell you that."

She felt something amid her fingers, and then the electrician's knife was at her tit. "Feel that, bitch?" he asked mildly, gripping her breast as if it were a grapefruit to be peeled. "Yeah, you've felt it before, haven't you, but not with your hands, right?"

Marisa started to sob, shuddering. "None of that," he warned, gripping her tit tighter, the blade stinging. She froze in place, sucking in her breath. "Now you know what to do," he told her. "And if you do it nice, maybe I won't cut off your nip and show it to you..."

The girl started to cry again, but her fingers also started to move. He watched TV as she stroked him. Suddenly she realized he was mirroring her motion on her tits.

"See?" he said. "Feel that? That's the way you should do it, okay? You just do what I do, and maybe you'll make it through the night, right?" So he gave her tits a hand job while she did the same to him.

She trembled when his cock began to throb, but by then he was mauling her tits faster and faster. Soon he was moving her entire torso by her tits, helping her to stroke him with increasing fervor. She



blubbered in humiliation as he yanked her back and forth, her tears flying off her shaking face. Then, abruptly, he made a noise deep in his throat, and she was hurtling face first to the floor.

Screaming in shock, she spread her legs to cushion some of the drop, her knees landing apart as her bound ankles twisted and her cheek pressed into the dusty carpet pile. She felt her skirt fly up and his hands on her hips. A moment later she shrieked in body stretching agony as his rock-hard cock stabbed into her sphincter.

His hands were scrambling between her legs and across her chest. One hand clamped onto her left breast while the other scratched at her clitoris. Then he had it, pinching it between his thumb and forefinger. Marisa screamed again, the floor muffling her cry almost as much as the gag. But then he was rolling her clit and squeezing her tit for all he was worth while pushing deeper into her butt.

No, she started trying to cry. No! But it was already too late. He was yowling like a madman while frenetically fucking her up the ass. Her hands twisted, clawing at him, and her eyes screwed shut as he had his way with her on the living room floor. Finally he moaned, grabbed both her tits, rammed himself all the way inside her, and came.

He grunted, then dropped entirely atop her back, bearing her down to the floor, sandwiching her on the shag as she moaned in misery.

"There," he gasped. "Now that's how you jack someone off." Then he just lay there on her, the TV playing some late night comedy show. As she wept, it laughed and laughed at her.

When he finally pulled his cock out of her ass and flipped her recital skirt down to cover the invasion, she didn't move. She just lay there as he dragged himself up to the couch. She remained virtually motionless as he stumbled out to the bathroom. She was there where when he returned, his zipper still open and his penis still out.

"Come on, come on," he said, leaning down to cut her ankle bonds. "Time for bed." Then he dragged her up, yanked the tape from her face and clapped a drug-soaked washcloth over her mouth.

Marisa writhed in his grip, her hands trying to reach his arms, but they could only flutter at the small of her back. She tried to kick or

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wrench herself forward, but she was too weak and already woozy. She screamed and struggled as best she could in his grip, but it was no use.

He threw the washcloth to the floor when she started to sag. Then he started dragging her by the mouth and tit to the stairs. Wrapping one arm around her waist, he lifted her up the steps, still careful to keep her mouth sealed.

When he finally got to his room and sat with her on the bed, he quickly yanked the stockings from her lax mouth and tied a thick rubbery cloth between her teeth, forcing her tongue down and stretching her lips back. Only then did he tear the recital dress from her body.

Her sleepwear was a white satin and lace chemise with deep cleavage and a slit miniskirt. He untied her hands but immediately recinched them behind her back with handcuffs. He then also ankle-cuffed her with a slim silver hobble chain between her legs. It only gave her a few more inches, but that was enough.

She slept deeply as he lay her down beside him, one arm under her neck. His other hand slipped inside her chemise's top. It began to squeeze rhythmically as his head grew closer to hers. Then his tongue was out, moistening her lips. Then his mouth was over hers, sucking and slobbering.

It went on for almost two hours as he gave her hickey after hickey, his lips suckling hers. Finally he laid one leg over hers, gripped her right breast as if it were a life preserver and fell asleep.

Some time during the night, Marisa finally awoke. She tried to speak in a distant gargling tone, and her legs rubbed against each other. He stirred in his sleep and she instinctively stilled, except for her hands which twisted slowly in their cuffs. Feeling the metal at her joints and the intrusion deep across and in her mouth, her sleepy eyes closed and remained that way.

At least there was nothing in her cunt.

**I**t wouldn't last. She woke up to him fucking her again.

The satin and lace chemise was pushed up to her flat tummy and the cleavage was pulled down to bunch her breasts as he pumped into her,

his hands on the mattress beside her slim waist.

Her arms were back over her head, cuffed around a headboard bar, while her ankles were spread and cuffed to the baseboard so the hobble chain was taut. Her mouth was still forced open by the rubbery gag, but now it was also covered by a tightly tied tarp over her lower face.

He finally spurted, then collapsed on top of her. Seconds passed as he breathed heavily and she cringed in disgust, then his hand casually found her left breast and started squeezing.

“Good morning, dear,” he breathed, his breath foul. “Now what should we do to you today?”

**H**e had her handcuffed, naked, in the shower. The anklecuffs were also still on. With the shiny metal pinioning her, she looked like a sexy little slavegirl. He lovingly applied shampoo to her silky mane, careful to caress her throat every few seconds, just to let her know how easy it would be to strangle her or break her neck if she tried to scream.

Another little reminder was the single strand of rubber-coated wire deep in her mouth that he had twisted tight against the back of her neck. While it kept the back of her tongue down, it really wouldn't have been effective if she had tried shrieking, but the fact that it was there at all was enough. Especially with him behind her, jiggling his cock into her splaying fingers and massaging every inch of her with soap.

During the slow, laborious cleansing, he would often cup her jaw, force her head up, and cover her lips with his own, his tongue jamming into her mouth as she screwed her eyes shut and shuddered in revulsion. Then his fingers would hook between her legs and the shower would continue as he massaged her clit while gripping her throat.

Finally even he had to admit they had taken long enough. She felt him still behind her. He felt her tense in front of him. Ah, the poor girl, he thought. Her youth won't let her comply. Even though she knew there was very little chance of escape, she still couldn't just sit there and let him redress and retie her. She'd have to try something.

And, he knew, that realization excited him all the more. Waking up

earlier, seeing her there lying asleep next to him, he initially thought he wouldn't want to fuck her again after all the times he had impaled her the previous day. But then he looked down at her pretty face, serene in sleep, and across her sexy, shapely, firm little body, her tits swelling in the chemise bodice, and he got hard all over again.

His head fell back, his eyes staring at the ceiling, as he grabbed her throat from behind in a vice-like grip.

Marisa's eyes widened, her mouth jerking open, as he cut off her air. Her cheek and tits flattened against the shower tile, the water coursing down her back as he expertly choked her. Her hands scrambled back, trying to find his cock, but they were separated by the length of his arms. He looked down, watching as her clawing fingers kept just missing the bobbing crown of his penis.

Then he looked up again, picturing her lovely young face and her expressions of shock, dread, fear, shame, despair, and helplessness. His cock got longer and her fingertips just started tapping it.

She tried to control her muscles, but it was too late. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't scream. Her eyes bulged, her mouth opened, and her tongue came out, its back still held down by the wire. Her right hand finally gripped his cock shaft, but by then she was too weak to squeeze or twist.

He watched her hold him, then felt her fingers loosen. Her arms dropped and her knees buckled. He held on until he had laid her in fetal ball on the tub floor.

**I**t was inevitable. He was an electrician. And since it was the second full day of her subjugation, and he got the ball rolling with strangulation, it had to happen.

As an electrician he had noticed the stretch metallic tie thong bikini in the shop he had burgled with special interest. Now Marisa was (almost) wearing it, the tiny silver top patches pulled aside to bunch her breasts and the bottom just barely covering her thatch. Since it was tie suit he had knotted it at her hips and around her back so tightly that her skin bulged around it.

Then there were the matching thigh-high five-inch high heel boots and his special addition; a cut of the electrician's knife down the center of the bikini bottom so that her cunt was all but displayed.

She was crying and begging uncontrollably as she had from almost the moment she had awoken in the workshop, the single bulb hanging from the ceiling illuminating her predicament with ailing yellow light. She lay on a specially secure workhorse, it's top plank wider than usual so that her back could rest on it without falling over. Not that she was doing much resting.

Her arms were wrenched behind her, each wrist and elbow secured with tape and rubber coated wire to the back horse legs. Her legs were stretched wide, each ankle and bended knee lashed to the front horse legs. A wedge was pushed under her back so her chest and crotch were thrust upwards.

A big rubber stopper he used to plug pipes when he was working near water was shoved in her mouth. It was taped stringently in place, then covered with bandages that were wrapped tightly around her head. He had pulled most of her hair free and tightened the gauze again. He didn't want anyone else to hear this.

He walked slowly around her holding two exposed wires that were attached to his small wheeled circuit tester. "Now," he said, ignoring her frantic appeals. "Whatever you do, you don't want to piss. You get liquid on this, and well...!" He touched the two wires and sparks flew. The girl jerked in place as if they were already applied, then sobbed in anguish, shuddering.

With a touch of his foot, the device was turned off as he quickly pressed the wires to Marisa's nipples. She screamed in fear, then babbled at him pleadingly, tears pouring down her face. "Oh stop it," he said, taping the wires to her tits with two "x's" of black electrical tape. "We haven't even started yet."

She stared in terror at her thrusting breasts as he stood by the machine. "Different voltage, different timing, erratic pattern," he informed her as she transferred her stunned gaze to him. "All I can guarantee is that you will not be able to lose consciousness. Have fun." Then he switched



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the machine on.

Marisa started screaming immediately, but even that was cut off by the way her head thudded to the plank when the first jolt went through her. It was like stilettos plunged in her chest which then lightnined through her like liquid pain. Dazed, the next cry wasn't controlled by her as the next shock came, curling her body, fossilizing her nerves, and tautening her muscles.

It was that fast. She was no longer in control of her movement or sounds as the electricity completely took over. It made her writhe as if a million bees stung her from the inside. It made her surge upwards as if all her nerves were wrenched on a rack. It made her jerk in place as if she was being cleaved from her toes to her head and back again.

He watched her body dance and listened to her many different sounds of torment as he slowly caressed the silver-colored metal tube in his hands. It had been specially prepared for just this occasion. It was nine inches long, but it was the pipe's base that he had worked the most on. It had holes drilled in it so four more wires could be attached. Then, on one side was a small wing, which curved specifically up, while the other wing was longer and wide and curved up even more.

He waited until the girl's eyes were practically crossed, her body bathed in sweat, before he casually switched off the machine. Marisa thudded to the plank top, sobbing weakly, her nose and tears running.

"Good," he said, checking the condition of her bonds, gag, and skin. "Very good." He quickly shoved the tapered tube up between her legs, and inside her — as the longer tail section slid under her rear and up between her ass cheeks to hold it there, while the smaller tail pressed down on her clit. "There we are," he said with satisfaction.

Her head jerked up at the same moment he turned the voltage back on.

It sounded as if she were in a washing machine. She practically yodeled as the variety of voltages sent her into paroxysms of pain, her limbs jerking repeatedly in their bonds. He watched her tits dance and her hips shake like a professional belly dancer's for awhile then carefully checked that the tape kept the wire from cutting into her skin too much.

Then he went upstairs to get something to eat.

She stared after him in absolute horror, trying desperately to call out to him, but the electric shocks were too powerful. She jerked and twisted and strained, feeling her breasts ablaze and her vagina shredded as her limbs writhed in their bonds. Then she felt it gathering inside her — the penultimate betrayal. She felt it coming. She remembered what he had said. She screamed and screamed, trying to hold it back. But the shocks were too disorienting. She wrenched at the bonds with all her might but it was useless.

The urine shot out of her, splattering everywhere.

**T**he machine had automatically switched off, but Marisa didn't know that. She knew virtually nothing for the entire next day. She didn't feel him giving her an enema, or cleaning her off, or covering her with medicating lotion. She didn't feel him sliding his cock into her lax mouth as she lolled naked on the sofa, or the streams of cum which splattered her chest and face when he ejaculated.

Eventually he taped her mouth and handcuffed her to the bed wearing one of her own velour spaghetti-strap t-shirts, which adhered to her shape and only barely covered her crotch. He lay beside her, one hand on her muff, the other snaking under her to clamp on her right tit.

He waited, professionally estimating when a girl of her youth and strength would come out of it.

As always, he was right. When her eyes started flickering, he was there atop her, his lubricated cock all the way inside her. She groaned, starting to cry, before he gently laid a small drug-sodden washcloth over her nose. He watched, only slightly grinding his hips, as her eyes grew smoky and her moans diminished.

He looked down at her. Her face was still lovely, her body still sexy. He still had some of the stolen lingerie and her own clothes left. But she was getting used to his frustrating and fucking her. It was only a matter of time now. Either she would become virtually catatonic or totally dependent. He didn't want either one. It was time to up the ante.

She gasped when she awoke. She instantly knew something was different ... and worse. It was the way her nearly naked body was covered in electrical wiring — the ones at her arms, torso, throat, mouth, and ankles covered in rubber coating ... the ones at her legs and hips, not.

She surged up in the kitchen chair, crying in horror. The wire sank into her flesh, holding her down, setting off lightning bolts in her chest and crotch. She collapsed, choking in agony.

Her eyes bulged wide, trying to comprehend her new position within this suburban prison. She was in the kitchen, light flooding in from the gauzily-curtained windows behind her and over the sink. The chair was wood, with thin metal supports. It was a semicircular seat with the back coming just up to her shoulder blades.

And he had wired her to it as if she were an electronic component.

Her arms were wrenched behind her, wires at her shoulders, upper arms, elbows, and wrists. Wires went from there to encircle her upper body, then under her tits — bulging her flesh balls even further out. More wire encircled her waist, holding her to the seat. Then more wire sank into the grove of her hip bones and disappeared between her vaginal lips.

Marisa moaned again, saliva soaking the thick coarse cloth he had stuffed her mouth with. He had sealed her lips with electrical tape, then wrapped them with insulated bandage so tightly her cheeks bulged above it. Her hair was wired to the chairback, pulling her head up. And a wire around her throat didn't help her communication skills either.

Then there were her legs. Her legs were separated, wrenched on either side of the chair, her splayed toes just barely touching the tile floor. Wire wrapped, intersected, and twisted down her thighs, over and under her knees, and down her shins to her ankles — sinking into her skin like an insane high heel's strapping.

She could hardly breathe. She could hardly move. Pain lanced at her scalp, chest, neck, waist, and cunt. Her jaw, shoulders, arms, and thighs ached. She hardly had time to notice the newspapers across the kitchen counter, tiny TV tuned to a news channel, and the phone on the



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table right in front of her before he was there...his hand slowly moving across her head, to her shoulder, and then down to her chest.

Laying his hand over her bulging right breast, he lifted the phone receiver and pressed out a number. Marisa stiffened in dread.

He slowly placed the receiver against his ear, then waited, his hand not moving.

"Mrs. Barnes?" he said. He squeezed Marisa's tit reassuringly as the girl started.

He identified himself. "I was just reading that your daughter is missing..."

"Mom?" Marisa tried to cry. "Mom!"

"I just wanted to know if I could help..."

The gag was too thick, the padding too tight. She sounded like a humming refrigerator.

"Well, after she went upstairs, I hardly saw her..."

The girl wrenched in the seat, her wrists twisting, her muscles bunching, sweat popping out on her forehead, upper chest, and thighs. The chair barely creaked and the sound of her spasming, choking desperation could have been the noise of a dishwashing machine.

"Yes, well, she did seem preoccupied..."

Marisa threw her head back, sobbing and struggling with all her might. "Mom ... please ... help ... MOM!!!" But he gently raised his hand to cup her chin, then press his meaty fingers over her already thoroughly gagged mouth.

"No...I can't say for sure whether she went toward the front door... Excuse me, would you? I'm having some brunch..."

He carefully kneeled beside her and, with a purposeful smile, suckled her right teat.

Her fingers clawed uselessly as she gargled in frustration deep in the back of her throat.

"There. That's better," he said as if finishing a satisfying snack. "Yes, of course, Mrs. Barnes," he said directly into the phone, her daughter's mucous-soaked tit bobbing beside his ear. "I'd be happy too. This afternoon?" He looked up to see the girl's eyes wrenched all the way

over in their sockets, staring at him with hate and fear from her flush, sweat-soaked face. "Well, I have a little job to finish, but how about sometime this evening?"

He listened as his head slowly lowered back toward the girl's shivering chest, his mouth opening to silently suck in her tit again, his free hand reaching up to press tighter on her lower face. Marisa managed one drowning mewl before he said, "That'll be fine. I'll see you then."

She screamed and screamed, wrenching forward in the chair, her collar bones almost ripping from her flesh, veins pumping on her throat, and her face a deep, dark, blood-infused red as he slowly lowered the phone on its cradle.

Marisa threw her head back, weeping bitterly as he chided her. "There, there," he said, swinging his leg over to sandwich her legs between his. He gripped her breasts like melons, then sat on her lap, facing her. "You know they suspect daddy or your little boyfriend," he said into her hysterical face. He started mauling her tits rhythmically. "Either way, they figure you're somewhere, smiling, shopping and getting your cherry popped."

He leaned down to suckle her neck. "Well," he said as he rose from her new hickey. "One out of three ain't bad."

Then a drug-soaked washcloth went over her nose. She cried and jerked and screamed as he held her bound body to him in the small, bright, light, dirty kitchen.

"Come in, come in," he told the two plainclothed cops after they showed him their identifications in the early evening gloom. "Sorry about the mess. Where's Mrs. Barnes?"

"She couldn't make it," said the first cop, standing in the middle of the shadowy living room. "She asked us to talk to you, if you don't mind."

"No, of course not," he said, going over to sit on a tattered easy chair. "Anything I can do to help. Sit down, sit down, officers."

"Detectives," corrected the second cop, moving forward, looking meaningfully at a standing lamp. "Would it be better to turn on a light,



sir?" He chuckled. "I work with lights all day long, offi...I mean, detective. So when I get home I like to enjoy God's natural light as long as possible." The room was barely illuminated by the glowing end of the sunset, but it was still just enough to see.

The two cops exchanged a look, then shrugged and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"So you saw Marisa Barnes the day before she disappeared?" the first cop asked.

"Oh yes," he replied. "She came in the back door. From school, I guess. Pretty girl. Very pretty girl."

The two cops glanced at each other again. "You noticed her then?" said the second.

"Sure," he replied. "I'm human, detective. A girl like that walks in anywhere, you notice."

"A girl like what, sir?" said the first.

"Come on, detective," he said. "So young, so attractive, so lively... Don't you guys watch TV? Beer commercials? MTV?"

"Did you notice anything about her other than...," the second detective said with a hint of mild distaste.

"Her face and bod, you mean?" he suggested. "Not really. Not then. Sure, she was surprised to see me, but her mom told her who I was and she relaxed."

"Had you ever see her before?" the first asked.

"No," he answered honestly.

"You said 'not then,'" said the second cop. "What did you mean?" "I meant, later, when I saw her upstairs. She looked a little preoccupied."

"What do you mean?" asked the first. "Preoccupied?" "I don't know. She seemed to be thinking about something."

"Thinking about what?" asked the second.

"I don't know what."

"Did she talk to you?" asked the first.

"No."

"Didn't say a word to you?" asked the second.

"No."

"What did she do?" asked the first. He thought about it for a second. "Well, let's see. She came upstairs, eating an apple ... stopped in the hallway, thinking I guess, then went to her room."

"Her room?" said the second. "How did you know it was her room?"

He looked at the second detective in surprise. "I don't know. Where else would she go? It wasn't the bathroom, that I could tell you. I knew where the bathroom was. I had passed that."

"Where were you?" asked the first.

"In the hallway, by the bathroom," he answered.

"Why were you there?" asked the first.

"Checking the wires," he said. "They had a flickering problem. Lights kept going on and off."

The second detective shook his head. "Did you see the girl again?"

"Nope," said the electrician. "Found a frayed wire, took care of it, then checked the fusebox down in the cellar."

"Didn't see her sneaking down the hall toward the front door?" asked the first.

"No."

"Did you hear anything suspicious?" asked the second. "Anything that could've been someone trying to sneak out?"

The electrician thought about it, his mind filling with images of her under him in the attic, her wrists wired over her head, her mouth sealed, her smooth, firm thighs rubbing his hips, his cock deep inside her tight, warm, wet walls...

"No, can't say that I did."

"Sir," said the first detective. "Where were you that night?"

"Me?" the electrician wondered. "Here, I guess."

"You guess?" the second detective pressed.

"Well, I hadn't thought about it until now. Yeah...I finished that job, got in my van, and drove home."

"Didn't go out at all?" asked the first.

The electrician frowned as if thinking back. "Went out for dinner." He smiled at them. "Don't do much cooking here."

"Where did you go?" asked the second detective.

He told them that he went to a drive through fast food joint, then drove east, so he could eat by the water.

"Anyone see you?" asked the first cop.

"There were people there, but they noticed me as much as I noticed them."

They glanced at each other again.

"Sir," said the first cop. "Do you mind if we have a look around?"

"What?" said the electrician in surprise. "Why?"

"Just curious," said the second, shrugging. "You'd be surprised how certain clues turn up in the strangest places. On the bottom of your shoes...or even caught in the crack of your tool box."

"Don't you need a search warrant for this?"

"Not if you give us permission," said the first knowingly.

"Well geez," said the electrician, seemingly trying to figure out what they were getting at. "All I wanted to do is help. And I got nothing to hide..."

"That's good, sir," said the second detective, standing. "We can look around then?"

The electrician got up as well. "As long as you don't mess up the place anymore than it is... Sure, I guess. Why not?"

"Thank you, sir," said the first detective, also getting up. "Just so we can tell the old lady that we left no stone unturned. You know how it is. I mean, she's nearly dead with worry. Between you and me? I think the chick's flown the coop, but hey, you never know..."

"Can we turn a light on in here?" the second detective complained, stumbling toward the kitchen doorway.

"Sure," said the electrician. "It's late now, anyway. Turn on all the lights you want."

The second cop flicked on the living room's overhead light. The current went to the bulb, then across the ceiling, down the connecting wall, and into Marisa's right nipple.

She was in the wall, behind a thin steel door, behind the refrigerator. She was wedged up against a water pipe, the steel rod deep between her firm, round ass cheeks, her wrists wired behind it.

Had she been wired before, to the kitchen chair, then she was nearly mummified now with electrical cable. It imprisoned her elbows, upper arms and shoulders to the pipe behind her. It wrapped her stomach, waist, ribs, and chest. It crushed her tits, flattening the parts that weren't bulging through the bunches. It covered her throat like a horizontally ribbed turtleneck, keeping her head up and nearly choking off all sound.

What remaining noise she could make was muffled by shining blue pipe sealant strips wrapped tightly around her mouth and head. Then the wire continued, wrapping the rest of her face — blinding her from the bridge of her nose to her eyebrows.

The wire covered her legs from her upper thighs to her upper knees, then again from her lower knees to her shins. Her ankles were encased in wire brackets — an open metal maw that tightened into a tube to contain a bunch of cables — that kept her on tiptoes.

And then, all over her, were the electrical clips. Wires ending in alligator teeth, clamped to her nipples, her vaginal lips, her clit, and even wedged deep in her sphincter.

The kitchen light switch sent current into her left tit. Marisa squealed, jerking in place with the first bite of the electricity. But he had fixed it that after the initial shock, the current lessened to a steady, stimulating stream — like a shark humming.

He thought the cops might have heard her muffled screech, but when they didn't stop, he realized they must have thought it was merely the old appliance's fan whining.

The basement light shocked her right labia lip. The workroom light sent a pulse into her left fold. But by then they were too far away to hear her muffled shrieks.

The cops looked over all his equipment, but didn't see anything unusual for an electrician. The second cop followed the first out, and reached to switch off the light.

"Don't bother," said the electrician. "Once they're on, they're on. I might want to do some work anyway, after you leave."

The second cop shrugged. "It's your electric bill," he said.

The electrician just smiled.



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The bathroom light sent a shock deep into the girl's anus. The electrician had the cops leave all the lights on. He waited downstairs as they checked his bedroom and storeroom, standing by the icebox, staring at the narrow space behind it.

There were no wires from upstairs. He hadn't had enough time to make that work. But he imagined what the living room, kitchen, bathroom, basement, and workroom switches were doing to her tits, cunt, and asshole. Now there was only one left, for the coup de grace.

"Well, thank you, sir," said the first cop at the base of the stairs. "Sorry to bother you."

"No problem," said the electrician. "I just can't help but wonder what you were looking for." All the clothes he had stolen from the girl's room and the lingerie shop were back in his duffel bag, in the trunk of his car.

"Sometimes," said the second cop in mild disgust, "we don't even know..." They turned toward the front door.

"Here," said the electrician. "Let me get the porch light."

The clip he had so carefully clamped to Marisa's clit sprang to life.

Had he heard her head thunk against the pipe inside the living room wall? Perhaps...

"Hope I was of some help," he called after the cops.

"Every little bit helps," said the first cop, opening his unmarked cruiser door.

"Don't worry, sir," said the second, walking right by the trunk which held the semen and sweat soaked clothes he had repeatedly raped the bound and gagged girl in. "She'll turn up."

"Or on," he thought, resisting the temptation to glance back at the kitchen. What he did say was, "Thanks. Let me know if there's anything more I can do."

Then he closed the door. He stood, looking at the wall, imagining how she was shuddering against her will inside, orgasm after orgasm assailing her as the current kept her flesh dancing. Then, purposely leaving the lights on, he casually sat down to watch TV.



**H**e waited until the street was dark and virtually untraveled, so he could see if there were any new vehicles parked nearby. Then he slowly turned off the lights, as if he was getting ready for bed. Only after he checked every auto from the safety of his shuddered front window did he move into the dark kitchen and start pulling the icebox out from the wall.

She was a sodden, sexy, comatose shape inside. It took him hours to extricate her, as it had taken him hours to install her, but finally she lay gagged yet unbound on the kitchen floor, her nipples and vagina actually dribbling her own sex juice.

By then he was so hard he was hardly able to bind her wrists to her thighs and wire her big toes wide to the base of the kitchen counter, before ramming his cock up her. As the visiting detectives, back at their station house, finished their short report concerning their uninteresting interview with the last person to see the missing Marisa Barnes before her disappearance, he was coming into her shuddering little body.

**I**t was time. He had pushed the issue, and now he had to get rid of her. Just in case her family was desperate enough to hire private investigators, he couldn't afford to have her at his place anymore. But everytime he looked at her slick, wet, sweat-and-semen soaked body on his bed — elbows and wrists lashed behind her, ankles crossed and likewise lashed, jaw wedged open and mouth plugged with a moist red ballgag — he longed to fuck her again.

It was amazing how her youth and beauty withstood his onslaught. By all rights she should've been frighteningly haggard and unappealing, but even after the abduction, assault, torment, and captivity, her skin was still soft, her shape sexy, and her comatose face tempting. No matter. She had to go. And just in case some local cop decided to stake out his place, she had to go out the way she came in ... unseen.

That didn't mean he was going to make it easy on her. And when she finally came around — her youthful strength finally dragging her out of her post-wall stupor and subjugation — it was already too late for her to do anything about it. Her eyes snapped open to see the

underside of leather straps. She tried to cry out in fear but the ball filling her mouth prevented it.

He looked down, chortling at her renewed expression of shock...or what he could see of it as the harness ballgag obscured a quarter of her face. A strap through the shiny white ball buckled at the back of her head — holding the gag deep within her mouth and jamming her jaw open. Straps coming up from either side met in a triangle over her nose to blinker her eyes, then tightened across the top of her head. Straps at the bottom crisscrossed her throat and buckled under her chin.

She tried to scream and struggle, but it was in vain. He looked down to admire the way the white, stretch-lace, deep u-necked, sleeveless, backless catsuit adhered to her form and lovely legs. And he adored the way the black electrical wire was set off by the lace and her creamy skin.

Her big toes were tied, as were her ankles, with wire coming from there to sink under her instep. More wire was bunched above and below her knees. Then wire sunk into her hip bones and around her tiny waist to allow strands to sink deep between her vaginal lips. Those stomach wires also helped anchor more wire around her wrists, elbows, and upper arms, which continued across her ribs, then below and above her bulging chest.

The elastic u-neck of the catsuit sunk into her tits on the outside of her aureoles since her erect nipples were clipped and yanked toward each other by a two inch wire. Finally awake, Marisa felt it all — her head going back, the tendons on her forehead and neck bulging, her collarbones becoming more pronounced, and her imprisoned body writhing.

He laughed quietly, taking in her shock and suffering. “You should see yourself, baby,” he whispered. “You never looked better.”

They were in the gloom of his attached garage, a pale yellow light in the ceiling being only one of two illuminations. He had her back in his open duffel bag, half in and half out of his van, her ass on the vehicle’s rear lip. The small interior light of the van also bathed her in weak white as the fenced-in sections of his equipment loomed all around her.

She didn't know what he was going to do, but she begged him not to anyway, shaking her head, pleading with her expression, and starting to cry.

"That's all right," he said soothingly, letting his fingers play in her hair and caressing her cheek. "That's all right, darling. Don't you know by now that I won't let anything happen to you? You're my little fuck toy..." And, as he let the words sink in, he snapped the dust mask in place over her nose and mouth.

It was the kind workman used to protect themselves from mild sawdust or other such airborne hazards. It adhered with a thin elastic around the head and cupped the nostril and lips. You could get them at almost any pharmacy and certainly any hardware store. Only those didn't come complete with a drug-soaked ball of cloth glued inside...

It sank wetly over Marisa's nostrils and further muffled her mouth. Immediately smelling the sickly sweetness of the drug, she shook her head wildly, bleating as his hands lowered to squeeze her right tit and tug on the wire crushing her clit.

"That's it," he cooed, twisting and tugging in time with his words. "Come on. Breathe, baby, breathe. We're not going anywhere 'til you're good and helpless..."

Lightning sparked up from between her legs and chest with every "it", "on", "breathe", "anywhere", "good", and "helpless". She jerked in place with each one, grunting, then groaned piteously.

"Come on!" he insisted, gathering her tight rump in his hands and grinding her pelvis against his. "Breathe deep, sweetie. It's time to go..."

Her head fell back, tears running out of her closed eyes, as she moaned in despair. Finally he grabbed her head in both hands and shook her with every other word. "Breathe, I said!" he spat in her face. "Breathe!"

She stared through him, then above him, babbling in desperation. But his smile widened as the muffled words grew softer and her eyes began to droop.

"That's it," he whispered. "Nice and deep..." He watched as her eyes grew smoky and unfocused, and finally her eyelids fluttered, then

closed. "Perfect," he concluded, and laid her back into his van. Taking one last look at her defenseless physical perfection, the way her face was sealed, and the way her body was both displayed and entrapped, he zipped up the duffel, secured it inside, and scrambled to the driver's seat.

He drove out of his garage, nearly smashing into a patrol car blocking his driveway.

Jamming on the brakes, he spun around in the driver's seat. "Hey!" he called to the two uniformed officers there. "I gotta call to make!"

It was cloudy that morning, and the two cops took their time getting out of their squad car. "Six o'clock in the morning?" the first one drawled, slowly putting his baton in its belt holder. "Why so early?"

"You feel heat inside your walls and see what time you call me," the electrician said without hesitation. "The real question is, why are you guys blocking my driveway this early?"

The second one came up to the passenger window, shrugging. "Some detectives asked us to stop by," he said casually. "And we wanted to get it out of the way as early in our shift as possible."

"Those two guys last night?" the electrician said. "What else they wanna know?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," said the first cop. "They just don't want to do any more work than necessary..."

"...So they have us do all their dirty work," finished the second.

"Dirty work?" the electrician echoed. "Now what?"

"They forgot to check your garage," said the first cop. "Standard operating bullshit. Mind if we take a look?"

The electrician looked at the cops as if they were crazy, then shrugged. "I cooperated with them, I'll cooperate with you guys. But make it quick, okay? I don't want an electrical fire on my conscience."

They agreed and he reopened the automatic garage door. They asked him to open his car trunk, which he did. The bag with all Marisa's torn and cum-streaked clothes was now also housing her sleeping shape.

"Okay," said the second cop. "Could you open your van for us now, too?"

The electrician froze. "Oh, come on," he complained.

"Please, sir," said the first lazily. "If you got nothing to hide..."

"But I got it all organized!" he said.

"We won't mess anything up," said the second cop. "Promise."

"Oh, all right, all right!" the electrician spluttered, nervously going through his key ring. "But please make it fast."

"We promise," said the first cop, sidling up to the rear door as the electrician got it open.

The two cops looked at the mass of shelves, drawers, and bundles of wire inside, covering everything except a narrow strip of walkway in the very center of the floor. There they saw a long, green, motionless duffel bag.

"Mind if we open that?" asked the second cop. The electrician said nothing, a blank look on his face.

"Okay..." said the first, stepping up, leaning over, and unzipping the bag.

Both cops looked down at a selection of plastic and metal pipes.

"You a plumber, too?" asked the second, looking at the electrician with puzzlement.

"The way buildings are wired today, you've got to bunch each kind away from the others. Computer, phone, electrical..." He looked at the men pointedly. "Now may I go, please?!"

"Sure, sure," said the first cop hastily, oblivious of the second duffel bag in the shadows, against the side of the van, inside the locked cage that protected the drawers of fuses, beneath the lip of shelves that nearly went to the floor.

Both cops hastened to exit the vehicle, unaware that they stood not two feet away from an abducted, defiled girl, her nipples clamped, her cunt invaded, her limbs pinioned, a ball stuffed in her mouth, and a drugged cloth tainting her every breath.

The electrician smiled as he got behind the wheel, watching the patrol car roll away. The smile widened as he thought of his captive just inches from him. But the smile turned grim as he thought of how close it had been. If the cops hadn't been so lazy and disrespectful of each other...

The two thoughts battled for his attention as he drove out of town. It was so unfair. Marisa was still so savory and so eminently fuckable, it wasn't right that he be forced to dump her so soon. She was right there, right in back, unable to scream, fight, or run — all the more luscious for his narrow escape from discovery. It wasn't right!

He thought of her sweet face, tasty tits, and tight cunt as the buildings became trees and the sidewalks became grass. He thought of her squirming in his grip, trying to scream, as he fucked her. Her frightened, anguished expression filled his eyes until he finally noticed the bobbing heads passing by.

He blinked, looking at his rearview mirror. Young women were passing his van. In actuality, he was passing them. He blinked again, amazed. They all wore t-shirts, shorts, and sneakers, in variations thereof. Some had their hair in ponytails, some in pigtails, some swirled atop their heads, and some in buns. They were all jogging.

The electrician stared, driving carefully. He was on a treelined back road, off a major route, beside a fenced-in reservoir on one side and a forest on the other. Occasionally, there would be a road opening, but no homes for several hundred yards.

A cheerleading squad, he decided — out for a run they organized themselves...

The faces in his rearview mirror went by quickly, all their expressions tired but determined. He registered their bodies and faces in his mind, but none matched the beauty of the girl bound, gagged, and bagged behind him. See?, he thought, rounding a corner, see? All these girls and not one fit to replace the sex kitten I now have to...

He nearly stepped on the brake. Instead he slowed, his mind fixated on the lone figure on the stretch ahead. His mind immediately registered many things, almost at once. Her legs, her ass, her waist, her bobbing, pony-tailed, yellow-blond hair...

She was the most fit of all of them. She had surged ahead. She was alone, at the head of the pack...

No, he thought. It couldn't be. He instantly remembered how he made the decision the moment he saw Marisa appear out the kitchen



window of her house. But this was different...wasn't it?

He gripped the steering wheel spasmodically. He glanced in the rear view mirror, quickly judging how long it would take the others to round the corner and how long it would take this lone jogger to get around the next curve. He scanned the road ahead for any sign of on-coming traffic.

No, he thought. Too risky. I haven't even seen her front yet...

But then he moved slowly past her. He stopped breathing. Her chest, molded in a white, u-necked, midriff-bearing French-cut tee ... the sport bra being only a demicup so her breast tops bulged with every step... Her blue eyes patently ignoring him as she ignored the ogles of all men. Her straight nose, her strong chin, her pink lips...

He swore, pulling the van across the road in front of her while grabbing the zapper he had first attacked Marisa with. He had done it so smoothly and so slowly that the brakes and tires made no unnatural sound.

She didn't stand a chance. The driver's door was open even before he stopped. She was so surprised she practically ran into him. Then the zapper was pressing into her waist and his thumb tightened on the button.

He was already throwing her inside as she collapsed. He flung her across his lap, half onto the passenger seat and half onto the floor as he moved the van back onto the right side of the road and turned the next corner. He stared into the sideview mirror for any view of the others, but there was none. He stared out the windshield for any sign of other vehicles, but there was none. It wasn't until almost a mile later that another car went by.

He kept driving, eyes on the road, thinking furiously. The others wouldn't automatically think it was his van that was the culprit. With her so far ahead, it could have been anywhere along the run that she disappeared. Besides, there was no way that van could've gotten her in that short curving section of road, was there? He had been going so cautiously that there was certainly no tire marks, and maybe even no scrapes on the gravel jogging path...

But she would be reported missing. And who knew if there were an

estranged father or lustful boyfriend to blame this time. Maybe even some smart cookie in this town would tie the two disappearances together...

"Tie..." That word finally broke his reverie and he looked at the girl slumped under the dashboard. His breath caught in his throat again. So pretty. Almost like a living Barbie crossed with that comic book Betty, combined with that sexy teenage singer Britney... But sexy and she knew it. She was wearing aqua blue wraparound shorts that looked like a microminiskirt in front and molded her ass cheeks behind. Pure white sneakers with light pink ankle socks...

He drove just a little faster.

**34**C... 22 inch waist... 33 inch hips... Five foot, two inches tall... A hundred pounds, maybe. He didn't know her name. She carried no wallet or purse. It didn't matter. He'd call her Beebee, for all the initials of the girls she looked like. Or maybe Blondy.

Or maybe Big boobs. He practically gasped when he pulled up her shirt and cut the sports bra between her tits. Her breasts seemed to inflate, then settled buoyantly high on her chest. They were creamy white with perfect little pink nipples.

He hastily pulled down her midriff-shirt again, just to keep him from tearing his pants. He nearly did anyway, as her orbs filled the cloth, the nips poking out.

They were parked in a lot behind a minimall where he could keep a watch out for any unusual movement. That way, if he had to drive off suddenly it wouldn't look as suspicious as it would have had he been behind a closed school or factory or something.

He had dragged her back into the gloom of the narrow walkway between fenced-in drawers to make sure she was still out. Staring at her fine tits he fought the urge to untie her shorts. To try to control himself, he glanced over to where Marisa was secreted, imagining her lovely white-laced form and harnessed head. That, unfortunately for her, gave him an idea.

"What the fuck," he suddenly said, and ripped off the blonde's shirt

with one pull.

**H**e didn't rape her. Not then. Instead he drove away, trying to figure out where to go next. Within ten minutes of his renewed travel, her blue eyes had opened. She started, not recognizing the ceiling of the van, then froze, remembering.

She stretched in place, hearing the creak of plastic, rubber, and leather. She froze again in disbelief, making a sound deep in her throat. Her eyes widened and stared down at herself.

She saw her nipples first, pointing urgently at the ceiling. Then she felt the pressure at her breasts. She saw her smooth creamy skin, crossed with reams of rubber-coated wire. All she saw beyond that were tight, tight, knots.

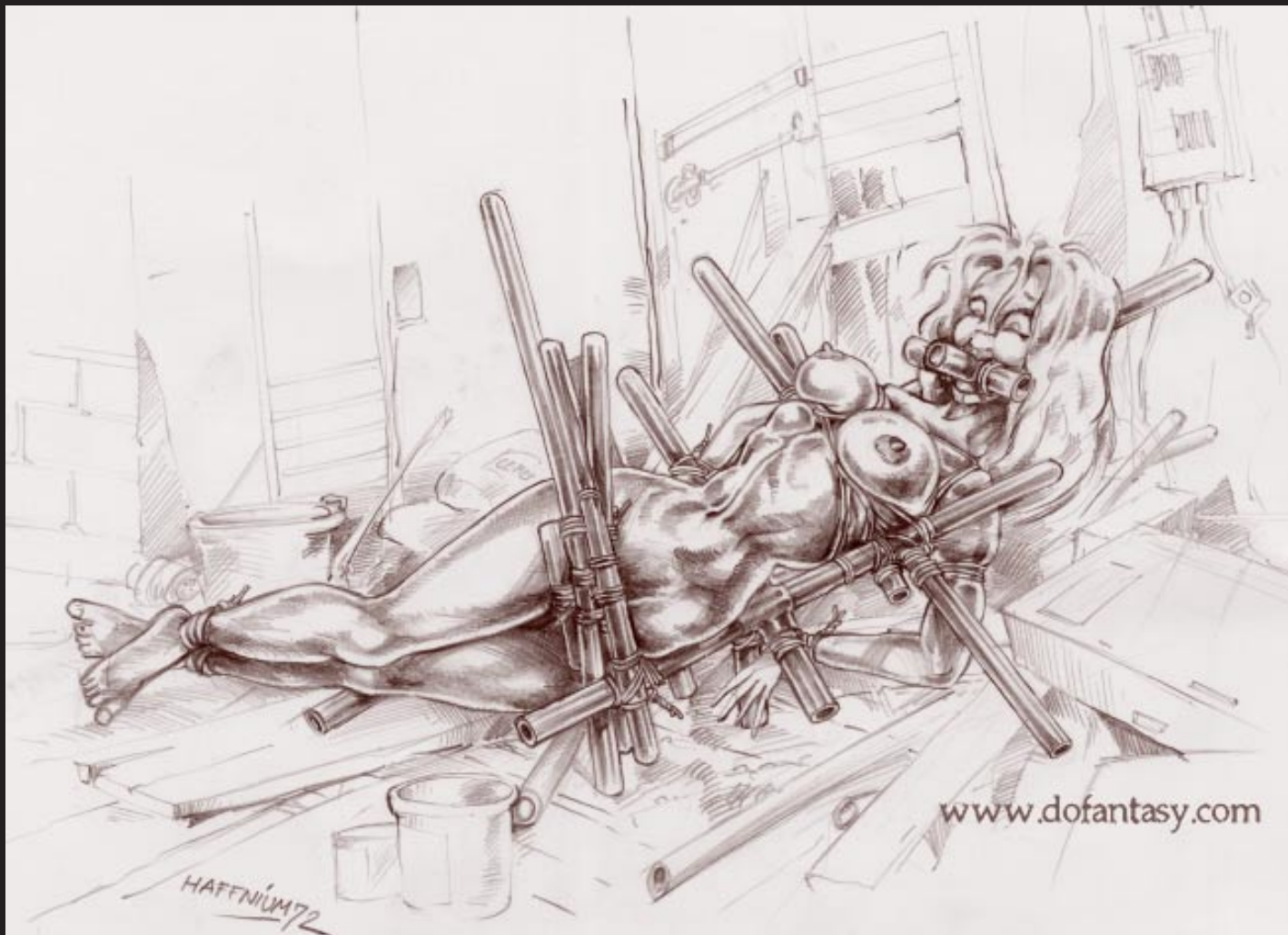
She tried to lower her head to look further. She made a gurking sound when she couldn't. Something was jammed against her jaw. She tried to reach up to pull it away, but all her hands did was flutter between her ass cheeks. Then she felt the pressure there...and down her front, and up her back...and inside her...

The blonde jogger tried to scream. She couldn't. Something was in her mouth, jamming her jaw wide. She tried to kick, forcing the impalement out, but she couldn't. All she could do, with all her strength, was roll slightly and tremble.

**H**e had opened the other duffel and taken the pliant plastic pipes out. One was up her front, between her tits, from her jaw to her knees. It was wired there, around her throat, shoulders, torso, waist, hip-bones, thighs, and knees.

Another pipe was down her back, between her shoulder blades and ass cheeks — from the back of her skull to her shins. It was wired there at the same junctures as the pipe down her front, only her upper arms, elbows and wrists were also wired behind her to the pipe there. And he had pulled the pipes together between her knees, wiring her to the "X" there above and below her knees.

Only before doing that, he had screwed in another shorter length of



pipe...this one going up between her legs and into her silky blonde cunt. Then her ankles were wired together.

The girl tried to scream again. The small plastic four-way “+”-shaped pipe joint stopped her, pushing down her tongue, forcing up her palate, and jabbing into her cheeks. Another small pipe attached to the front emerged from between her teeth, keeping her from knocking it over inside her mouth. That pipe was stuffed with cloth and then noosed with more wire which encircled her head, under her silken yellow hair.

“Oh, you up, huh?” he said from the driver’s seat. “Well, say hello to your new life, Blondy. One you were born to live.”

She tried to tell him to let her go. She tried to ask him what he was going to do. She tried to explain to him how it couldn’t, shouldn’t, wouldn’t happen. She tried to comprehend how all her freedom, all her power, all her strength could be taken away from her in mere seconds. She tried to say a lot of things, but all that came out were gurgles and gasps.

He was getting hard again. He looked carefully for any sign of sanctuary, his mind working furiously. “That’s okay,” he said casually. “We’ll see to you very, very soon. And then you’ll know what it’s all about.”

He drove in a huge circle, back onto an interstate, past a campgrounds, a rural mall, a small airport, and then onto a wooded roadway toward where he lived. With every bump, the impaling pipe jerked up into her. With every turn, she rolled into the metal mesh on either side of her.

He passed homes, schools, churches, restaurants, and stores until it was nearly one in the morning. By the time he pulled up to the construction site near the end of a residential road, the jogger was drifting in and out of consciousness.

The project had run out of money in the middle of his wiring work. He knew that they had no cash for a watchman, and he hoped they hadn’t changed the lock on the chain fence. They hadn’t. He drove in, and locked the chainlink behind him. He then pulled up into the exposed cellar area and parked behind a dividing wall.

“Okay, Blondy,” he whispered, sidling into the back, and gripping

the pipe along her front. "Time to pay off."

She groaned in pain as he lifted her the way a cannibal would carry a captured explorer on a spit. Having spent as much time as he had with Marisa, he knew what to expect of this one. Before he searched out an unfinished low-income apartment up the concrete stairs, he hefted her out, laid her by an open sewer grate, and started unwiring her legs.

The feel of her smooth, warm, soft flesh made him hard, as did the sounds she made and the way she undulated in the bondage. He occasionally looked up to see her fine mams jiggling in the moonlight, then doubled his efforts to get her legs free. Finally, he spread the numb limbs by her ankles, then carefully slid the pipe from her cunt, watching her silken, dewy thatch glow.

She made a sound from around the cloth-plugged pipe in her mouth — one he recognized as both a sigh of sexual relief and a cry of shame. He stepped back as she unavoidably evacuated. Although she cringed in humiliation, it didn't bother him in the slightest. It simply meant that he would not be interrupted by any digestive necessity later.

To his pleasure, the water company had not turned off the site yet, and the construction crew had left an old hose behind. Wiring her ankles wide to the ends of a horizontal pipe, he thoroughly cleaned her off — paying particular attention to the golden strip between her legs — as she squealed.

"Okay, okay," he said quietly, turning off the hose. "Enough foreplay. Now you find out what happens when you look the way you do, act the way you do, and dress the way you do..."

Grabbing the pipe up her front, he dragged her to her feet, then started pushing her toward the stairs. "Come on, bitch," he urged. "Don't pretend you can't walk. I saw you running. I know how strong your ass is." He slapped her on one firm, round, cheek, then grabbed the pipe between her shoulder blades.

By the time he propelled her into the first room to the right of the unfinished stairwell, he had the wires holding the pipe in her mouth loosened. Shoving her up against the wall beside the door, he continued to unknot the pipe gag as she tried to comprehend what was happening.



The only light came from the moon and distant street lamps. But it was enough to show her that she was in a small, plain, raw apartment. She stood near a small kitchenette, and an equally small living room loomed around her. A tiny bathroom was off in the corner and a bedroom area was through a door on the left wall.

Before her were two plain windows, their manufacturing stickers still on the panes. Through them she could see the large, non-landscaped yard area, the fence that encircled the site, the empty street, and some dark, quiet houses beyond. Everywhere inside those windows, the white of the ceiling tiles, plaster walls, and concrete floor hemmed her in like a prison cell.

"God, what a little sex bomb you are," he breathed, reaching into her mouth like he was searching for a pearl, digging out the pipe juncture. Just as her jaw felt stronger, he was already stuffing pulpy padding deep into the orifice. It expanded in her mouth, filling her cheeks. She almost blurted in surprise, but before her teeth reopened, he followed it with light gray electrical tape, sealing her lips.

"Use it to keep wires in place," he grunted, pressing her lower face while gripping the back of her head. "Expands to fill a slot." He pressed harder, then harder still, sinking the tape into her skin. "That'll keep you quiet," he murmured, then started unknotting her from the pipes. All that wire ... it was like the black trim of a microminidress, or a t-kini (t-shirt bikini) that had been tugged out of place.

She grunted and gasped, seeing their reflection in the windows. Those long, shapely legs ... that tiny waist ... that tousled mane of silky yellow hair ... and all not even tall enough to come to his neck...

She saw his hulking form plucking at her, but stared at her tiny, shapely figure, her proud, strong, full breasts quaking with each tug and twist. And she stared into her own sweet face, mouth sealed behind a swath of glue, her bright blue eyes wide in wonder and dread.

He pulled the pipe from under her bound wrists and through her tight ass cheeks. Then he popped the other pipe from under her aching jaw, letting her breasts wobble and spread across her upper chest. For a moment he just stared at her as she stood unsteadily, her chest thrust

out, wires still holding her elbows to her waist, tight under and over her buoyant tits...

Then her eyes seemed to clear as her leg muscles tightened. He had his arm around her waist as she tried hurling herself out the open doorway.

"Oh no you don't," he grunted, dragging her to the floor.

Her squeal was drowned by the packing and the tape, and then she was on the cold concrete, kicking, as he bore her down. His hand was squeezing her right tit as if trying to pop it, as his other hand was shoving at her left thigh. His body wedged between her legs and then she was under him, his forearm on her throat.

"Come on, baby," he hissed. "This is why you were doing all that running, right?"

She felt his erection through his pants and then his hand was there, tearing down his zipper as the other fist tightened in her hair.

"No," she tried to shriek. "This is what I was running from!" But it was no use. Her five-foot-two, eyes-of-blue, little shape was crushed beneath him, his haunches forcing her weakened legs wide.

His cock was there, spreading her labia lips and then he was inside her. She felt it, like a knobby truncheon surging up her love canal. She contorted beneath him, trying to howl, but his hands were gripping her by the top of her head and over her gagged mouth.

"There," he sighed. "That's more like it, huh?" He looked down at her flushed, sweating, stunned, enraged face as if impressed by how pretty she still was. "Yes," he said, grabbing her left tit while sliding his left arm under her neck. "Much better." Then he started rutting her on the dirty floor while grinding her breast as if turning up a "magic fingers" dial...

The sexy little blonde jogger lay there, bound more tightly and gagged more completely than she ever thought possible, getting raped by a total stranger. She stared up in shocked disbelief as the invasion went to work on her instincts.

"Been fucked before, huh?" he whispered, his hips not slowing. She realized he was looking at her, sneering wolfishly. "What, captain of

the football team? Neighbor boy? Teacher?" He wrapped his arms under her shoulders and started humping harder. "God," he breathed, "no wonder. So tight...so wet...so warm...!" Then he couldn't talk anymore — animal grunts and carnal sounds of lust replacing words.

Her head went back, blonde hair scraping the floor. Yes, her prom date had fumbled inside her and a girlfriend had masturbated her, but none of it was like this. He was so big, so rough, so unrelenting ... this wasn't an exploration, it was an invasion, with wave after wave of attacker surging inside her with no pause.

Her body slaved to protect her, her muscles clamping down on him, lubricant pouring out. Her fingers spasmed out and her toes splayed. He felt her nipples get harder, poking through his shirt. Tears poured out of her eyes, mingling with the sweat that coursed down her forehead. She tried to kick at him when her legs weren't flopping on the apartment floor

"That's it," he managed to moan, drooling on her squealing face. He planted his hands on either side of her face and jammed all the way in again and again, faster and harder than ever, throwing her convulsing legs wide. "That's it... Here...it...comes!"

She tried to hurl herself away, but he had grabbed her in a bear hug and jammed her even tighter on his spike, lifting all but her feet off the floor. Her breasts were mashed against his front, his breath hot on her face. And then he cannoned cream into her.

She felt it spurting, streaming, spouting, erupting up her, splashing across her vaginal walls. She screamed in disgust and defilement, the gag making it sound like a strangled, dying wind. Then, through the haze of anger and revulsion, she saw his face — smirking tiredly down at her, almost soundlessly chuckling at her powerlessness and captive beauty, as if to say "look who I fucked."

She writhed like a hooked marlin in his grip, trying to launch herself off his cock, but it did no good. Instead he held her tighter, keeping her impaled on his hard-on. Then, to her growing horror, he started to sit up, pulling her with him, forcing her to straddle him, front to front, her knees on the concrete floor.

"Oh man," he breathed, studying her face by holding the back of her head as if she were a newborn. "Just one and you're already in the hall of fame." He grabbed her hair before she could head butt him. "No, no, no," he chided, gripping her left tit with his free hand. He squeezed as she cringed. "Well, no wonder I grabbed you," he marveled. "I was going to just get my rocks off and figure what to do with you, but I guess now that can wait, 'cause I got a new name for you now. What d'ya say, cum-cunt? Wanna go for two?"

The blonde jogger started to scream and cry and shake her head, but then they both froze as another quiet voice filled the room.

"Two what?"

The electrician's head spun around to see a young, unbathed man in frayed clothes standing in the dark doorway. He immediately threw the girl to the floor, grabbed her across the throat and waist, then crouched there, holding her desperately wriggling form to him.

"Hey man!" he barked. "Don't come sneaking up on a guy that way!"

The man stood silently in the doorway a few moments more, calmly watching the girl trying uselessly to pull herself from the electrician's grip. "What you doing?" he finally drawled.

"Can't you see?" the electrician said stridently. "Sex game, man, sex game." He gripped the girl brutally. "Right, hon?" he finished tightly, grabbing her hair and forcing her head over to his slobbering lips.

"Sex games, huh?" the man in the doorway said as the girl frantically tried to wrench herself free. "She losin'."

"No, no," the electrician countered, suddenly pulling a vicious Heimlich on the girl, knocking all the air from her. "She likes it rough, right, baby?" he maintained as she slumped down, eyes bulging. Then, purposely, he wrapped a hand around the aghast, stunned girl's throat, and started squeezing as he smiled sickeningly into her disbelieving face.

"Like the brunette bitch down in your van?" the man in the doorway said even more quietly. The electrician froze. "She like it rough, too?"

The electrician looked up from the groaning girl in his lap to see shadows appear from behind the man in the doorway.

"W-what do you want?" the electrician finally managed to say, his mind racing.

"I don't want you lying to me, man," the other one said conversationally. "These bitches don't wanna be here, do they?"

The electrician slowly shook his head.

"You kidnap 'em?"

The electrician nodded.

"Fuck 'em?"

The electrician just looked meaningfully at the moaning girl in his lap.

"Wow, man. You been busy."

"Yeah," the electrician said dryly, his mouth suitably dry. "My turn," he countered, firmly gathering the blonde girl up, further sealing her weakly working mouth with a clamping palm. "You squatters?"

The man in the doorway nodded.

"Want to be?"

The man in the doorway shook his head.

The electrician paused, thinking. Why did this guy even bother talking? Why hadn't he just attacked when the electrician was "otherwise occupied"? He studied the man's face carefully, already knowing that he and his fellow squatters had already gone through the van like vultures.

But he had something they didn't have. Not these girls. They could've taken them at any time. But they now knew that only he had the balls to have snatched them in the first place.

Finally the electrician spoke very carefully, looking down at the beautiful young blonde trapped in his arms. "Care what happens to these ... bitches ...?"

The man in the doorway shook his head ... slowly and definitely.

"Okay," the electrician said, letting out his breath. "Then, my new friend, have I got a deal for you..."

**H**er name, incredibly enough, was Brianne. Brianne Summers. At least that was what the news programs said. They acknowledged her

disappearance, had a field day with pictures of her with her pom-poms, and spent a few minutes interviewing her so-called friends ... the ones willing to talk about how wonderful she was so they could see themselves on television.

But no show or paper made the connection between the blonde's disappearance and the brunette's. He guessed that Marisa's mom and school refused to let them telecast her yearbook or personal pictures, so news programs saw no point in bringing it up.

Instead he watched as the squatter made his rounds to all the numbers runners, drug pushers, strip club owners, and the like in the surrounding cities. Being a street person, he had gotten to know the right wrong people very well...

"Wanna fuck a white chick?"

"Hey, man, I can fuck any chick I want!"

... "Wanna fuck a white chick who don't wanna be there?"

Then he'd show them the pictures.

Marisa in her schoolgirl uniform ... only with the shirt open and the pleated, plaid skirt shortened ... her arms wrenched behind her and the harness ring gag yanking her mouth open as the other squatters held her for the camera...

Brianne in a cheerleading outfit two sizes too small for even her, her breasts bulging from the deep v-neck, the pleated white mini just barely covering her tuft, the ring gag revealing her smooth pink lips and perfect teeth, the squatter holding her wrenched arms high up her back...

**M**arisa had wakened to the sunrise. Her deep eyes slowly opened to see her home town stretched out before her, in all its early morning glory ... the nice suburban houses nestled amongst the trees ... the school buses making their way down shrub-lined streets ... the commuters heading for the train station ...

Then she realized that she was seeing it several stories above it all. Then she felt the ache at her shoulders and hips, the weight on her back, and the pain at her nose and chest... Then she heard the muffled, choking cries...



They had them on the stairwell landing, where they could see over the trees, but no one could see them over the bottom lip of the banister. They had them crouching down on their knees, legs spread to carry the weight of their rapists on their backs, arms wired tight behind them, bent almost double from the waist, their tits hanging down and their heads wrenched up.

They stared out because they had to. Nose hooks were in their nostrils, pulled up and back and then knotted around their necks. Big, rough, muscular, dirty hands were clamped over their mouths so hard that they thought their jaws would break — no matter how much mucous, how many tears, and how much sweat poured over the clasping fingers.

The other hands were at their hanging breasts, pinching and twisting and squeezing and yanking and jerking their nipples in rhythm with their rutting. Marisa was in what was left of the white lace catsuit, the front nearly torn off and a jagged hole torn in the back where the big black cock slid in and out.

Brianne was hardly wearing Marisa's crushed red velvet recital dress — it being so small that it barely covered her ass and her chest bulged between the spaghetti strapped cups. It certainly was no protection from the huge black prick that jammed into her golden cunt from behind every other second.

The electrician watched placidly as the two squatters raped them, savoring the way their huge unseeing eyes stared in horror, the way their facial liquid drooled over and dripped down the men's hands, and the way their crunched-down bodies struggled — only managing to shiver, hardly vibrating for all their young strength — within the naked men's powerful grip.

He smiled as the men contained the girls, bearing down on them, keeping them locked beneath their kneeling, thrusting bodies despite the massive fucking. With each thrust, the girls' faces would press even tighter into the squatter's gagging hands, their dangling tits swinging slightly forward as the men continued to twist and pinch their swollen nipples.

The electrician listened to the drowned remnants of their grunts and



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squeals and cries and wails as their cunts were filled to bursting over and over and over again. He bet they hardly even knew that their mouths were filled with more spongelike, expanding padding, so distraught they had to be by the way the men would slobber in their ears or sloppily lick their up-turned faces.

The men started rutting faster, their hands crushing the girls' tits like dough. The chesty brunette and the endowed little blonde squealed in distress, their hunched bodies only quivering by millimeters in place. The electrician only leaned slightly to the side to look in the space made by one squatter's hip and thigh in order to see his big black spear sliding back and forth into Marisa's cunt like a hydraulic piston.

He saw the two squatters glance at each other, then wrap their free arms around the girls' waists before jamming themselves all the way inside. Marisa and Brianne screamed into their rock-hard hands, sounding like a distant bird's cry. And then they choked, jerking, as the men came inside them.

The electrician grinned, watching, as the next two squatters grabbed the girls as the first two dropped them.

**"How much?"**

At first it started at a thousand a fuck. The main squatter knew who to approach first — the self-made sadist with the racial ax to grind. They had been "fucked by the man," so it was time for pay back.

They started arriving at the site at 2am, chaperoned along a secret path in the back, away from any house's windows. Then they got a look, and had to make their choice: blonde or brunette, schoolgirl or cheerleader, front or back, standing, sitting, or prone.

Once the decision was made, the squatters went to work. The two women squatters were the worst. They had no time for any nonsense. Get 'em in, fuck 'em, and go ... next! No matter how the captives cried and begged through their gags or tried to collapse, the squatter women would wrench them up, tie their limbs however the john wanted 'em, and got out of the way in a hurry.

"Mo' fucks, mo' money," they muttered, knowing that the place had

to be secured by 5am ... six if the client was especially quiet.

Then the girls were dragged downstairs, stripped naked, emptied, cleaned, fed through ring gags, and secured in their own cement “closets” — their uniforms carefully tended and neatly folded. These cubicles were actually unfinished cement shafts, for which the squatters had created sliding cement-block doors. They had always kept their valuables inside, only now the prizes were two white girls — their toes, ankles, knees, thighs, wrists, elbows, and necks tied to cold metal pipes, and their mouths filled, sealed, and muffled.

While the men were away, begging for money and scouting other clients, the squatter women tested new positions, bindings, and silencers. That may have been the worst. It certainly distracted the prisoners from the rapes.

“Shut up, girl,” one hissed. “You wanna do it as often as a real ho does it?” Then one leg would be affixed up above their heads while their arms were yanked up straight behind them. Then, with their breasts hanging down and their crotches exposed, the squatter women would mash their tits between two boards, probe their cunts with sticks, and plumb the depths of their sphincters with studded metal rods.

By the time the men got back, they were always back in their closets, sometimes wearing the remnants of the electrician’s lingerie shop robbery, sometimes not. Sometimes the men would have bras, panties, stockings or dresses they stole or found in dumpsters. Other times they would have different kinds of ropes, straps, wires, tape or even doggy toys they could try stuffing in the girls’ mouths or binding their limbs.

The electrician brought the scented soap, conditioning shampoo, hair brushes, make-up, and perfume.

Occasionally a squatter would squeeze himself into a closet with one of the girls after dinner, but mostly they just saved them for the customers. One time a construction company inspector drove up and surveyed the area, wondering whether it would be worth his company taking over the job.

He walked right by the concrete cubicles, completely unaware of the girls inside, screaming hysterically through their gags into the crushing

hands of the squatters who had jumped into each as the others secured the doors. The inspector even admired the cement work of the only two finished shafts, oblivious of the contorting bodies of the bound girls within; a blonde having her chest mashed against the opposite wall as a wire was expertly tightened around her throat, and a brunette lifted off the ground by her neck, a huge, erect cock pressing insistently between her bound legs.

When the inspector had gone and the other squatters had reappeared holding a schoolgirl uniform and cheerleader costume, they found Brianne “asleep” in one man’s molesting arms, and Marisa dazedly impaled off the ground on the other squatter’s cock.

By the end of the week, they had more than eighty-five thousand dollars, but not many more “trustworthy” customers who could afford a thousand a fuck. It was time to move them anyway.

“If the fucker can’t come to the girl,” the electrician said softly the following Monday morning. “The girl’ll have to go to the fucker.”

He looked placidly over at the cement cubicles, knowing that the girls were already secured, drifting in and out of consciousness: Marisa in the torn black minidress he had first dressed her in — with huge tears now across the tops of her tits and exposing nearly everything between her stomach and hip — and Brianne in a nasty old purple teddy that sunk deep into her cunt crack and scraped at her nipples. Both had awful six-inch hooker high heels jammed on their feet; Marisa in ankle-strapped black and Marisa in scuffed white.

The nose hooks were back in their nostrils and their mouths were wrapped with duct tape. They crouched, knees bent and wide, heads up, their bound wrists behind them, lashed to their bound ankles. Their thrust out chests scrapped the rough cement of the closets.

To them the day seemed like an eternity, but as soon as the doors were slid open, it was as if no time had passed. Hands gripped them by their arms, hair and breasts, yanking them out. What they saw there made them contort with hormonal nightmare.

The electrician’s van was backed up, it’s back door yawning open.

The squatters smiled at each other as the lights of passing cars swept over them. Then they looked down. Brianne and Marisa were laying face first on the van's floor, their bodies facing away from each other — the blonde's feet at the front seats and the brunette's feet at the back door.

Only their faces weren't on the pads the electrician had installed after removing the shelves and drawers. As before, nose hooks and hands over their mouths held their heads up, this time almost ninety degrees from their prone bodies.

The men who held the girls' heads up by their mouths smiled. They had reason to. They were lying on the girls' backs, their cocks between the girls' ass cheeks, despite the fact that the girls wore their uniforms. The skirts were so short that only the merest flip would expose their firm round rocks.

But they had more to smile about, because the girls' arms were no longer sandwiched between their bodies. Now they were wrenched back, wide, and up, so they were cuffed around their gaggers' torsos, their clutching fingers clawing at the air.

Their fingers had reason to clutch, because while the men clamped their mouths with one hand, they were reaching under the girls' bodies to torment their right nipples. But that wasn't all. One of the other squatters was also there, breathing into their faces, wrenching at their other breast.

But still that wasn't all. Their legs were spread wide, their ankles wired to holes in the inner metal wall. On Marisa's feet were frilly ankle socks and penny loafers. On Brianne's were pink ankle socks and high heel sneakers. A squatter woman lay between their legs, their fingers stimulating the girls' clits.

The sounds filling the van were better than the electrician had ever heard. They sounded like leaking, wet, sputtering, choking, steam fittings plus the muffled moans of forced sexual orgasm.

He drove as slowly as he legally could, taking the longest route possible, but eventually he had to arrive at the house on the outskirts of the city. The squatters heard low music and looked up to see a lawn party in



progress, filled with dim garden lights and shadowy figures. Marisa and Brianne's eyes also pinballed around their sockets in hope.

The electrician parked in front, checking the neighboring houses for any signs of activity, then turned in his seat. "All right," he said quietly. "You know what to do."

Then he watched as the squatters immediately freed themselves, untied the ankle wires, unpopped the nose hooks, dragged Brianne and Marisa up, jammed them against the opposite sides of the van walls by their chests and mouths, then pushed hard against the girls' abdomens.

Both girls made an agonized wooshing sound through suddenly free and open mouths. Their arms jerked in their handcuffs and their legs kicked.

Then everyone watched as they tried to recover. Brianne was soundlessly gasping for air, her eyes huge and betrayed. Marisa was curled in a fetal ball, soundlessly sobbing.

Then they all heard the two suck in their first clear breath, just nanoseconds from each other.

One squatter slammed his hand over the girl's mouth, while another pressed again as if trying to save a drowning man.

The gagging hand immediately came away and the girls writhed and arched and tried to even moan — their mouths big round oh's.

It took longer this time, but finally they got another breath. The hands sealed their mouths. Other hands knocked the air out of them again.

They tried to weep, but couldn't. They tried to scream, but couldn't. They tried to beg, but couldn't. With their hands cuffed behind them, they couldn't even block the squatters' arms. Their beautiful legs tried to kick, but all they could do was flop reflexively.

They did it four more times, until the girls were barely moving on the padding, their cheeks, chest, and knees scraping the floor.

Then the hands came back, sealing their mouths with a band of clear tape. Then their knees were cinched with a clear plastic pull-tie. Then long coats were dropped over their shoulders and the van's back door was swung open.

Before they knew it, they were being propelled toward the side of the

house, across the grass, past party-goers. They were completely surrounded by the squatters, who dwarfed them with their bodies. Bony hands gripped their upper arms and shoulders while more pressed against their backs. They were mostly lifted, partially dragged, and totally blocked from view — their heads up, their eyes wide, their expressions fervidly pleading.

They tried to scream, “Help me! Somebody please help me!” But they could make no sound until they were shoved inside, and then the hands were back, crushing their lips, mashing their chests, and dragging them into the in-law apartment off the study.

Flashes of a bathroom and kitchen went by and then they were in a living room, with two sofas and a loveseat — all decorated in white and black fur. Glassed-in bookcases were along every wall. There were no windows. The only light came from two 40 watt Tiffany lamps. The glowing room itself seemed furry.

And then, suddenly, the girls were standing unsteadily in the middle of the room, staring at the squatters who stood along the walls. Brianne tried to speak through the gag. “What? What now?” But only mush came out as the tape crinkled. Then the blonde saw the brunette’s frightened expression and followed it.

The electrician was standing by the door with a well-dressed man and two hulking bodyguards. The man was obviously the party-giver and even more obviously was raping the girls with his eyes.

“No!” Brianne tried to scream, buckling. “No more! No!” But then the squatters were there, an arm encircling her waist, a fist yanking her head back up by her hair. They grabbed Marisa too, just in case, a mouth-clamping hand forcing her head back onto a shoulder.

The host nodded slightly toward the electrician and raised his hand. In it was a little material. “Dress them in this,” he said. “White for the brunette, black for the blonde. You’ll find shoes in the closet. I’ll be back in ten minutes.”

The host and his thugs left, locking the door behind them. The electrician surveyed the outfits in his hand, then slowly raised his head toward the girls, his smile widening. Without a word, he walked slowly

toward them, holding each item out.

Ten minutes later, the host returned, his bodyguards flanking him. He locked the door behind him again. Marisa was in a white, sleeveless, stretch microminidress of a shining, practically glowing material called hologram. It scooped all the way down to just below her breasts, exposing her aureoles and crushed nipples, then opened again in a upright-football-shaped hole to reveal most of her torso to the very top of her thatch. The skirt's hem hardly covered the bottom of it.

On her legs were skin tight white thigh-highs, and on her feet were five-inch ankle-strap high heel pumps. Her arms were wrenched behind her, thrusting her chest out, her wrists and elbows cinched with white electrical tape. In her gaping mouth was a huge white ring gag. A white, studded choker was tight around her throat.

Brianne was in a black lycra spandex corset-style microminidress which laced up in a "V" pattern from just above her tuft to the center of her chest, making her breasts bulge through the laces when they weren't being squeezed by the material. On her legs were black thigh highs with lace tops, and on her feet black, five-inch, ankle strap high heels. Her tape, ring gag, and choker was black as well.

The squatters were around them in a threatening semi-circle, keeping them from collapsing, shrieking, or running.

"Beautiful," breathed the host. "These are the girls who are missing, right?"

The electrician nodded.

"Beautiful," the host repeated. "All right, boys, take them."

The girls jerked in surprise and terror as the bodyguards instantly jumped them. Within seconds they were kicking and screaming on the well padded carpet, the huge men tossing the girls' legs wide as if they were rag dolls. Seconds later their cocks thudded onto the girls' pelvises and then their bodices were being torn open.

Hysterical with shock, terrified by the power, the girls screamed and writhed despite themselves, but the bodyguards were too intense. Before they were even completely aware that the sexy dresses were ripped open,



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their tits were in the men's paws, being squeezed so tight, the fingers nearly touched each other through the base of the breasts.

Silenced by the sharp pain, the girls' eyes bulged as, without pause, the bodyguards rammed their massive cocks inside them as if punching through cotton candy.

Both girls jerked on the floor, their bodies becoming flopping "V's". Even before they dropped down again, the men were violently fucking their brains out, the skirts at the girl's waists, the heels thudding the floor.

The girls' teeth clamped onto their ring gags, their neck tendons straining under the chokers. Their hands clawed beside their hips, trying desperately to reach their rapists. Then all they could do was try to survive as the men smashed them to the floor, mauling them, driving inside them like a thick round jack hammer.

The girls almost managed a scream when the bodyguards stood up. They held the hostages' hips, locking them to their loins, their limp legs and heads hanging down. The squatters watched their breasts roll toward their comatose faces and the electrician noted the way their hands hung toward the floor.

Then the men let go of the girls' hips. They slid off the moist logs, Brienne falling onto the white sofa, and Marisa falling onto the black. To the squatters' amazement, they landed sitting, their eyes rolling back into their heads.

The bodyguards looked at their boss, who nodded. The bodyguards looked back at their victims ... then shot their loads into the girls' open mouths.

It looked like a fountain stream of curdled cream exploding down their throats. The girls' eyes snapped open in renewed surprise, and, as they choked and sobbed, keening and coughing, the host politely had his bodyguards show the electrician and squatters out.

**T**hey all watched from the host's study as the party wound down. They stared into large, color video monitors which showed every angle of the enclosed, soundproofed living room. They watched as their host soothed

and sodomized the girls one by one, wiping the cum from their faces, stroking their hair, milking their mams, embracing them tenderly, and forcing them to suck off his dick through the ring gag from a seated position as he stood before the couch, holding their hair.

“When you’re paying this kind of money,” they heard him mutter, “you better get head.”

Then he carefully taped their crossed ankles together (white for Marisa, black for Brianne), buckled butt plugs and nine-inch studded vibrators into their cunts, taped thumb tacks onto their nipples, blindfolded them with squares of duct tape that held glass marbles against their closed lids, and shoved ambersol-soaked penis-shaped prods into their mouths.

He clicked on the battery-run dildos, then sat on the loveseat to watch. Within seconds the barely conscious, cum-splattered captives were groaning incoherently and beginning to squirm. Within moments they were contorting, light exploding under their lids, pain lightning from their chests, contractions cramping their sex, and numbness thickening their tongues and choking their throats.

He waited until the agonized girls started to slump again, then casually went over to cut open their elbow bonds. Suddenly they had more arm movement, and, despite their wrists still being cinched, they couldn’t help trying to relieve the anguish at their eyes, mouths, chests, and cunts.

They all watched as the girls reached agonizingly for their faces, clawed at the sides of their tits, and arched their backs, trying to push the dildo-enclosing belts away. Marisa nearly got one thumb-tack off, but unbeknownst to her, the host merely dropped a piece of torn dress in the way, and her fingers slipped off it.

By then the two were exhausted again, and stilling. Shortly afterwards, he freed their legs and retreated. Again, try as they might to lose consciousness, the pressure on their eyes, the pain in their tits, and the surging of the dildoes gave them no choice.

They watched as the girl’s shapely gams in their torn thigh highs started to move. Marisa was sitting up. Brianne was on her knees. Then they were crawling, scraping their faces and chests against the



sofas and floor, setting off even more sparks inside themselves.

Finally Brianne made a terrible sound, reared up to her feet and charged toward the wall despite her blindfold and high heels. The host caught her before she got close, expertly swinging her behind the sofa. There he quickly wrapped a thick scarf around her lower face, shoved her head into a pillow, and expertly bound her weakened thighs to her ankles with more black tape.

"Ssh, ssh, ssh," he whispered into her encased ear as he also wrapped her waist so her wrists were trapped in the small of her back. "We don't want to disturb your friend, do we?" Then he tore off the remainder of her dress, unbuckled the dildoes, pulled the pillow case off, yanked away the scarf, removed the prod, and slipped out the ring gag.

But before she could make a sound, he stuffed the remainder of her dress into her mouth — pushing, pushing, pushing until it filled the orifice. Then, with the remaining laces, he tied it tight between her teeth and lips. Then his hand was there, silencing her further.

"Now, now, now," he hissed so quietly the viewers had to read his lips. "You won, you see?" He silently removed the tape from her eyes. The marbles bounced soundlessly on the thick carpet. "See?"

Even the dim light seemed like spotlights to Brianne's pressured eyes until she blinked furiously.

"There, there," he murmured, retying the thick scarf over her mouth so tightly her cheek skin bulged slightly above and beneath it. "Now you know, right?"

He raised the blonde until she could see over the sofa. There Marisa was, still straining for her face, still wrenching her torso, still rolling around the other couch, still scratching at the vibrator. Brianne started to cry as he lowered her onto his haunches.

He fucked her there, then laid her face first on the floor so she could see around the couch to where Marisa struggled. He slowly fucked her up the ass there, rubbing her tits on the thick shag. Then, finally, he sat on her stomach, with her head peeking around the other side of the couch, and tit-fucked her.

Brianne watched as Marisa gained her feet, started to unsteadily sidle

over toward the wall, touched the glassed-in bookshelves, and make her way toward the door. Brianne watched as Marisa's legs started to shake and her body wrenched as the ever-twisting, surging dildo did its work, its base scraping her abused clit. Brianne watched as Marisa's shoulder touched the door, her trembling fingers reaching for the doorknob...

Brianne watched as Marisa's knees caved in and she fell to the floor — where she lay, twitching.

Then he came into her face.

**“We** should pay you,” said the electrician facetiously as the blonde and brunette were dumped into laundry carts. The host had made a present of lace-up leather hoods and single sleeves which buckled around their wrists, elbows, upper arms, and shoulders. White for Marisa, of course, and black for Brianne.

They had been dressed in soft cashmere-silk-lycra spandex, spaghetti-strap, midriff exposing t-shirts — which were yanked down beneath their breasts — and matching French-cut panties to better set off their bondage. Their stockings were replaced with thigh socks, which were then strapped at the ankles, knees, and thighs for their journey home.

Inside their hoods, with their mouths filled with a pear-shaped plug, their eyes padded down, and their ears stuffed, they were aware of nothing but the jiggling of their tits, nebulous sensations, and empty movement.

“Not at all,” said the host, who gave them cash. They all pushed the laundry carts out to the electrician's van. Wrapping them in dirty sheets, the squatters loaded the shapely bodies up. It was four in the morning. As the electrician started the engine, the women unwrapped the girls on the floor, each head facing the opposite way of the other, and the men, unable to decide who should go first, masturbated.

Their pent-up lust splattered the girls' tits, thighs, and hooded faces. One or two even lifted the elastic top of their panties and shot his wad inside. As soon as the electrician found a parking lot, he pulled in to masturbate as well. He unloaded one for each, hitting Brianne in the



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ear and Marisa across her chest.

He stood there, staring down at the still shapes, the moonlight gleaming off the ooze of cum, realizing that he was still rock hard. After what they had witnessed, he knew it was not enough to get them off. Besides, after what the party-giver had paid, they had enough to accomplish the deal.

“Come on,” the electrician said huskily. “Let’s celebrate.”

**T**hey kept the hoods on as the squatter women changed Brianne and Marisa back into their cheerleader and school uniforms. Then the electrician wired the girls’ elbows together behind them. Only after he stepped back did the women move forward again. They replaced the hoods with ring gag harnesses, which buckled around their heads and under their chins so they couldn’t dislodge the jaw-wrenching circles.

They had been brought to a windowless upstairs bedroom at the construction site, the door further muffled by torn blankets and mattresses. There, in the darkness, even though their legs were free, there was nowhere to go. Not with five men and two women surrounding them hungrily.

The squatters and electrician waited just long enough for the blonde and brunette’s eyes to adjust to the darkness. As soon as each started, realizing where they were, the men leaped forward, visions of the bodyguards in their heads.

It was a mass of grunting, moaning, tearing, gasping, sobbing movement. Marisa was on her back, a man on her stomach with his cock between her tits, another forcing his log into her open mouth. Brianne was on her face, another cock sliding into her yanked-up mouth as the electrician entered her from behind and the last man slapped his cock into her flailing hand.

Then the women were there, pinching tits when the men weren’t, twisting clits when the men weren’t surging into them, and plunging their fingers into the girls’ sphincters as the men fucked their cunts.

They each took a turn at each orifice, often at the same time. Marisa sat on one while being forced to suck off another. Brianne was held in

mid-air, impaled on a cock in her cunt and all the way in her mouth. Their shirts were torn off. Their skirts were shredded. It didn't matter. They had served their purpose.

Finally, Brianne lay in just the remnants of her skirt, her sneakers and ankle socks. Marisa was naked except for her lace socks. Cum poured from their mouths, soaked their hair, and coated their inner legs. As the electrician wired their wrists and ankles, he thought they had never looked better.

The squatter women moved forward, stepping carefully around the sleeping bodies of the men, to tighten padded prod gags deep within the girls' lax mouths.

**"You** couldn't have chosen a better house for the money," the real estate agent enthused, marveling at the pristine beauty of the sunlit two story colonial. "There's the factory to the north, the city to the east, the suburbs to the south, and the lakefront to the west." He gave a last look to his checklist. "Finished attic, finished basement, four bedrooms, and incredibly, four and a half baths! What a bargain!"

The now bathed squatter, dressed in hooded sweatshirt, sweatpants, and sneakers, looked at him blandly. "Yeah," he said, "I know. That's why we bought it." He turned to see the other, like-dressed, squatters, coming in carrying cardboard boxes. The two women, dressed in sweatshirts and tights, were studying the pantry.

The squatter turned to the real estate man. "All set?"

The man checked his list again. "Water on, phone on, heat on ..."

"Just finishing up the last connection now," the electrician said, coming in from the cellar door under the stairs. "Then we'll be ready."

"Excellent," said the real estate man. He looked brightly from one face to another. "Then...I guess that's it, then." He felt a vibration from the floor.

"Heat going on," said the electrician quickly. "I need to check the wiring."

"Of course," the real estate man said slowly, feeling the vibrations continue. "I suppose I should be going then..." He turned toward the

door, but stopped when he heard a distant thudding from upstairs.

"Shit," said the squatter. "My massage chair must be too close to the wall. I'll be right back."

He went up the stairs and the electrician went down. Brianne was in the attic, bound standing to a padded support beam. A prod gag was sealing her mouth, the padded front pressing into her face. A strap around her neck further held her, choking, to the pole, but she had been repeatedly thudding the back of her head against the padding.

"Damn, girl," the squatter murmured as he forced her head back tight against the beam. "Do we have to do everything?" Grabbing a roll of black tape off the small table beside her, he wrapped her forehead to the pole as she grunted sobbing obscenities at him.

He ignored the bed and steamer trunk beyond, both strewn with clothing, shoes, and bondage equipment, to savor her standing there. She wore an incredible sleeveless, backless, microminidress. There was a swath of black vinyl down the front that had a huge vertical, rectangular hole in it, revealing everything from her throat to just above her cunt, held together by five silver hooks. Her breasts bulged out both sides of the vinyl, her aureoles barely covered.

But then, everything on the sides — connecting a single ass-crack-covering, black vinyl patch in back — was black, see-through mesh ... showing the undersides of her tits and everything down to her thighs. The shoes were six inch, black patent, high heels. Her arms were around the pole, her wrists and elbows cinched. Her ankles and knees were tied wide to the beam sides, spreading her legs slightly.

"Damn, girl," the squatter repeated. "You look fine..." Brianne tried to shake her head and beg "no," but the squatter merely moved closer, his hands on the mesh at her hips, lifting upwards...

Marisa was in the cellar, yanking frenetically on the pipe she was hung by her wrists from. Her mouth was sealed with electrician's tape, and her ankles were tied with a rope that then went up to wrap her throat. The electrician was astonished by how long she could keep her heels raised behind her so she wouldn't strangle when tugging on the pipe with her wrists.



"Hey, hey, hey," he said quietly, gathering and lifting up her hips and ass so she had no more weight. The brunette writhed in his grip, weeping. "Hey, what do you think the guy's gonna do?" he whispered. "Rescue you?" He smiled, feeling her shape through the fire engine red, nylon lycra, lace-up microminidress with the huge eyelet hole which exposed everything from her neck to her navel.

Since destroying their school uniforms, the group had used their new-found wealth to acquire new costuming designed for only three things: to reveal, humiliate, and make available...

"Oh no, baby," he said. "Not now, not after all this time, not surrounded by six of the construction site's finest..." He caressed her thighs, his cock growing. Marisa slumped, sobbing.

He had moved both girls in under the guise of finishing the wiring, secreting their drugged forms in his handy duffels.

"Remember, baby?" he breathed up at her. "Remember? This is how it all started..." He lifted her feet, avoiding the red ankle-strap high heels, and cut open the leg ropes.

"Well, if you're going to try attracting attention," he said, "we're just going to have to give you something else to do."

Marisa tried one last scream as he jerked her hips toward him and grabbed at her tits.

One floor above them, the real estate man made his farewells and left, closing the door behind him. Two floors above that, the lead squatter looked like he was slowly dancing with a stiff, motionless, beauty. His hips swayed, his hands caressing her. Only closer could anyone have seen the way his cock curled under the raised hem of her skirt.

Brianne Summers turned her head away, staring up at the attic's one circular window, situated high above her. Her blue eyes glittered in the light that shown beyond.

The rest of the squatters watched the electrician fuck Marisa Barnes in the cellar, holding her thighs and ass on him as her tits shook and her face pleaded. Some looked beyond to where her bed lay, as well as all the clothes and equipment. There were handcuffs, straps, rope, tape, wire, balls, rings, prods, bits, lace, leather, spandex, vinyl, satin, velvet,



acrylic, whips, nipple clamps, spiked collars, dildoes, impaling poles...

Finally, one squatter woman slapped the other on the back. "Enough of this, sugar," she said. "Let's get'em ready for tonight. We still got a mortgage to pay off, y'know..."

**THE END**



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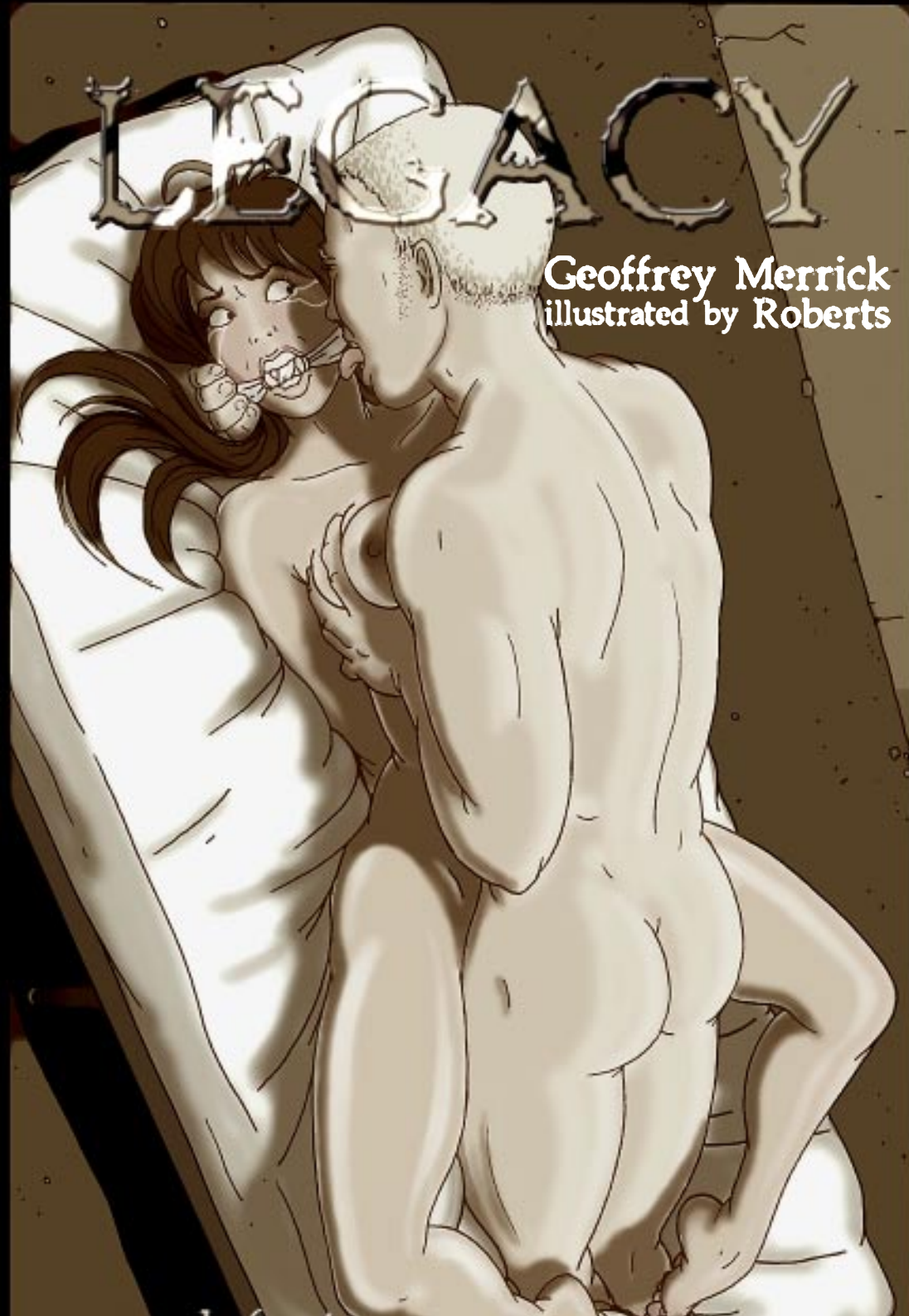
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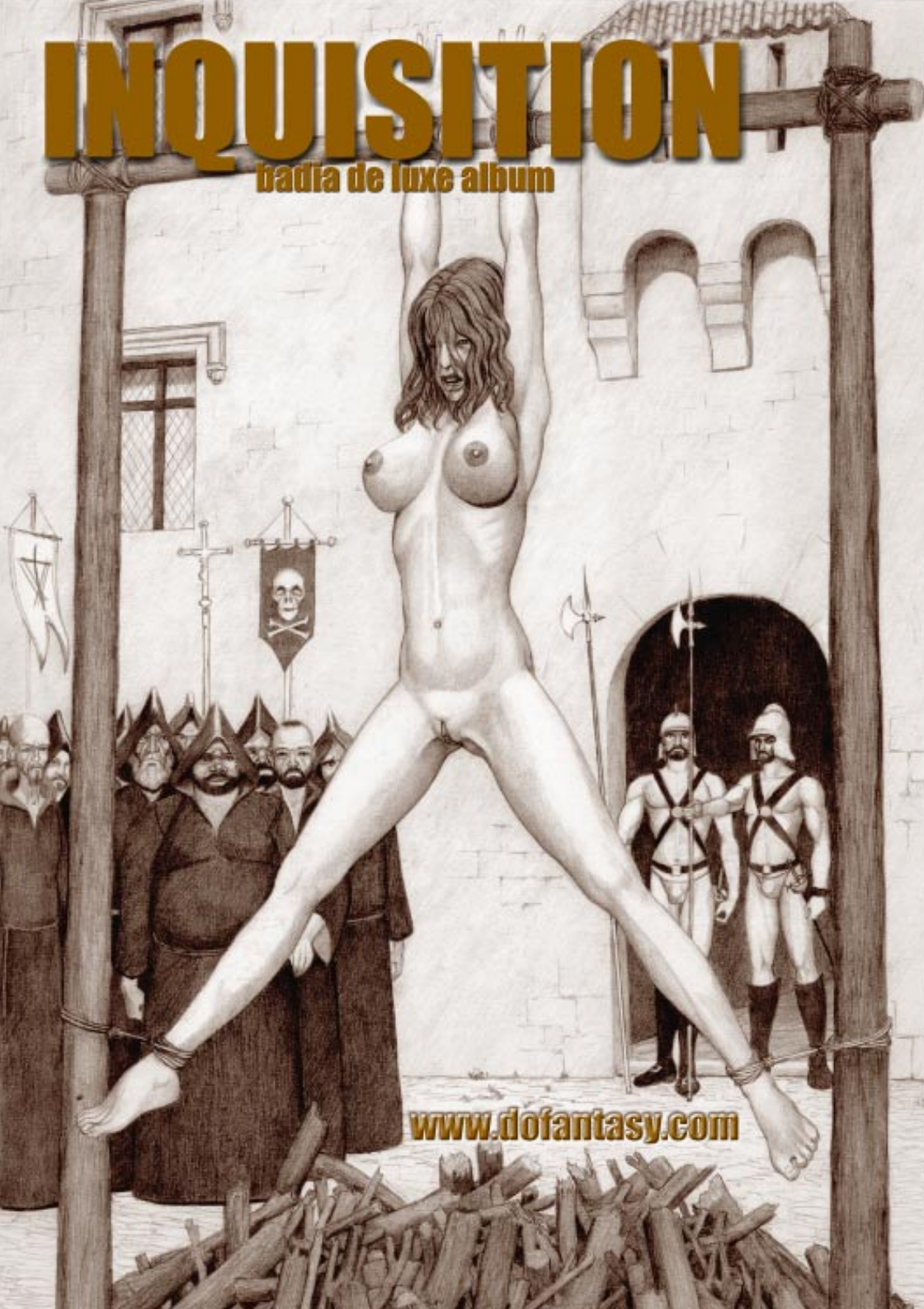
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