



The Girl Next Door

by Geoffrey Merrick

Geoffery Merrick's

The Girl Next Door

The complete saga

The Girl Next Door—Part One *by Geoffrey Merrick*

He glanced into the back of the van as he drove through the suburban night, past quiet residential homes filled with people completely unaware that an incredibly sexy 22 year old girl lay on the van floor.

He got yet another thrill looking at her. Lovely purple/green eyes in an oval face, closed and covered with squares of silver duct tape. Pouting, thick, rich lips stretched around a big oblong red ball wedged behind her white teeth, covered by an asterisk, then a nostril-to-chin panel, of more duct tape—itself covered by a tight, thick swath of muffling cloth tied tightly around her head.

Most of her lustrous thick mane of auburn brown hair was lying beside her head—it's rear-end length chopped off almost immediately once he dragged her comatose form into the van. Enough remained to give her angelic face

shape, but not enough to get in the way of anchoring her scream-stifling gags.

She had been wearing her usual uniform of red cotton turtleneck and blue jeans, but now it looked as if she was wearing a torn red cotton turtleneck micro-minidress. Her big breasts were bulging against the cloth even more now that ropes had been tightened above and below them, keeping her upper arms tight against her back, and her lower arms lying side by side in the curvature of the small of her back. He could see her long, elegant but flaccid hands on either side of her incredibly slim waist.

38D-22-35 he guessed, admiring her long, slim, shapely legs, undiminished by the fact that they were bent back with her ankles bound to her upper thighs. He had taken her boots off but left on her socks. Her chest swelled as she breathed deeply in her unconsciousness, out-lining her button-like, erect nipples against the restraining bra and turtleneck once again.

He turned quickly back to concentrate on the residential neighborhood's roads. After all these weeks and months secretly stalking her, he didn't want to lose her now to an accident or traffic ticket.

Karyn volunteered at the library, tutored English at the community center, worked at a local florist, and did freelance copy editing. He had first glimpsed her at the library, catching his breath, then saw her again striding into his favorite comic book shop. She was shy and quiet, obviously ill at ease with her showgirl-like body, and there was no missing her. Right then he decided that he didn't want to get to know her; he wanted to take her, to have her, to use what she obviously had no use for.

That's when he decided to see if it were possible. It was. She lived alone in a first floor apartment off a residential house and had few friends. He watched her for weeks with high-tech binoculars from the safety of his nondescript van, even able to catch glimpses of her dressing and undressing through a bulge in her bedroom window shade. That's when he first saw her magnificent 5'7" curves, her flat stomach, her firm rear, and her ample, strong, hanging tits with their big dark pink aureoles and brown button nipples.

Taking her was no problem. He waited until she drove her Toyota to the nearby library one night, parked beside the driver's seat after she went

inside, waited until she came out, opened her back door and leaned over to put some books in.

He placed the zapper against her ass. She jerked back into his arms, and with a simple turn she was shaking on the van's padded floor, already losing consciousness. He quickly pushed her back door closed, slid the van's side door shut, and calmly drove away.

That simple. Back at her house, he parked by her door, and spent the rest of the early evening binding and gagging her. Kneeling above her sleeping body he was tempted to fuck her right then, but he didn't want the van's rocking to alert anyone. Only when he was sure the rest of the neighborhood was asleep did he emerge with the keys he had taken from her pants pocket.

Inside her four-room apartment he went right to her bedroom. From the drawers he took underwear and dresses. Then he drove back to the now closed library. Making sure her binds and gags were tight, he drove her car halfway back to her house, walked back to the van, drove to the parked car, then finished the trip, parking her car in its usual spot by the curb.

When he returned to the van, she was right where he had left her and no patrol car was driving by. Sometimes, you just luck out.

Again, the temptation was to celebrate, on her, but to avoid the patrol car, which could be just around the corner, he purposefully put on his seat belt and drove slowly away. He did look at every house as he passed, however, silently asking, "Do you know what I have here? Do you know what waits for me? Do you know who I am going to have and you never will?"

He drove until he came to his house forty minutes away upstate. It had been given to him by friends who had moved to Europe. It was a non-descript colonial on the left turn of an "L" shaped street filled with lower middle-class families in the shadow of a factory city.

It was about 3AM when he got back. He parked in the driveway just a few inches alongside the side door which opened onto the landing between the kitchen and basement. He stepped back into the rear of the van and untied Karyn's long legs. She still was breathing evenly and showing no signs of consciousness. He shrugged. With the duct tape squares over her eyes, it made little difference.

He quickly opened the side door of the van, opened the house's side door, which swung in, grabbed Karyn by the upper arms, pulled her 115 pounds onto his back and hopped into his house. He quickly slid the van door shut and closed the house door. It had only taken a second and someone would have had to wedge their eye between the van and house wall to see anything.

He carried Karyn downstairs over his shoulder, her long legs hanging down his front, her big breasts squishing on his back. Down there, in a pool of naked yellow light from the cellar ceiling light bulb, was a mattress. He kneeled on it and lay her down. Once quietly. "You up?"

No response. He leaned over her, putting his knees on one side of her magnificent torso, and his hands on the other. "Karyn?" he repeated softly. "You up?"

Still nothing. He slowly, luxuriatingly, laid himself across her chest, placing his mouth directly against her ear. "Karyn?" he whispered. "You up?"

She shivered just before he filled her ear with his hot, wet, tongue.

She was up.

It was too late.

She tried screaming, but all that really happened was that her neck tendons stood out, sweat started beading from her forehead, and a distant, muffled groan emanated from behind the tape and cloth. She tried to pull away, but her bound arms gave her no ballast or balance, so her wonderful legs scissored then fell back to the mattress.

Her torso surged up into his and he grabbed her head, slobbering into her ear, licking and nipping her ear lobe, yanking down her loose turtleneck, then moving his mouth to her neck.

Karyn continued to scream and struggle, but she was caught under his weight and weak from the assault and lack of air. He grabbed her right breast through the cotton and bra and squeezed, turning it like a huge vault combination lock. It was everything he imagined it to be. He nipped, scratched and pulled at the cotton until he had torn it open over the bra, it's ivory, lace-topped cups containing her squishy, succulent mounds. He pulled back the cups so that the tits were thrust up and out.

Karyn screamed, screeched, cried and twisted, his legs kicking, but she didn't get far from the center of the mattress.

Then it was time for her matching panties.

He only let her go long enough to pull open his own shirt and tear down his pants. Then he was on her again, his foot kicking at her panty, his mouth on her face, and his hands filled with her chest.

It was eerie the way she fought against his assault but could make no effective sound or struggle. It was as if she was sealed inside her fabulous form, the only evidence of her anguish being the skin sheen, the bunched muscles, the depth of her collar bones, and her neck's bulging veins.

He yanked down her panties with his toes, pushing it along the length of her smooth, marvelous legs. Then he started trying to jam his hips between the shapely gams. She fought, but she was distracted because he was using her tits like push-up handles. Finally he was in place, her exhausted limbs sliding apart. He grabbed her well-defined hips and used them as a centering devise.

His cock needed no encouragement and her vaginal muscles were no match. He slid and slammed home, pulling her rump off the mattress by her hip bones. Her muffled screams were choked off into a terrible groan as he gazed down at her luxuriant bush.

It was a surprisingly soft swash of auburn hair, and she was so slim and firm that it didn't need to be shaved into a tiny rectangle but could bloom into a lush triangle. Ah, but then he started thrusting in earnest, her breasts jiggling like shaken water balloons.

She started making "unh, unh, unh" sounds with each terrible thrust, her head jerking up and down the top of the mattress. Given his excitement, anticipation, and stimulation it didn't take very long. His cum erupted into her within five endless minutes, and seemed to course into her for hours. She flopped like a decked fish, her breasts swinging around her chest like spun sacks of Jell-O, the sound coming from beneath the tight, padded cloth like the wail of a falling bird.

Finally he fell atop her again, his cock still all the way in her, and his right hand bulging with her squeezed left mammary. "Karyn?" he hissed happily. "I'm up."

Then it got worse.

Girl Next Door Chapter 1 Part 2 *by Geoffrey Merrick*

"Good morning sir, " said the FedEx man. "Could you sign for this?"

"Certainly."

Karyn heard it all. But, try as she might, with all her might, she could do nothing about it. Within a space of a few hours she had gone from being a young woman to a cum receptacle...a rape slave...a sex machine. She was no longer a person...she was a magnificent female shape: mouth sealed, arms welded, legs stilled. She couldn't run, fight, or cry for help. She existed only to s

for the first fuck. Nipple clamps with a two inch wire between them were attached to her aching mounds so they were squished together. A nine inch vibrating dildo and a butt plug was tightly strapped into her cunt and anus.

Then her tightest shiny spandex u-necked t-shirt and leggings—ones she only wore under other clothes—were forced on her body, after which her wrists were crossed and tied behind her while her ankles were crossed, tied and bent up into a cruel hog-tie with her wrists.

Only then did he lay her on her side, plop his cock into her cold fingers and instruct her to masturbate him.

One twang on her abused nipple wire convinced her to follow orders. He suckled on her ear and neck while squeezing her clamped tit while she stroked and sobbed. "Don't you know what you're for?" he whispered, stroking and squeezing, between slobbers. "I've seen you all this time, standing proud, back straight, chest out, your magnificent mane swinging over your tight ass, your bright green eyes shining with pride at your youth and beauty.

"But only look, no touch. You didn't even jack off. All that magnificence, all that ripe sexuality...going to waste. Oh no, we couldn't have that. That's not what it's for. This is what it's for." He plunged his tongue deep in her ear and held her tighter. "Keep stroking or suffer."

She reddened in shame and shuddered in horror, but her fingers and palms kept moving...for seemingly hours...until she lost consciousness.

She awoke to find his cock rammed between her tits. The nipple clips were still on, but she was on her back. She jerked, trying to get up to throw him off, but a buzz saw seemed to go through her body from between her legs to her chest.

He had retied her legs—they were bent double, ankles tied to thighs. They flopped open, making her an inverted "T." He had also retied her hands: together, in front of her, her arms bunching her breasts even more, her wrapped wrists attached to a thick, coarse rope that was sunk deep into her cunt crack.

Karyn screamed uselessly, tried to sit on her wonderfully flat stomach, ramming his cock through the mammaries of her luscious boobs. Karyn kept screaming and shaking her head until he let out a low roar and cum splashed all over her face.

The young, natural, succulent beauty lost consciousness again.

She found herself curled up naked in a shower stall, cum covering her jaw, chin, and chest. Tight, thin ropes held her crossed wrists behind her at her waist. More rope was tightened around her ankles, and some sort of plug was in her mouth, held there by plastic straps. She was amazed to find herself unblindfolded.

Her eyes widened, seeing the redness in her cleavage canyon. Her subconscious reminded her of the sensation in her sleep. She had suffered a massive, multiple tit-fuck. The result covered her upper torso and was flecked in what remained of her hair. She started to wail, but then the water came on.

The shower mingled with her tears as a torrent of warm water coursed over her. "Better clean yourself all over," he warned from the stall doorway. "Or I will."

She looked up, getting her first sight of her abductor and rapist. To her shuddering horror, she knew him. She recognized him as a customer and a friendly library patron. They had even spoke a few times. He was amusing and pleasant. He was also her very own fucker.

Karyn curled up in a bound fetal position on the floor of the shower stall...letting the water seep into her most private crevices...slowly at first, but soon with more desperation as the water got cooler, then hotter, over the minutes. Finally, she tested her bonds but they did not give. So she suffered the pain as she twisted, raised her head, and opened her legs. Anything to clean off the matted stench there.

Soon he reached in, and she was gone again.

She woke up, dressed and ready for the day. Her foot touched the top stair, slightly tottering in her own pair of light pink three-inch high-heels. Her own flesh-colored, thigh-high lace top stockings caressed her legs. A lovely-feeling acetate spandex tern, a u-neckline, and a black lace-up bodice which gathered, lifted, and thrust out her bulbous orbs.

Her wrists were crossed behind her and tied. Her elbows were tied together, thrusting her proud chest out even more. A bright pink pool flotation marker was wedged sideways in her mouth—opening her jaw to its widest aperture—and tied with its yellow rope around her head.

Karyn moaned, drooling, her eyes closing, her head going back, her torso bending forward—balancing on one foot as he held her at the top of the stairs by her right upper arm and tit.

"Come on now," he said, pulling at her arm and breast through the dress. "One step at a time, baby." Stair by stair he brought the cringing, assaulted girl down until she stood, blinking, by the front door, staring into the sun-lit living room.

To her surprise she could see neighborhood kids playing on the street and in their yards across the way through the room's three front windows above the living room couch. She could hear their cries of anger, daring, and joy. To her astonishment, he merely beamed at her and untied her elbows. Her shoulders jerked forward, her breasts sagging.

Then, to her complete and utter shock, he unknotted the gag. It was pulled from her mouth with teeth scraping effort, but then it was thudding on the

floor.

"There," he said affably. "Better?"

She could only stare at him in wide-eyed confusion and fear.

"You can scream now, you know," he told her with a smile, nodding his head at the windows. "Go ahead. Tell them what happened. Tell them what I did. Go on."

He nodded again.

Karyn stared at him, still cringing somewhat, her eyes jerking toward the front door just inches away, and the windows, just a few feet to the side.

"Speak now," he warned, "or forever hold my piece."

She licked her blood-fused pink-red lips. Then, suddenly her head went up, her shoulders went back and her mouth opened, sucking in a chest-full of air for an aria of help.

The Nerf softball came out of nowhere. More accurately it came swinging up from his side to smash down between her up-raised teeth, deep into her up-turned mouth, sealed there by his slapping, clapping hand.

The scream was cut off as if by a CD stop button. It turned into a surprised muffled shriek and then a squeal as he suddenly jammed up between her arms and then fell. She crashed to the couch on her back, on top of him, as his legs wrapped around hers and his other hand found her nose.

He squeezed it shut.

Karyn heard only the roar in her ears as suddenly she was lying atop him, her air completely cut off by a fuzz ball in her mouth, entirely filling her aural cavity. Her lips were sealed by flesh, and her nostrils pinched closed. She heaved her torso up once, twice, three times, her breasts leaping in the laces, but always landed back on his body. She could feel his hard-on through his pants, ramming against her ass.

Then, finally, she heard his words in her ear. "There, Cath, that's what you do. It's your job to alert the street. It's my job to stop you. If you win, you get away. But if I win...you're fucked."

Karyn heaved her body up again, despite the lack of air, and finally he released her nose. She fell back on him, gasping for air, her chest rising in and out of her sight, her breasts filling, then bulging out of the laces. He let go of her legs and even took his hand off her mouth.

"Your turn," he teased. She tried to get her hands up, but the ropes made her hug him to her behind. Her head went back, trying to dislodge the huge Nerf ball with her tongue, but her teeth imprisoned it.

She almost got a muffled scream out when his hand was back, pressing her head against his shoulder; and his legs scissored her flailing gams.

Suddenly his free fingers shut her nose once more and all she could do was stare down at her frozen torso, the skirt bunched at her hips, seeing the swath of smooth skin between her crotch and the lace-topped thigh highs.

Then returned the roar of suffocation. But even it couldn't drown out his hated words. "You're going to have to do better than that. Try again."

This time he let her get her feet back tighter under his. This time she arched her back so high the neighborhood kids could have seen the very top of her tits and the revealed mound of her snatch at the very bottom of the window...if they had been looking.

And this time she found the couch pillow between his head and shoulder, but all she could do was get the Nerf ball half out, gasping, her nostrils flaring, before he very calmly, very deftly, pressed it back home with one, then two, then finally three fingers...before all five fingers sealed it there.

Karyn collapsed upon him again with a despairing groan. Leaving her quivering nostrils alone, he slid his right hand under her dress' neckline and filled his fingers with her bulging, straining breast. "Ah, Karyn," he sighed. "Aw, Karyn...you're fucked."

She squealed as he rolled her over onto the floor, quickly slid out from between her arms, and then lifted her back to the cushions by her mouth and left tit. He let her see the oblivious kids playing one last time before he pushed her down under him.

Had any of the kids or their parents been looking, they would have clearly seen a lovely young lady's head, with a stylishly short haircut, go by. They might have even seen that her mouth was open. But what they wouldn't have seen was how he pushed her head down by her working lips, how he

jammed his hips between her spread legs (pinioning one between him and the couch back), how he took a second to rip open her dress front, how he plunged his hands into her tits, how he sealed her mouth with his own, and how he plowed open her vaginal lips with a thundering log.

Karyn jerked up into his fingers and lips as he impaled her, her lower cavity as crammed as her mouth. He continued to fuck her, her right leg shuddering on the floor, her pink high heel jerking in the thick carpet nap, until he noticed the approaching FedEx truck.

So he finished signing for the package and returned the pen to the driver with a smile. "Thanks a lot," he said, taking the box.

"No problem, sir," said the delivery man rned back to the living room. It was empty, save for two pale pink high heels which lay on the far side of the couch...and a small acetate spandex knit dress which lay bunched between sofa cushions.

He noted the package's return address was from a fashion company in Florida, then went to the living room closet. He opened the door and looked at Karyn's feet. They were hanging upside-down from the specially installed cross-bar six feet off the floor.

He let his eyes wander down her extraordinary length, savoring the smooth, warm skin, the amazing curves, the sexy shapes, the lace-topped thigh highs, the creamy, cum-flecked swash of furry auburn, the big, hanging tits which threatened her fine chin, and the dark, blood-filled face.

The Nerf softball was still stuffed in her mouth, but her lower face was sealed with tape before foot after foot of ace bandage was wound around her lower head. A thick elastic band wound around the top of her neck, away from her Adam's apple, and was stapled to the floor to keep her from swinging. The tip of her hair just touched the wooden planking.

He tapped the package against her thigh. "These are for you," he said.

They were shin-high, black patent leather, four-inch-high heel shoes. But instead of a front, they had five buckled straps which made them unremoveable by any bound and gagged captive. She stood in them, feet apart, just to remain upright.

They revealed the front of her leg and foot to just over her toes, which is just as well because he had also bought her a black cotton lycra "cut-out" minidress with three inch-wide horizontal straps holding the front together from the top of her tits to her navel.

Karyn was stunningly sexy in the outfit, made complete by black electrical tape covering her face from ear to ear and nostril to neck, as well as from elbows to palms.

The living room blinds were closed now and the lights were on as he fucked her against the wall, standing. He had already pulled her tits together and wedged them between straps while pulling the skirt up to mid thigh so his cock had clear sailing to her soft, warm, tight, caressing cunt. He grunted with each thrust as she moaned, squealed, and sobbed.

He finally came up in her again, gripping her by her hair and left tit as she squeezed her eyes shut and cringed. Only then did he lead her slowly back over to the couch, still by her hair and tit, and sat her down.

He cut open her arm tape, then quickly handcuffed her. Just as quickly he moved his torso between her arms again and sat her on his lap. With a remote control, he turned on the television. He turned off the lights. As the tube flickered over their bodies, the straps were cut one by one. Her chest heaved free. He impaled her cunt on his cock and gripped her breasts like pulpy basketballs as Karyn cried out in agony.

He fucked her that way all during "must see TV," only spending the last hour laying her down on her side on the couch, spooning her, his lips and tongue nipping and flicking her neck and ear, as she stared dull-eyed, lips sealed, at emergency room operations.

The Girl Next Door Chapter 1 Part 3 *by Geoff Merrick*

Karyn's days were of a type. Raped about a half-dozen times in a twenty-four hour period, she usually awoke bound and gagged and in his awful arms and penetrated. She was usually fucked then in bed, under him, before

she was enemaed and washed. Occasionally he would seat her facing him on his hard-on at the breakfast table before securing her in the cellar.

She would be wedged between two metal uprights, his ass cheeks on either side of one, and her big breasts on either side of another. Her nipples would be affixed together to wrap around the facing upright while her mouth was filled with a pear-shaped gag attached to the pole in front of her face which strapped behind her head.

Her wrists and elbows would be tied around the pole behind her, but that was far from the worst of it. No matter what he had her wearing (velour catsuit, velvet minidress, bustier and vinyl cheerleader skirt, merry widow corset and thigh-high boots), her feet were always affixed in heels and her cunt was always vulnerable to an impaling pole.

Her a ld rope or strap her hip bones to a hook in front and back of the cock-topped rod. She stayed there until he came home for lunch.

Then he would either rape her, masturbate on her, or fuck her up the ass before returning to work. At night, of course, all bets were off, but usually he would just clean her again, dress her in another sexy outfit from her closet or from mail order catalogs, and play with her in front of the tube.

Fuck her either up the ass or down the cunt; on her back or on her stomach on the ottoman...rape her on his lap either facing him or facing the television. Diddle her cunt and tits with his hands or feet. Suckle on her. Use ice or cream or honey on her. Or, finally, torment her with electric dildos until she repeatedly came.

"It's very simple," he once told her. "I'll do this until you get away. That's how it works. You get away, it stops. You don't get away, you're fucked...and fucked...and fucked...and fucked...'til death do us part....!"

So Karyn tried...and tried...and tried. While he was at work, she strained against the ropes and straps. But every eight hours, there were new ropes and straps, and she had to hope he would start to reuse them, or she'd have no chance.

Finally he did. Finally she kept working and working and working the cellar impaling pole straps at her ankles—rubbing her vagina every single time with the cock-shaped dildo—until one day, one snapped.

She thought she would go mad, but her madness gave her the strength to snap one strand of her elbow bonds. Suddenly she had some give. Suddenly she had the ability to get her fingers to her wrist knots...and suddenly she could move her hips so the ropes started to squeeze out of the bone groove, despite the midriff-exposing "rip away" Velcro cheerleader skirt he had her dressed in.

With her hot pink ankle-strap high heel, she could step up onto the pole hook. She could rise slowly, agonizingly off the cock inside her....

With a sudden pop, her hands were free. They dove for the nipple clamps. As dead as her arms and hands were, she had been waiting, crazily hoping, for this moment. She gingerly removed them and her breasts, otherwise housed in a hot pink stretch vinyl and spandex mesh halter top, popped free. Her fingers clawed at the strap holding her head onto the pole's pear gag. The pear came out of her mouth like a liquid covered baby.

After seemingly a lifetime, Karyn was not bound. She was not gagged. She fell sideways to the floor on newborn colt's legs. The dust rose, then settled on her quivering, jerking form. She wanted to scream, go crazy, break things, but she just managed to control herself. She gasped, trying to get strength as fast as she could.

Call the police? Yes, but not from here. She had to get away...away! What time was it? Would he be coming home from work? She half-crawled, half-ran to the cellar stairs. She nearly slammed her head through the side cellar door glass. It was dark out. He'd be home any second!

Karyn nearly screamed then, wrenching at the door, but she dare not alert him in case he was already on his way inside. She jerkily, desperately unlocked the bolted door, pushed it open, and stepped outside.

Her nipples swelled to attention in the night air. She looked down, realizing they were still erupting out of the halter. She quickly pulled the spandex sides over them, just barely covering her aureoles, and looked wildly around. The houses on either side were dark, but the house across the street...the two-story one with the children!...was lit.

She ran across the dark, empty street as fast as her shapely, deadened legs could carry her in the killer high heels. She managed to make it up the steps without falling and got to the door just as she saw headlights turning at the top of the street....

She rang the bell and knocked furiously as the car got closer and closer to the house. Suddenly it opened and there was a face: it was a middle-aged woman, wirey...going to fat...a classic lower middle-class mom who still worked...probably at a factory.

Her eyes took in Karyn with disbelief, seeing a sweet, lovely, frightened face over an extr before she could say anything, the abducted, raped, abused girl cut in with a croaking, unused voice. "Please there's been an accident I need to use your phone please!!" She practically forced her way into the front hall, needing to jam her barely contained breasts against the woman to get by.

"What the hell...?" the woman breathed, looking over as the man across the way parked his car. Then she slowly closed the front door.

Karyn was halfway down the hall toward the kitchen when her long, shapely legs began to tremble. She found she could no longer remain balanced. Her elegant hand with its lovely fingers rested on the wall, but then she leaned heavily against the paneling and started to slide to the floor. Suddenly she couldn't stop shaking or crying. She wasn't even aware of the heavily muscled, pot-bellied man standing at the top of the stairs in t-shirt and jeans, and the two boys—one twelve, the other fifteen—staring from the TV room.

"What is it, darling?" the woman asked, kneeling beside Karyn and roughly taking her elbows.

Karyn was only vaguely aware of the woman's grip as everything poured out of her in wracking sobs, coloring her lovely face. "Man...across the street...kidnapped me...held me captive...raped me...raped me!!...call the police...please, please!!!"

Suddenly she was holding the woman for dear life, only distantly aware how the woman gripped the back of her head, holding her tight against her shoulder.

"Sure, darling, sure," the woman soothed her in a scratchy voice. "We'll call 'em. We'll call the cops right now." She jerked her head angrily at her motionless, blank-faced husband. He shrugged sharply, but then the woman jerked her head again, only this time at Karyn's incredible form—quaking

in her micro-mini skirt and nearly bursting out of the crises-cross v-necked halter.

The older boy stared at Karyn's long, shapely, outstretched, slightly bent legs in their pink ankle strap high heels...and slowly licked his lips...eyes glittering.

The man at the top of the stairs finally nodded here, there, dear," the woman soothed roughly. "Come on, come on, let's go to the kitchen. We'll call the pigs. Right now...I promise." She then helped Karyn up, almost lifting her.

Karyn blinked, wobbling on the heels, but then leaned heavily on the woman, walking carefully down the remainder of the hall. "Thank you," she whispered. "Thank you!"

The kitchen was a classic old room: worn, chipped, cracked plastic tile on the floor, dirty white tile on the walls up to torn, peeling wall paper. Old appliances. Old Formica table. Padded aluminum chairs. A musty, disintegrating smell. All lit by dull yellow light bulbs. The hair started standing on the nape of Karyn's neck.

"I...I," she started, but then sat heavily down, her breasts jiggling.

"We're calling the fuzz right now, honey," the woman interrupted, busying herself at the pantry door by the dark basement steps. "Here, have a glass of iced tea to calm you down."

"T-tea?" Karyn echoed. "But...?" She turned toward the front and saw the two pubescent boys staring at her from the living room doorway. It might have been the light, but the older one seemed to be leering....

She turned quickly away from the macabre sight to stare into a plastic glass filled with amber liquid which was thrust in her face. "I...!" she started. "Thank you." She reluctantly took the glass, needing both hands, then started looking around the walls. "The phone...I should talk to them...!"

"My husband is calling them, honey," the woman said, coming toward her. "They know him. Come on, drink up, you'll feel better." She put an arm around Karyn's shoulders, her fingers clawing on the young girl's naked arm.

"Yes," Karyn mumbled, shock tingling over her. "Yes...."

"Momma," said the boy from the doorway. "I can see her beaver."

Karyn started, nearly dropping the glass. "W-what?"

"I can see your beaver, bitch," said the boy. "You're one sweet cunt."

There was a second where nothing happened. No sound. No movement. Even the air seemed to stop.

Then the doorbell rang.

Karyn opened her mouth to scream. The woman rammed a big sponge into the open orifice. The tea spun from her hand, liquid spilling everywhere. Karyn lurched up, but the woman grabbed her wrist and twisted it all the way up her back. Suddenly Karyn was bent backwards, a claw covering her sponge-stuffed mouth and lightning pain down her arm and through her chest. Her right breast burst from its halter covering and then the girl was half pushed, half-hurled toward the pantry.

The doorbell rang again.

The woman slammed Karyn into the side of the doorway, jamming it between the young girl's ample breasts. She jerked Karyn's arm up even higher, wedged her knee in the small of Karyn's back, and yanked her head back by her mouth.

"Is anybody getting that?" the husband boomed from upstairs.

"William," said the older boy, already moving toward the pantry. "You answer the fucking door."

The twelve year old moved down the hall as the older boy pinched Karyn's exposed nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Despite the pain and shock paralyzing her, she gasped. The woman clamped her lips even tighter, dug her knee in even deeper and practically tore her arm to her hair until Karyn was paralyzed by eye-bulging pain.

"Yeah?" said William, opening the door a crack.

"I'm looking for a friend," said the man across the street. "Have you seen anybody tonight?"

Karyn gasped again, then squeezed her eyes shut, grinding her perfect teeth around the sponge. Tears starting streaming down her shivering face. She was trapped, she was trapped, she was trapped! Either stay here in this promising hell, or try to get help from her own multiple molestor...!

The older boy hefted her tit appraisingly, then gripped it like a softball, letting her girl-flesh fill in the space between his dirty fingers.

"Nope," said William, and closed the door.

And it was done.

"If you're going to stand there, Thad," the woman hissed, "at least be of some use." She jerked her head toward the sink. "Get me that dishrag." Karyn started to squeal and bleat. The woman jerked the girl's arm even higher.

"Shut up, cunt, unless you want your pretty face cut." The older boy retrieved the wet, sodden, streaked rag. "Now I'm gonna let go of her mouth and you tie it between her teeth fucking tight, you hear me?"

"No problem, ma," the boy drawled. "I'll cut off the blood to her fucking head."

Karyn almost went mad, but all her shock did was stiffen her so the boy was almost able to do what he promised. Soon she was gagged as completely as before. She clacked on her high heels once, then twice, her eyes huge and blinking as the sponge was forced even deeper into her cheeks and her jaw was pried apart.

"Now see what's taking your father!" the woman barked.

"William!" Thad, the older boy, ordered. "Go see what's takin' dad!" Then he nimbly stuck his fingers under Karyn's skirt and started diddling her cunt.

"Get your hand outta that girl's crack!" the father demanded, striding into the kitchen. Karyn was already up on her tippy-toes, gagging, as he came in, his hands filled with hemp and duct tape. "Nobody gets into that action before I do."

The boy gave Karyn's vaginal lips a last flick, like setting off a marble. She jerked in place just as the father cuffed the kid hard on the side of the head. The older boy went down at her feet.

"Did you hear me?" he threatened. Only when Karyn's eyes pinballed down, she saw the struck boy still leering, seemingly none the worse for wear...looking up her skirt.

As the father grabbed her exposed breast, her eyes rolled back into her head, her eyelids fluttered, and the world grew slowly black....

When last we left the 38-23-35, 5'7", auburn-brunette, she was in a neon vinyl two-piece cheerleading outfit, five-inch pink high heels, and had gone from an abductor/rapist's pan into a crazy family's fire...

GIRL NEXT DOOR Chapter 2 Part 1 *by Geoff Merrick*

They dragged her downstairs. The whole family. They threw her onto the dirt floor. The woman grabbed one arm, the boys the other. The head of the house fucked her right then and there.

He was bigger than the man across the street...in every way. He was harder, and wider, and longer, and more savage. The moment he rammed into her, punching and kneading and biting her tits, Karyn's eyes popped open and she wailed like a drowning victim. She didn't know how right she was.

It made no difference to her new rapist. Nothing did except exploding down her lush, wet, young, tight fuck-hole. When he shot his load, Karyn thought she might burst, then nearly vomited into the gag when he threw her over and started fucking her up the ass as the rest of the family scrambled to grab her flopping arms.

When he wasn't yanking on her tits, he was using her hips as handles. Finally he spewed in and over her, threw her down on her back again, wiped his cock on her tits, then sat on her semi-conscious face.

"I want her to blow me," he said.

"Not yet," said the woman.

"I want a blow job!"

"Not yet!" she screeched. "She'll scream."

The man suddenly exploded into action, tearing the gag from Karyn's face and grabbing her hair in both hands. "Fuck you!" he bellowed. "Fuck you!"

And he rammed his cock into Karyn's gaping mouth so hard and fast she had no choice but to choke on it. "You hear a scream? I don't hear a fucking scream."

But they did all hear choking as Karyn's arms flailed and her legs kicked, her hands finally grabbing onto the man's legs for dear life.

"She'll bite!" the woman warned.

"She won't bite," the man promised, jerking Karyn's head up and down his shank by her hair with both hands. "She can't bite!" he said, keeping up the momentum, pushing and pulling the girl's face like a piston.

Karyn gagged, dry-heaved, and gurgled, her limbs flopping on either side of the man until he grabbed the back of her head in one massive hand and shoved her face all the way to his balls. Locked onto his cock, the crown down her throat, he cannoned another load all the way into her.

When he dropped her and her head hit the dirt—cum spraying, then drooling down either side of her beautiful face—the woman thought the young, firm, shapely, well-endowed girl might be dead.

No such luck.

Karyn coughed cum, curled up onto her side, and shook violently before she finally stilled to moans and shivers.

"You go off now," the woman told the boys quietly. "It's a school night. You go off and get some sleep." She looked down at the trembling, semi-conscious girl in the hot pink nightclub outfit. "Me and...your new sister...has got to come to an understanding." And she pulled out a worn leather case filled with pins....

"You ever find your friend?"

"What?"

The neighbor had approached the man across the street just as he was about to go to work the next morning.

"Your friend. William told me you lost somebody last night."

He looked into the smirking neighbor's face, suddenly knowing what he had suspected all along. "Yeah...I did," he said slowly. "You see 'em?"

The neighbor looked around innocently. "Can't say I seen anybody out here last night." He stretched, yawning. "Nope. Too busy." He winked. "Hell of a night, if you know what I mean."

His eyelids were lowered. "Yeah," he said blankly. "Gotta go." And with that, he got into his car.

The neighbor watched him go, his smile getting wider and wider. Finally he turned back to his house, went up the porch stairs and inside. "You kids get to school!" he bellowed. "If you miss that bus, you get a whopping and a walking!" He marched down the front hall, through the kitchen, and down the cellar steps.

The boys scattered when he appeared, snapping the steel elastic springs clipped to Karyn's nipples. She moaned in her near coma as the spring slapped the skin between her aching mounds, but otherwise was hardly aware of her position, place, or even name.

Only her high heels were still on. She hung from the ceiling of the basement by her tiny waist, spread-eagled wrists and ankles. Her mouth was covered by another oily rag tied behind her head, holding in the sponge and dishcloth. Around that rope had been tied. But that was far from the worst of it.

Rubber bands were wrapped around the base of her breasts, making them look like long, puffy, blood-engorged, air-filled balloons. Sharp, silver pins were piercing her nipples, attached to long springs, which Thad had been pulling on to distend her already aching, pain-wracked tits.

Her fingers weakly fluttered toward the pain, but the tightly knotted ropes kept them useless. A broom was propped up beneath her, nine inches of its handle wedged deep into her cunt.

The neighbor grabbed her by the hair and yanked her lolling, unaware head up. Even with only the whites of her eyes showing, and her lower face obscured by fetid cloth, dirty rope, drool marks, and even blood stains, he admired her. "Right purty," he said. "One powerful purty bitch."

Then off he went to beat his sons.

The Girl Next Door Chapter 2 Part 2 by Geoff Merrick

Karyn awoke in a new shower stall. Her thumbs were tied together over her, hanging on the shower head, by wire. She could only touch the tub with her toes, and her big toes were likewise wrapped in wire and attached to the drain holes below her.

All she wore was a washcloth, shoved in her mouth, and held there by rope so cruelly tight that her lips were practically stretched back to her ears. She grunted and shook when the naked mother slapped a soapy, ragged loofa against her torso, just below her aching breasts.

"So," she said. "You're awake. Good." She continued to bathe the young, beautiful, cringing girl, studiously avoiding Karyn's pleading, pain-wracked eyes.

"See?" the woman said, dusting Karyn's nipples with the loofa as the girl jerked. "Like piercing your ears. Nothing to it." The captive watched in horror as some soapy water seeped through the pin hole through her abused nub, then looked back at the bathing woman, who kept ignoring her gaze. Instead, she lowered the loofa and began to slather Karyn between her legs. She waited until the girl started to moan in her thin, silver, vicious bonds before continuing.

"You see, after the boys came...I didn't want him to touch me no more. He wasn't happy, but he understood. He's a good husband. He is. And a good father. So he just waited...and waited...but the thrill never came back for me, you know?" The mother didn't wait for an answer, just pressed harder with the loofa.

"So, when you came in...dressed like that...looking like you do...well, what could we think?" She started to wash Karyn's face as the girl tried to scream. Instead she coughed and choked and cried as the woman went on.

"Yeah...you being already snatched and all...nobody knowin' you're here...even if they track you...well, it was like a dream come true, is all."

Suddenly the loofa wasn't in her face anymore, but a hard, thin, bony arm was pressed against her throat and claw-like fingers were digging into her right breast. "You just make him happy, you hear me?" the middle-aged woman seethed into her stunned, terrified face. "You just make him happy...or else!"

Then she punched Karyn in the solar plexus; one hard, fast, savage strike. All the wind went out of the girl's body, and, as the shower water continued to course over her, washing the soap away, her vision clouded again and she began to sag....

Thad came home just as his mother was leaving. "I'm going out for some errands," she gasped. "Your father will kill me if I don't have dinner waiting." She raced for her car, but suddenly turned and pointed directly at the fifteen year old. "Don't go in the attic!" she cried. "You hear?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she got in her old brown sedan and sped away.

Thad, naturally, made the attic his first stop (after securing all the house's locks and shading all the windows). Even as he grew near the door he could hear strange scratching noises, sounds of scrambling, and even gasps. He gripped the doorknob without fear and walked up the narrow wooden stairs. He didn't need the light. The late day sunset light coming in a high, small, oval window was enough. Karyn was wearing white, stiletto-spiked high heel lace-up ankle boots and dressed only in a killer white waist cinch which went from the very top of her narrow hips to the very bottom of her voluminous breasts.

The girl's long, shapely, elegant arms were twisted far up her back, crossed, and tied with rope to her shoulders. Thad couldn't see the sanitary napkins and big balls of cotton stuffed in her mouth, but he could see the ropes wrapped around her head, holding them in, the tape sealing her lips over them, and the ragged, wet cloth tied around that.

And, finally, he could see that Karyn's wonderful legs were wide in a solid stance because his mom had her balancing on the triangular blocks his dad

used to keep the car from rolling. She had to place the wickedly pointed, patent leather toe of the boot directly on the thin apex and stand on tippy toe to keep her tits from being torn off.

For his mom had clipped her nipple, run the wire connecting the clamp to the other one over an attic beam, and clipped it to Karyn's other tit. The multiple rape victim needed to stay on her toes to relieve the strain on her tits. If she slipped, she'd drop a few inches, but not quite land on the floor. No, her magnificent globes would merely distend, yanking her nipples just long enough to ensure she wouldn't fall.

Karyn's head craned at the new sound. She saw Thad, her eyes widening, and her vibrating, sweating left leg slipped. Thad almost laughed as she dropped, her own breasts bringing her up short, her muffled scream filling only the room, and her feet scrambling until she managed to balance herself on the triangular blocks again.

Thad admired her heaving, livid breasts, sweat-soaked skin, and pinioned arms. Then he merrily started kicking over some bricks. "Come on, bitch, come on, I just can't stand seeing you suffer," he lied. Even so, he pushed the bricks over to lay beside the blocks, then moved away.

Karyn twisted her head around, looking at him with fear and distrust until her right, trembling foot began to slip. Then she quickly, even gratefully, stepped onto the bricks, and, for the first time in seemingly hours, stood secure.

Only then did Thad start circling her, drinking in her remarkable loveliness from all angles as she was forced to stand there, her nipples clamped toward the ceiling.

"Well," he said, moving forward and taking her right thigh in one hand. "I don't have time to savor this, so let's get started." Positioning himself between and beside her legs, he began to expertly stimulate her labia.

Karyn stiffened when he touched her, and gasped when the jolts started coming from between her legs. She looked upwards in shock, then down at him in disbelief. He looked back into her wide purple-green eyes with a smirk...his fingers never stopping.

"Played doctor with a cute blond down the street," he told her calmly, still diddling as the blood began to fill her vagina. "Wanted to know what it was all about, you know? Six, seven year old girl. Sweet. Trusting. Got her legs wide in the bushes and went to work. Every time she made a noise or jerked, I told her I had to keep going or she'd die. Eventually I found out what make you bitches tick."

To prove the point, he gripped a spot. Karyn's head went back, her eyes closed, and her legs jerked, shaking her boobs. It was like she had been punched in her sex. She looked down at him again, her eyes even more frightened. He just looked back up, blandly smiling, still embracing her right leg with his left hand, his right hand continually moving....

"I told her I'd kill her dog if she told," he said. Finally he looked away from her sweating, lovely face, and centered his gaze on her luxuriant, dampening bush. "I never really knew what it was all about...tits and ass and cunt, you know," he ruminated, "...until I saw you. You're all I need to know about why girls exist..." His fingers started disappearing into her cunt...but they kept moving. "...To be as sexy as you...."

Suddenly Karyn's cheeks began to balloon, air snorting through her nose. She began to burble and cry out like an electrified animal whose voltage was slowly, but inexorably, being turned up.

"I been wanting to do this ever since I first laid eyes on you, cunt," said Thad. "Makes those bitchin' tits jump...twist that pretty face...make you explode...!"

Her jerked his hand. Karyn undulated in place, nearly falling off the bricks. Her breast clamps hummed, yanking her boobs. Just at the last second, the girl managed to maintain her balance, but it was in vain. Thad didn't stop.

"One," he said. "Let's see how many we can get in before anybody gets home...."

"Seven," Thad said absently at the kitchen table over macaroni 'n' cheese.

"What?" said his mother.

"Uh, nothin. Where's dad?"

"Upstairs," his mother grunted in such a way that any other discussion was unnecessary and clearly unwanted. "With your sister."

Thad grunted in reply and stared down at the creamy white and yellow mixture in the plastic bowl, remembering....

Tears streaming out of sweet eyes. Mucous running out of lovely nostrils. Saliva soaking, and even dripping off, the cloth covering luscious lips. That stunning body shuddering, the shapely legs shivering, the round, full, ample tits quivering. White, thick, and clear girl-cum drooling down inner thighs....

"Hey," said their father. They turned to see him standing in the kitchen doorway, holding a semi-conscious Karyn in front of him. One hair-matted, muscular arm was reaching down between her sagging breasts and gripping the area made by her stupendous waist and shapely trim hips. Her lovely legs were bowed but unbound, her big toes touching each other and, just barely, the tile.

Her chin was on her upper chest, and her mouth—still rope-tied but minus the cloth covering and filling—was slack and drooling. Her arms were around him, her wrists tied behind his back, her knuckles resting on the top of his ass.

The nipple clamp was still attached to one ample boob. Her cunt was dripping.

Thad could just imagine how his dad ignored her condition when he had roared into the attic, tearing the clamp from one tit and throwing her down. Thad heard the assault, picturing him slamming his huge thick cock into the girl without ceremony, and ramming until he came.

Then Thad pictured Karyn's beautiful face pushed against the attic floor as his father forced his still rock-hard hard-on into her squeezing anus, her fingers clawing at the air over her shoulders. Despite her ordeal of the afternoon, Thad thought he heard her trying to scream again and again and again...but it just might have been his over-active imagination....

"Bastard!" the mother screeched. "I told you not to bring that cunt in here! What if that asshole across the street is still watching? What if he sees her?"

"What if he does?" the father raged back. "What is he going to do? Call the cops?" He shook the girl in his arm. "Her brains may be fucked out, but she

can still say who else raped her!"

"Idiot," the woman hissed. "He won't call the cops, but he might kill us in our sleep and take her back." She stalked up to him and stared, again ignoring the limp, lovely girl. "But only if he's sure she's here...fool! Now take her back upstairs quick. You hear me?"

"But I'm hungry!" he complained, staring over the lush young beauty to the macaroni 'n' cheese on the table.

"Idiot, idiot!" she seethed. "Take her upstairs this second and I'll make sure nobody finds her while you eat. All right?"

William was wakened late that night by the sound of sobbing. He quickly slipped out of the bunk bed and tip-toed to the window at the back of the house. He slid outside and crept to his parent's bedroom window. Since it was in the back and surrounded by trees, they weren't too careful with the shade or curtains.

William cautiously took a peek inside and looked directly into the contorted, tear-streaked face of the tortured twenty-two year-old. She was kneeling on the bed between the sleeping forms of William's mom and dad, her ankles tied to her thighs and her knees tied together. Her arms were crossed behind her, her elbows cinched, and her wrists tied to the top of the headboard so the limbs were at a forty-five degree angle from her sloping back. She wasn't going anywhere.

Her breasts were wrapped in rubber bands. Her distended nipples were clamped with clothespins. A big half-liter beer bottle was rammed halfway up her cunt. And a light bulb was in her desperately held-open mouth, the screw-in plug part sticking out from the swath of tape over her lower face.

Her naked body was moving as if she were begging forgiveness, eyes opening and closing in rhythm as she struggled to keep her teeth from clamping down....

"Hey, buddy, listen...!"

The man from across the street turned with suspicion, but the neighbor kept coming, a friendly smile on his face.

"Listen, we're really sorry about your friend. You find him yet?"

"Her," corrected the man blandly. "No."

"That sucks," said the neighbor. "Like I said, we feel really bad, so we was wondering...I mean, my wife wanted to know if we could help...I mean she wants to commiserate and all that shit. You wanna come over for brunch?"

So it was that the two neighbors sat down for bologna sandwiches at the kitchen table that Saturday morning.

"You kids go out and play," the mother said warningly.

"Nah," said Thad. "I wanna stay."

"Fine," said his father. "Willy, you get the fuck outta here at least."

William wandered outside, just long enough to get out of sight of the four who stared at each other defiantly. Then he purposefully made his way back to the outside entrance to the cellar. He soundlessly went inside and silently made his way to his dad's workroom.

There, on the table, flat on her back, was Karyn. Flowery white thigh-high stockings were on her legs and the lace-up white shin-high boots were also back on. That much was clear because wire and rope around her ankles, shins, knees, and thighs forced her legs perpendicular from her torso in a laid-out split. A bright silver pin was horizontally through her labia, each end just touching her upper thigh, blocking entrance to her vagina.

Her arms were up, her wrists tied down with wire through holes in the table, in a modified, elbow-bent spread-eagle. She was bound that way to make room for her breasts. The substantial mounds were hanging down on either side of her torso, over her ribs, because their nipple nooses were dragged down to the table and nailed there. Her tremendous mams were stretched to shockingly painful new dimensions.

A fact Karyn mentioned every few seconds as she fought to keep the doorknob taped in her mouth from blocking her wind-pipe.

William walked slowly around the woofing, squirming, oblivious girl until he stood before her wet, trembling cunt. Then, with purposeful calm, he carefully removed the pin.

Karyn grunted and her head jerked up. She stared in amazement as William unzipped his pants and removed his twelve-year-old penis. Karyn shook her head no, moaning, but he merely placed the knob of his cock against her vaginal lips, lay his hands on her thighs, and leaned over her waist.

Compared to the others, it was nothing. A frankfurter after a log and a knobby tree. But it was a firm slimy wiener all its way inside her. Her head fell back, eyes rolling, as the last man in the house lost his virginity raping her.

It didn't take long, but it took forever. When it was done, William silently pulled his penis out of her, laid his hand on her beaver and carefully replaced the labia pin.

He then walked back toward the exit, taking a moment to stop by her head. She looked over to find him staring into her beautiful, pain-filled, purple-green eyes.

He stuck his tongue out at her, and then twanged the taut thin rope of the noose around her right nipple. The pain shot through her, making Karyn whimper and twist in her bonds as William ran happily out.

Girl Next Door Chapter 2 Part 3 by Geoffrey Merrick

The end came the next day when the man was awakened by a rug company truck which pulled in the driveway across the street. He checked his watch. 3AM. He watched as two men removed a rolled up carpet from the house.

That's it, he realized. They're moving her.

He quickly dressed and raced to his car. He had been waiting all week for them to make a move, and this was it. They tried to lull him into a false sense of security with that ridiculous brunch, but they wouldn't catch him napping....

He followed the truck for a half-hour before he finally realized it was a diversion.

Five minutes after he had left, the family had emerged from their house. Mom went to the driver's seat, while dad and the boys bundled their ski-jacketed sister into the back.

Her working, smooshed lips were covered by a swath of clear tape. Inside her mouth was a wad of bubble wrap. Under the coat she wore a rope bra which bulged her breasts out to their furthest distension. Her wrists were cruelly tied behind her and tied in turn to her tiny waist. On her hips was a bridal garter belt, attached to bridal stockings and a ruffled thigh garter.

"Well, what do you know?" the much smaller woman had said when her own wedding finery had been forced on the gorgeous captive. "They fit." So, too, did the white, five inch stiletto-heeled shoes. Over it all went the ratty ski jacket, into the back went the girl, and within seconds of the car engine starting their hands were everywhere.

Karyn's eyes closed, her head went back to smack the shelf under the rear windshield, and there it stayed for the next twenty minutes as the men of the family assaulted her breasts and dad sat on her lap—knees on either side of her hips—to get a grinding, slapping, surging tit fuck.

His jism splattered her chin and flecked the glass.

Suddenly Karyn's head appeared beside the driver's seat, her naked shoulders and upper chest moving back and forth across the top of the front seat as dad took her from behind. But instead of chastising him, mom merely smiled and cupped Karyn's cum-dripping chin in her bonny fingers. "Make him happy, honey," she whispered wickedly. "Make him very happy."

Karyn gagged behind the tape in agony, then grunted and choked in rhythm as he plunged into her, sometimes using her tits as ballast and sometimes using her gartered hips. But when he let go of her glorious boobs, Thad grabbed whichever one was available and yanked, milking the magnificent mams for all they were worth.

Finally, Karyn's head shot up and hit the ceiling, groaning in anguish as he filled her sex orifice once again with his creamy seed. Almost immediately, her upper torso and head shot out of mom's view. She glanced in the

rearview mirror to see a dark, twisted mass of limbs, and the ominous colored lights of an approaching vehicle....

"Get her down!" she hissed. "Down and quiet!" She heard a strange sound of tearing plastic and then only the siren of the on-coming police cruiser.

"Excuse me, m'a'm," said the trooper, standing beside her window on the otherwise dark, empty street. "Did you know your rear tail light is out?"

"No, officer," she answered through the narrow opening of the window. "I'll see to that right away."

The car rocked a bit and the cop heard a small thud from the back seat.

"What are you doing out this time of night, m'a'm?" he asked.

"Driving my brother home from his wedding," she answered immediately, smiling politely and rolling the window down further. "He and his blushing bride had a little bit too much to drink, you see, and...."

The car moved again, less suddenly this time and he heard a distinct gurgling. "Are they all right?" he asked, bringing up his flashlight.

"Of course, of course," she said quickly, not reacting to the sound of desperate movement coming from behind her. "Just too much to drink is all. My bro' was always a restless sleeper...!"

"When did you last checked their condition?" the cop asked.

"Just before you stopped me, sir," she replied immediately. "Restless but fine."

The cop seemed to think about it, then started to turn away in deference to the sacred night. But then he decided that if they were truly asleep, a little look wouldn't hurt.... "Just to be on the safe side," he said, clicking on the high powered torch and aiming into the back seat.

He saw a muscular middle-aged man holding a young woman's head in his lap. At first he thought she was bearded but he suddenly realized the man's pants were down. The girl wasn't mutated; her entire mouth was filled with the man's huge cock.

He saw her stocking tops, he saw her long, shapely legs bent and her white high heels digging at the car mats. He saw the dirty ski jacket over her body, from her shoulders to her hips. But then he saw the fifteen year old

holding onto her thighs with one hand. He saw a twelve year old crouched on the floor, his face inside the jacket front.

He saw the boys' other hands. The twelve year old was covering the "bride's" naked right aureole and nipple. Her left was entirely in the boy's sucking mouth. The fifteen year old's wrist was coming out from between the bride's ass cheeks....

Thad had his entire hand up Karyn's cunt.

No one else heard the gunshot. No one heard the choked-off scream.

The bearded, bespectacled man answered the door at 4AM. He thought nothing of it. He was used to it. In fact, he knew almost everything there was to know about his surprise visitors long before he opened the specially armored door.

"Mr. Merrick?" the middle-aged woman said, standing on the darkened porch.

"We heard about you, you know? We got something you might wanna see...."

He nodded, unsmiling. "Drive around back, please."

The three men brought her out in the dimly lit garage, giggling. Dad gripped her hair, William pulled on a distended tit, and Thad kept his hand between her ass-cheeks and legs. With a small sound of flourish, dad tipped the ski jacket off Karyn's scrunched shoulders.

The bearded, burly man took one look at her swooning shape in the newly affixed demi-cup wedding bra, garterbelt, hose and shoes, and, even though she was cruelly gagged with oily rags and her face was twisted with suffering, he immediately named a high price.

They agreed. After all, once the cop had been taken care of with mom's glove compartment .22, they all had their turn. Dad finished coming down her throat, and Thad replaced his hand with his own cock. If she had thought he was bad with his fingers, he was monstrous with his member.

She stretched and twisted on the seat, every muscle straining, as dad held her mouth shut and squeezed her left breast close to bursting.. Thad kept going until she orgasmed again, her white heels hitting the wall and

window. Then, nailing her head to the seat with his fifteen-year-old cock in her mouth, he got his dad to plug her cunt with his massive shaft, and gave little William his first tit-fuck....

Suffice to say that by the time they got to the small brown and orange house just a few miles from where Karyn was originally snatched, the "bondage bride" was well and truly consummated.

They said goodbye by making her lean over and suck off little William until he came in her mouth. Then the bearded man immediately sealed her hysterically-working lips with his fingers, wrapped his other arm around her amazing waist and dragged her toward the door which led out of the garage and into the clearing house.

"Drive safely," he advised. The last they saw of her was the great tits jiggling and the wonderful legs skittering back into the shadows.

The man visited his neighbor in jail.

"You know," the neighbor said over the private phone through the bullet-proof glass, "no matter what else happened, I never mentioned...your friend. You know? They got me on this one. They got me good, but they don't know about your friend...you know what I mean?"

The man could only sit there and nod blankly.

The neighbor shrugged. "Got us dead to rights. Me, the wife, maybe even the kids...."

"The kids'll get off," said the man. "Can't tie them to a cop killing. Jury would never believe it...."

"Tie," the neighbor echoed, and giggled. "Yeah, tie. Tied up real good. She was a good one, wasn't she?"

The man remembered. "The best."

"Yeah. The best. Beat the shit out of Sharon Stone and all those other cunts, huh? Yeah, what a body...what a face...." He giggled again. "And the best thing about it is they don't know! John Law still don't even know what we did to...how much...!" He calmed down and looked wistfully off. "The kids...hell, they're worse than me and ma put together. If they let them out,

they might go hunting...and who know what they'll catch...." He looked cannily at the man from across the street. "You wanna watch out for them?"

The man hardly hesitated. "Sure."

The neighbor leaned back, suddenly satisfied. "Good. That's good. Ma'll be glad to know they're in good hands. And who knows? We might even get off.

It's a weird world nowadays. Stranger things have happened."

"Yeah," said the man. "Sure."

Then the neighbor calmly gave the man a name and address.

Merrick opened the door.

"I'm looking for a girl," said the man calmly. "Beautiful, open, innocent, fresh-faced; 5'7", 115 pounds. Purple-green young Liz Taylor eyes; short-cropped auburn hair; firm, killer body. Big, succulent, strong tits...."

The bearded one cut him off. "Nobody like that here," he said flatly. He looked up to the night sky. "You're way too late."

Half a world away, a kneeling, ring-gagged harem girl looked up, her wide purple-green eyes haunted, as if she had distantly heard her name being called. With her sudden head movement, the tiny gold bells in her nipples and labia tingled.

She had been thoroughly, even brutally, trained. She had carried a vibrating, stainless steel-balled prod in her vagina for weeks. She was punished if it fell out at first, then tormented if even a centimeter of it showed later. Her wrists and elbows were forever cinched in the finest of materials until she could practically cross her arms to the other side of her firm torso.

Her oral and tongue muscles were trained by a motorized, specially-made gag forced inside her mouth. Again, punishment was doled out if her lips even parted a millimeter or for a nanosecond. Then her jaw muscles were trained to open to their widest aperture by a machine which spread her mouth open in widening increments every day for a month.

The training was maintained at all times until she handled her duties with the alternately frightened, defiant, and desperate professionalism her masters demanded. Leather, lace, spandex, rubber and vinyl embraced her.

She walked on heels that were never less than three and a half inches, the cruel shoes grabbing her ankles, her shins, her thighs....

Fingers gripped her chin. Her head was raised to look into the eyes of yet another man, smiling in triumph. To her amazement, it was the bearded man who had "rescued" her from the rapist family. It was the man who had treated her, nursed her back to health, then filled her mouth, sealed her lips, covered her eyes, plugged her ears, strapped her forehead, neck, shoulders, torso, arms, wrists, hands, hips, thighs, knees, shins, and feet into a specially-made carton and shipped her here.

Instinctively she tried to lurch away, but his arms were around her waist and his already firm hard© The Story Company Geoff Merrick
www.abductor.com-on bounced against her bracelet-cinched hands from behind. Her only cry was a gargle from the jaw-cracking ring gag and then he was pushing a big black rubber dildo into her up-turned mouth and pulling her slowly back to him by her huge, buoyant, belled left breast.

Her black four-and-a-half-inch high-heel shoes clacked on the marble floor as he drew her back, her black spangly thigh-high stockings swishing by one another. He gripped her wonderful mound tighter, pushing the eight-inch rubber dildo all the way down her throat, her nostrils flaring, her head back and held high. It practically clicked into place, it's base fitting into a recessed grove on the inner ring.

Now that she was thoroughly silenced, he sat on a special chair by the bed, set at just the right height. Gripping her cup-less, bustier-laced waist, he slipped his body between her arms and pulled her toward his erection. She resisted just enough to show that she didn't want it, but not enough to require torture. It was just enough, because it was true.

Karyn's hair had grown back somewhat. It was now a lustrous mane of dark auburn mingled with the deepest, most sensual brown. She shook it now, thinking of the years resisting any come-on, denying all suitors, and letting no one touch her. He touched her now, deftly removing the labia bell.

Then his cock crown spread her vaginal lips. He was inside and her training held sway. She thought of her barren teenage years as she unwillingly went down on yet another man, her cunt muscles massaging, warming, caressing, and urging him on...to pump a torrent of creamy white jism deep, deep

inside her...as her bound fingers clawed the air behind him and her sealed mouth excruciatingly cried out for help...help...HELP!!

The man grabbed both of Karyn's tits and held her to him as drool spilled out the sides of her mouth and she jerked, impaled, on his lap. The bearded man ejaculated up into Karyn as she tried to wrench herself away. Her breasts stretched as he held on and she was forced to sink all the way onto his erect member.

She was then dragged back to the bearded one's bed, gagged with a huge red ball and bound in a half cup wedding corset which gathered her magnificent chest then thrust it up and out. Garter topped thigh-high white stockings and white high heels completed the picture.

"This time," breathed the bearded one, taking her by the tit as she started to cry with exhaustion, white gloved wrists twisting behind her in white straps. "You're mine...all mine...."

EPILOGUE

The man who had stalked, abducted, raped, and then lost Karyn walked away from the nondescript house his neighbor had told him about, curious but frustrated. The girl he described was no longer here...but the man had made a strange comment.

"...But if you ever meet anyone like that again, you can always bring her here."

A joke? Maybe. The man ruminated on it as he got back in his car. He sat there for awhile, then looked at the passenger seat. There a small pocketbook sat—the last vestige of the beautiful young girl he had kidnapped, held captive, and repeatedly fucked.

He leaned forward to turn the ignition key, then stopped dead. He jerked his head back and stared at the purse.

Keys...makeup...lipstick...tissue...pills...calendar...address book.

Address book...?

The man jerked to his full height, clutching the little brown booklet. Women of the same basic looks gravitated toward one another, he realized. But even

if Karyn was too repressed to make bombshell friends, her social circle had to be filled with girls her age...and younger....

Eve ran up the steps of her New York apartment house. Once again the man marveled at this 21 year old recent college graduate's wardrobe. Waist-cinching, cleavage-revealing, micromini-hemmed, invariably high-heeled fashion designed to present and display this 5'4" sultry, stunning beauty.

But no man ever accompanied the dark red-headed associate editor into her building. The man had learned that this belle was the ultimate "look but don't touch" cocktease.

Extraordinary dark olive eyes that could pinion anyone when they rose from the floor, flaring nostrils in a small nose, the ultimate pouting and smiling lips, and small, flawless teeth. She was like a mix of Pocahontas, Princess Jasmine, and the little mermaid come to life, only with a perfect 36-24-36 inch body.

She hopped onto the landing—her breasts jiggling beneath the low-cut, spaghetti-strapped, flirty-flair-skirted, acetate spandex knit mini-dress—completely oblivious to the fact that the van which stalked her acquaintance Karyn was even now purring at the curb...the driver spasmodically thumbing the nerve-deadening zapper on and off...on and off...on and off....

Girl Next Door Chapter 3 Part 1 *by Geoffrey Merrick*

GIRL NEXT DOOR: EVE OF ABDUCTION

"Lady, lady, can you help me please?" cried the innocent looking 12 year old.

Any normal New Yorker would have ignored him at best and screamed at him at

worst. But Eve was not a normal New Yorker. She was a recent transplant from

the south, a delicious southern belle with a fresh yet sultrily lovely face.

"I'm lost, lady, I'm lost!"

Her body was, in a word, perfect. Her height was 5'5", her weight 115 pounds,

and her measurements a heartstopping 36-24-36. She stood on the landing of the

east side brownstone apartment house where she lived, wearing a simple black

minidress with a casual v-neck and a relaxed but flattering skirt, her smooth and supple legs ending in elegant feet nestled in fine black high heel pumps.

"I want my mommyyyy...!"

Eve looked down at the miserable young man with her big, deep honey eyes,

set in a lovely oval face complete with an elegant nose and curved, rich, smiling lips; surrounded by the deepest, richest umber hair, cut in a flowing, lightly curled mane which swept down to her shoulders. Then she looked around

her tree-lined street, amongst the parked cars, trying to catch a glimpse of anyone who might be the boy's mother.

"Lady...?"

"Don't worry, dear," the lady Eve said, her voice a sweet lilt with just a touch of peach. She placed a dainty hand on his shoulder. "We'll call the police. They'll find your mommy. She might even be there already."

And that was that. If she had known that the local police station was only a few blocks away, she might have taken him over, but she didn't. Like many New

Yorkers, she only knew her own Manhattan—the routes she took to and from work.

The man in the van knew the way even better than she did now; he had been

following her for weeks, trying desperately to find a way to take her. He had studied her daily, marveling at her wardrobe: waist-cinching, cleavage-revealing, micro-mini-hemmed, invariably high heeled fashion designed to display. But no man ever accompanied her...no man ever went in to partake of the pleasure she promised.

She was the ultimate "look but don't touch" cocktease—especially since it was clearly not mean-spirited—even innocent. She simply enjoyed being a girl—an often stunningly sweet beauty of flaring nostrils, pouty lips, and small, perfect teeth. Tracking her was no problem. Getting her alone in New York without being seen was.

There didn't seem to be a way to get into her apartment house without someone else knowing. There wasn't a centimeter outside her own apartment where she was alone for more than a nanosecond. So the answer had to be: either take a chance grabbing her off the street...or get into her apartment.

But how? Actually gaining entrance to the six story building wouldn't be that great a problem, despite its two locked front doors. But getting in without being seen would. And then, to get imprints and keys for her two locks without creating suspicion and possible witnesses would also be chancy.

He toyed with the idea of asking the gray-haired or bearded man back at the brown and orange house for possible assistance, but then remembered his

"wards." He had smiled: he didn't mind sending either into a situation where they might be spotted. They were both under fifteen...if caught, they could slip through the system's cracks.

But the older one didn't want to help. "I've got my own fish to fry," he said mysteriously. The younger one, however, was excited. Ever since he had lost

his virginity inside a gagged young lady wired down to his incarcerated daddy's cellar work table, he was practically obsessed of exploring the "relationship" between girls and boys further.

So Willy really threw himself into his performance, and was now reaping the

reward: Eve was taking him up to her second floor apartment, her hand lightly

on his shoulder. She took a moment to smile reassuringly down at him.

Willy drank in her shape and how she moved. He imagined the sleek flank moving her smooth thigh along her curved hip into her firm rump. He filled his

head with her jasmine aroma, and stared at how her arm fit into her shoulder

then curved down to her sloping breasts beneath the riffling neck of her gleaming cotton-lycra dress.

Then they were at her door at the left of the second floor landing—across from one other—and her keys were coming out of her simple, demure, purse.

Willy put his hand in his deep, loose-fit jean pocket as the door swung open and she motioned him politely inside. He smiled benignly back at her with a great show of thankfulness. But he thought: Stupid bitch. You asked for it. Fool cunt.

Willy took it all in immediately: a simple studio apartment with small

bathroom and kitchen off to the left of the door and the living room and bed area off to the right, with closets on the opposite wall in between.

Only two, grime-covered windows on the front wall, grated over, further obscured by a fire escape, a television, and an air conditioner. Table to the right. Old sofa bed to the left. Bureau beyond table. Cabinet with stereo and mirror beyond sofa. Piles of mail, papers, laundry, and containers strewn around. Costume jewelry on all surfaces. Books and knick-knacks around. Plain

wood floor.

Willy stood amid it and only snapped out of his examination when she moved

closely by him, the very edge of her right breast touching his elbow through the dress.

His eyes followed her sharply in the gathering, late afternoon gloom. He had

felt the bra cup...it wasn't just a makeshift wal-mart piece of underwear. He recognized the feel of more upscale lingerie...something he might call Karyn's

secret....

Willy's hand clamped in his pocket as the front of his pants unavoidably tightened. He watched Eve go to stand beside the sheet-strewn mattress on the

floor in front of the television. He saw her lean over, the skirt rising in the back, showing more of her shapely, firm, stockinged legs. He saw the dress's neckline drop, her curving, pendulous breasts filling the cloth. Then his eyes snapped to hers as she looked back and smiled reassuringly.

"We'll have help in a jiffy," she said, then turned to dial information. She put the phone to her ear, holding it elegantly with one hand daintily cupping the speaker and the other lightly gripping the bridge to the ear piece. Her

fingernails were of moderate length and painted medium red.

"The police station nearest east 86th street," she said. "No, it's not an emergency. Thank you...." Then she waited for the recorded number. She started

to repeat the electronically communicated number until she felt something odd.

At first she ignored the hint of a breeze behind her, but then her lovely smooth brow furrowed a trifle when she got the distant impression that some

sort of insect had flown under her skirt.

She was distracted by the number being digitized in her ear, so she didn't react until it was too late. Just as her head went up and the phone receiver just started to come off her well-shaped ear, she clearly felt it for a split-second.

Something was under her skirt.

Then Willy pushed the zapper against her firm right buttock and pressed the button.

Eve jerked in place, dancing for a second, before she dropped the phone and fell sideways—half to the mattress and half to the floor. She continued to jerk there, her comely hands spasmodically gripping the sheets and her even more revealed legs rubbing across the floor.

Her torso was down but her face was in profile, her mouth opening and closing

like a beached fish. She made little noises, like "unh, uh, uh-hunh." Willy thought he'd come in his pants.

He quickly put the phone back on the hook on the other side of the bed and kneeled immediately down beside her. He didn't know what to do first, but then

he flipped back her skirt. There was her well-conditioned rump, housed in

flesh-colored pantyhose.

He made an approving sound, then gripped her upper left arm. With a push, he

had her on her back, her big, trusting eyes blinking in shock, her mouth still working, but now only wet sounds were coming out. As she settled, her breasts

moved beneath the cloth and the material curled, showing him the very top of

her right mammary.

It was so smooth and creamy looking that he thought he wouldn't be able to even get his pants open. And then he reached for the neckline.

Eve's right arm swung up, catching Willy in the ear. Her strength was surprising, knocking him completely over to hit his head on the first drawer of the bureau. Then Eve was on her hands and knees, panting. To his stunned

disbelief, he could now see down her dress top, filling his addled mind with the sight of her creamy round orbs hanging in the demi-cup black lace bra.

Then she got one scrambling leg under her and she was weaving toward the apartment door.

Only then did Willy panic. In his inexperience he hadn't pressed the zapper's

button all the way down, giving her only 20,000 volts instead of the usual 70,000.

Eve slammed into the door, clutching at it, the 20,000 volts enough to throw off her reflexes and scramble her nerves. She clawed at the doorknob with both

hands as Willy rolled to his feet. He charged her as she wrenched open the portal and flailed out into the hall.

Eve sucked in a chestful of air but was horrified to find that she could only make a desperate wheezing noise, her vocal chords still humming from the electric jolt. Still, she slammed on the door across from hers with the flat of both hands. That was when Willy appeared in her doorway, zipper in his upraised hand.

Eve made a choking screech and lurched toward the stairs. Willy jumped forward but tripped on a ragged piece of hallway carpet, giving her the time to grab the banister and half jump, half fall down the steps—just managing to

keep her feet as she landed on the first floor.

She desperately ran toward the front door down the ten foot long hallway. To

her it felt like a football field and she was moving in slow motion against a great wind. She kept trying to scream, gathering her strength, feeling her larynx tighten, but sobs of frustration choked her, further blocking any shriek.

She heard the evil boy's footsteps. She forced herself ever forward, feeling off balance and light-headed. She was used to high heels; she had worn them

almost all her life. The skirt wasn't binding. If she concentrated she could make it—even fight him if he caught her.

And there...there was the front door and the early evening beyond. There would be taxis and pedestrians and doormen down the street. Someone would

see...someone would help...!

And then she was there, pushing the door wide. It slammed back, opening the

world to her. She could see it; the trees, the street, the road, the garbage cans, the air....! She had made it. She was out. She was free....!

She slammed into a man coming across the front stoop. But to her horror, he

gathered her up into his arms like a long lost lover....

"Darling!" he cried, embracing her tightly, holding her back from the few other passers-by...coming home from work...walking their dogs...looking for a

cab....

And then he pressed his lips over and around hers, jamming his tongue down

her throat, gripping her in a vise, and swinging her back inside the entry way.

"Darling," he repeated, sandwiching her tightly between his body and the mailboxes on the wall. "I missed you so!"

She slammed her palms against his shoulders, one leg bending back for balance, but it was too late. She almost got a cry out, but then his sealing, choking mouth was on hers again, forcing her head back, addling her thoughts,

gagging her....

Willy pressed the zapper against her arm, her own body blocking his action from the street, and pushed the button.

Eve's torso jerked in the man's arms. Then her head lolled back, her eyes smoky, her mouth lolling open.

"Aw, hun," the man said elaborately as if she had made a loving request.

"Anything for you." Then he put her arm around his shoulder, put his arm around her waist and started to move her deadened legs back toward the stairs.

Willy went ahead to block her from any other resident's view.

But no one else was home yet. In fact, when the old woman across the hall arrived ten minutes later, she had no idea that her sweet, sultry, sexy 21

year old neighbor had slammed her dainty hands on her door. Nor did she know,
as she unlocked her door and went inside, that just a wall away, a prime young
example of pure femininity was severely bound, viciously gagged, and being
violently violated.

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Eve was blinking in disbelief, still unable to fully comprehend what had, and  
was, happening to her. She had never even imagined that a man and a preteen  
could have attacked her, locked her in her own apartment, and done what they  
did...did what they were doing.

When she turned fourteen and her body started developing, she never even considered that her breasts would be used to torture her. As she got her first training bra and then continued to contain the growing orbs in underwear that  
was as much a part of her life as a toothbrush, she had never even fantasized  
that they would be a source of her own defilement.

And as she looked for happiness and true love, she never accepted that she could be, would be, was being, invaded. Plunged into and engorged repeatedly  
by two complete, remorseless strangers.

They had half-carried, half-dragged her back to her open apartment, the toes of her black high heel shoes scraping on the thin worn hall carpet. They had gotten her back inside without pause, the preteen closing the door and locking

both deadbolts.

The man who had been waiting for her, had fooled the pedestrians, and prevented her escape with a horridly unwanted deception wasted no time. Eve

was unceremoniously dropped onto the couch. His hands flew up her skirt, scratching at and gripping the sides of her panty hose.

He felt the smooth skin there and got an even greater rush. He pulled down the obstruction along her wonderfully sleek, shapely legs, yanking off her shoes in the process.

Her panty remained: a French-cut black lace panty that told him that Eve was

the real deal: a natural, sexy beauty who enjoyed being a girl. He grabbed the

sides of the delicate panties and slipped them quickly off as well as Eve's eyes fluttered and one hand started to weakly twist.

Without caring, the man pulled down his own pants, pushed her way between her

legs, grabbed her hips beneath her skirt, and directed his already erect cock toward the trimmed, silken, fur-like umber triangle between her exceptional legs.

He was in—her lax, shocked vaginal muscles rolling back, then tightening around his impaling member.

Even in her semi-conscious state Eve felt the intrusion, her head going back into the couch cushions, her hand fluttering up, and a long moan emanating from her slack lips.

Willy pushed the zipper against the right side of her right breast through the cloth and pressed the button.

Eve's torso stiffened then collapsed on the sofa. Her hips and legs were off the cushions and off the floor as the man gathered them up and started



thrusting unceremoniously inside her.

Eve's upper body, head, and arms jerked on the couch as Willy went over and

turned on the television. MTV filled the room with the six o'clock rap show.

As the singers rhymed about how great they were, how big they were, and how

all women were bitches to a brutal bass beat, the man raped the young semi-conscious beauty in the flicker of their images.

Near the end of his fuck, Eve started to become aware again. She subconsciously realized that her skirt was at her waist, that Willy had used her own scissors to cut open her dress' neckline, how her black satin and lace

bra cups were pulled down to present her firm, high, tear-drop tits, and how her arms and mouth flopped free.

What she didn't realize was that her head was resting on the preteen's lap. She started to reach, she started to cry out, and she started trying to pull her thighs from the wrapping of her rapist's arms. But then Willy reached down, gripped the base of her right breast like a balloon, squeezed, then lightly touched the zipper to the very tip of her pumped up nipple.

There was a spark and a snap, and Eve's back arched practically into a "U," thrusting her hips up to slam and lock into the rapist's. Her teeth clenched, her eyes squeezing shut as a giant hand seemed to cramp onto her head and torso.

Girl Next Door Chapter 3 Part 2 *by Geoffrey Merrick*

Then the sweet young thing went limp again and the man finally ejaculated a

long, thick stream of cum all the way inside her. The man gripped her hips and

thighs as if clutching a flying dancer, and bent deep over her chest, grunting. His eyes filled with her, and suddenly he clamped his mouth on a quivering tit, using it to hold them in the climatic position.

Finally his mouth came off her pink aureole and tiny nipple with a wet, audible pop, and his hands and arms dropped to his side. Eve fell back, half on and half off the couch. She started to slide onto the floor but Willy grabbed her bitten breast to keep her on his lap.

As her golden eyes fluttered and her assaulted body shook, the preteen deftly

began to rub his erection across her warm, red, flaccid lips.

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Rap had segued into the Headbanger's Ball and as heavy metal men screamed

about how bleak and hopeless life was, Eve crouched on her knees and high heels in the center of her mattress, her head down, her umber hair making a curtain before her sweating face.

Her ankles were roped, and roped again to her exposed thighs. The bottom of

her face was obscured by a tight elastic swath of slightly gleaming cloth, covering a swash of plaster tape that sealed her lips from her nose to neck and from ear to ear. Inside her mouth was a big ball covered with her pantyhose. It completely filled her oral cavity, blocking the throat and

absorbing almost any sound.

Her dress top was tugged down to her elbows, her bra ripped off, and ropes, which were wrapped around her torso, pressed down and up on her breasts, strangling them forward like toothpaste forced from a tube. Her fingers were

behind her, pinioned in the middle of her back by the torso and wrist ropes. Her hands were filled with Willy's cock. His hands were filled with her tits as the man continued to hurl clothes from her closets.

"Have you seen these things?" he exclaimed, throwing the plunging green lace

micromini onto the bed. "It's like we bought them for her!" Over flew a purple

spandex micromini with a teardrop cutout breast panel. "And look at these shoes," he marveled. "All strapped, all high heeled, all stiletto...." He started going through her bureau drawers. "Man, oh, man...", he breathed, filling his eyes and hands with the aqua lace underwires, the frilly pink briefs, and the red thong teddies.

"Keep stroking, bitch," Willy warned quietly, taking a moment to press the cold side of a wicked butcher's knife against the right side of her right tit as Eve moaned. "You gotta get me off before I start cutting."

She looked up in agony as the man approached, his hands filled with her things. "You're the world's most perfect girl, you know?" he said happily, then drank in her youthful beauty. "The world's most perfect fuck," he breathed again, dropping the lingerie and kneeling directly in front of her, his knees on either side of hers.

And then, of course, his cock was out and wedged between her tits.

They weren't Karyn-size, of course, but a 36 inch bust was more than enough

to do. It was like a penile swimmer coursing through a pool rather than being

drowned in the ocean. Eve stared up at him in terrified disbelief, but then her head jerked to the side as the preteen grabbed her hair.

"Keep stroking, cunt," Willy warned as the man started to move his cock up and down her chest valley, squeezing her tits together. With his free hand, the preteen laid the knife against her shoulder and throat. "Never mind your boobs, bitch. They ain't yours anymore. Concentrate on your job—no, your mission, cunt, it's your mission...." He looked up in pleasure as Eve's fingers continued. "She knows what to do, all right," Willy happily told his guardian.

"She may be no virgin," the man said, staring at his cock's progress. "But she is prime...!"

Eve's head went back, her wet eyes desperately searching the ceiling, her cheeks swelling with air, her nostrils burbling, as she fought against sobs. From the apartment door it looked like one figure with four legs bathed only

in the flickering of the TV tube. The man surged until his cum dotted Eve's chest, face, and hair. Then Willy pushed her face down to the mattress, pulling his cock from her spasming fingers, and inserting it in her soft, wet cunt from behind.

Eve's cheek scraped along the bed covers, her eyes squeezed shut, until her profile was to her defilers. Willy reached down and grabbed her abused tits, then jerked the way he had seen his father do it until he finally came in her too.

Only then did the males step away. Eve dropped to the mattress on her side, her mouth still sealed, her strong, high tits free, and her rear exposed. Her long legs were bent, her shoes still on, and her arms were still bent high up

her back. Her captive loveliness was orgiastically exciting in the glimmer of the TV light.

And she remained that way for five minutes until rain started to fall. She twitched when the first drop hit her face just beside her closed eyes. She blinked, staring up, just in time to be hit between the eyes and on the chest with more white, sticky droplets.

Eve moaned horribly, stretched in her bonds, then finally started to cry.

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They didn't have to untie her to put on her stockings, garter belts, shoes, or even her bras. They merely unclipped the shoulder straps and reclipped them

once the cups were affixed. They dressed her in black lace ensemble at first, her wonderfully creamy skin making a great contrast to the second-skin material which adhered to her firm flesh.

The heavy metal had made way to alternative grunge—unkempt, unshaven louts in

loose, ripped, dirty clothes screaming incoherently to screeching guitar chords. Willy slept curled in front of the tube as the man sat on the couch. He held Eve's cool, sleek back in his fingers, sliding her back and forth on his lap as she faced him—his hard-on spreading her vaginal lips and coursing

inside her again and again.

Her wrists twisted in her bonds behind her, her cinched elbows thrusting her fine chest out all the more, her tits swelling in the half-cups of the black lace bra. Her ankles twisted in the four-inch black heels as well as in the ropes which affixed them to her thighs; her leg muscles shifting beneath the thigh-high, lace-topped black stockings.

A big black ball was in her mouth, wedging open her teeth, and her lower face

was covered in black electrical tape. Her eyes were wide and golden, glittering in the TV light, as she gagged and snorted with each piston-like movement.

"You know why you're here, don't you?" the man suddenly whispered, moving her

onto his hard-on once more. "You probably don't know it, but you were born for

this moment." He slid her cunt off his cock. "Really, don't you know why you

look like that?" He pulled her toward him, her thighs sliding against his, his penis spreading her lower lips yet another time.

"Why do you buy and wear these clothes?" he asked her, pressing her tits to his chest, his hands flat on her shivering back. "Because you think they look nice?" She moaned as their hips locked, his prick all the way inside her.

"No,

it's because you know...deep down inside, you know." He pushed her back with

her hips and side. He admired her excellent torso and strong, high, tear-drop boobs.

"You were made to attract men," he said, slipping her forward again, his cock

entering her. "The clothes make you more attractive. And why must you be attractive?" He jammed himself deep into her, holding her tight ass in both hands. "For this," he concluded. "For this," he repeated, thrusting again.

"For this." Another thrust. "For this, this, this, this, this, this, this...!"

Eve's tits jiggled, her head went back, her lustrous hair swung, and she couldn't even get the air to grunt. He embraced her in a bear hug, his face deep in her cleavage, their crotch hair intertwined, as his member pumped white cream into her vaginal canal.

Eve's head fell forward and then back, moaning through the gag as she was violated...ending with a strange groan that even had a little hope in it. They had raped her repeatedly, but at least it was over for now...or was it?

Eve's eyes bulged, her neck straightening as the man started to swing her down.

Willy slept on as the man put Eve under him on the couch, covered her with his body, and rammed his erection deep into her until he gushed semen in her

hole yet again.

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Eve's eyes snapped open. The red teddi's thong had crept into her crack once

more. This time it was deeply buried between her cunt lips, held there in the preteen's fist. Willy's head was resting on her chest, drooling on her tit in his sleep. His right leg was crossed over one of hers as she lay on her back. His cock lay on her hip bone.

The man was on the other side of her, his snoring mouth by her ear, his left hand filled with her left breast. Her left leg was between the two of his. His cock rested on her thigh. Her left big toe was tied to the man's. Her right big toe was tied to the preteen's.

The ball was still in her mouth. Tape was still over it, but one of her stockings had been tied over that. She lay—a shapely, wide-eyed, armless, mouthless girl in a super sexy red teddi—between her two despoilers, unable to

scream, fight, or run. Tears began to stream out of her eyes and her body began to silently shake.

The man smiled in his sleep, his grip on her tit tightening....

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"Nothing could be finer than to be in Eve's vagina in the morning...."

He was singing in the shower.

"Nothing could be sweeter than fucking Eve's wet beaver in the morning...."

The phone by the mattress rang but the girl and her two rapists didn't hear it.

"If I had a chance for only a day...."

The phone answering machine clicked on.

"I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say...."

"Eve? This is Jan at work. Where are you, girl?"

The sweet shapely 21 year old was in the tub, naked, legs bent and off the marble. The man was holding her by her hips, and his fetid firm cock sliding

in and out of her cunt again and again as the shower water coursed over them.

"You sick or something? If you aren't dying, you better get in here...."

Willy was standing amid her arms, her bound wrists behind him. He held her up

by one tit, his other hand clamped tightly over her washcloth-filled mouth, his fingertips deep in her face cheek.

"Okay, Eve. I sure hope you're on your way in. 'Bye."

"....Nothing could be finer than fucking Eve's vagina in the morn-orn-ning!"

Her curves stiffened, her head going back, her legs straightening, as he came

in her for the second time that morning. He had fucked her in bed immediately

upon waking, of course, tearing the red teddi mostly off, keeping their toes tied, and gathering her hip bones in his hands.

She had screamed into her gag up at Willy but he merely grinned cruelly down



at her sweating, desperate face. Then each man had grabbed one of her arms and

dragged her to the bathroom.

Now she collapsed back into Willy's arms, his hands buried in her fine chest mounds. The man stepped out of the shower to dry off as Willy sat the naked

Eve on his lap. They sat with the water still coursing over them, the washcloth tip bulging out of her filled mouth.

"Keep it in," Willy told her threateningly. "Keep the washcloth in your mouth...or we'll put something else in there...!"

Eve choked and gagged, trying not to swallow the swash of terrycloth...but trying not to spit it out either. Willy, for his part, simply kept kneading her wonderful breast orbs.

Suddenly the shower curtain was swept back and the fully clothed man was standing there. The two on the tub floor looked up; Willy in surprise, Eve in pained dread. "Her office called," the man reported. "Time to get out of town."

~~~~~

Thad watched the pretty, blond, sixteen year-old cheerleader through his tiny, powerful binoculars from the safety of the bushes near the high school running track. He watched as she leaped high, her mini-ruffled skirt spreading, revealing her entire long, shapely, alabaster legs. She threw her arm up above her head and Thad watched as her tight V-neck sweater revealed an

inch or two of firm, smooth stomach.

Her watched her amazing purple-green eyes sparkle in a sweet face. And he felt his hard-on grow, knowing that—ever since he found out that the spectacular girl he had made come eight times in the family attic had a

younger sister—she too would soon be his to masturbate...molest... sexually torture...and fuck.

~~~~~

Eve fought desperately against the strangulation.

They had dressed her in one of her sexiest outfits—a black lace micro-minidress with a v-necked bodice which gathered up her wonderful tits and thrust them forward. On her feet were five-inch, wide-anklestrap high heels. Other than that, she was naked, and, incredibly, untied.

But as Willy held her wrenched-up arms high on her back, the man held one hand over her panty-stuffed mouth, and squeezed her throat with the other...while impaling her in place before him with his cock all the way in her unlubricated cunt.

Eve's beautiful gold eyes bulged as the panties stuffing her cheeks cut off even more air. Her patent-leather enclosed toes scratched at the wooden floor,

but with the wiry pre-teens hands and the man's cock holding her up, she could

attain no balance. And the man tightened his hold on her throat, and then loosened it, as her nostrils flared and her eyelids began to flutter.

"She has no suitcase big enough, and we didn't bring a duffel bag," the man said, watching Eve's eyes roll up into her head. "So we're going to have to take her out openly." He looked at the boy as Eve began to slump. "So she can't have the strength to fight." Suddenly the girl became dead weight between them. "Quick...get her onto the table."

The man and boy lay the sexy girl on her back across her own little wood table as each man took a wrist in their hands. "Sodden the panties with your cum," the man instructed Willy as Eve's head lolled down toward the pre-teen,

swipes of multi-colored lace and cotton seen between her teeth. "Then seal her

lips with the clear tape."

The two men worked her orifices for the next ten minutes, the man pumping his

jism deep inside, between the young girl's legs, and the preteen filling her mouth with his cream. Finally Willy pressed a rectangular band of clear tape,

smooshing down Eve's rich lips, and working the edges deep into her face skin,

as the man slowly removed his knobby log from her constricted, abused vagina.

The man brought the groggy girl up into his arms, feeling her youth and savoring her helpless beauty. "Okay now, darling," he said with barely repressed delight to the drooping eyelids and sweet, lax face. "Time to go home."

~~~~~

Liz tried again to cry out to her fellow cheerleaders, but, once more, could only gasp and choke in shock and pain. Liz was 5' 6 1/2" tall, very pretty, and very shapely—with precocious 36-inch boobs set high up her trim torso, a

remarkable 22-inch waist, firm 33 1/2 inch hips and sleek, long, shapely legs.

She had light brown—essentially blond—hair in a silky pony-tail, and curling,

almost kewpie-pink lips.

Outside of her budding showgirl-style body, the main thing she shared with her older sister Karyn were her amazing purple-green eyes...and the fact that

she, like her sister, would soon be missing....

She was, in fact, already missing, although her fellow cheerleaders didn't know it yet. She had run off to the showers early, having to meet her folks at

the school parking lot. They had become very paranoid since Karyn disappeared.

But now she kneeled in the thick bushes off to the side of the track, trying to alert her fellow pom-pom girls to her situation as they walked back, chatting, toward the lock room.

But every time she tried to speak, the rope around her throat tightened, choking any words off. She jerked in place, gagging, forcing a thick, wide, mouth-filling, cheek-bulging, vaguely penis-shaped gag further down her throat

and wrenching a knotted rope deeper into her vaginal crack.

Thad kneeled behind her, his hands already deep inside her tight, v-necked sweater, forced under the bulging cups of her underwire sports bra, filling his fingers with her surging, growing mounds—her pink, erect nipples tickling

his palms.

Her purple-green eyes were huge and tear-filled, and her brain tried to comprehend what had happened since the rough, strong hands had clamped over

her mouth and waist, yanking her into the bushes. Within moments, a plastic-

rubber thing had forced her mouth to its widest aperture and then truly impossible things had started happening.

Her ankles had been crossed and tied. She had been bent back and the ankle rope was tied tightly around her throat. Her elbows had been strapped together

behind her. Her wrists had been tied, in front, to her hips, her fingers

dangling above ropes that went down to her panty-covered vaginal crack.

And, somehow, all the ropes were threaded together so that any move with any

part of her firm, young, teenage body would wrench the gag deeper into her mouth, tighten the choking rope around her throat, and grind the beaver hemp

in deeper and deeper.

Girl Next Door Chapter 3 Part 3 by Geoffrey Merrick

So now she could only gurgle and gasp and drool and cry, liquid pouring from

her eyes, nose, mouth, and eventually, even down her dewy thighs.

She choked and gasped, jerking by millimeters in place as her attacker held her to him by her tits. Liz blinked, realizing she hadn't completely comprehended her sexuality...and now it was too late. She could only kneel there in a tight bow as his hands mauled her and ropes sawed at her virginal vagina.

She tried to call out to her friends again, her fingers fluttering in the air. She could hear them laughing and talking...she could hear the engines of

passing cars...a plane went overhead...yet all she could do was grunt and moan

as lightning lanced into her heart and up her tight, wet, cunt....

~~~~~

Eve placed one high heel unsteadily on the stoop outside her apartment. She managed one desperate, wide-eyed look either way down the nearly empty, late-

afternoon street before arms encircled her and she was lifted.

Two steps down the steps, two across the sidewalk...the maw of the idling van

at the curb was open. She felt herself being lifted in...and then her body hit the mattress. She heard the door slide closed behind her with a solid, awful thump.

And then it was too late.

Eve stretched her amazing body in agony. Her lovely legs, encased in black

thigh-highs were completely revealed beneath the hem of the olive raincoat cinched around her waist. Her head, with its lovely auburn hair, craned out on

her elegant neck from the turned-up collar.

She screamed up at the darkened windows of the van, but the clear swash of tape smooshing her red lips sealed in her anguished, agonizing cry of defilement and terror.

The man jumped behind the wheel as Willy admired the way Eve's breasts pressed against the stretched raincoat. As the van started rolling out into traffic, he reached down and started pulling the raincoat's cinched belt loose.

"Don't distract me," the driver warned. "I don't care what you do, but don't let her attract attention, effect the trip, or kick the van sides. You hear me?" Then, when there was no reply: "You hear me!?!"

"Yeah, yeah, I hear you!" Willy called, but he didn't take his eyes off the girl he revealed from the cinched raincoat. Lovely spaghetti-strapped, flirty miniskirted, faintly spangly cocktail dress which seemed to streamline all of Eve's curves, letting her breasts flounce free inside a filmy, satiny, loosely v-necked bodice. The wrists bound behind her, then bound again to her tiny waist.

She stretched, moaned agonizingly again, then started to kick. Willy fell on her.

~~~~~

Liz's folks started to panic when their other daughter didn't show up. They had good reason to. Tall, shapely, brown-maned Karyn hadn't shown up for Sunday dinner all those months ago. The police had found her car just outside

her apartment, but that was all. Ever since then, everyone was looking, but

there was no sign of the gorgeous 22 year-old with the brain of a professor and the body of a showgirl.

Little did they know that she was, at that moment, on the other side of the world, held captive in a harem where she was forced to suck cocks and give head to men from around the world when she wasn't being raped—all the while

bound and gagged so the various visiting dignitaries and ambassadors who would

have rescued her were unaware of her presence or plight.

If they had known a beautiful young librarian from Connecticut had been in the very next room, a cock plugging her agonized mouth and another impaling

her up the tight muscles of her lubricated snatch as her bound hands writhed,

they might have done something about it. But, by the time they left, they had

no idea that the repeatedly defiled kidnap victim was screaming for their help

from behind fingers which were clamped over her lips and deep in her proud

breasts as her cunt was forced onto another erection....

And little did Karyn's parents know that one of the people most responsible for putting their eldest daughter there had tied their youngest daughter, Liz, up into a tight ball—legs bent, knees roped, ankles tied to thighs, neck tied to knees, wrists tied together, then tied to ankles.

No one had seen him slide her into a laundry bag. They didn't see him toss her into the back seat of the family car, either—the same car where they had tit, mouth, and fist-fucked her older sister as a state cop had talked to the driver.

And they certainly didn't see him pull her out of the bag, then cut the ropes from around her neck and 'tween her wrists and ankles. Liz's limbs stretched

elaborately across the back seat floor, the girl desperately trying to relieve the cramps that were assailing her thighs and shoulders.

Thad admired her extraordinary shape, then took advantage of her desperation.

He pulled the front seatbelts from under the seat to wrap, then knot, around her throat and ankles so she couldn't sit up or kick at the windows.

Liz stared at him in amazement and incomprehension as he wrapped band after

band of wet ace bandage around her lower face—bandage he had taken from the

locker rooms—sealing her mouth as surely as if it were cement.

He grabbed one of her tits through her sweater and bra, then squeezed. Her head went back on her lovely neck, eyes squeezed shut, and he gauged the volume of her cry. Nothing the engine and radio couldn't drown out...

Then he wedged her sweater and bra down diagonally across her impressive,

buoyant, up-until-recently untouched breasts before hopping into the driver's

seat. Liz cringed, crying, tears coursing freely out of her huge, bright eyes, as she tried to bring her elbow and wrist bound arms around to relieve the pressure—to no avail.

She had to lie there, unawares, as Thad drove slowly out from the very furthest side of the parking lot—past two distraught parents frenetically talking to a concerned local cop—their sweet sixteen year old daughter bound

and gagged directly behind Thad's ass, the fingers of his left hand idly playing with her hair as she sobbed, her incredible tits crushed, her cheerleader outfit quivering.

~~~~~

Willy was as good as his word. As the man drove up to the first toll to leave the city, Eve was not kicking the van's sides. She couldn't without lifting all 130 pounds of the pre-teen. He had crossed her shapely ankles, tied them,

then tied them again to the back of his belt. He now lay between her bent knees, his hand gripping her right breast, his other hand over her taped mouth, and his twelve year old cock plugged into her silken snatch. He just lay there, letting the potholes of the streets do all his work for him.

Eve moaned in amazement and despair, praying he would soon tire of the position, but, even as her raised legs tingled and her bound arms beneath her

back became dead weight, he continued to knead her chest and plug her crack.

Eventually the driver discovered the position and had to laugh.

He had parked in the lot of a rest stop—cars and trucks on every side of them. "Incredible, Willy," he admired, his eyes shining at the swath of creamy

flesh between the top of Eve's stocking and her exposed hips. "You sure know

how to contain 'em." But then he dropped a ten dollar bill and jerked his head

at the fast food restaurant outside. "Now go get some dinner for yourself, okay?"

Willy looked from the girl to the money. He was after all, only twelve.

"Untie me," he said quietly as Eve's body began to wrack with sobs.

~~~~~

Getting Liz from the car to the cellar stairs was no problem. The only real sight line was from the man's house across the street. Still, it didn't pay to take chances.

Thad merely unseatbelted her throat and crossed ankles, then untied her legs.

He pulled her up until she was perched on the back seat beside him, her shoulders hunched, her eyes frightened.

"Don't worry, don't worry," Thad soothed her calmly, picking up the stained ski jacket and stocking cap that was always in the car. "We're just having a little fun is all." To show his "good faith," he jerked up her bra and sweater to cover her squeezed breasts. "There, that's better, right?" Then he placed the jacket around her shoulders and pulled the cap over her silky light brown-

blond hair.

He hopped out of the car, opened the side door of the house, then unceremoniously reached into the back seat, grabbed her elbow, and yanked her into his home.

Suddenly Liz was standing, shivering like a new-born colt, inside the work room as Thad closed the car door and then the side door. Her nostrils flared, smelling something strangely familiar...even comforting. Was what the teenager

said true? Was this somehow all in fun? Was it some kind of sick joke by her

girlfriends? They were nice, but even Liz could tell that they were deeply envious of her rapidly developing body....

In the afternoon gloom she could make out the work bench and table, but it wasn't until Thad clicked on the naked, overhead light that she saw what was

on the bench and table.

Her breath left her and any thought she had that this would all be all right went with it.

Lining the work bench and work table were women's clothes. Correction: cocktease's clothes...slut's clothes. There was a pink vinyl micro-miniskirt and bustier...lace catsuits...thigh-high lace-up boots...stockings and garters, merry widows...corsets...spandex minidresses...lingerie teddis....

Liz jerked in place as if hit with open current. She suddenly realized what the comforting, lovely smell was.... It was coming from the ski jacket. She had smelled it before...every time she had entered Karyn's room...!

"Yeah," said Thad, grabbing her arm. "That's what your sister was wearing when I fucked her." Then he tore the jacket and cap off before grabbing her tit and ass.

~~~~~

Willy had a great supper, and took his time about it. Ten bucks went a long way in a fast food place. Between chewing the burger and sucking on the shake,

he glanced out at the van. His eyelids narrowed. was it shaking? Was it rocking? Or was that just his imagination? Willy shrugged. None of the travelers who constantly moved around it seemed to notice, so why should he care?

Inside, the man let his cock move slowly up Eve's cunt again. "Can't have the

joint jumping," he grunted, holding onto her hips tightly under the dress

skirt. He suckled on her right tit, the spaghetti strap of the dress lying about her elbow, as he slowly moved her up off his lap once more.

He was sitting on the van floor, directly in the center, and he had tied her ankles to her thighs, then sat her on his lap, facing him. Her gag was supplemented, of course. Even with padding and opaque windows, a high-pitched

shriek might have been heard.

So her head was all the way back, her hair tightly tied to her cinched elbows by thin, cruel rope. Then there was a thick strap all the way between her teeth

and then tight around her neck. Behind the strap, deep in her mouth, was a baby's huggy diaper, expertly soaking up her drool and inflating inside the orifice.

She had a tough enough time breathing, let alone screaming.

Then there was the coarse, tickling buzz between her legs, up inside her....

The man let her slide down onto his entire length again. He held her to him, letting her cunt caress him, welcome him, take him, and stroke him beneath the

silky, spangly skirt. He admired her shapely slim legs in the silken stockings

and the way her dainty feet perfectly filled the shiny patent leather high heels. And he loved the way her arms and wrists twisted in the ropes which imprisoned them.

"You know," he whispered, filling his hands with her wonderful tits to lift her half-off his hard-on. "I lost someone like you once...." He remembered Karyn...her knockers, her shape, her mane, her classic face...spying on her, stalking her, abducting her, secreting her in his home...raping her...redressing her again and again... tormenting her...imprisoning her in the cellar...impaling her...fucking her repeatedly every night....

He loosened his grip on Eve's tits, her pried-open mouth gargling, her loving vaginal canal adhering to his entire length once more. The man suddenly gripped her spasmodically. "I won't be losing you...ever." he whispered hoarsely.

Eve didn't hear him over the roar in her ears.

~~~~~

Thad popped Liz's cherry in his bedroom during the late afternoon as the man

and Willy drove up the driveway. Liz's ankles were still tied to her thighs, her cheerleader outfit still on, although her sports bra was on the floor.

Her sweater top was yanked down and her wonderfully youthful breasts were

deep into his gripping hands. Her sneakers lay next to the bra, but that wasn't to say her feet were bare. No, pink four-inch, ankle-strap high heels were now encasing her lovely toes.

She sat on his hard-on, her bound wrists behind her and holding him, as he suckled her neck and pulled her back to his chest by her boobs.

Her eyes were wild and every neck tendon stood out as she struggled against

the ripping sensation and felt the blood seep through her torn hymen. Things

she never felt before were slicing through her body, lightning up her chest and down her legs. But none of it compared to the shuddering horror of knowing

that this was the man—the boy!—who had kidnapped her sister...had done this to

her...and worse!

The only distraction powerful enough to wrench her off her sister's tragedy and her own rape was the sound of a vehicle pulling into the driveway. She stared in shock and pain through the frilly-curtained window at the man and boy getting out of the van outside, still unable to assimilate the sexual pain filling her. Her lips worked around the penis-plug still wedged in her lovely, working lips, trying to call out to her rescuers...any rescuers.

She stared as the man and boy helped a young woman from the car. She wore a

long rain coat with its collar turned up...but from what Liz could see of the woman's high heels and long lovely legs, she was a great beauty—only about

five years older than herself. She watched as the man and boy led the woman—her head down—to the side door and out of sight.

Now there was nothing to keep her from feeling her hated abductor come inside

her—his fetid cum spurting, spraying, and coating her pristine vagina like thick whipping cream.

She tried to scream, but he grabbed her mouth and breasts and dragged her back down onto the mattress atop him; and held her there as her body surged,

wracking, again and again and again and again—her cries of ultimate violation

sealed behind his clamping fingers.

~~~~~

Then Eve was inside the house. The man laughed and tore open her coat. Her

wrists were tied to her very upper thighs and her fingers taped to her legs.

Eve's head went back and she screamed, but the saliva and cum-covered panties were back filling her mouth and the clear tape back sealing her lips. Her breasts shook free, the dress' bodice pulled down on either side to present them.

The man filled his hands with them now, forcing her against the cellar stairwell wall, his knee pushing against her tuft of dark red beaver hair.

"Welcome home, darling," he sneered as she tried to shriek and fight.

"Sorry I

couldn't carry you over the threshold." Then he ripped his erection from his pants, filled his hands with her ass cheeks, and rammed his cock up into her.

"What's going on?"

Both the man and Eve looked up the cellar steps to see Thad leaning in the kitchen doorway. The girl's eyes widened, then squeezed shut as she shuddered

in horror, turning away. The man, for his part, didn't even pause in his thrusting. "Initiating your new ma," the man grunted. "You want a piece of her?"

To his surprise, Thad merely shrugged and said, "Nah. I got some studying to do."

Willy, meanwhile, was up in Thad's room. The preteen was sure he'd find a nice piece of high school ass in here, but was surprised and disappointed to see nothing. Instead he grimaced and fell after feeling a sharp pain in his kidney.

"Keep the fuck out of my room, squirt," Thad threatened, kicking his pain-wracked younger brother into the hall. "You give your love to your new 'mommy.' I want no part of it."

"Thad!" Willy screeched, trying to straighten. "What are you doing? She's



sweet...incredibly sweet! A real good lay...shapely...perfect...not like the huge-bazoomed amazon before!"

"I liked that big-boobed babe!" Thad exploded. "You shut the fuck up...and stay out of my room, or I swear...!"

"Okay, okay," Willy moaned, holding his kidney and stumbling away. "I was

just trying to...!" But then Thad's door slammed. Willy could only shrug, then

head downstairs to get a piece of his new "mom."

## **Girl Next Door Chapter 4 Part 1 by Geoffrey Merrick**

### **GIRL NEXT DOOR: EVE OF ABDUCTION--PART TWO**

Thad moved into his empty room, then quickly checked under the bed where Liz

lay. Well, not exactly lay...her head was up, forced into the bed slats by her ponytail being tied tightly to one. Her ankles were still tied to her thighs, but her knees were then pulled up and tied to another bed slat, so her back was in a "U" and her nipples and cunt—revealed by the pulled down sweater and

slipped-up skirt—just barely touched the floor.

Her arms were still tied behind her. Her bra and shoes were on either side of her flat, firm stomach. Her mouth was still sealed and covered and her eyes were still huge, staring at him in confusion and disbelief.

"You're mine," he said quietly to her. "I had to share your sister. My ma cleaned her...pierced her nipples...tied her tits to the attic crossbeams...even nailed her boobs to the work table.... Then my dad fucked

her, and fucked her, and fucked her again...." Elizabeth started to cry anew, her muffled sobs hardly audible as her own breasts quivered with grief.

"Hell," he continued, "even my stinkin' l'il brother got a piece of her." He reached over and hefted a trembling tit. "But not you. I creamed you first. You're all mine."

Liz struggled and tried to wail. "Don't worry baby," Thad said, taking her left nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "After the first fuck, it all goes downhill from there." Then he dug his thumbnail into her nub and sharply  
pinched....

~~~~~

Willy looked up at the top of the stairs as the man came groaningly into the young auburn-haired girl now held up against the cellar stairwell wall, his hands holding her bent legs two feet off the ground. Eve's throat worked, a muffled squeal emerging from the mass in her mouth, as her head thudded against the wall and her breasts sagged.

Still, Willy looked and listened. He thought he heard something from upstairs...from his brother's room...but maybe he actually felt it....

But then Eve was slumping against him, her smoky golden-olive eyes drooping,

her lovely legs weakly seeking purchase. Willy looked down into her sweat-slick, comatose, beautiful face...then grabbed a free tit, the feeling about his brother's room completely forgotten...for now.

Eve lay on the cellar stair landing, half out of her dress, the material gathered around her waist as Willy dropped onto her, his own body struggling

to cover her bare, beautiful chest, arms, and thigh-high stockinged-encased legs.

~~~~~

Even Liz couldn't hear her own screams inside the leather hood Thad had laced

her into. She lay on his bed—wearing only the frilly cheerleader miniskirt and

the severe pink high heels—in the dark, the only illumination coming from the

moonlight outside his window, but she didn't even see that.

She saw nothing: her eyes covered. She could say nothing, her mouth filled and her teeth pried open by a huge pear gag. But she could feel...oh, how she

could feel, as he tied her arms in the crook of her back, bound her ankles spread-eagled to the baseboard, elevated her hips on a stack of pillows, and carefully tied her nipples together, wedging her lovely buoyant breasts around

a vibrating, plastic, battery-operated dildo.

And she could hear him...distantly...as he kneeled between her legs, moving one implement after another onto the mattress. "Your sister had an amazing cunt... ." He brought up a long, thick bottle. "...it was warm and tight and wet...." A large yellow summer squash. "...she almost never used it, so it was

hungry...." A small lamp. "...once I got it started, it couldn't get enough...." A thick broom handle. "...she could, but it couldn't...." A bottle of rubbing oil. "...she just had to stand there and take it...." A jar of honey. "...you wouldn't believe what I could get up there...." He paused, staring at the young girl's blond thatch and the moistened pink within.

"Let's see if it runs in the family," he whispered, then set to work.

Liz's head went back and stayed there, an unending scream locked deep in her throat.

~~~~~

By the time the beautiful blond teen's scream became gasps, and then moans,

the moon was high in the sky, and a man and woman walked from the house's

front door to the middle of the street.

Correction: the man walked, holding the arm of the coated girl, who seemed to

lurch from step to step, as if exhausted or even hampered in her movements. Had anyone else on the street been awake, they would have seen the man suddenly stop dead center in the middle of the road, and pull the coat from the girl's shoulders.

Eve stood up straight, blinking. She wore only a bone-colored lace garter-belt, flesh colored stockings, fire-engine red high heels, and ropes. They went from knee to knee. They went from her hip bones deep into her auburn snatch. They went around her wrists and elbows. They weren't in her mouth, but

much of her dress was, held there by the lip pressing clear tape.

The night air brought her nipples to attention, as if her breasts were being inflated. They practically made a rubber sound as they became stiffly erect. Only then did Eve cringe, the abuse of the last day finally infiltrating her brain.

"Take a good look," the man said, motioning to the residential neighborhood.

"This is the last time it'll see you." Then he threw the coat around her, embraced her bending body, and dragged her to the porch of his home as she

struggled and tried to alert the street.

"I made a mistake last time," he grunted into her ear as he tugged her inexorably up the steps. "I challenged your friend, you see? I told her it was up to her to escape and up to me to stop her. Big mistake. I won't be making that mistake with you." She threw her head up, trying to dislodge the tape and

squeal as he got her to the porch itself and started to slide her twisting feet across the wooden floorboards.

"No," he seethed into her cool, smooth ear. "You're not going anywhere. Your

job isn't to escape...it's to be fucked...!" Eve groaned as he grabbed her tit through the coat and ground it like a safe's dial. "In my bed in the morning...sucking my cock under the breakfast table...on the dining room when

I come home for lunch...in the car at quitting time...just inside the door for dinner...."

He was at that door now, opening it with one hand, his fist at the base of her tit inside the coat with the other. "Then all night...every night...." He smiled wickedly at her while pushing opening the door. "You're my 'must-fuck

sweetie...!" Then he swept her into his arms and, as she kicked and writhed, carried her across the threshold.

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As the door across the street closed, Liz, sealed inside her own head, orgasmed for the second time. This time it was even more powerful. She undulated in place, her head slamming repeatedly to a pillow as her muscles jangled and the fireball in her cunt raged.

Thad took his hand out of her crotch and replaced it with the empty bottle, holding it in as he reached out to expertly massage her oil-soaked breast. Her

skin was even more white and her nipples glowing hot pink. Vaginal juice drooled down her thighs in a thick sheen as her feet twisted in the pink pumps.

"Thad...."

The teen looked up to see a shadow under the lip of his locked door.

"Go back to bed, Willy," he growled.

"Thad, I can't sleep...!"

Thad filled one hand with Liz's abused tit and used the other to slowly push the bottle in and out slightly. The girl jerked, then tensed—a low moan emanating from under her hood. "I don't give a shit," the older boy said.

"Just go back to your own fucking room or...!"

"Come on, Thad," the boy wailed plaintively. "Give me a piece. I know you got

a piece in there!"

Thad looked down at the glory of teenage perfection bound beneath him, then

started pinching her nipple. Her back arched, her fingers stretching in desperation. "Go sleep with your new 'mommy'...!" Thad jeered.

"That bastard across the street took her," Willy complained. "He said he'd kill me if I interrupted."

"And I'll kill you if you screw with me!" Thad interrupted. "Go the fuck to bed and jack off," he demanded, taking the bottle from Liz's cunt and carefully spreading her labia with both hands. "We'll take care of you in the morning," he said ominously...making the hair on the back of both Liz's and Willy's head stand on end.

Willy quickly retreated as the bound and gagged blond girl started toward her

third forced orgasm of the evening.

~~~~~

"William?"

Willy blinked, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"William," the sweet, slightly accented voice repeated. "You are William,
are
you not?"

It was ten o'clock in the morning and Wily had gone to answer the door. No
one else sure would have. Thad had already gone up to the attic and the
man
across the street had gone to work.

"And your brother Thaddeus is here too, I imagine," the officious but well-
tempered voice went on.

"Uh, yeah," Willy only managed to say, trying desperately to accept what
was
standing in the doorway of his house.

"Well, I appreciate you admitting it, at any rate," said the voice. "My name
is Cyn Chee. I am your school system's new truant officer."

The odds that their school would have a truant officer were large to start
with, but what were the odds that truant officer would be fresh out of
school,

Asian, excruciatingly pretty, and literally no taller than Willy?

He stared directly into her almond-shaped, deep brown eyes. He marveled
at

her mane of luxuriant black hair and how it framed her stunningly sweet
face.

He watched her thick, rich, brown lips move as she spoke, them crinkling
and

undulating as if already flattened by clear tape.

And he marveled at her nice outfit: blue-miniskirted suit and a white,
silken, u-necked shirt, buttoned up the back, and sheer enough for him to
make

out her plain white bra...containing swell mounds which were far from
Asian in

size. Certainly not Karyn-sized, or even Lizzed, but wonderfully jello-molded nonetheless.

On her dainty, tiny feet were blue pumps, but she obviously wanted some height since the heels had to be at least three and a half inches. Even so, she couldn't be more than 5'1" of slim, shapely femininity.

"William?" she said, interrupting his thoughts.

"Yeah?" he said with a start. "Uh, what?"

Her expression, which was slightly severe, softened somewhat. "I know your

situation, William. I can't tell you how sorry I am about your parents. But that's no excuse for skipping school. I imagine your guardian is already off at work...."

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He was, indeed, and Eve was in the cellar across the street. She wore a skintight, v-necked, polyurethane yellow micro-minidress and matching ankle-

strap five-inch high heels. She sat on the floor on one nice firm rump cheek only. Her arms were wrenched behind her, almost perpendicular to her aching

shoulders. Her wrists were shackled to one pipe along the wall and her elbows

were shackled to an upright a foot behind her.

One ankle was shackled to another upright a few feet in front of her, while her other ankle was shackled to the basement wall a foot and a half off the dirt floor. She groaned into the strapped-in, huge prod gag attached to her lower head with a tiny combination lock. Of course, wedged and strapped into

her vagina was a thick, rippled, rutted, pronged, nine-inch, battery-run dildo.

~~~~~

"...but is your older brother home?"

Willy found himself almost falling into the young woman's eyes. Her face was

so pretty he couldn't look at her without a buzz starting in his brain...and between his legs.... "Uh, yeah, I guess...."

"Could I speak with him?" Cyn chirped. "Could you go get him?"

Willy looked doubtfully up the stairs, just imagining what Thad was doing.

"Uh...he won't listen to me" Willy said honestly. "You'd better do it."

Cyn Chee looked upon her new charge with sympathy, only comprehending Willy's

doubt and fear, but having absolutely no idea the horrible context. "All right, William," she said. "But you come with me, all right?"

She put her tiny, red-painted-fingernailed, hand on his shoulder. She actually touched him. Willy quivered, and again, Cyn misunderstood it. "Don't

worry," she said kindly. "It'll be all right."

"Uh...right up here," Willy said, closing the door behind the tiny, shapely Asian and starting up the stairs.

It was as easy as that. Willy marveled at the young woman who walked two steps ahead of him, her small, round, tight rump moving with every stair, her

lovely legs stretching beneath the miniskirt which ended two and a half inches

above her knees.

She started down the upstairs hall but Willy motioned toward a door at the other end. "Uh...he's working up the attic."

"Oh," Cyn said. "All right. Lead on," she continued with a reassuring smile. Willy shook his head in amazement, then opened the attic door. "Ladies first," he said with no small irony.

"Oh," Cyn said with the pleasure of an assured older girl approving of a young man's manners. "A gentleman. How nice. Thank you," she told him, nodding

into his eyes as she took her first step up into the attic.

Willy closed the door behind him and followed. "Thad," he said loudly and quickly, "me and the school truant officer are coming up, okay? Her name's Cyn

Chee. She's a really cute chink!"

The Asian girl whirled around, her almond eyes wide and disapproving.

"William!" she cried. "That's terrible! Never use language like that!"

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," the preteen said quickly, but was unable to swallow a grinning leer, because his racial slur had the effect he wanted. Cyn Chee was

looking down at him as she took her first step into the attic proper.

So she got the full treatment when she turned around.

Cyn Chee's mouth dropped open, her full, thick, rich lips quivering. Her eyes

got so big they almost became round. She couldn't breathe.

Standing before her was a teenage boy wearing just a t-shirt. His penis was erect and at least ten inches long. And hanging beside him from a crossbeam by

just her distended breasts was a bound and gagged teenage girl.

Her eyes were not quite closed, their purple-green orbs sparkling inside pain-wracked lids. Tears streamed down into the impossibly tight cloth encircling her lower face. Her elbows were cinched with black straps, as were

her wrists, her fingers clawing above her naked rear.

Around her narrow waist was a white lace, lace-up waist cinch. Her only other

clothing were the severe, lace up, white ankle boots—the very toes of which

desperately tried to keep balance on two up-ended bricks.

The teenage boy's hand was completely submerged in the girl's snatch as she

tried to keep her nipples from being torn off by the wire which stretched from

the base of one, over the crossbeam, to the base of the other.

Cyn Chee's chest swelled. Her back straightened. She gathered the air for an incredible scream. And then Willy hit her in the solar plexus.

Cyn Chee doubled over, the air erupting from her mouth in a dreadful wheeze.

Black dots danced before her eyes, sweat suddenly erupting from her brow. She

gasped for air and almost got some, but then the hands were there.

Her arms were wrenched back in a full nelson. A sodden cloth was slammed

across her mouth and small nose. And then, suddenly, she was off the floor, her legs kicking weakly and a hand grabbing at her bra through her silken, off-white shirt....

Girl Next Door Chapter 4 Part 2 by Geoffrey Merrick

The cloth was being shoved deep into her mouth. Something cold and hard was

snapped around one wrist, then her arms were wrenched behind her, and something cold and hard was snapped around her other wrist. Then, suddenly,

there was no one behind her and she was falling backwards.

Cyn Chee landed on a thin, dusty mattress on the attic floor as handcuffing Thad danced away, but his brother falling with her, landing on top. And then

her vision was filled with him as something thick and sticky was pushed against her lips and lower face...

Cyn Chee stared up at the ceiling, finally realizing that they had handcuffed and gagged her with a rag and clear tape. That she was trapped inside their attic with a twelve year old boy tearing at her shirt.

Only then did she start to fight.

Thad smiled, almost laughing, his hand resting lightly on Liz's bare hip, as he watched the evenly matched people on the mattress. This chink bitch may

have been older—25 years old, he guessed—but she was small. Tiny, sure, but

shapely. Sleek, but with nice round tits—like half moon jello molds high on her chest. He watched her legs scissor desperately, trying to get out from beneath Willy, and admired those limbs as well.

Finally, he had to admit his younger brother had come a long way. He had one

fist in her hair and the other had all but shredded her shirt from beneath her jacket. Her bra was plain, almost plastic-looking, but v-shaped, so almost half her round breasts were already showing.

Then the bra was wrenched off and the round light brown aureoles and button

nipples were there for all to see...even Liz. But the blond had other concerns—like recreating her sister's penultimate plight, her tender yet strong young breasts challenged to their utmost.

Thad laughingly gathered up her thighs in his arms and swept her booted feet

off the bricks. Before she knew it, he had plunged his flesh log all the way into her and started fucking her as she hung from her breasts and his hands. Lightning filled her head and she started shrieking from behind the mouth-filling, lip-sealing gag.

Willy stapled Cyn's neck to the mattress with one hand, then speared his other under her skirt. The Asian girl sucked in her breath through her nose, then started sobbing as Willy's head fell upon her chest and his mouth started

sucking on her nice round left breast.

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The man came home for lunch, unlocking Eve from her cellar prison. He dragged

her up, recuffing her wrists and unstrapping the dildo. He didn't pull it out, though, choosing to let it drool out from between her exhausted legs and just

underneath her skirt as he pulled her toward the stairs.

Eve's head fell back and she mewed piteously. He had raped her on her back on

the floor in front of the television set the previous night, the coat her only protection from the cold, hard wood. Then she had been dragged upstairs to the

shower where she was stripped and raped again, standing as the water coursed

over her and he lathered every inch—sometimes with his cock still inside her—the soap even slipping under her wrist bonds.

Finally she was dragged to the bed and quickly regagged, since the shower water had loosened the tape. He yanked the black dress scraps from her aching

lips, and this time a thick, pulpy material was tied deep in her mouth and between her teeth. It gave her something to bite on as she was dressed in a blue, laced-up, boned, poly, nylon, and spandex underwired basque, complete

with garters and sheer stockings...but minus the g-string, naturally. The final touch were the five-inch shoes—and the ropes and tape, of course. He sat her on his hard-on as he lay beneath her, holding her hips with consummate pleasure, looking up at her sex-sodden glory.

Now she stood in the cellar doorway, legs planted to stay upright as he came

up into her from behind, his body surging between her cuffed arms behind her

as he ground her breasts in his hands. "So," he grunted, "did any little bastard visit you while I was gone?" He tore at one tit when she didn't answer. "Well?!"

"Unh, ungh...!" she cried, shaking her head wildly.

"No, huh?" he continued as if he never stopped. "Hmmp," he said, sticking his erection up her ass repeatedly. "I wonder what the boys are doing for fun...?"

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They were doing homework. Much to the man's amazement, they were sitting

around the kitchen table, doing their math, English, and science assignments.

"You're kidding!" he exclaimed.

"Hey, cocksucker," Thad said mildly, not even looking up from the books.

"I'm

going to be 18 soon. I gotta be ready, don't I?"

"That's cocksuckee," the man corrected, thinking about how he left Eve.

She

was hung up in the living room closet the same way Karyn had been when the

delivery man had arrived with the first of her many mail-ordered outfits.

Eve's ankles were crossed, white hyper high heels on her feet, and strapped to the crossbar six feet off the floor. She was dressed in a bone-colored lace panty and white thigh-high stockings. Her wrists were tied behind her and tied, in turn, to her waist. Her nipples were also tied and the other end of the string was tacked to the floor, pulling her tits down and almost over her gagged lips (mouth filled with leather bean bag, lips taped, spandex cloth tightly tied over her nose and lower face).

And, of course, the thick rubber strap was around her neck and under her chin, also nailed to the closet floor. Thinking about it, the man knew he had to get back to his own place before the blood rushing to her head made her lose consciousness...and ultimately killed the sweet young thing.

No, he didn't want that...he wasn't done with her yet....

"So," he said awkwardly, "anything I can do for you kids?"

"Don't worry about it," said Thad, still not looking up.

"We can take care of ourselves," said Willy, unable to avoid glancing at the cellar door. Thad kicked him under the table.

"Oh yeah?" the man suddenly said. "Hey, look, kids, the nights are getting a little colder. I better check the furnace to make sure you got enough oil. All right?"

"Sure," Thad said, a trifle too coolly. "Go ahead."

The man immediately headed for the basement. As soon as he was gone, Willy

immediately got up and checked in the pantry.

Cyn Chee was where he left her, of course, lying half on her back and half on

her side. Her head was nearly entirely covered in duct tape: only the very bottom of her button nose was free of the sticky, sealing stuff. Her suit jacket was still on, as was her bra, but her shirt was gone. Her skirt had been shortened by several more inches, and her shoes were still on, but her pantyhose and panties were in her mouth. Still, that was not the worst of it. Her elbows and wrists were tied tightly side-by-side, but even that was not the worst of it. The worst of it was that her ankles were tied to the bottom of a "T" shaped broom, the handle of which went between her legs to lodge seven inches up her cunt.

They had raped her, of course. Once Willy had torn a hole in her pantyhose and pulled her panties off, he had struggled to get inside her feverishly struggling form, then repeatedly slapped her until she collapsed enough for him to bind her ankles wide up to the crossbeams. Then, her legs and rump off

the padded attic floor, he lay between her weakly pulling limbs and forced his

hard-on into her tight, tight swash with its surrounding slim triangle of sleek black beaver.

To his delight and amazement, she was incredibly deep, warm, and wet...and

she seemed to know it too. Cyn cried, shrieked, and struggled, twisting back and forth as Willy surged in and out. He rapidly ejaculated while slobbering and mauling her pert breasts. Finally he collapsed atop her sobbing form.

Then Thad was there, his hand on his younger brother's shoulder, pulling him

up. Willy glanced quickly over at Liz. She was hanging upside down from the

crossbeam, her ankle bootied feet tied wide to the log. Her wrists were tied but her arms were otherwise free, for all the good it did her. The nipple wire was now tied together, and in her mouth was a wide ring gag.

"Go clean yourself off," advised Thad. "I'll take it from here."

Eyes glittering, Willy quickly hopped up and brought his dripping cock toward

the horrified blond girl. Thad, meanwhile, smiled beneficently down at the tiny Asian. "You are one cute chink all right," he muttered, stroking her slim, shapely, smooth leg. Her skin was like nothing he had ever felt before—like warm butter instead of sleek ivory. Cyn mewled and Thad started to

retie her.

The preteen's cock slipped perfectly into Liz's pried-open mouth. He was small enough and the ring forcing open her teeth was big enough to create a perfect fit. She gargled, gurgled, complained, and drooled, but Willy merely held the back of her neck and forced her on his sodden member again and again.

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She swung in place, her arms twisting.

"Be sure to gag her again when you're done," Thad called over. "The prod is on the floor near your right foot." Sure enough, a wicked black penis prod gag

was lying there, ready to be tightened behind her head. Willy nodded and enjoyed Liz's horrible predicament and luscious body, glancing back long enough to see that his older brother had shortened the truant officer's skirt with his knife to micromini length, and tied her ankles to her thighs. Her jacket was off and her handcuffs had been moored with a strap around her waist. He had pulled off her torn pantyhose and tied it around her tape gag, then sat her on his hard-on as he lay on the padded floor.

Her bra was still on, but her tits were popped outside it. His hands were filled with the fleshy domes even now as he bounced her squealing, shaking form up and down on his huge, knobby, erection. "Hey," he laughed, "she's light as a sex doll! I don't even have to lift her."

"Sweet cunt, huh?" Willy grunted, savoring the sensations Liz's mouth and throat was giving his shank as he fondled her big, buoyant American breasts.

"Sweet is not the word!" Thad enthused. "Honey, man. Warm honey!" Then he

grabbed Cyn's hips and jerked her more violently. The Asian girl threw her head back and screamed—to no avail. Thad surged up into her and shot his load;

stimulated to new volumes of cum.

Cyn thudded backward to the floor as Willy filled his hands with Liz's hair, pushed his rod all the way in her face and spurted again himself. Both girls wailed and shuddered, cringing, as the family semen invaded them.

~~~~~

The man found nothing in the cellar that hadn't been there the day before. Disappointed, he headed back upstairs to find the boys where he had left them.

"Well, I better get going," he said curtly, then added, "You know how your new

mom gets when she's left alone too long."

"Yeah," Willy said dryly. "Say hello to her for me, will ya?"

The man opened his mouth, as if to extend an invitation, then thought better of it. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, sure." Then he was gone.

As soon as Thad was sure the man was back in his own house, he went to the

living room while Willy scurried to the pantry. He removed the lumpy cushions

from the ancient sofa, then mightily pulled open the convertible bed.

Liz was where he had left her, her mouth sealed around a huge ball with swath

after swath of tape, her body tightly straightjacketed in skintight rubber, and her legs encased in a single-sleeve rubber stocking. The space between her

belly button and thighs was bare, naturally, and, of course, a huge dildo was wedged in her blond beaver.

She blinked as Willy kneeled over the oblivious Asian girl and carefully gripped her bra edge between thumb and forefinger. He daintily peeled it from

her orb to reveal the wet square of tape holding the sandpaper across her nipple. Cyn Chee mewed and stretched again, her fingers spasming, as she tried

to relieve the ghastly sensations.

The two brothers looked over their shoulders at each other...and smiled in triumph.

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The boys watched the man across the street go back to work. Eve was back in

the cellar, now dressed in a plum-colored demi-cup bra which revealed her aureoles and nipples, and a matching, crotchless, embroidered mesh panty. Her

arms were cuffed again, as were her legs, but a new wrinkle had been added:

nipple and labia lip clamps affixed to the ceiling and support beams.

He had fucked her again when initially returning from the boys' house—
untying

her from the closet bar, and lying her comatose form on the couch. Then it was

feeding, cleaning, and emptying time before down she went again.

Meanwhile, the other girls were facing each other in the cellar work room across the road, tied nipple to nipple—a strict distance of a twelve inches severely maintained by the boys directly behind them. They were naked save for

four inch red high heels, their ankles shackled to spreader bars which kept their legs wide.

Their wrists were crossed and tied behind them. They stared at each other with huge eyes—confounded how the plaster tape completely sealed pin-cushions

in their mouths and locked their lower faces—trying to share the horror of their new situation.

For the boys were slowly pushing dildos into each girl's cunt at the speed they wanted the girls to masturbate their own cocks, which they had plopped

into the girls' imprisoned hands. With each push, the girls had to stroke the fetid penises at the same time and in the same way.

Either that, or the boy opposite them would stick a pin into the other girl's breast, making her jerk and pull at both women's nipples....

Liz had three pins in her tits: one in the left, and two in the right. Cyn Chee had only two—one in each. They stood there, both the perfect height for their abusers behind them, stroking, stroking, stroking, stroking....

"They'll come looking for her, you know," Thad said quietly.

"What d'ya mean?" Willy started, jerking the dildo deeper into Cyn's snatch. She, in turn, jerked his penis. Willy flared, but Thad just laughed.

"You got what you asked for," the older boy reminded him, then got serious as he luxuriatingly pushed his dildo deeper into Liz, carefully watching her eyes rise, her head go back, and her eyelids flutter. "The school knows they sent her here," he continued, referring to the tiny, lovely Asian. "They'll wonder why she didn't come back."

Willy looked confused and Cyn looked even a little hopeful, but then Thad plunked another pin into the top of her right boob. She shuddered, gasping, unavoidably yanking Liz's tits down. The blond squealed, and the Asian looked up at Thad with undisguised hate.

"That's just to remind you that they aren't looking yet," he told her flatly, his voice full of what could happen between now and then.

Cyn Chee's gaze wavered and her expression broke. She looked down in despair and stroked Willy's cock like it was the most beautiful thing she had ever felt.

Liz started to silently cry anew.

When the time came, they lifted the girls' hands by their bound wrists and rammed their pulsating cocks all the way up their asses. Then, gripping their

pin-laden tits and holding the dildos all the way up inside them, the boys coated the girls' anuses with cum.

The conversation only continued after Thad finished preparing his next work

of bondage art.

Now the girls were seated on heavy wooden chairs back to back, their hair tied to each other's scalp. What hair was left was tied down to their own nipples with wire, which pulled their heads forward while keeping their breasts up.

Under their teeth was a big ring gag, making their mouths big round "O's." Their legs, still with high heels on their feet, were bound wide and back to the chair's mid-leg height on either side, so their labias were spread wide. Their arms were tied by elbow and wrist to the chair arms, because Thad liked

seeing them try to stop the inevitable with their splayed, stretching fingers. It was target practice time.

"So what should we do?" asked Willy, standing in front of Cyn Chee, masturbating at her face furiously.

For a moment Thad was lost in a reverie as he rubbed his own cock inches from

Liz's desperate, terrified face.

He imagined the cops at the door, asking about the missing Asian while Cyn

Chee was just out of sight...maybe behind the living room wall or in the hall closet...viciously bound and brutally gagged, the remnants of some outfit in torn tatters, her nipples clamped and her cunt plugged with some whopping, gyrating dildo. He imagined her coming, screaming desperately, knowing that as

soon as the door was closed the two boys would come for her...and do more

unspeakably perverted things.

He imagined Liz savagely bound under the porch as the cops walked overhead,

even trodding on the nearly invisible wire which went between the porch slats

and tautly down to her nipple clamps and distended tits. He imagined the innocent blond trying to scream to them, but choking on the cum-filled wiffleball tied in her mouth with a thick muffler.

He imagined her watching with huge, tear-filled, purple green eyes as they got in their patrol car and left...Liz knowing that they had no idea she was even there—and that, as soon as the vehicle was out of sight, she would be violently raped in the dirt, just a stair's length away from the world.

Girl Next Door Chapter 4 Part 3 by Geoffrey Merrick

Then he came out of his reverie as his cock cannoned a stream of cum, slapping into one of Liz's eyes, across the bridge of her nose, and into her pried-open mouth.

The blond squealed, wrenching Cyn Chee's head as she shook her own, then stiffened as the Asian cried out. Liz blinked furiously, the jism-foam drooling over her eyelashes.

Thad laughed. "You almost there, squirt?" he asked his brother.

"Ready...aim...", the preteen replied, rubbing his prick furiously. Then he lurched toward Cyn and practically rammed his cock into her mouth. She was

forced to keep her stunned face totally still, even as the fetid semen spilled down her throat. She coughed and choked, her limbs twisting, but fought the

overwhelming urge to jerk down.

Willy grabbed her head and sneered down at her. "That was great," he gasped.

"Great!"

"Okay, okay," Thad said pleasantly, already beginning to stroke his log again. "We got the mouth. Go for the cunt this time...and no cheating!"

Even as Thad worked up yet another load, he knew his fantasies were not to be. As tempting as it was to face the authorities with the objects of their search just mere yards away, he knew that one unforeseen occurrence and the

girls would be found. And then it would be Thad who got fucked.

Still, he imagined holding Cyn Chee's head up by her hair, her mouth filled with pulp and her lips sealed with plaster, in front of the upstairs

window—one arm twisted all the way up her back, and her other tiny fist tied

all the way in her deep honeyed cunt—forcing her to watch as the school authorities drove away...never knowing there was a tiny, naked, terrified young Asian woman just above their field of vision....

He exploded again, groaning, thick, gooey semen spraying Liz's shaking tits and dropping down onto her dewy thatch of blond beaver. Willy looked up in

surprise, rushing to catch up. Sighing, Thad simply leaned down, his hands on

the chair back on either side of Liz's head, his dripping cock crown resting on her bottom lip and ring gag.

"Lick it off, bitch," he instructed wearily. "Carefully." Then, to his brother, he said, "Get it on, then get her a t-shirt. We've got some traveling to do...."

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The man across the street looked up in surprise as he heard Thad's car drive by. He was so intent on fucking Eve, having just come home early from work,

that he hadn't noticed the boys carrying two duffel bags from the side door, bundling into their auto, and driving away.

He looked down at the ravaged, auburn-haired, southern beauty beneath him.

She stared up dully, her golden-olive eyes overcast, the lower half of her face obscured by a thickly layered panel of red duct tape. On her torso was a

shape-molding fire-engine red polyurethane tank-top, on her legs were red thigh-highs, and on her feet four-inch red high heels. Her wrists were bound

behind her with red tape as well. Her legs were otherwise unencumbered, however, since he was taking advantage of their dead weight status. After all,

they had been shackled downstairs for about four hours.

"I wonder where they're going?" he mused, his cock all the way up in Eve's cunt. Then he shrugged and leaned back down to bite at a quivering breast. After all, he had no idea that the boys were each screwing their own captive.

In fact, he didn't even know that at that moment, Willy was emptying an incredibly cute Asian from his duffel bag onto the back seat.

She wore only her own blue heels and one of Willy's polyester t-shirts: so tight it molded her terrific body perfectly, and just long enough to qualify for micromini status. Thad had taped her mouth shut around her own underwear

with a roll of blue duct tape. Her wrists and elbows were lashed behind her with rubber-coated wire, and her ankles were tied deeply to her thighs, so she

lay in a curved heap on the back seat.

In fact, with her arms beneath her and her legs tied that way, her cunt and chest were thrust up at the preteen as she wiggled and wailed. With a wicked

grin, Willy grabbed a tit through the sheer t-shirt fabric and covered her with himself.

"Get a total fuck," Thad suggested, driving carefully. "You won't get another

where she's going...!"

Cyn Chee stared up at the back of Thad's head in total terror as his younger brother drove his already erect cock as far as it would go in her dark warm honey cave. She threw back her head and started screaming for help at the

sky—a silenced scream that didn't stop for the hour that it took them to drive

to the little brown-orange house near the water.

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"Hello, gentlemen," said the burly, bearded proprietor, who was in the front doorway even before they reached the front steps. "Drive around back, please."

Once they were safe in the large garage attached to the house, Thad opened the back door, freed Cyn Chee's legs, and dragged her out to her feet. She stood there in the bright light, her t-shirt mauled but not entirely torn off, blinking.

"You thought they were going to...do something else, didn't you?" said the bearded man kindly to her. She cringed away from him, then started to cry like a little girl.

The bearded man looked from her to the boys—Thad holding Cyn's arm tightly,

and Willy remembering how the bound, statuesque Karyn had been forced to bend

over and suck his dick here—her mammoth mounds hanging down—before her lips

were sealed on his cum and she was dragged away, struggling to the very end.

"Very nice," the bearded man summarized, looking at Cyn. "An extraordinary

face. Small, tight, but a well-developed body. Like many of her breed, I'd imagine she has incredible skin and a seemingly bottomless vagina."

"Yeah, okay, okay," said Thad, suddenly irritated by the clinical talk. "You gonna take her?"

The bearded man frowned. "Sheiks have little interest in Orientals," he mused. "And not much call for a Chinese in China. Not of her caliber, at any rate. She would be wasted in the hills replacing the female babies the villagers drowned."

Cyn Chee started to cry harder, all her defenses literally and figuratively stripped away. She already knew that now there was no chance of escape. "Shut up!" Thad ground out at her, grabbing her hair and pulling. "You gonna

take her or not?" he demanded as she cringed, whimpering. Willy stared from

one man to the other, finding himself breathless.

The bearded man considered carefully. "Tell you what," he finally said. "You

sell Elizabeth to me now as well and I will give you a million."

Thad started. "W-what?"

The bearded man chuckled soundlessly. "I know you don't want to give her up

yet, but think. You're not a stupid fellow, Thaddeus. The authorities will certainly look for Ms. Chee and any explanation that she never showed up might

lead to...shall we say, deep skepticism. Then...if a search warrant arrives...and they even find a single blond hair...!"

"But...but...how did you know?" Willy marveled in spite of himself.

"We're not foolish, William," the bearded man replied. "We do this for a living. And when we heard that the younger sister of a certain young lady disappeared from cheerleading practice, what were we to think?"

"The cops in our town ain't that smart!" Thad interrupted with a leer.

"They don't have to be," the bearded man said casually. "You watch TV, don't

you? Homicide? Law and Order? Amazing things they can do nowadays with a lab

set...."

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"It's not going to happen," Thad interjected, but then thought about it. "I can always come back with her...."

The bearded man shook his head sadly. "You're here now because you know the

odds, Thaddeus. You bring Elizabeth back home with you and what happens to the

odds then?" He paused meaningfully. "Especially when your legal guardian is...entertaining...one of that aforementioned certain young lady's business associates?"

Willy's mouth dropped open.

"Contrary to popular belief," the bearded man said, "truly beautiful girls don't disappear in this area every day...even in a fifty mile radius...even in your family. So when one does, we take notice."

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There was a knock on the man's door. He pushed himself off the couch in shock.

Eve, too, reacted as if he had hit her with a cattle prod. Her head went all the way back to look at the front door upside down.

"Sir?" came a strong, level voice. "It's the town police. Open up, please."

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Thad pushed Cyn Chee toward Willy, who grabbed her around the waist.

Incredibly, she didn't even fight. She just stood there, her head down. Then

the older boy went to the trunk and unlocked it. Inside was the other duffel bag. He pulled it out, laid it carefully on the garage floor, untied the top, and pulled it off,

Liz lay there, ankles tied to thighs, wrists tied to ankles, hair tied to elbows, elbows cinched, head sealed in the lace-up leather helmet. A thick strap was buckled around her 22" waist, holding another strap that went between the diamond of her thighs to hold in a cunt and ass plug. Just to complete the package, another strap was tightened directly in the middle of her voluminous breasts.

The bearded man smiled without mirth. He looked up at an angry Thad. "We can

give her a send-off like her sister's, remember," he reminded the teen.

~~~~~

The boys were gone when the police car pulled in. This time the gray-haired

man came out to greet the visitor. The bearded man, it seemed, was busy "processing."

"Good evening, officer," the greyhaired man said affably.

"Evening, sir," said the cop. "Got one for you."

The greyhaired man smiled. "I was hoping you'd say that. Let's see what you've got."

The cop opened the rear door of his patrol car, reached in, and pulled Eve out by her naked arm. She had to struggle to get an instep-strapped five-inch

high heel (with another strap that wound almost all the way up her calf) solidly on the cement floor. Then she was standing beside the car, wearing a daring, deep-V-necked, front and back lace-up, eyeletted, nylon/spandex micromini halter dress with a contoured body which adhered to every pore.

Her wrists were shackled behind her, with handcuffs that usually only felons

wore when sent to prison. That allusion, however, was fitting in this garage. And tied in her mouth diagonally, was a short nightstick.

Eve drooled and moaned and sobbed, her freedom nightmarishly cut short even

after she was "rescued."

"She was there, like you said," the cop told the greyhaired man, looking at her proudly. "Good timing, too. The town authorities were getting close. If they hadn't found the boys at home, they would have taken their guardian by

surprise, just like me."

"And he...?" the greyhaired man asked carefully.

"Gone," was all the cop said. Eve sucked in her breath, her breasts threatening to pop out of the v-neck or spill out the eyelets lining the bodice.

"And her?" the greyhaired man inquired, nodding at Eve.

"Pulled into the station garage. Told her I knew she was in shock. I was just going to sit by and ask her one or two questions. She was so relieved and exhausted she just nodded." Eve started to cry in earnest, her head going back

in agony. The sadistic cop grinned at the greyhaired man. "But you should have

seen her face when I put the baton between her teeth!"

Greyhair could just imagine it. The cop parking where he always did—far in

the back of the huge garage, among the broken-down vehicles waiting for repair, the space blocked from headquarter view by a cement wall. Expertly



wedging the police stick between Eve's teeth, and nimbly roping it there while

she surged and struggled—the car's heavy duty shocks and rear containment area

easily swallowing up anything she could do.

Then, when her hands finally started to claw back at the cop, he neatly plucked her wrists out of mid-air and cuffed them behind her. Greyhaired could imagine Eve's astonished, horrified expression as he got back in the front seat, started the car, and her nightmare continued—driven out with the entire police headquarters filling her vision....

"Well," said Greyhair. "She will do...quite nicely."

"Great," said the cop, filling his eyes with this sultrily beautiful, yet somehow still sweetly innocent and totally sexy prize. He looked back at Greyhair. "Uh...can I say goodbye?"

"Why not?" Greyhair shrugged casually. "You wouldn't be the first tonight."

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Thad had fucked Liz from behind as she was forced to suck Willy's dick while

standing. A spreader bar anchored her high-heeled feet, while her wrists were

tied tightly to the small of her back. She gasped, choked, and even shrieked, but the garage's soundproofing took care of it.

Meanwhile Cyn Chee had been laid on a special table, her head hanging over

one edge and her hips hanging over the other. Her wrists were shackled to an

eyelet at the base of the table legs beneath her shoulders, and her ankles to the table leg eyelets under her hips. Locking her in place was a swung up,

penis-shaped gag and dildo which stapled her mouth and cunt to the structure.

She lay there, stimulant drooling down her throat and up her vagina as Thad and Willy finished.

The bearded man came forward at just the right moment and sealed Liz's working, groaning mouth around Willy's cum with his clamping hand. Then, with

the other, he covered her Thad-dripping cunt, and lifted her by that into the shadows.

The boys watched in appreciation and amazement as the blond girl disappeared

into the maw that had taken her sister. Then, suddenly uncomfortable, they looked confusedly around until their eyes rested on the struggling, gurgling Asian.

"Would you like to say goodbye to her as well?" said another voice. They looked up to see the greyhaired man.

Soon Thad was moving Cyn Chee up and down on his hard-on as he stood. Her

feet were inches off the ground and she leaned back onto Willy, who had clamped her mouth shut with his right hand while trying to tear off her tits with his left.

Eventually Thad shot his load and Cyn Chee was kneeled, arms tied behind her,

on the floor, where Thad lay beneath her head, his cunt-juiced cock in her mouth—as Willy kneeled over her wonderful ass and ejaculated from the rear.

"Okay!" Thad announced, the remainder of his milky emission pumping up into

the Asian's throat. Greyhair quickly yanked her head up by her hair and

clamped her mouth shut without losing a drop or allowing her to make a understandable sound. Then, wrapping his arm around her tiny waist, he hoisted

her up like a child and walked back into the shadows.

Only then did the bearded man come back with the money and wish the two boys

farewell.

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The cop had Eve in a chokehold, bent over the trunk of his patrol car. Her arms were handcuffed behind him, so he was effectively embraced, and his zipper was open, his cock under her dress, deep into her cunt from behind.

"You have the right to remain silent," he said, thrusting with his hips as her lovely mouth, newly lipsticked in sultry scarlet, worked, gasping.

"If you give up that right..." Thrust. "...anything you say can be used against you..." Thrust. "...in a court of law." Thrust. "You have the right..." Thrust. "To an attorney." Thrust. "If you give up that right..." Thrust. "...one will be appointed to you." Thrust.

He timed his surges perfectly, letting up on the choke-hold just enough to let her get air in, but unable to get a scream out. While he spoke, she choked. When he thrust, she gasped.

Finally: "Do you understand these rights?" Thrust, lock, pinion. Come.

"Oh god! Oh god!" Eve managed to gasp as his ejaculation erupted through her.

The cop tightened the choke-hold and shook her head. "Do you understand?!?"

Eve coughed and hacked, her breasts rubbed raw by the side of the car as her

dress was pulled this way and that. "Yes!" she choked. "Yes, please, I...!"

But then his nightstick was pulled away and his hand clamped across her lips,  
his fingertips deep in her cheek. "Good," he seethed in her ear. "That's good. Now you must fully comprehend the long arm of the law...!"  
Handcuffed in that way, Eve could only stand there, sandwiched between him  
and the back door of the patrol car, as she felt something horrid beneath her skirt. It wasn't a zapper this time.

It was the nightstick.

Even Greyhair could make out the word "NO!" from the other side of the cop's  
powerful hand as the baton was pushed deeper and deeper into Eve's  
vagina.

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Her

head was pressed back firmly on his shoulder, her eyes and expression  
totally

tormented as it seemed his fingers would sink into her jawbone itself.

And finally, the perpendicular handle was between her thighs. Then he  
dropped

out from beneath her wrapping arms, but his gun was out, pressed to the  
back

of her head. "Keep it in!" he warned. "Keep it all the way in, or...!" He  
didn't have to say it. Instead, he put his other hand on her shoulder. "Now,  
silently, quietly, walk over there....Careful!" He pressed the gun barrel  
harder to the nape of her neck. "Don't let it fall out. Don't say a word.  
Walk!" He pointed to the grey haired man. "Over to him. You hear me?  
Walk...."

Eve walked. Daintily...carefully...tears streaming out of her eyes, her mouth  
opening and closing. Finally she was there and Greyhair spun her around,

clapping his own hand over her mouth just before her body was wracked with sobs.

The cop holstered his weapon, then quickly and neatly pulled his nightstick from her crotch. As she cried hysterically, he licked one side of it. "Sweet," he said, reaching out to give her exposed breast a fondle. Only then did Greyhair drag her back into the shadows.

The cop smiled after her, savoring the memory. Then he finished licking off the nightstick. Soon the bearded man emerged with his money. The cop then

left, and the garage was finally empty. The brown-orange house was quiet...except for nine whispered words....

"Now what are we going to do with you...?"

## **THE GIRL NEXT DOOR: ARABIAN NIGHTMARES**

Karyn's eyes snapped open when her manacles did.

She could scarcely believe it. Even though she struggled as she had when strapped and tit-clamped around support beams in the Connecticut cellar all those months ago, she never thought it would happen here. Not here, not laying on her side on a cot in a cell; not in the middle east—where white slavery was the rule, not the exception.

Yet she could feel it as surely as she felt the warm air coursing over her naked chest and loins. For the first time since she had been kidnapped outside a suburban American library by a stalking rapist, her hands were free. She brought them forward to look at them wondrously in the cell

gloom. She hadn't seen them for so long she had practically forgotten what they looked like.

They were elegant, with long fingers, and perfectly manicured fingernails, painted blood red. And around only one wrist was the finely inlaid but incredibly strong shackles; which could have been easily mistaken for a pair of expensive gold and silver bracelets—save that these were joined and locked a woman's wrists behind her back.

Over the days and weeks, they had gauged Karyn's wrist size and had made these especially for her. Even so, Karyn had spent every waking moment trying to force them open, just as she had managed to wear away the leather of the straps which held her in bondage in that dirty basement.

And now, finally, the spring had snapped, and Karyn's hands were free. She used them immediately to grip the base of the obstruction in her mouth. She grabbed the pole that attached it to the cot's metal headboard, then slowly, carefully, began to lean her head back while pulling in the opposite direction.

The thick, penis-shaped gag began to emerge from her mouth like a large turd. Two inches of it, then three, then finally five full inches of it flopped to the pillow beside her aching, smudge-proof lipsticked lips and working jaw, like a petrified snake.

Through training and ancient elixirs, they had conditioned her throat and suppressed her gag reflex, so there were now incredible things she could fit in her mouth. But it was those very things she couldn't bear to think about now.

She wasn't finished yet. Reaching up to the bars of the cot above her head, she gripped them tightly, then very slowly, agonizingly, began to pull herself off the dildo attached to the pole which was anchored to the cot's baseboard.

Six inches, then eight, nine, and finally ten inches of pulsating cock-meat emerged from her vagina and thudded to the padding as Karyn held onto the headboard, her head resting on its top, gasping for breath as if she had almost drowned.

She felt herself began to shake, but fought the instinct. She was not the girl she had been months ago, unclamped from the basement. Then she had

been nearly hysterical. Now she was momentarily weak, even giddy, but deliberate and careful.

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She slowly brought her legs over the side of the "bed." They hadn't bothered to manacle her ankles for weeks now, no doubt figuring that with almost six inches of headboard cock down her throat and almost a foot of baseboard cock up her cunt, there was little her legs could do but make matters worse.

They had put the lace-up, thigh-high, black leather, five-inch high heel boots on her. She felt dizzy for a moment, unsure as to whether it was her freedom or the stunningly tight and hourglass-shaped black satin merry widow corset strapped onto her torso. They had also gauged and trained her body over the past months, working her down to her perfect sex-slave weight.

She tried to clear her head, looking down at her spectacular form. If anything, she was even more voluptuous than she had been back in the U.S. She had been fed ancient elixirs which had made her skin smooth and massaged her insides. Her breasts were even firmer and fuller than before. Her legs stronger and more shapely. And all she had to do to accomplish this health regimen was suck more cocks daily than a Christopher Street queer on Saturday night.

Karyn purposely anchored her boots on the marble floor of the darkened cell and stood up. Having stood, walked, and even run on little more than her big toe and a five inch spike for the last year, these boots posed no problem. She quickly surveyed the small room, sucking in her breath when she caught a reflection of herself in a mirror she never knew was there.

It was the kind of reflective glass a captor would use to show his victim how helpless she was. They did not need it to apply her makeup. She was not allowed to give approval. But she wore makeup even now, so perfectly executed that it had been seemingly applied with a laser. Her purple-green eyes sparkled. Her lips were ruby red. Her mahogany-colored hair had grown back into a soft, wavy, thick mane. She hardly recognized herself. This was not the young woman she had been. This was a beautiful girl.

Actually seeing her shape, realizing the size and power of her breasts, finally comprehending the length of her legs (and how they curved into her

hips and waist), scared her more than almost anything else.

Karyn looked away, clamping down with her mind. Ignore your chest, she demanded. Ignore the triangular tuft of chestnut hair between your legs. Concentrate on getting out of this—literally—fucking place!

She stepped silently to the door with its tiny bars in the small slat. Looking out she could see that the light grey marble hall was dimly lit as well. Of course the door wasn't locked. They thought she wasn't going anywhere, and anyone coming in certainly didn't want to alert their victim what was about to happen. It was more fun that way....

She was incredibly lucky. This was one of the few nights in the last six months she wasn't secured in someone else's bed to be molested and impaled. Shrieking flashes of the memory lit up her mind's eye like lightning. She leaned against the cold wall, holding her breath, until the sensations of her tits being squeezed and her cunt invaded subsided.

Then, with a deep breath, she pulled open the padded metal obstruction and stepped out into the hall.

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It was blessedly empty. But once out, Karyn clearly heard the sounds of a mansion party going on behind the door at the end of the curtained, yet windowless hall. She knew from experience that beyond that portal was one of the house's ballrooms. Behind the other doors on either side of the hall were different kinds of "ball" rooms.

She glanced the other way, recognizing the door at the other end as leading to what could be referred to as the wardrobe department. That was where they came out of with the leather, lace, spandex, rubber, and other garments she was painted into. Now all she had to do was find a connecting hallway or a laundry chute of some kind....

Karyn's head whirled around when she heard the door beside the ballroom open. What she saw in that small side opening nearly knocked her down. She felt as if Mike Tyson had hit her in stomach.

There, framed in the rectangle, was a woman in a red gown, wearing a peacock-feathered mask. In one glove hand she held a silver leash. The chain was attached to a golden collar around the elegant throat of a



beautiful blond teenager wearing a lace-up miniskirted wedding gown, complete with white lace fingerless gloves.

The blond teetered in five inch white high heels, and wore white lace thigh-high stockings. Her arms were behind her and her mouth was filled with a huge white ball. Above it her purple-green eyes shone with terror.

It was Elizabeth, Karyn's lovely younger sister.

Karyn didn't know where she got the idea. She didn't even know where she got

the strength to do it. All she knew was that suddenly her back was straight and she was marching directly at the pair. She stood before the peacock-masked woman, standing at least four inches taller than her, her intimidating mammaries directly in the woman's face, and held out one graceful hand.

"I'll take it from here," she said in a commanding hush.

The woman stared into Karyn's aureoles and nipples, then silently handed the

leash over. "Take good care of her," was all the disguised woman said.

"Don't worry," said Karyn with conviction. "I will."

And, with that, the woman turned around and went back to the party. Karyn got

a glimpse of swirling, dancing bodies in elegant uniforms amid decoral splendor before the door was closed and the two were sealed back in the curtained, marble hallway.

The sisters stared into their purple-green eyes for an endless second—Liz's expression shocked and Karyn's determined—before the elder girl started to move quickly down the hall in the opposite direction, pulling her squealing sibling after her. "Hurry," said the ungagged one. "This way!"

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She only started to remove the ball gag when they were both in the wardrobe room. To Karyn's surprise, it was relatively small, but filled with

laundry equipment, including rack upon rack of automated hangers. For now they were the only two people inside and Karyn struggled with the tight buckle as they stood amid garment-covered chairs.

Finally the strap was undone and Karyn managed to pry the ball from her Liz's sopping mouth. "Kar, oh god, Kar!"

"Quiet!" the brunette hissed.

"They raped me, oh god, they raped me!"

Karyn immediately went to work on the bonds that wrapped Liz's wrists behind

her. "Quiet, Liz, quiet. We've got to get out of here!"

The blond's voice lessened in volume, but she couldn't shut up. "I'm...I'm not a virgin anymore," she choked out. "A boy...made me come...two boys...raped me...made me blow them...do horrible things...!"

"I know, Liz, I know," Karyn said quietly, managing to loosen a knot.

"But, Kar, they sold me...made me get them off again, and then...I don't

know! A bearded man...one with greyhair...they did something to me...I can't remember! And then, then...I was here...!"

Karyn got her sister's wrists free. "I know, Liz. They're making you retrace my steps...."

Liz whirled around, her face etched in terror. "But they raped me, Kar! Don't you understand? They raped me!"

Karyn suddenly grabbed Liz's arms with a strength the blond never knew the brunette had. "No, Liz," she said vehemently. "Don't you understand. I was here first, remember? You've been raped for a couple of days. I have been repeatedly violated for months, okay?" She stared deep into the blond's wide eyes and spoke carefully. "I know you're scared. I know you're hurt. But if you don't get ahold of yourself and help me find a way out of here, I can tell you what will happen, because it happened to me.

"First they'll train you, putting things in you and up you which will do things you've never even imagined. Then you will be raped every night—in your box, up your anus, between your breasts, and in your mouth until you think you will drown. But you won't. You won't be able to fight, run, or scream, but you will be filled with their seed—filled with it until you think you'll burst. But you won't. Instead your insides will hunger and your shape will curve and your chest will grow...and it won't stop. You hear me? If we don't escape tonight...now...the raping will never stop!"

## **Girl Next Door Chapter 5 Part 2 by Geoffrey Merrick**

Two beautiful young girls stepped out onto the dance floor. The brunette wore a white, poly, skintight, deep-v-necked micromini dress, six-inch white high heels and a white feather mask. The blond wore a matching outfit, but in black. Before them was a sumptuously decorated ballroom filled with dignitaries, dancing to classical music played by a live orchestra. They lined the food tables and sat on pillows, surrounded by the most beautiful women. And all were masked.

Liz started to move toward the first man in a uniform, but Karyn held her back by the elbow. "No," she hissed in her ear. "You never know who's on your side. Move toward the front doors and don't look at anyone directly. Our eye color is a dead giveaway to anyone who knows!"

They started to move casually toward the main, red-carpeted grand staircase, filled with people in everything from suits and gowns to traditional Arab gear. "Where are we?" Liz asked quietly but desperately. "Who is doing this to us?"

"I don't know," said Karyn through clenched teeth in spite of herself. "I only know who trained me...and who I served...."

Suddenly her words were cut off when a man in regimental garb swept over to her, took her into his arms and kissed her deeply—one hand grinding her right breast through her dress and his tongue hotly pushing down her throat. To Liz's shock, Karyn grabbed the back of the cruelly handsome man's head and slapped her own hand on top of his to help grind her breast even more.

Then they broke the clinch and the laughing man was gone. Liz rushed forward but Karyn only wrapped her arm around the blond's shoulder and pulled her to her. "Keep walking," she whispered huskily. "Act naturally. It's a party in a place where girls are kept captive and raped, remember? Anything goes."

"Karyn," the blond whimpered back shakily. "What's happened to you?"

The brunette almost laughed, directing her sister  
unerringly toward the

steps. "I have been taught. My body has been trained. You either go insane  
or you deal with it...!"

"Karyn...."

"Just get up the steps," the brunette said desperately.

"Just help me get

outside!"



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Suddenly they were there. No one questioned them, no one stopped them. Everyone gave them admiring looks, but no one gave their presence a second thought. Anyone who knew better thought that girls who shouldn't be there would be bound and gagged out of sight. Anyone who wasn't in the know only saw the pair as two more gorgeous girls in a party of many. Maybe a little more beautiful than the others, but still....

The world yawned before Karyn. She finally saw that she had been held in a huge mansion behind a tall stone wall and wrought-iron gates. Wrought-iron gates that were now unlocked and open. Expensive cars and well-dressed people were everywhere—all still wearing masks. She stared in wonder at the free world then caught a glimpse of life-saving yellow amongst the well-lit dark of night....

"The taxi!" she hissed. "Move toward the taxi!"

Karyn had a waking nightmare—a nightmare of the taxi  
door yawning open, one

white high-heeled foot reaching its interior, and then hands. Hands everywhere...on her arms, around her waist, down her cleavage, over her mouth...pulling... dragging ...taking her back into the opulent dungeons....!

But then the two were beside the idling car, which had just dropped off two more party goers, and, even more incredibly, getting inside.

"The airport...!" Liz blurted.

"No!" Karyn interrupted, piling in behind her. They crammed their long legs

and cruel shoes into the narrow back seat before Karyn continued evenly: "We don't have our passports with us, remember? No, driver, please take us to the American consulate."

The driver nodded without even turning around and, to Karyn's infinite relief, started down the mansion's long driveway. The brunette whirled around to stare at the grandly-decorated palace, desperately worried that someone had checked her cell...or someone had decided that since they had not been bound and gagged out of sight, they were beautiful enough to be.

But no one chased them. No one shouted after them. No roadblock was put up or gate closed. Suddenly they turned a corner and they were out in the city itself.

"The consulate...?" Liz whispered shakily, taking off her feathered mask.

"I've never seen the consulate general inside," Karyn whispered back, turning

forward, taking off her own mask, and tugging her dress hem down so it could just barely cover her still naked snatch. There had been no panties in the wardrobe room. "The ambassador, yes. But not the consulate general."

Then, amazingly, they were outside the gate of the American consulate. The taxi driver was used to this sort of fare whenever any U.S. tourist had a question. He drove right up so the rear window opened onto an intercom box.

"Yes?" it crackled. "May I help you?"

Liz suddenly lurched forward, across Karyn's knees.

"We were kidnapped...!"

she blurted before the brunette could push her back.

"No!" she seethed. "They might not believe us!" She turned quickly back to the intercom.

"I beg your pardon," it crackled. "I couldn't hear you. Please repeat."

"Two United States citizens seeking assistance," she said as calmly as she

could. There was no answer. She held her breath as Liz began to cry softly.

And then the gate buzzed and unlocked. The blond bawled and fell into Karyn's lap. The brunette could only hold her reassuringly and smile.

"Easy, sis," she said. "Get your act together. Don't confuse them. Just let me do the talking, okay? Just let me do the talking...."

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They were met by a uniformed marine who opened the taxi door. He helped the girls out and Karyn was all ready to make some excuse about leaving their purses somewhere, but then the taxi just drove away. Of course, she realized. It had been hired for the party.

"Right this way, ladies," said the soldier, who seemed totally unfazed by their seductive dresses and extraordinary beauty. He led them without comment into the cavernous but still somewhat plain halls of the consulate.

"You're in luck. A skeleton crew is working late tonight on account of the sultan's party. I can take you to see the ambassador...."

"No!" Karyn exclaimed more strongly than she intended to.

The soldier stopped and looked at her quizzically. "Are you all right, miss?"

"Yes, thank you," the brunette managed to say without shaking. "It's just

that I know the consulate general and he said that anytime he could be of service...."

The soldier nodded. "Very good, miss. Right this way, then."

"Thank you," said Karyn, following with relief. "Thank you very much."

Liz leaned over to her while they were carefully placing their wicked heels

on a wide staircase. "The sultan?" she echoed. "Where are we? What country is this?"

"Not important now," Karyn whispered back. "First we have to find an international phone...."

The soldier opened plain, thick, wood double doors and they stepped into a huge, low-ceilinged office. Plush carpet covered the floor, a huge desk was over toward closed curtains, flanked by an American and Arabian flag. There were two red leather chairs in front of the desk and a large leather sofa beside another pair of double doors. To the left of the flags was a single office door.

From the wall behind the desk the President of the United States smiled down at them from a picture frame.

"Please wait here," said the soldier. "The consulate general will be with you in a moment." Then he went to close the entrance double doors behind him.

"Wait!" Karyn suddenly blurted. The soldier looked at her inquiringly. "Is there a watts line or long distance phone I can use? I'd like to call my father and tell him I'm okay...."

To her astonishment, the soldier merely nodded and said; "Use the one on the desk. Dial nine to get out." Then the doors closed quietly before him.

Karyn nearly fell over getting to the phone, smacking her hip on the corner of the desk in her haste. Liz just collapsed on the sofa, burying her face in her hands to quietly sob with relief.

Karyn ignored her, trying to get her shaking fingers to punch the phone buttons. International code...country code...area code...seven digit number.... The sound of the ringing echoed in her head. Karyn straightened,



blinking. It rang once...twice...three times...and then the connection was made.

"Hello?" said her mother.

Release nearly rendered Karyn unconscious. She felt emotion rolling up in her

like a tsunami, threatening to overwhelm her. In a split second, everything that had happened to her since the zapper had touched her ass cheek all those months ago came roaring back.

Bound and gagged in a cellar in only her red turtleneck...breasts wired together with nipple clamps and tit-fucked...assaulted on a sofa just beneath the living room window in full view of the neighborhood kids playing...hung upside down in the closet as delivery men brought slut clothing...raped in front of the TV every night...Strapped to cellar uprights...impaled on dildo poles...escaping across the street only to be attacked again by a psychotic family of four....

Raped downstairs...nipples and labia pierced...hung from the attic crossbeam by her breasts... violently masturbated seven times while she balanced on bricks...impaled on a beer bottle with a light bulb taped in her mouth...befouled by the twelve year old son...nipples nailed on either side of her torso to the cellar work table...bound in wedding finery...gangbanged in a "honeymoon" car...fist-fucked while a state police officer was murdered...sold after the preteen ejaculated into her mouth....

Drugged and shipped to the middle east...trained in the way of her sexual self...assigned to clean off the raping cocks of men who violated a captive supermodel...pursued by one of her white slavery "processors"...dragged into an alley before she could alert the authorities...brutally raped and secreted in Arab burnouses for the return to her sex slavery....

All of it replayed at super fast speed in her head just before she opened her mouth to say it. "Mom?"

She never got the word out, of course.

The line went dead at the same moment the hand clamped over her mouth.



## **Girl Next Door Chapter 5 Part 3 by Geoffrey Merrick**

Liz was lying face first on the couch, screaming into a towel held to her face by one muscular man in a tailored suit, as another held her arms behind her with one big knee nailed in the middle of her back.

Karyn gasped as her arms were swept back also, and suddenly she was clamped against a wall of solid muscle as strip after strip of wide, thick, self-sealing tape sunk into the flesh all over and around her mouth. She was forced to painfully kneel, her head almost on the desk, when she realized that the consulate general's chair was facing the curtain window...

...And it was not empty.

The chair turned slowly around and there sat the sultan.

There was no doubt. One look at his swarthy face and consummately satisfied

expression told her that this was the little man who had bought her...this was the man who had her trained...this was the man who assigned her to make rapists come.

Incredibly he simply stood up without a word, tugged down the straps of Karyn's white dress until her boobs bobbed free, removed a tiny penis from his pants as if picking up a cigarette, and then started to idly rub his small cock between her colossal tits as she stared at him in pain, anguish, and grief.

"Thank you, Karyn," were his first words. "Thank you for bringing your sister to her new home."

He motioned over toward the couch where the teenage blond had been yanked up, her mouth clamped shut with fingers, one arm held all the way up her back, and the other held above her head by a second man. As Karyn watched, Liz was half-pushed and half propelled to the second set of double doors. They suddenly opened, and there was the consulate general...smiling.

Karyn could only watch long enough to see the American tug down the sides of Liz's dress before contentedly hefting her fine breasts. The brunette let out an agonized moan and her head drooped. Within moments, large, heavy tears were dropping onto the desk top and the sultan's shank.

"The reason you have never seen him in the palace," said the sultan politely, squeezing the brunette's breasts around his constantly moving erection, "is that he cannot politically afford to be seen there. Therefore, on occasion, we bring the palace to him."

Then he cupped Karyn's chin and forced her eyes up to look tearfully, tragically, into his. "You see, he wanted you, my dear. He's seen our videotapes, and, of all my prizes, it was your shape, your face, your spirit that he wanted more than any other...even the ebony amazon you assisted. But I had other desires for you...."

He dropped Karyn's chin, but, before her face could droop again, another muscled bodyguard behind her grabbed a handful of her rich, luxurious mane and yanked her head up as if bridling a pony. She throbbed in pain, her cheeks inflating beneath the super-glued tape.

"So," the sultan went on offhandedly, both his hands back buried in her buoyant mounds, "when he found out you had a younger sister...!"

Karyn screamed at him. She cursed him with language she had never used before. She ranted, her face infused with red, her body shaking....

For all the good it did. The sultan merely continued to slowly tit-fuck her as the men behind her held on easily...and Elizabeth was dragged into the opulent bedroom behind the second set of double doors.

The last thing Karyn saw of her was her wide, wild purple-green eyes staring pleadingly, frantically, hysterically over her shoulder at her older sister. Then the doors closed behind her...forever.

Karyn went wild, struggling so hard that the men holding her had to tighten their considerable grip. Even so, that's all they had to do as Karyn snorted, screamed after her younger sister, and pounded the thickly carpeted floor with her spiked heels...until the sultan came in her face.

Karyn stopped screaming. She stopped fighting. She just stood there in shock, bent over, her head pulled up, her face dripping with milky cum, her eyes dead.

"Ah, well," the sultan reasoned, contentedly cleaning off Karyn's desolate visage with a towel left over from Liz's attack. "Sometimes we just need to grease the pricks of the right people. After all," he concluded, smiling into the defeated eyes of the exceptionally beautiful young brunette, "there is still so much to do."



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"Heading back to the party, sultan?" asked the guard at the gate.

"Yes, colonel," said the sultan from the slightly lowered opaque window of his limousine. "Our business with the consulate general is done."

Upstairs the consulate general was fucking a bound, blond and beautiful seventeen year-old girl dressed in the remnants of a black minidress. He lay on his bed beneath her, her knees facing his feet on either side of his legs, her back bent over his stomach by his hands: one in her hair, and the other sealing her washcloth-filled mouth.

The consulate's sound-proofing did the rest. Outside, no one could hear her muffled cries of desperation, or save her from a life of being alternately raped and concealed from possible rescuers.

"Very good, sir," said the guard, checking off his visitors list. "By the way," he suddenly said. "Do you know what happened to those two girls seeking assistance?"

"Oh yes," chirped the sultan with certainty, settling down deeper into his seat. "They didn't need help after all. They went back home...where they belong."

"Okay, that's good," said the guard, opening the gate. "Drive safely, sultan!" he called out with a wave.

"We will," the sultan promised, his limo window sliding silently closed as they drove into the city street.

Only then did he and his bodyguards rise from the seat and push Karyn out from under them. She landed onto the carpeted and padded limo floor, stretched out, the white dress still pulled down to reveal her chest. And the

way her wrists were tied to the very top of her outer thighs forced her skirt up to the very top of her luxuriant snatch.

The sultan had pressed even more cloth over her lower face as he had sat on her breasts. Now all that was left was the tape, which couldn't be removed without solvent or it would take all her facial skin with it. Still, that was more than enough. As were the thick ropes around her ankles, binding them side by side above the six-inch high-heels. Even with her legs otherwise unencumbered, it was enough to help the bodyguards to keep her from kicking.

She cringed before them now, her knees and waist bending, trying to free herself even still.

"There," said the sultan happily. "You see? Such energy. Such defiance. We knew you wouldn't disappoint us. As soon as word came of your sisters imminent disappearance, we started planning your 'escape' from us."

Karyn sucked in her breath and stared at him. Planned? But they had undone her cot's leg shackles weeks ago!

"Don't look so surprised," he chided. "You don't think you could get away so easily, do you?" His smile became even wider. "Not when I had yet to sample your delights, eh...?"

He reached out. And there was nowhere for her to go.

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Each took their turn during the drive back. The bodyguards were first: one sitting her on the seat facing him, his long cock nailing her to him until he erupted up her; and the other pushing her head onto the floor and coming into her luscious tuft from the rear. Then it was the sultan's turn.

"Come here, my dear," he said. "I have learned a thing or two from my many years of experience...."

The true horror was that it was simply not true. His penis was pathetically small and his sexual technique was non-existent. He slobbered and mauled,

screeching, pounding her mounds with his tiny fists and tearing at her rich, thick hair. As he pummeled her, she suddenly realized with sickening certainty that her very captivity was actually his ejaculation. If he could make love to her, he wouldn't have to torture her.

But he couldn't, so....

They drove onto the palace grounds as he spat into her face and slammed his

meat into her—the guests idly walking by completely unaware that there was a girl being held against her will on the other side of the one way glass. A girl who was, even now, being assaulted by their party host.

Finally his cock spit into her beaver and drooled across her thigh. But even that didn't end it. It only seemed to drive him into a rage. To her astonishment, he literally leaped off the seat and onto her, his limbs a violent blur.

It wasn't so much his blows—which were weak—but his ferocity that Karyn had to survive. She struggled, dodging most of the damage even though she was bound and gagged. But then he suddenly leaped back onto the seat, hauled off and kicked her in the stomach with the flat of his shoe. Karyn went down in a heap on the limo floor, stunned and breathless.

The three men just sat there, staring at her cringing, voluptuous form, as the sultan gulped in huge mouthfuls of air. But then he tore forward again, plunging his clawing hands deep into her boobs, and dragging her up by them.

"There, you see?" he yelled, spluttering into her groggy face, blood oozing from her nose and across the cemented swath of tape. "Incredible, huh? Like nothing you've felt before, right?!"

And he kicked her again, this time with the point of his shoe directly in her tit.

Karyn slammed back against the rear of the front seat, bounced, and collapsed on her side—her sensuous splendor laid out before the sultan and his guards...just as the car was calmly parked alongside the mansion.

"Excellent," the sultan said, breathing heavily. "As good as everyone said." Then he practically leaped from the car, quickly followed by his guards. He

moved assuredly back to the party while greeting his guests with expansive friendliness.

Behind him, the blank-faced chauffeur quietly closed the limo door, sealing inside a nearly unconscious, nearly naked young beauty.



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Karyn lay on her side on the limo floor, semi-conscious in the darkness. Her dress was almost completely torn off, the white poly lying like a Tarzan loincloth across her chest and on her hips. Occasionally revelers would walk by. Every one looked into the handsome car, but the one way glass defeated their view. One made sure his hair was neat in the window's opaque reflection. Another even tried the door.

It was locked.

Karyn breathed in her sleep-state, her magnificent chest rising with each

inhalation, one nipple scraping the carpet. She dreamt of a terrified blond teenager in chains, every orifice plugged by a gigantic, pulsating penis.

She stirred suddenly when the relatively cooler night air coursed across her. She blinked rapidly, her head rising, a groan emerging from deep in her throat. Through slitted eyes she saw the side door opening. Her eyes widened when the man who had tongue-kissed her at the party stuck his head in.

"Welcome home, angel," he said wickedly, a demon-like smile on his face. "I thought you'd never get back."

Girl Next Door Chapter 6 Part 1 *by Geoffrey Merrick*

GIRL NEXT DOOR: ARABIAN NIGHTMARES PART 2

Before Karyn could even comprehend what was happening, he quickly grabbed one of her ankles and yanked her out of the car.

She slammed down on her back outside the car. But before the pain could hit her, and before any party-goer could see her, he ran, laughing maniacally, dragging her onto the manicured, freshly watered lawn around the side of the mansion. Karyn looked back terrified as the front entrance disappeared from her sight and she was swallowed up by the gloom.

He stopped only when he reached the side wall, and threw her, like a shot-put, against its expensive surface.

Karyn slammed, breathless, cringing, in the lip between the grass and the wall. There, in the deep shadow on the other side of the moon, he immediately ripped off his regimental pants and fell on her.

She was able to attempt one scream, trying to sit up quickly, before his forearm slammed across her mouth.



Inside the dignitaries danced to the orchestra and ate rich food. Outside, a kidnapped Connecticut girl with gorgeous purple-green eyes, a sweet, lovely face, a sensational chest, incredible torso, shapely legs, and luscious cunt was devastatingly raped—the man slamming her onto his huge, wide, rock-hard member at piston speed, his body wedged between her bent legs as her bound ankles forced her to embrace him.

The dignitaries applauded inside the palace as he came inside Karyn with an unbelievable deluge of cream, his clawing fingers slamming so deep into her massive mams they both thought they would burst.

Karyn heaved in the grass, nearly unconscious, when suddenly his face was looming over hers, an evil smile filling her vision. "Don't worry," he whispered in a frightening sing-song. "The sultan has had you. Now you'll

never see him again...." But then he pushed his mouth against her ear, his hands grinding her tits ever tighter. "...But he will see you," she heard gratingly, painfully, the man purposefully trying to hurt her hearing. "And I hope you enjoyed your little chat at the consulate...because it's the last time you'll ever use your mouth for words again."

Karyn started, but he just kept fucking her, pressing deeper into her mammaries. "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes," he hissed. "Now that you know how 'good' our master is, he can't have you tell a single soul...." He cocked his head to look at her with horrid mock pity. "You know, penis envy and all that."

He suddenly pushed off from her body, his hands still mashed in her tits, his immense, pulsating cock still all the way inside her; listening. "It's the last waltz," he murmured.

He looked down at her grass-smeared body and quaking torso, her beaten expression begging up at him.

"Oh no," he chided wickedly, tightening his grip on each breast. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, Karyn. And since you know about him...." He suddenly hauled her off the ground by her boobs in time with the music coming from inside, his cock still deep inside her. "...You must be punished...!" He slammed her back onto the ground on the downbeat. "And punished..." He lifted. "And punished..." He slammed her back to the grass. "And tortured," Lift. "And tormented." Slam. "And abused...!" Lift. Slam. Lift. Slam. Lift, slam, lift, slam, lift, slam...all in time to the music!

He finally pulled her up by her tits so her semiconscious face was now a mere centimeter from his, just as the orchestra hit their final note. "And guess what?" he spat demonically. "I get to do it!"

Then he suddenly hopped up to sit on her stomach. Her head and legs jerked up—air whooshing out her nostrils, her hair flying around her head. But, by the time her limbs landed again, he was tit-fucking her and his right hand was behind him, his wriggling fingers shoved all the way up her cunt.



As the guests came out of the palace to find and get into their limousines, the lax, dazed, defiled brunette was being dragged quickly back by her bound ankles in the shadow of the side wall. An honest American general looked in time to see her luxuriant mane of chestnut hair going around the corner to the back.

"Hmmpf," he thought, "Large rodent scavenging for food." He also saw the remnant of the white poly dress on the grass in the shadows, and was about to check it out when his date for the evening appeared at the other side of the car. "General," she said teasingly. "Aren't you going to drive me home?"

He turned toward the handsome, though somewhat harsh-looking, woman in the low cut gown. "There's some litter on the sultan's lawn," he told her. "I was just going to get it."

She looked over his shoulder intently. "It's just some handkerchief or scarf," she said dismissively. "Now why would you want to be a janitor for the sultan..." Her eyes got smoky and her voice husky. "...When you could be a general for me?" He forgot all about the white piece of material on the lawn and quickly opened the door for his date.

The woman who had been in the peacock-feathered mask, holding the leash of a freshly abducted seventeen year-old girl, smiled up at the general and showed him plenty of leg as she got in.

The car, the last one in the line of limousines, drove away as that blond girl's sister, whose lush, natural beauty put the general's date to shame, was being pulled by her bound ankles into a small, private, empty stable behind the mansion.

As the last two drove away, Karyn was thrown into the narrow confines of the farthest stall. Her attacker fell on her again, immediately wedging himself between her slack legs, and ramming his insatiable cock all the way up her raw vaginal canal. Without preamble, he drove at her again with the same driving piston intensity—the only sound in the stable being his grunts, her gasps, and the sopping wet rubbing sound of flesh in flesh.

As the taxi which had driven the girls to the consulate pulled out of the driveway, he came—spraying a thick coat of gooey white deep inside her as she blubbered helplessly behind the gag, jerking....



As the sultan prepared himself for sleep, he turned on the security monitors by his bed, seeing in full-color and in perfect focus how the man ground Karyn in the dirt of the stable stall. The sultan smiled with satisfaction, nodding.

Then he watched the man vigorously stimulate his cock in her cunt once more, but before he came again, he pulled out of her chestnut tuft and sprayed her face with an astonishingly long stream of semen.

Hardly pausing, he reinserted his long, wide, knobby pole deep inside her and thrust hydraulically, while she could only lay, moaning, clawing, and twisting in the hay and dirt. This time he spurt what seemed like a half-pint of cum onto her heaving chest. The sultan watched as he fiercely massaged his cum into her tits while she cringed piteously—all thought of sleep leaving him.

By dawn the sultan finally nodded off as the nearly insensible beauty shivered and trembled fitfully under a coating of cum. It covered her face, obscured her taped mouth, coated her eyelids, and soaked her hair.

"Yes," the sultan thought as he drifted to sleep. He had chosen Karyn's caretaker well. The man was a sexual monster.



"You think it's over?" the Caretaker whispered in Karyn's ear as she lay comatose in the dirt on her side. "Oh, no. It's just the beginning." And with that, he tenderly rubbed her lower face with the solvent which peeled the layers of tape off her soft, unknowing lips.



Only when the dawn light streamed in the front slats of the stable and dappled Karyn's face did her eyelids flutter. She weakly awoke to see the dairy men twenty yards away, on the other side of the stable's ajar door, delivering that day's shipment to the back door of the kitchen. The scene was so quaint and peaceful that she didn't immediately think to scream.

Then she started, remembering who she was, where she was, and what had happened. She opened her lips...and the Caretaker who lay directly behind her pushed the wad of white poly that had been on the grass inside her mouth, then sealed it there with his hand.

He drew her to him by her screaming face as well as one of her abraded tits. He forced her to look up at his fiendish face, and whispered "Ssh." Then he slammed his erect, impossibly hard cock up her ass.

Through the butcher, baker, and launderer, he fucked her up the ass, carefully keeping her from calling out too loudly. The Caretaker tormented her by keeping up a hushed running commentary of what could happen if they heard her.

But they never heard her. Her frantic cries were clamped back under his powerful, expert hand. His grip was so exact and strong she couldn't even open her lips to bite at him. And she couldn't even stay silent. His erection was so big and his attack so cunning that shots of pain made her squeal and screech every few seconds—her voluptuous body scraped across the stall to mash against its coarse wooden side.

He came in her once, twice, then three times—one for each departure of a delivery man—until cum actually drooled out from around his shaft and between her firm, round, lovely dimpled ass cheeks.

Only then did he release her lips from his clasping fingers...and swung the thick bridle down in its place just as she spit out the sodden ball of her dress.

"No talking," he reminded her in a hiss as he immediately tightened the horrid thing to her head. A three inch bit was jammed deep in her mouth, wrenching open her jaw and pulling her quivering lips all the way back. Her rich, thick mane was no problem for the straps which were tightened to the nth degree by his incredible speed and strength. Karyn gurgled and choked, her eyes widening as she was transformed into the world's most beautiful pony girl.



The sultan looked down from his window to gaze with appreciation at the door of his unused stable. There in the morning light—the view obscured from the driveway and street by the palace itself—stood a statuesque brunette in skin tight, thigh-high, black rubber stocking-boots with a full seven inch spike heel. Her ankles were tied side by side with saddle straps. On her arms were matching gloves. Her wrists were tied, palm to palm, in front of her. In her fingers was the handle of a wooden club—the kind they used on a sailing ship or ranch to moor ropes. The other end of the club—a full eight inches of ever growing bulbous size, was inside her cunt.

Chapter 6.2

On her head was the cunning bridle. The fully-dressed Caretaker stood directly behind her, the bridle's reins around the back of his neck. He waited until the florist drove up front before leaning down to whisper in her ear.

"Now walk."

Karyn stared at him out the corner of huge, wet eyes, gurgling in disbelief.

He only smiled calmly at her and silently opened his zipper.

"Either you reach the back door first or the florist gets it."

Karyn stared ahead, just managing to see around the corner of the mansion as

an Arab child emerged from the flower truck.

"Walk," he repeated. "Oh...and one more thing." Grabbing her hip bones, he jammed his stiff schlong all the way back in her cum-soaked anus. Karyn's eyes bulged, then screwed shut in pain and shame.

"Now walk!" he seethed. "And don't you dare let a millimeter of my staffs leave either orifice." Then he grabbed Karyn's proud bosoms for balast.

From the sultan's vantage point they seemed to be slowly sliding across the gravel, the man spasmodically squeezing her tits as she moved on the wickedly pointed tippy-toes of the boots—seemingly holding onto the impaling club for dear life.

Outside, the Caretaker's smile widened as he heard her ankle bonds creak and her mouth grunt, gasp, and drool, the slobber pouring down her front between her awesome orbs.

"She's coming," the Caretaker whispered in her ear tauntingly. "The little girl with the flowers is almost here.... Would be a shame is she dropped them...."

Karyn squeezed her eyes shut, shuffling forward like an old woman, her girlhood penetrated, her mammary glands literally manhandled, as she imagined flowers blowing across the palace lawn...the muffled cries of a little girl being stamped out....

She nearly fell then, but her caretaker held her up by her yanking breasts.

And then she pressed against the back door, her mams mashed against the

panes. And then the flower girl walked right behind her.

The little Arab girl looked over at the back door. There was a man standing there in the shadow of the entry way, his hands in front of him, looking over his shoulder and smiling at her. She smiled back, and went on her way to the kitchen. Nearby, she heard a gurgling, like something was distantly wrong with the plumbing. She forgot about it before she took another step.
(1)

Across the city, a consulate executive looked up at the double doors of the consulate general's private quarters. He, too, thought he heard something. But the sound was not repeated, so he returned his attention to the operations meeting.

One wall away, a seventeen year-old blond girl screamed up into padding which was welded to her face by a black plastic brace which was molded from the base of her elegant neck to the very tops of her cheeks. It kept her head all the way up so she wouldn't strangle on the chain around her neck which held her hand-cuffed arms high up her back.

She twisted, silently shouting, trying to relieve the pressure of the impaling dildo pole which was nine inches up her recently virginal vagina. She stood, wavering on the black, six inch, high heels since her ankles were also strapped to, and on either side of, the iron impaling pole—which was bolted to the floor in the area just beside and between the double doors and French windows.

She stood, feeling the white thigh-high stockings on her quivering legs. She carefully swallowed some more saliva and mucous, trying to comprehend this newest invasion. Because she knew...as soon as the meeting broke for

lunch...he would be back in here, the iron cock would be replaced, and the unceasing rapes would continue...with help oblivious just a door away....

(2)

On the other side of the world, Eve blinked as the blindfold was pulled from her eyes. She immediately tried to scream, bucking in the hands of the men who held her. In a dark interior room of a church in New York, she wore five-inch hot pink high heels, a hot pink, u-necked micromini dress, and a huge hot pink ball gag.

Her wrists were bound behind her with what felt like steel-reinforced industrial tape (which also sealed the ball in her mouth) and she surged again in the muscular hands of the two severely dressed black men who stood on either side of her.

Five feet away sat Louis Farrakhan, studying the bought and sold, sexy white girl with amusement. African princesses were to be treated with respect and dignity. But no one said anything about a kidnapped and already violated young southern belle....

If Eve had only known, she was a mere three blocks away from what had once been her own Manhattan apartment.

(3)

An hour north, the bearded man prepared for bed upstairs in the brown-orange house near the water. His work that day had, as usual, given him much perverted pleasure but no real satisfaction. As a human being, he knew that what he did was hateful...but as a sexual creature, he had to admit it thrilled him beyond measure.

He removed and folded his clothing, putting them in the closet, before turning to his bed.

Cyn Chee lay there naked (save for black high heels) bound over the mattress in the fashion of a Bishop illustration the bearded man particularly liked. Her lower face was wrapped tightly in ace bandage, a strap of which anchored the gag across the bridge of her nose. Her arms were side by side behind her, her elbows tied together and her wrists crossed and tied. Her spread legs were up, tied to the top of the baseboard poles.

The bearded man sat beside the tiny but luscious Asian, who was staring at him in dread from wide almond shaped eyes. So, he wondered, looking at

her jello-mold tits and pink nipples high on her slim but shapely body; should I sell her to the Japanese industrialist who wanted to repeatedly reenact the "comfort women" incidents of World War II? Or should I sell her to the retired General who wanted to finally win the Vietnam war of her body?

He smiled at the latter thought, appreciating the ironic fact that, there, Cyn Chee would have to stay thoroughly gagged—not so much to keep her from crying for help but to keep him from hearing that she was Chinese-Korean and not even remotely Vietcong.

Decisions, decisions, the bearded man thought. Ah, well, tomorrow was another day.

Then he gripped his erect member with one hand, filled his other with one of the Asian's delightful breasts, and crawled between the girl's suddenly flailing legs....

(&4)

The Caretaker opened the back door and Karyn was welcomed back to the "loving" arms of the palace in a narrow entry hall. She weeped in agony as they surged around her, expertly pulling the club from her vagina, while also plugging it with a huge, swelling, medicating-lotion-coated dildo that was seamlessly installed inside a shiny black, French-cut, thong bikini bottom which tightly strapped over her hip bones.

From a distance no further than her nose, no one would know that inside the stunningly sexy, second-skin bikini bottom her cunt was filled to its bursting point by an intruder which assuaged her raging muscles.

They removed the bridle from her head at the same moment they plugged her vocal orifice with an odd-shaped block of polymers that had been molded from a cast of the inside of her mouth. Karyn was stunned by the intrusion, remembering how they had her bite down on a pliant wad of plastic weeks ago. She had learned not to question their demands, but she had no idea the impression would be used in this way.

The thing was instantly and expertly tightened against the back of her neck with an unbreakable wire-thin strap which blended into her skin. It fit and filled her mouth so perfectly that her lips couldn't help but close after it.

From a distance of no more than two feet, no one would know that behind her tremulous lips and somewhat full cheeks there was a ingenious gag that defeated all but the most throaty of sounds.

They removed her wrist straps at the same moment her hands were crossed behind her and nearly invisible black wire was wrapped around them—essentially disappearing into the black of the gloves they circled.

From any ankle, she would look as if she were considering whatever was before her, her wrists lightly crossed behind her and resting on her firm ass. It would do until they had a sizing session for her new shackles.

The Caretaker removed his gripping fingers from Karyn's chest the same moment they tied the bikini top just under her awesome tits, then brought the sleek black triangles which barely covered her aureoles up by the spaghetti straps which tied tightly behind her neck.

But before that knot was cinched, their fingers moved expertly inside the triangles, touching her nipples with dry-ice lotion which made them emerge from the aureoles, then noosing them with the monofilament which emerged from the end of the black strap at the top of the triangle.

From any distance, no one would know that inside the stunningly sexy, second-skin bikini top her nipples were being painfully yanked up with every breath and every movement.

The Caretaker doubted that anyone would even look at her face, hands, or bottom when her magnificent mammaries were hanging out every side of the bikini—even from the bottom.

But he watched as they brushed her hair with lotion designed to combine with semen to create a protein-rich conditioner. He watched as they expertly administered eye drops which dried her tear ducts, then made her up to enhance her full mouth and her bright—seemingly almost feverish—purple-green eyes.

They finally moved away, leaving the Caretaker to admire his prize. Seemingly untouched in a black bikini, gloves, and thigh-high boots, she was actually silenced, molested, invaded, and tormented.

He almost came in his pants then. He managed to control himself, however, and carefully took her arm. "Don't look down," he instructed, the tone of

his voice leaving no option. "Never look down. Just keep walking and keep looking up and forward."

And with that, he opened the door at the other end of the narrow entry hall and guided her across the pool room.

Music was being played over the loud speaker, but that didn't stop both bathing-suited and skinny-dipping men from all walks of Arabian life and governmental posts from staring at her, whistling, and even cheering as she went past them in the cavernous, echoing, sunlight-filled room.

Karyn's brow furrowed in confusion and despair, but the Caretaker was right there, holding her elbow. What could she do? She couldn't run without collapsing: "I'm sorry, governor, she's having terrible cramps." She couldn't speak: "I'm sorry, colonel, she may be having one of her seizures." She couldn't fight: "I'm sorry, your highness, she may be getting sick again."

Anything she did could be explained away, and, on the other side of any door, she would pay for it. You would think that continual rape and forced oral sex would be punishment enough, but Karyn knew from personal experience, it could be worse. Much worse...especially since she also knew that she would be long gone by the time any rescue effort would even be considered...!

And the true horror was that she didn't even know if these men already knew that she was an unwilling prisoner. This was a place where beautiful woman routinely paraded by. How horrible would it be if, somehow, she could show any of them that her mouth was literally filled and her wrists lashed...and they just laughed...or worse.

So she walked...head up, eyes straight...only a single, unseen tear able to escape across her cheek and into her silky swaying chestnut mane.

They finally reached the opposite door of the large room, and the Caretaker looked back to see every man admiring Karyn's arched back and succulent rear. The psychotic who held her felt a strange pride swell in him. He politely, mockingly, opened the door for her, and followed her out into a blissfully decorated bedchamber. He closed the door behind them, then looked into her fearful, breathless, waiting eyes.

She was ready for anything...except for what he did. To her unbelieving astonishment, the Caretaker suddenly stepped forward, took her face in his

hands, and kissed her with more passion than he had ever kissed anyone before.

Karyn's eyes bugged out, then started to waver. Her imprisoned fingers clawed, then fluttered over her rear. She tried to pull away, but his strength was overwhelming and his knee was between her legs, tight on the base of the impaler, jamming it up until it might burst through her canal ceiling.

He clamped an arm around her, the other tightly encircling her head, bending her back. The smudgeproof lipstick stretched as her full, trapped mouth was crushed and viciously suckled with more and more overwhelming emotion.

Her breasts were mashed against his chest, her nipples almost being yanked out of their aureoles. A beam of pure white lightning paralyzed her from the top of her head to the tip of her wickedly pointed toes. She couldn't breathe or think. All she could do was jerk spasmodically in his crushing arms, sweat pouring out all over her body.

Still, he did not stop, and, as he continued to brutally lock his lips over hers, he felt a perverted lust unlike any other grow inside him. This magnificent, consummate, pure, sexual vessel was his! His to experiment upon...and experiment he would.

Drugs, nipple clamps, milking machines, inflatable gags, ropes of all textures, spandex, every manner of adhesive tape, lace, balls of every size, impaling poles of every length, nylons, every grade of rubber, wax, vibrators of all known ability, skintight satin, handcuffs, contouring velvet, whips, molding velour, electrical zappers, and many, many, huge, erupting penises awaited her every pore and orifice.

This, as he had promised, was only the beginning. He jammed his hand under her bikini top, squeezing and twisting as if trying to open a jar. The hot white in Karyn's brain exploded throughout her body like a flashbulb filled with napalm.

The abducted, raped, assaulted, betrayed, and tortured 22 year old brunette with the faultless face, incredible shelf, stunning shape, showgirl legs, perfect feet, great ass, and dewy rich vagina finally fainted in her tormentor's arms.

It was just as well....

LOOK FOR THE GIRLS' FURTHER PERILS IN A SEQUEL COMING
SOON!

Chapter 6.3

DOSSIER 38DD

TOPSECRET/FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

In the interest of brevity<this file being the debriefing by Agent XXX<it will be transcribed as reported:

Middle Eastern double agent, code name "The Sultan" is being overthrown; girls are being liberated in a chaotic attack.

In the chaos, a stunned, sexually exhausted young woman, "Karyn" is approached by her blonde younger sister.

Almost hysterical with happiness, Karyn is unprepared for betrayal. Her sister pricks her with a drug-soaked pin, rendering the brunette helpless.

Sister watches grim-faced as Karyn is secured in a "special" ambulance: where her nipples are rapidly injected and vaginal stimuplug installed beneath the gurney blanket. Hospital restraints, bandages, and tongue "protector" do the rest.

Moved to hospital. Further Sedated. Secured behind a screen, where, unbeknownst even to her captors, she is attacked by a masked doctor--a serial rapist who has been systematically victimizing drugged beauties.

Signed off and wheeled out by "loving" family she had never seen before...except for her blank-faced sis.

Moved to family apartment beside American consulate.

Installed in "her" room...closet and bureau packed with sexy clothes. Furniture designed to secure and torment. Perfume formulated to sedate (a drug-soaked hanky never too far away).

Washed, dried, made-up, dressed (lovely tight tan silky summer dress with "miracle" cups, spaghetti straps, frilly medium skirt, garter belt, flesh stockings, high heels...but no underwear).

Thumbs tied behind with wire. Mouth packed with familiar "oral polymer mold."

Ambassador who had always wanted her arrives after hours. Grabs her.

Sis lifts skirt and insists on explosive chastity belt removed. Ambassador

waves to "dad," while freeing kicking Karyn's breast.

Ambassador grips heaving Karyn while reading riot act to sis. "Never wanted you. Now I got what I want, so go. Accuse me and disappear. Think there are no worse things than being raped by me? Think again. Mount rescue? Karyn will not be found. Know while you look she will be gang-raped and tortured. Know the closer you get the closer she will get...to death. No evidence...ever."

Grinding Karyn's tit, seating her on his lap, Ambassador gives sis the psycho-sidestep: "Remember, it was she who caused this to happen to you. No her, no abducting you...no raping in her stead...this is her fault. She was kidnapped long before you...fucked over and over before we knew you existed. The only reason you were taken is that she was not available."

Family helps Ambassador's dick into Karyn, whose heels scrape the floor, head goes back, luxurious mane hanging. As she grunts, Ambassador finishes: Go home...forget about her...save your parents' sanity. Live life to the fullest in your "late" sister's honor...."

Ambassador grips Karyn's ass cheeks as family wraps her mouth and eyes with padded gauze and grip her bent arms. Tits free, the Ambassador sucks one into his mouth as sis turns and runs.

"Follow her?" Dad asks while slowly, powerfully "milking" Karyn's other tit with admiration. "Take her just before she steps on the plane...or better yet; after?"

"No," slobbers the Ambassador. "Let her go. After all...," he muses, smiling up at Karyn's still incredibly sweet, seemingly innocent, albeit tightly gagged and blindfolded face. "What can she do...? What can she really do?"

Dawn, and Karyn struggles in bed as the world just outside her curtain covered window gets crowded and busy.

Under her neck, a pillow. Over her head, a stitched hood. Filling her mouth, a plug from which drips vitamin-enriched cum. Her mane of auburn hair a pony-tail out the hood top, tied brutally to the bed spring. Elbows trapped by mattress straps. Wrists locked in headboard shackles. Pillow in small of back, thrusting up hips. Knees bent by 5 inch heeled knee boots, attached to very top of thighs by one-and-a-half foot straps. Gyrating, surging 11 inch dildo in cunt held by waist and crotch belts.

Ambassador sitting on her stomach, his cock between her mounds. Cum splatters her chin and throat before he dresses for work.

"Thanks, darling, for a wonderful honeymoon. See you tonight."

Karyn orgasms, biting down and the mouth cock ejaculates down her throat.

Revolution widens to take down the US Consulate. Karyn struggling toward window across floor despite crotch and tit ropes, elbows, wrists, knees and ankles tied.

Lace thigh-highs on shapely legs. Red ankle-strap 4-inch high heels. Forces off gag on window and screams for help.

Hair tugged back as witnesses look up. See only empty open window as Karyn is attacked by family on floor.

Dad forces gag back in as knock on door. Mom answers as Dad drags Karyn under bed. Mom is questioned by constabulary as Dad holds Karyn down with choke hole and scissored legs--her tits shaking.

Choking and sweating in the darkness, Karyn is just barely kept from discovery.

Laying her on the bed, Dad fucks her while Mom teaches her a lesson by soaking her gags with different hot sauces and sealing them in her mouth.

Dad digs her gyrations as tears pour from her eyes, mucous from her nose, her scalp sweats profusely, and her body heaves.

She is left panting, desperate for the promised relief that they say cum across the tongue and down the throat will provide. She lip and mouth fucks Dad's cock urgently until her oral cavity, lowers face, and chin is coated with jism and she is sobbing with shame.

Then they drug her again with a sodden cloth over her nose and mouth until her eyes flutter and she falls to the bed...feeling Dad's cock sliding into her anus.

Awakens in red, spaghetti-strapped, cotton dress a size too tight. Breasts bobbing in the enclosure, her wrists palm to palm behind her with clear strapping and lips sealed around polymer mouth plug with superglue, Dad tests her gag with wet, heaving, open-mouth "kisses" (while slipping his free hand under her bodice and filling his gripping fingers with her boobs).

Face covered in slobber, a throbbing dildo sealed inside her with skintight "panty," Mom drags her up by her hair and her "parents" pull her to the garage by her arms to the family truck.

Wedge between them, Karyn is driven, wide-eyed and helpless through

town--Dad slipping his hand under her skirt and Mom touching the side of her shapely slim waist with the point of a knife held just out of sight.

They use her as bribe at the border--the two guards taking turns with her on the floor of their shack as truck after truck of peacekeepers roll by unawares.

By this time, she has managed to work her lips open, so they gag her with her panty.

They even confer with their superior as Karyn is dragged back into the family truck: Mom wrapping her aching legs in her arms and Dad holding her head down on his lap by her hair, so the honest guard superior won't see her.

Mom and Dad then take her on their smuggling run, where she is used as part of the payment.

The two suppliers take turns fucking her--one at her crotch while the other is at her tits. Dad crosses her flopping legs behind her rapist's back, while Mom yanks up her hair, so the tit-fuck cum splashes in her face.

Once raped, she is even made to bend over and clean their ccks with her mouth...a knife held to her tits or throat. Then, of course, with the cum deep in her throat, the polymer plug is replaced and her mouth taped while she chokes (the cum once actually drooling out of her nose).

Cum-soaked, multiply raped, Mom and Dad bind her in the back of the truck<with handcuffs at her wrists, but rope at her ankles<amongst the smuggled goods...but don't count on Karyn's amazing strength, defiance, and recuperative powers.

She uses the cuffs to fray, then snap the hogtying ropes, pulls her arms under her rump to the front, rapidly unstraps the red high heels, and pulls the tape from her lips...but is unable to force the polymer plug from her mouth.

She leaps from the moving truck and races into the woods. Dad sees a flash of red in the rearview mirror, and the two chase after her.

Unable to catch the young sex slave, Dad is just about to shoot her when he himself is shot and Karyn falls into the hands of a squad of peacekeepers--a multinational group sent in by the U.N. to attempt to restore calm to the city.

Shocked at her appearance, but unable to communicate--not one speaks English--they help her remove the mouth plug, wrap her in a blanket and

bring her back to headquarters...a series of tents set up at the city outskirts.

Desperate to find someone who speaks English, she is brought to a M*A*S*H tent. But just before an American Colonel arrives, she is injected with sedatives by a nurse, who she recognizes too late as the one who had been holding her sister's leash at the party--a nurse who had been pressed into service by the invading forces.

When the Colonel enters, the mouth plug is back in her mouth, unseen...the handcuffs are still on...and she desperately tries to communicate, fighting the drug coursing through her veins.

Her lovely lips work, her fingers flutter, but no understandable sound emerges as the nurse innocently steps forward. "She is too weak, Colonel," she offers, then draws him aside and hisses: "I have seen her in the Sultan's quarters."

"Yes," says the Colonel, taking the alert from the consulate from his pocket. He rereads it: "Be on the lookout for a beautiful young brunette American woman who escaped from our dragnet at the Sultan's palace. She is a spy trained by the Sultan to extract information from U.S. forces *by any means necessary*--from playing the victim to wide-eyed, seemingly innocent seduction. Treat her with extreme caution...and alert the ambassador if she is seen or captured."

"Yes..." says the Colonel...and leaves Karyn to his intelligence officers as the nurse smiles wickedly.

A torrent of cold water smashes into Karyn's body inside the plain, windowless, concrete jail cell. The water courses into a drain beneath the thick, solid, wood, bolted-down chair as Karyn's nipples grow erect and her glorious naked body shudders.

She is seated, legs wide, big toes wired to the base of the front chair legs so they are the only thing to touch the cell floor. Her arms are wrenched behind her, her wrists and thumbs wired together behind the chair back.

Her green eyes are wide and blind--special drops having rendered them sightless. Her lips quiver and her mouth is slack. She is ungagged, but the thinnest of straps is directly around her neck, making it impossible for her to make anything but the quietest of sounds.

She moans, her knees rising, as small sparks erupt from her crotch and breasts as the water reacts to the nipple and labia clamps attached to the wires which lead to the small box on the table before her two male

interrogators.

But that is not the worst--the worst is the ten inch long metal dildo with the shifting, studded exterior and the naked electrical wires scratching at her insides from each of its many slots.

"Again," says one man. "What is your code name?"

Karyn licks her rich lips, her luscious body undulating. "Again," she breathes huskily. "I am a Connecticut librarian. I was kidnapped by a stalker. He kept me prisoner in his house, raping me every day...."

One man holds out a small photo to the other as Karyn talks, oblivious. It shows Karyn outside a Connecticut library, dressed in tight jeans and a tight red turtleneck--obviously unaware of the photographer. Her mane is in a ponytail, with bangs over her forehead. Her expression is somewhat severe, while her large, somewhat floppy breasts strained against the cotton.

"I escaped from him. I thought I had escaped...across the street, but the family there attacked me...even worse. A violent father...teenagers...torture... more rape...."

The second man raises his eyebrows, looking from the photo to the girl in the chair. There was no comparison. Their interrogation subject was one of the most beautiful women either man had ever seen: her breasts were almost huge, but so firm, so strong, and so exceptionally hung, high on her chest.

"They sold me...to the sultan. They trained me here...as a slave...a sex slave. They conditioned me, shaped me...."

Her body was so curved, her stomach so flat yet smooth, her legs so long and perfectly shaped, her hair so lustrous and her face so naturally sweet and freshly sensual that they almost believed they were torturing a human goddess.

"American ambassador obsessed ...abducted me from the sultan takeover... imprisoned me in a hovel next to the consulate. After the revolt, my captors used me as sexual barter in their smuggling operations. They raped me...again and again.... I escaped...to here...."

She started as she felt one of the men--sans pants--starting to sit on her lap, facing her, his erection slipping between her magnificent orbs.

"If," she gasped. "If you only knew," she choked, "...how many cocks I've had there...how many penises...in my mouth...!"

But then she said nothing more as the second man's hand was in her hair, pulling her head to the side, *his* cock sliding into her mouth with a deep,

dispairing groan.

"We know," he said, pushing his cock deeper, looking from the rough diamond of the photo to the 24 karat beauty in the chair. "Here's the deal, Ms. Catherine. You get us off, you keep your beautiful little mouth shut about it, and you may get back to your library someday...!"

"Geez, man!" the man on her lap laughed as he caressed his cock with her succulent mams. "What is she going to say? Who she gonna tell? And who's gonna believe her?"

The second man looked from the virgin in the picture to the wide, sparkling, unseeing eyes, the luscious lips stuck around his cock, and the unbelievable body shaking in the throes of assault. "Hell, bro, that's not the question." he finally said. "The question is: who would blame us?!?"

Then the fucking started in earnest. Someone was watching it all from the video cameras secreted in the cell. They watched cum spurt all over Karyn's swallowing chin and drip from her quivering lips.

They watched her retied, bending over the back of the chair, one cock up her, the other in her mouth. They watched as she was stood between them, wrists tied to thighs, one cock up her cunt, the other up her ass, as five fingers clamped her mouth shut and ten others mauled her tits.

"Geez," said the one with his slimy cock jerking up her cunt, "she'd be the perfect fucking height in heels, huh?"

Then they watched as Karyn was returned to the chair as she had been before--only this time with her hair tied to the chair back's second rung (forcing her face up), her lips sealed with rubber tape, and the electricity turned on.

They watched as the men left the room, leaving the sex-soaked, sweat-covered, naked princess alone in the room to jerk and try to scream, her green eyes shining in disbelief, sexual agony, and tormented ecstasy.

"Let's go over this month's files," said the commander. "Number 2012?"

"Lost it during interrogation, sir," said the interrogator who had mouth-fucked Karyn first. "Had to be institutionalized."

"How is she doing?"

"A tough case, sir, but I think it would be safe to say that she's responding to treatment...."

The "treatment" was a straight-jacket...polymer mouth-plug...rubber tape lip sealent, thigh-high rubber high-heeled stockings glued together...and a

strap 'tween Cath's legs holding in wicked, curved, studded, scratching dildos<all inside the interrogator's bunk box.

"No need to keep her here at mission expense," the commander decided, looking at the forged reports. "Let the stateside budget deal with her...."

Karyn is moved onto a C-30 transport as if she were Hannibal Lector--rendered unconscious, strapped to a gurney at wrists, elbows, chest, neck, stomach, thighs, knees, and ankles; and everything from her nose down covered with a mouth-prodded mask...her body covered with hospital gown (her orifices filled with interrogator cum in an orgy of savage "bon voyage" rape).

Orders are to keep her heavily sedated. Orderly prepares injection but quickly checks the balast of her breasts.

Once the plane is airborne, she is suddenly awakened by smelling salts. She jerks up to find her mask still on, but the gurney straps now around her wrists and elbows, as well as strapping each ankle to each thigh.

She is manhandled toward the front of the plane, its roar drowning any sound of her struggle. She kneels, blinking out the windshield as the crew leers at her.

"Welcome to the cockpit, baby," says the smirking pilot. "You're about to find out why they call it that." He glances at the controls. "Can't do much damage up here secured the way you are...but bring her down to the hold anyway, boys, just in case...."

"Shall we expose her mouth, Captain?" says one man anxiously, eyeing leeringly her gag-distended mouth. "Nobody will hear her screams up here...!"

Karyn looks at the pilot achingly, desperately hoping they'll try to mouth-fuck her...so at least she could gasp out the truth. Maybe...just maybe someone would believe her and start to check her story...!

"Nah," the Captain snarls to her agonized sorrow. "I wouldn't even put my sopping, bleeding cock down a traitor's mouth. Besides," he says, grabbing a fistful of her hair and starting to drag her toward the cockpit trap door. "I don't wanna hear anything this cunt has to say...!"

Down in the hold Karyn is thrown onto the cold, vibrating metal floor as one by one the crew tears at her hospital gown, abuses her chest, and mounts her cringing body.

"You deserve this," the pilot says, thrusting deep inside her as she tries to

tell him the truth. "I hate you fucking spies. And don't look at me that way. Don't give me that 'How can you rape me?' expression! How could *you* betray your country?" And then he came as her toes curled and tears poured from her frustrated eyes.

A hospital ambulance was waiting at the New York airport to take her. She was unloaded from the craft as she had been put on...only a garbage bag had mysteriously replaced the hospital gown. A plastic garbage bag whose inside was smeared by dry, sticky semen....

The garbage bag was removed. Gobs and gobs of medicating cream was slathered on, and in, her body. She was covered with a tight rubber sleeping bag attached to a small air pump. Once switched on, it sucked out all the air and the bag adhered to her every contour.

Karyn began to stir. A pear shaped gag was quickly wedged into her mouth, attached to a rubber hood which zipped and laced up the back. The base of the pear was attached to a tube which drooled liquid across her tongue and down her throat without setting off the gag reflex.

And in that medicating cocoon she was driven over state lines...to a sanitarium literally several hundred yards up the street from where she used to live.

Some days later a stunningly beautiful young woman was racing across a Connecticut lawn, dressed in a black form-adhering rubber/plastic french-cut "swimsuit."

Like a wild sexual animal, her brunette mane flowed in the wind...her green eyes wide and bright, her mouth filled by an unseen polymer plug. Nearing the living room picture window, she tried desperately to draw the attention of an oblivious blonde girl inside.

But just before she actually touched the window, she is tackled and taken down by four people. One clamps a cloth over her howling lower face, another wrenches her right arm up her back. The third cuffs her ankles, dragging her back as her free hand claws the grass.

Karyn is dragged into the bushes of her own house as her own sister finally looks out the window blankly, just missing her mane of hair and red painted nails being swallowed up by leaves.

It all takes less than five seconds.

Her swimsuit top is immediately yanked down to reveal her magnificent

orbs. A thick cloth is tied over her (already filled) mouth and around her head, under her thick, rich hair. Her clawing, swinging arms are plastic-strapped behind her as the swimsuit back is yanked up her ass crack.

Meanwhile, her unknowing parents get home from the store. Mom even looks at the sanitarium van parked down the cul de sac, and considers the way it is rocking slightly on its shocks--thinking how it's such a shame that they opened the fearsome place just down the street.

Inside the van, meantime, Karyn's head is thrown back and her lips are sealed by special rubber tape, developed by the Gov'n'm't to silence abductees and suffocate spies, while her arms are straight-jacketed *amongst* his breasts with wires--making it look like she is wildly embracing herself.

"Got pretty close there this time, didn't we, my pretty?" says a "nurse," shoving an ever present video camera in her face. "But not today, darling. Oh no, not today...not when you've got a date tonight." She deftly taps a tiny bulge at Karyn's crotch--setting the already installed and throbbing dildo on "roto-rooter."

"Pretty wonderful equipment, huh?" she asks as the bound and gagged girl woofs, sweats, vibrates, and stares blinking--the equipment doing its work. "Developed by the CIA to 'temper' female terrorists through their sex. The suit you're wearing, the material that's gagging you? Developed for space travel--adheres to every pore. It might as well be your eighth layer of skin...only sleeker...and sexier...!" The speaker squeezes Karyn's breast.

As the van rolls up the road Karyn's ankles are crossed and strapped, and she is laid, struggling, on the van floor. She is then zipped up in a body bag and carried into the sanitarium under the very noses of the unknowing general staff.

She is then carried into the private wing and a light-filled, frilly prison that is half feminine shangri-la, half sexual torture chamber. She is then expertly handled, bound, cleaned, made-up, and gagged with special prod.

The prod can be pulled out, so a special slot can be opened and filled, then pushed back deep in her mouth...whatever put in the slot to drop, drool, or drip down her throat.

As usual, it is the all-too familiar exilir--the result of the raid on the sultan's. The fortified liquid enhances the sexual self, solidifies feminine mammaries, lubricates the vagina, conditions female muscles for better shape, and smooths the skin to be less likely to bruise or tear.

Her specially made polymer mouth plug is reinstalled. A cunning choker is

tightened around her lovely neck. A deep cleavage minidress with nipple scratchers installed is poured on her and thigh-high stockings with microfilament hobbles are used.

Then there's the killer black, ankle-strap, four-inch high heels. A single glove adheres her arms. A long cloak is placed over her shoulders, covering her bondage, but through which her gorgeous gams show each time she walks or sits.

So resplendant, she is brought down to a limo in the garage, where she gets her "orders."

"Some very important people, some very important *ugly* people don't like it when beautiful women are willing. They know it's a lie. They like it when their power allows them to take any woman they want. Pretty, natural, 'normal' beauties...not slutty or wanton bitches. Their power trips also magnify if they can destroy innocence...."

Karyn starts to struggle, but her keepers just laugh...enjoying her scissoring gams just barely covered by the skirt and her heaving breasts just barely contained by the deep u-neckline.

The driver checks into a Southport motel. They drive out back, just barely shielded from view of a busy street. There Karyn is dragged out and hustled into the room by a surrounding phalanx of sanitarium "private" staff members.

She is immediately pushed down onto the bed where a "nurse" quickly slaps swash after swash of tape over her filled mouth and a "doctor" cuts open her stocking hobbles.

Karyn struggles defiantly up to a seated position, shaking off the cloak, then stiffens. A well-dressed man is standing in the doorway. A balding, overweight, ugly man. A man she recognizes from the news....

He stares at her panting form, bound, gagged, and surrounded on the bed, then looks to the sanitarium head. He merely places a videotape in a machine above the room's TV and presses "play."

Karyn watches, stunned, as the scene of her "abduction" appears--i.e., her near, so-called "escape" from earlier that day.

"We got her outside her parents' home in Westport, Senator," says one. "We heard her tell her folks that she would be going for a swim, then out on a date, and not to wait up for her--so she won't be missed for hours yet. We found the dress she's wearing in her bag...."

To Karyn's terror, the fat man merely kneels by her frightened form,

running his fingers gently through her hair. "Oh, my dear...you must be careful," he says. "You shouldn't be wearing something so sexy...heels so high...what will people think?" He continues to caress her mane but stares, almost drooling, at her stupendous chest. "I...I have a daughter about your age...." Then his fingers tighten into a fist, he yanks her head down, and attacks.

The others watch passively as, for the next hour, he fucks Karyn's brains out, her head straining on her neck, repeated attempts at soul-wrenching screams defeated by the lip-locking rubber tape.

He mauls her wondrous tits in his ham-fisted fingers, slobbers over her neck, ears and face with gallons of mucous-laden drool, and rams his huge, hairy, knobby, slimy cock in her auburn snatch so hard she jerks six inches with each thrust.

But his hands in her hair keeps her head from slamming into the headboard or wall, but nearly bends her in two. He takes advantage of her horrid position by sucking one of her tits into his mouth and masticating it like a honeydew melon sucker.

Finally he comes violently in her a third time, and ultimately slides his crushing bulk off. As the others move over to "tend" his bawling victim, one addresses the rapist. "So we have your vote on the agreement, Senator?"

Without pause or shame, the man replies: "If she sucks me off, you do."

Staring at him for a moment, the man then curtly nods at the others. Within seconds, Karyn is kneeling before her rapist, eyes squeezed shut, his slimy hard schlong packed all the way in her mouth as her "physician" pushes a silenced automatic against the back of her head and her "nurse" kneels behind her, expertly stimulating her nipples.

"See, Senator?" says Nursie sarcastically. "She loves it." Unable to deal with this latest defilement, Karyn tries to cut off her brain, but of all the cocks she had been forced to suck, this one was the worst--the hardest, the widest, the most disgusting, and the smelliest.

She choked and gasped as pain shot through her scalp and pleasure lanced up her chest. The sultan's training defeated her and her mouth muscles stimulated the villain on to his greatest eruption yet.

The load filled her mouth and barrelled down her throat. The second he finished spurting, her head was immediately dragged back and a bath towel was forced in and over her mouth.

But still it wasn't over. Karyn was then dragged to the bathroom, where her arms were wired behind her, around the quickly undressed rapist so that she hugged her to him. "Think of this when you're voting, Senator," says her "physician."

Karyn is fucked brutally up the ass as the shower water splashes all over. She is repeatedly slammed against the shower stall, her big boobs painfully mashing against the pane--watching in horror as her "staff" view her attack with appreciation and amusement.

When he finally comes again, she is lifted off the tile, her arching toes just touching, her eyelids fluttering. They drag her off his monstrous erection, cupping her firm, firm tits and ass cheeks.

She is left comatose in the bathroom doorway wearing remnants of her dress, watching groggily as her very important attacker redresses. Watching her curl onto the floor as he knots his tie, the Senator walks over, undoes his zipper and unloads another cum stream onto Karyn's hair, face, and tits.

"That's what you get, cunt," he hisses, then smiles at the others. "Stupid bitch, huh?"

"Yes, Senator," says one. "But I think she's learned her lesson."

"I hope not, boy," the bastard replies. "I hope not. Pleasure doing business with you. Call me anytime." Then he was gone.

The sanitarium team turned back to Karyn, her eyelids fluttering...and start to unzip their own pants.

The motel phone rang. "Hey," said the morning desk man. "Check out time."

The man who answered pushed Karyn's head harder on his hard-one, so his cock crown plugged her throat. She gagged and started, yanking up on the cocks in her hands as the man coming into her from behind held her hip bones tighter.

"Okay," said the mouth-fucker, and quickly hung up the phone as nursie rapidly checked Karyn's elbow strap and the physicians on either side made sure her ankles were still strapped to her thighs.

The mouth-fucker brought Karyn's head up with both hands in her hair so she didn't choke. She stared back at him with exhausted, clouded green eyes. "Okay, gang," he said to the others. "Better come, and go."

"Sleep okay?" said the desk man as the physician and nursie paid the bill.

"Great," said the man, "but we didn't get much sleep, if you know what I mean." The two laughed with an evil edge, as the others quickly swung a large duffel bag onto the back seat.

Erupting from inside, a cum-drenched Karyn tried to surge up, wild-eyed, screaming for all she was worth through the rubber tape sealing her lower face, and shaking her head wildly, but one of the staff merely laughed and pushed her back by the face and tit.

"There, there, darling," he chided. "You ain't going nowhere." Then he slammed the automatically locking door and went to close the trunk.

Ignoring his chiding, Karyn again erupted from the duffel bag like a butterfly shedding its cocoon in fast motion. Ignoring the tight, thin ropes cinching her crossed wrists, nearly crossed elbows, upper arms, upper chest, above and below her tits, tight at her waist, deep in her hip grooves, all the way up between her vaginal lips, above and below her crossed knees and around her crossed ankles, she slammed herself against the door just as it was opening.

She almost fell out into the parking lot. Almost.

Instead her physician caught her--first only by the right shoulder. She nearly spun off and fell into view, but then his hand caught her left tit.

With a squeeze, a mighty yank, and a push, Karyn was back in the limo and wrapped in the loving arms of her nursie.

Squealing in fear and frustration, she wrenched up, but it was too late. The physician was in beside her, slamming the door, and the others were in the front seat, starting the car.

Nursie gripped her spasmodically in a choke hold and her physician slammed her legs to the limo floor. "Drag her down," he instructed quickly. "The windows aren't tinted enough yet. Drag her down."

Nursie didn't have to be told twice. Anchoring her bony, muscular fingers in Karyn's rich mane she forced her straining, lovely face just below the window bottom as they left the motel driveway, leaving a perplexed counter man scratching his head.

Only then did the physician signal nursie to ease up. Karyn jerked over, only to thrust her chest into her physician's hands.

"Ironical huh, baby?" he said evilly, grinding her tits as she cringed. "You almost made it...but what stopped you? These. If I didn't get a hold of your

mammoth, mighty boob, you would have been out on the asphalt for all to see.

"But these things....," he hefted them up like prizes as she screamed.

"They're better than handles, baby!" He nodded curtly at the woman on the other side of the seat.

"Easy there, child," said nursie, swinging more strands of rope over Karyn's head to be brutally tightened across the very center of her mighty mammaries. With a vicious pull and twist they were tightened in place, as Karyn erupted to the ceiling of the limo like a detonating exclamation point.

Her head slammed there and she went down onto her physician's lap, spent and gasping for breath. "There, there, doll," he said blithely, fingering her nipples from between the coarse, thin, tight rope. "What can we do to prove to you that we understand? That we know you're not a spy. That you're a genetically handicapped sex bomb doomed to be held against your will and repeatedly fucked until your extraordinary, almost supernatural beauty finally fades?...oh, I'd say, at least five years from now?"

Karyn stiffened, becoming stiller and stiller as he spoke. But he didn't stop molesting her nipples or talking. "And what can we do to make you understand? That your face and body are so exceptional, so strong, so sweet, and so sensual that we couldn't let you keep it. That you were made only to be fucked? Why do you think you are still so beautiful after being raped so many times? How can your cunt still be so tight, so warm, and so wet? How can your anus be so firm and so deep? How can your tits still be so strong and so succulent? And how can you still fight to escape?"

He turned her over to look down at a face clearly etched in disbelief. "Oh, Karyn, Karyn, Karyn," he cooed, amazed at her beauty and the fabulous sexiness of her unwilling bondage. "You didn't believe a word I said, did you? You *are* incredible." He looked up at the man behind the wheel.

"Drive by her house," he instructed. "I want her to see her family." He smiled down at her as she started to cry. "But I don't want *them* to see *her*...."

"So you see, neighbors, there's nothing to worry about," the head physician told the concerned neighborhood committee touring the facilities. "Our patients here are not dangerous to anyone but themselves. Most are simply sad, misguided creatures. The worse case we have here, the very worse case, is merely suffering from something we call 'meglonymphmania'--a

sexual urge so great that she would even disfigure herself with desire if she weren't restrained...."

"Mom, mom, mom, MOM!!!!" Karyn screamed repeatedly into her face-obscuring gag, twisting and spinning against the shiny white, poly, chest-revealing, straight-jacket as the industrial dildo commingled her insides.

She tried to stay upright in the padded room, but the white, five-inch, lace-up high heel boots were impossible to maintain on the padded floor. She continually spun down to the mattresses, the incredible lycra-lace, white, thigh-high stockings not moving a millimeter.

"Can...can we see her?" a pretty teenage blonde said in a tiny, frightened voice, just on the other side of the single door separating her from her bound and gagged sex bomb sister.

The physician just smiled at the neighborhood committee--including their captive's mother and sister. "I couldn't allow it," he said soothingly. "You know, Patient/family confidentiality and all that."

Karyn screamed with all her heart and soul, slamming herself with all her might against the portal that separated her from her unaware family. But all she did was bounce back, the door not moving a bit. She fell, cringing, feeling the next orgasm the dildo and elixir were forcing on her.

The tour physician kindly showed the concerned neighborhood committee out as Karyn's back arched, her head went back, her eyes screwed shut, sweat erupted off her forehead...and cream actually spurted from her engorged tits and clear thick liquid bubbled from under the straightjacket strap to drool down her perfect thighs... as her bound hands clawed the air.

Liz, Karyn's sister, snuck into the dark, closed sanitarium late that night, creeping silently toward the door the physician wouldn't open. She only stiffened when she noticed a small nurse's table nearby.

But, with relief, she saw the nurse had nodded off at her post, her head down on her folded arms atop her desk--a single dim light illuminating the side of her sleeping face.

Taking a deep breath, Liz gripped the handle of the viewing slot at eye-level on the door...and pulled it quickly open.

Inside was a bed bolted to the floor. On the bed a small figure lay. As Liz watched in amazement, the figure turned over into the dim light....

It was a thin, tough-looking woman with stringy blond hair.

Of course, Liz thought. Abusing herself all that time would turn even the

heartiest beauty haggard. Superficially relieved, but fighting a huge distant despair, Liz closed the slot and quietly left the establishment.

The physician didn't even wait until she reached her car. He slipped out of the adjoining room, raced to the nurse's desk, threw the "sleeping" nurse's cap off and grabbed a handful of her hair bun.

Her brunette hair bun.

The clear tape sunk deep into her cheek skin shone in the dim desk light. Then the desk drawer was open and the doctor pulled out the smelling salts.

Nursie erupted out of Cath's cell. "Let me, let me!" she hissed, grabbing the smelling salts as the physician pulled the plastic pull-tie straps from the drawer. He heaved the "nurse" up from her seat and dropped her ample front onto the desk, quickly pulling her lovely hands behind, crossing her slim wrists.

With a quick, violent pull, they were cinched. And then came her ankles, each cinched wide to a desk leg, the shoes revealed to be five inch white high heels.

Nursie had the smelling salts under the "sleeping" girl's nose at the same time the physician reached under her to grab either side of her buttoned uniform.

The "nurse's" eyelids fluttered open at the same time he tore her uniform half off.

Revealed was her luscious body, harnessed in the most elegant and sexy and feminine of lingerie. A frilly, white lace bra with blue satin trim bulging with her amazing orbs.

Another mighty tear and the skirt portion of the uniform was ripped open; revealing a lovely matching garter belt, adhering to the "nurse's" smooth, sexy stomach like glue. The garters were frilly, the stockings tailor-made and pearly-white.

Her eyes snapped open. Her green eyes.

There were, of course, no panties.

Her physician gripped her hips and rammed in. Karyn's body surged, and her head went up, directly into the hands of nursie.

"Ah, I love it!" nursie hissed, tearing at the bobby pins which held Karyn's magnificent mane in a severe bun. Nursie threw the hair free, like leaves into the wind, before grabbing it like the reins of a fighting pony. She yanked it down, holding Karyn's sobbing head to the front of the desk as if she wished she could nail it there.

As the physician kept fucking her from behind, Nursie pressed her lips to Karyn's ear, whispering.

"You know what I love?" she hissed. "More than watching your curves twist and contort and shake...more than the way your cunt lips widen like a mouth sucking an in-coming cock...more than watching your sex sacks get squeezed and pulled and twisted and punched? I love your expressions...!"

Karyn's green eyes widened and shone in the darkness, the roar in her ears like the whispered words of a demon inside her head as his cock kept thrusting all the way inside her. Her fingers splayed and her tits scraped the coarse wood surface.

"The way your jade eyes widen when a cock comes toward you...the way your eyes squeeze shut when the cock first impales you...the way they roll when the cum is about to burst and there's no escape...the look of fear and foreboding when we clamp the drug over your perfect little nose--you know this could be the last time ever, but you're more certain that you will awake to find something in your mouth or cunt that isn't yours...and that will erupt!"

"Look, look," the physician interrupted. "Your sister is driving away. Look!"

And nursie yanked her hair up, directing her head toward the window where the blonde was getting into her car.

"Look, look," nursie called, yanking the desk lamp over to shine directly into Karyn's face. "Look who we have here, blondie!"

But just as Liz started to look back to back up, the physician clicked off the light. In the darkness he then reached down, still thrusting, to find a bra cup. But also in the darkness, Karyn pulled open her mouth with all her might.

The rubber tape might have been perfect for sealing, but it was also good for strengthening her face muscles...and this wasn't the rubber tape...!

"Liiii-IZZZZ!" Karyn screamed before a wad of her own hair was shoved in her mouth...and just as her sister turned the key to her car's engine.

"Heh-elp!" she managed to croak before nursie clamped her mouth shut on her own hair with her powerful fingers...and the car engine completely swallowed up the cries.

"Gag, gag!" nursie hissed as the physician shoved a wad of the ripped uniform forward.

In the darkness, there was gurgling and choking, the sound of flesh sliding against flesh, and the thudding of breasts against wood.

Liz drove out of the parking lot without looking back.

The light snapped on.

The physician had pinioned Karyn to the desk with his own heavy body. Her bra cups were pulled down and he was squeezing her aching tits so hard his fingers were white and almost touching.

Nursie had wrapped Karyn's hair twice around her arm and was yanking back so hard, it looked as if she were reining a wild horse.

Karyn's head was all the way up, the back of her skull touching the top of her spine. Her eyes were just barely shut in pain and her mouth was so full her cheeks were bulging. A small strand of uniform hung from her bulbous lips. Nursie had packed it so tight and so full she couldn't even dislodge it.

"Bad girl," the physician said quietly. "Bad, bad girl." Then he thrust like a madman until he came inside her like he had never come before.

A violent rainstorm had come up at about 3AM. Liz looked out the window of her room, haunted, watching the way the wind lashed at the tree in the yard, making its branches wave like a drowning man desperate to get attention.

Oh, god, what have I done? she thought in agony for the billionth time. I'm clutching at every straw. I must be going insane to think that...she...would be locked away in a sanitarium...just down the street no less!

Tears beginning to stream out of her eyes, the tormented teenage blond looked to the sky. "Oh Cath," she moaned, "where *are* you?"

She was just a few yards away, wedged in the area between the tree and the bushes, getting fist-fucked in the rain.

Karyn's arms were tied brutally around the base of the tree. Her polymer plug was affixed inside her mouth. Nursie kneeled alongside, holding her head up by yanking her hair back and clamping a thick towel over her lower, screaming, moaning, begging face.

And the physician was between her legs, slowly, inexorably pushing his arm further and further inside her.

The white stockings and shoes were still on her legs and feet. The bra was gone, but in its stead tight rubber bands crushed her boobs' base, inflating them like balloon animals. A straight, sharp, sterilized silver pin was expertly inserted a half-inch into each nipple's milk duct. It vibrated and hummed when the rain hit the exposed shafts.

"Bad girl," he grunted. "Bad, bad girl."

He pushed until she was unable to make any sound, then grew white, then blue, then fainted.

They removed the mouth plug and he ejaculated repeatedly into her slack, open mouth until the cum drooled down her chin and between her reddened, twitching, quivering breasts.

They replaced the mouth plug, retied her wrists behind her and slapped her awake.

Dragging her by her hair, he fucked her up the ass against the side of the house. "You want to call her?" he hissed in her ear, squeezing her inflamed tit as her face cheek slid repeatedly against the living room window. "Call her!"

Karyn shook her head, bearing the pain. "No," she tried to say.

Suddenly he cut off the ass fuck, grabbing her by the hair again. "You want to call her?" he repeated, then started to drag her toward the back door.

Karyn started to buck like a bronco. "No," she grunted, "no, no, no, no!"

But it was too late. Nursie was already there, smiling satanically. She neatly pulled a pin from Karyn's nipple, then leaned down to expertly work the lock as the girl's body started and her mind was overwhelmed with dread and terror.

Within seconds they were inside, the physician's lips inside Karyn's ear. "You want to call her?"

The girl's eyes practically glowed green in the kitchen as the storm raged outside. She shook her head numbly once.

The physician looked at nursie, each holding a sopping wet victim's arm. His head moved almost imperceptively, and then Karyn sucked in her breath as they dragged her toward the stairs.

She tried to fight, but she couldn't make a noise to wake the house. None of them, not her mom, dad, or sister, would stand a chance with these two violent deviants.

They forced her up the stairs, Karyn walking on her tiptoes to prevent the severe high heels from making any noise. They came to her sister's room. Karyn's head shook from side to side in a minute vibration.

But the physician just smiled with no shred of humor and nursie silently opened the door.

Liz lay on her bed, sleeping in a shaft of moonlight, wearing only a tight, sleeveless t-shirt and string panties, her blond hair spread angelically beneath her head.

Karyn nearly fainted, but became wide awake with the words injected directly into her brain. "You want to call her? Go ahead. Call her. Call her *now*." She stared, sopping wet, nearly naked, at her captor, her tormentor, her...master. She mouthed the word "no" with her lips around her polymer plug.

To her astonishment, the physician merely unzipped his pants and nurse went to the head of Liz's bed. She leaned over the sleeping teenager appreciatively, then looked over at Karyn with a grin.

Karyn turned back in panic to see the physician mouth his words: "Want to call her?" Then he looked down at his hard-on poking out from his zipper.

Karyn swallowed, then started to kneel. To her shock, the physician cupped her chin and drew her back up. When she was staring at him in fear, he shook his head and touched her tremulous lower lip. Then his finger dipped. He touched her other lips...and nodded.

When she almost stepped back, he opened his mouth and drew in breath, as if to shout. Karyn stepped forward quickly, her remaining tit pin pressing against his chest and sinking further. Her head fell back and she groaned.

In the silence of the house, despite the rain, it sounded loud. But Liz didn't even stir, although nurse's hands were out and ready.

Karyn gasped and slid back...but then she widened her legs.

With her bound hands, she reached between her cheeks and widened her vaginal lips. Then she quickly and expertly sank on his erection.

Karyn clamped her upper lips shut, fighting the elixir which fueled her and all the sultan's training. Sweat poured off her forehead and she blubbered silently as her vaginal muscles rippled and clenched and caressed.

Nurse watched in lustful hatred as her buttocks tightened and she repeatedly hopped on her tippy toes like a sex doll to create the friction.

Drizzle poured out her mouth and her breasts bobbed like waves. Her wrists wrenched in the ropes, but even with this quick cinch, there was no quarter.

Much to her horror, she could feel his jism coming but he was purposely holding it back. Her eyes popped open in shock, seeing him smiling at her in twisted triumph. With a gasp, she forced herself down on his cock and started to move like a seasoned stripper--desperately trying to force his orgasm.

But he beat her to it. With a nod from him, nurse raced forward and their hands shot out. Suddenly his fingers were at Karyn's labia and hers were around Karyn's breasts. With sure, practised motions, they stimulated her.

Pulling out the pin, nursie slipped between their arms and they sandwiched her, their fingers never stilling. In the moonlight, two figures became one sexual monster, driving the world's most perfect victim to an explosive climax.

With a hand suddenly plastered on her forehead, nursie pulled the ploymer plug from Karyn's mouth. It hung around her neck, slobber drooling in a curtain down her chest where nursie then used it as lubrication.

Karyn's mouth dropped open, choking back words, exclamations, or screams as her chest began to be consumed in flames and her vaginal volcano was just about to erupt.

She stared at the man before her in building horror...knowing...just knowing that no matter how her stalker had raped her, no matter how the family across the street had gang-banged her, no matter how the sultan had beaten her, no matter how the caretaker had abused her, no matter how the ambassador had lusted her, no matter how the embassy family had punished her, no matter how the smugglers had used her, no matter how the interrogators had deceived her, no matter how the pilots had maligned her, and no matter how the Senator had fucked her...no one had defeated her.

Until now.

"Call her, Karyn," her master said evenly. "Call your sister."

And then she came--so suddenly and so massively and so overwhelmingly that Liz shot up in bed.

"What was that?" her father asked, standing in the doorway of their teenager's room.

"I don't know," the blonde said, blinking. "Thunder?"

"It...it sounded like a scream," her mother said worriedly.

Liz almost cried again, but she managed to fight it, remembering what the ambassador had said. "It must have been me," she said shakily. "I...I was having a bad dream."

"Aw, honey," said the mother, moving quickly forward to take her remaining daughter in her arms. The father joined them, and they all had a good cry as Karyn kneeled in the closet, her mouth filled with the physician's cock *and* balls, while her arms were twisted out straight from her bent back by nursie.

For you see, while she had come, he had not. And as the parents wished their teenage daughter good night, he cannoned a load down her throat.

Karyn took it almost silently, the only noise in the closet being the sound of her furious swallowing. Then there was a sudden snap, as nursie expertly hit her in the fleshy part of the skull with a hard extended knuckle.

Karyn sighed and went down onto her sister's piled laundry, unconscious.

Nursie looked up at the physician. "Shall we take the blonde?" she asked so quietly it couldn't be heard outside the door.

The physician shook his head. "Not tonight, at any rate." Then silently, he pulled Karyn up by the tits and laid her across his back.

When Karyn woke up in her own room, she thought for a split wonderful second that it had all been a nightmare, but then she felt the ropes, she felt the gag, and she felt the exquisite pain of a corset being tightened.

She was staring into her full length mirror. The woman she saw there in the moonlight was absolutely spectacular. Full, lustrous mane of thick, wavy hair. Big, bright green eyes. Full, ruby red, kissing lips (obscuring a polymer mouth plug). Long, perfectly shaped legs encased in white. And a body that was almost literally unbelievable. 37 double-d breasts erupting out of a whale-boned top, a waist tightened to no more than 20 inches, and perfect 34 inch hips.

She immediately started to cry. They were forcing her into her grandmother's wedding dress--the one she had handed down to the eldest daughter before her death.

The physician clamped his hand over her mouth. "Shush, Karyn, shush," he whispered. "Wouldn't want to wake anyone, would we?" He turned quickly to nursie. "All set?"

She nodded, having gathered up all Karyn's underwear, dresses, and shoes into a bag.

Then, clamping Karyn's nipple between thumb and forefinger, he led her out of the room, down the stairs, and through the front door. Exposing her at 4:08AM in only the time it took them to walk to the van parked by the curb, the physician sudden grabbed her by the hair and hurled her to the padded floor with a vile "Get *in* there."

Nursie immediately leaped forward, slipping a loop around her arms and cinching her elbows viciously together before slapping her hand over her mouth. "You thought you'd meet someone, fall in love, get married, and live happily ever after?" she chided, gripping her head in her bony hands. "Or maybe you thought you'd get away, call the police, and go back to the

sanctity of the library?" She slammed the girl back down again, digging through the booty bag. "Well, forget it, Catherine dear...now you're really fucked." Then she brutally gagged her with a lacey handkerchief.

The physician admired the girl, looking to all the world like a virginal bride kidnapped on her wedding day in the victorian age. "Drive," he whispered hoarsely, and as nursie jumped to do his bidding, he went to his stolen bride....

The van stopped outside the sanitarium grounds. A figure emerged, carrying a white lace and satin bundle over his shoulder--her head up, muffled cries being swallowed up in the night, her arms straight out behind her, her hands splayed, her fingers clawing the air.

He carried her deep into the woods alongside the sanitarium. He threw her down there, her lower half among the trees, her upper half on the dewy grass of the sanitarium lawn.

And there he raped her, as if for the first time.

She wound up twisted on her side, half her torso out of her corset, her breasts hanging free, her head straining for the safety of the sanitarium gate as one of his arms wrapped her hips, forcing his cock ever deeper into her, and his other hand gripped her lovely throat, squeezing.

Then he gathered up her thighs, her face falling to the dirt, ramming into her repeatedly as his forearms crushed her dainty wedding garters.

He fell atop her, her cunt still plugged with his cock, grabbing her scalp and chin. He pulled the gag down off her lips and, digging inside her mouth, pulled out the polymer plug.

Slamming her down onto the ground again with his body, he knocked the air out of her, replacing the plug with a wad of her own panties which he had balled in his pocket, then tightly and savgely sealed them there with a long rubber glove he had taken from the operating room.

Her eyes bulging in disbelief, he started rutting her again, her bound arms twisting this way and that. Finally he flung her over, sinking all ten fingers into her hair and pulling her head back until she stared upside down at the sanitarium wall. Then, scraping her nipples and squeezing her tits with his chest, he forced his cock in again and again until her wet, warm vaginal walls tightened around him and the internal sparks threatened to engulf them both.

She kicked and scraped at the dirt with her pinioned legs, trying to scratch him or push him off with her bound, lace-enclosed arms, and crying for

help through her sodden, rubber-sealed panties. He shuddered, her body shook.

They orgasmed simultaneously in the first light of dawn.

Liz cried out and stepped back.

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother.

"I...I stepped on a pin," she said wonderously, pinching it between her thumb and forefinger and holding it up to the light. "Now, where did that come from?"

The physician did his morning rounds. At 10 he took a break, walked outside, went into the woods and fucked Karyn. He returned to his duties, but at 12 took lunch, walked out to the woods and fucked Karyn again. He returned to the hospital at one, took a break at three, walked out into the woods and fucked Karyn.

She was tightly tied with rubber-coated wire standing, her arms around the trunk backwards, her legs wide to a tree and its roots. Her hair was painfully knotted to a low branch and a thick stick was wedged between her teeth, forcing her mouth all the way open--gagged the effective, savage way Indians and mariners did it.

All she could do was drool and groan as he tore her satin wedding skirt, forced her vaginal lips open with his rock hard rod and used her sugar walls to excite himself until he spurted another torrent of cream up into her.

Pausing only to tighten the wire crushing her nipples and tits, he returned to work as she moaned pleadingly after him. Between his visits, nurse would come to empty and masturbate her. Then she would pull her hair back and pour things into her mouth--from honey to semen to urine.

At five o'clock, he came back and untied her from the tree but retied her hands behind her. Removing the skirt, he wrapped her in a lab coat, then hung a sweater over the back of that to further obscure her bound arms from sight.

He showed her a scalpel, her eyes widening, but then he cut loose her gag. "Not a word," he said quickly, "or I use this."

He walked her to his car in the parking lot. "Get in," he instructed. She did. "Kneel on the floor," he demanded, "facing the seat, under the steering wheel." She did, looking up at him with frightened eyes.

He got in, putting his legs on either side of her and unzipping his pants.

With a sudden practised movement, he reached down and tore the lab coat from her.

"G'night, doctor," said the front gate man.

"Good night," said the physician, his hand idly resting on a mane of thick, rich hair just out of the guard's sight.

She made him come two miles away from his house. "Swallow it," he warned, "every drop."

When he drove into his garage, he immediately pushed her off his cock, then wedged a huge red ball gag in her mouth, tightening it behind her head as she struggled to get onto the seat.

Then, with it deep in her mouth, forcing open her teeth from behind, he grabbed her tit and her hair and dragged her to the door.

They stared at each other for a full second and then, to her utter and total hysteria, he swept her up into his arms.

"Welcome home," he said ominously and swung her inside.

The door slammed behind them.

END OF TRANSCRIPT

Location of operative: Unknown

Location of abducted citizen: Unknown