

THE TATYANA TRANSCRIPTS

by Geoffrey Merrick & Tatyana

a
Geoffrey Merrick
story

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PART ONE

THE TATYANA TRANSCRIPTS

by Geoffrey Merrick & Tatyana

A shaft of late afternoon sunlight comes through the small oval window set high on the eave of the small, residential, Cape Cod-style house. It rests in an oval beam on a heavy wooden table set just five feet away. In the circle of light is a piece of paper, laying in a shallow plastic tray to keep it from sliding. At the very edge of the illumination a pen slowly scratches....

The hand that holds the pen is lovely, even elegant, with well-shaped fingers and red-painted nails. These fingers are almost porcelain-colored since they hold the pen so tightly, each movement careful and purposeful, as if writing with great, almost monumental effort. The hand is pressed to the table top as if straining. Just at its base, the writer's small, even dainty wrist is tightly shackled, and chained to the nearest table leg....

Stepping back from the shaft of light one can see an extraordinarily beautiful and eerie sight. A young, fit, vital girl of no more than 21 years, with long, naturally curling dark hair and shining green-gray eyes sits aching in a heavy wooden chair.

Sinking into her facial cheeks is a block of curved leather that is strapped tightly behind her head. The way her jaw is positioned it is obvious that this brick of leather is holding in a prod that fills her mouth, rendering her all but mute save for low moans of effort.

Her other arm is wrenched high up her back, tied there with a network of rope that grips her shoulders and crosses her heaving chest.

Those fingers reach fervently, then bind into trembling fists, then reach again.

Her legs are wide, her big toes barely touching the cold attic floor, her ankles lashed to the seat legs just above where they are bolted down. Her knees are also lashed, both to the top of the chair legs as well as the base of the chair arms. The well-toned muscles of the shapely legs bunch and spasm every few moments as if the girl is trying to close her legs with all her remaining might...

And of course she would be, for, in addition to her moans and the pained scritch of the laboring pen, the other noise in the room is a humming, whirring sound. Shifting one's gaze, you could just make out the bases of the intrusions she is seated upon ... which are grinding deep inside her...

Her body strains forward, held back by the ropes encircling her waist to the thick chair back, but driven there by the threat of far worse if she does not. Her breasts bulge in the barely containing half-cups of the cruelly tightened satin and lace corset, which molds her already impressive shape even more severely.

She writes for a time — each dot a painful press — and then slumps miserably, her eyes pleading to the ceiling or wall or floor. Then the man leans forward to see what she has written, one hand moving casually to her hair or chest — absently stroking or gripping or massaging there as if it were the most natural thing in the world ... while his other hand pointedly taps on the small device in his palm ... the one that controls the speed and movements of the thing inside her...

This is the image that greeted me when I viewed the videotape that accompanied the following manuscript. Like the *Tyler: Memoirs of a White Slaver* manuscripts before it, this was left on my doorstep. The video went on to show the man berating or chastising the bound and gagged girl for poor punctuation, inaccurate memory, or all-too-obvious attempts to elicit mercy.

And each time he would press the button and the dildo and/or butt-plug would surge up another quarter-inch, or spin a bit more, or scrape in a different direction. He, too, would all but descend upon her, suckling her throat, slobbering her face, and grinding her chest. And after each time, the laborious, pointed, and painful correction would take place — the girl's throbbing hand and body struggling to make each and every marking....

As she fell back, gasping or weeping or both, he would move quickly forward and write fervently on his own. He would then force her to read what he wrote — his fist in her luxuriant mane — and then her literary torment would continue....

The following are the words that they wrote. I cannot include the stains that marked the manuscript, but I can guarantee that this was written, in tandem, by a male kidnapper and his female captive, one after the other, over a period of many days — recalling the specifics of their experiences.

The first words are from the abductor. The words in italics are written by the victim. As you read them, please try to remember what I wrote in the very first Tyler Memoir introduction: “If you become bored, pretend it is real. If you become excited, pretend it is fake.”

And now, “The Tatyana Transcripts,” exactly as they were left for me.

THE TATYANA TRANSCRIPTS

36C...24...32...5'7" ...long, curling auburn hair...t-shirt, running pants, sneakers...hair in bouncing ponytail.... 20 years old if a day...so pretty...so fit...so young...so full of vitality and sexuality... I pulled the van across the road in front of your so smoothly and so slowly that the brakes and tires made no unnatural sound. You didn't stand a chance. Your discman was hooked on to your pants, ear-phones on your head, the music pumping away, droning out any other noise.

I listened to my music, enjoying the scenery of the quiet street. Trees of the forest lined the side of the road — no houses, no traffic, no other pedestrians. All of a sudden my whole upper body was wrenched back, a large hand over my mouth, squeezing my lips shut, another arm across my upper chest and lower throat. I was so shocked that when I tried to open my mouth, but even my voice was paralyzed. Suddenly the hand over my mouth was forcing my lips and teeth apart, prying my mouth open. A gag was thrust into my mouth and I felt myself being hurled into a waiting van, landing with a shocking thud.

Quickly then ... a pliant ball in your mouth, behind your teeth, wedging open your mouth, pushing down your tongue, almost filling your cheeks. A swath of thick gray cloth industrial tape pressed tightly across your lower face (your hair out of the way in “jogging mode”), and then a pull-tie cinching your wrists behind you... I hurl you on your stomach across the passenger seat. Quickly ... must drive you somewhere away from prying eyes to finish securing you before you regain your senses.... You're still stunned, groggy. I viciously pull-tie your crossed ankles, then cinch your knees. I slip another, longer, pull-tie between your wrists and tighten it brutally

around your waist... Your hands are now tight against the small of your back, narrowing your shoulder blades, accentuating your collarbones, and thrusting out your chest....

My body was being twisted and bound in all directions, my thoughts were racing, I couldn't think straight. I was so overwhelmed and couldn't comprehend what was happening. I tried again to scream, and although this time my voice returned, it was muffled to mere whispered groans by the ball and tape.

It's dusk...right after most 9 to 5 workers are home ... but before they go out again. The playing kids have also been called in for supper. The cops have yet to start their evening rounds. But no one would expect this sort of snatch ... not in "broad daylight..." I screamed and screamed, trying to kick and fling my body around. I managed to hit the side of the van, making a loud thump.

Quiet. You must be quiet. You're young, vital. You'll fight. You'll scream. Tighten the leather collar around your throat ... muffle your lower face further with a thick towel tied around your head.... Such lovely hair.... So nice of you to tie it back to keep it out of my way.... You're starting to come out of it. Your eyes flutter, then widen. Your body starts to move.... I'll give you something to think about. Quickly, I tear open the front of your t-shirt, revealing your sports bra. With a simple swipe of my box-opener, the sides of your creamy breasts are exposed. To distract you further, I wrench your pants down to your knees. Nice panties. Nice thighs.... Your sneakered feet start to kick, but it's too late....

My eyes now widen with fear... no one has ever physically taken me so quickly. I am used to being the winner... but now... oh, how I kick and lurch my body...!

Blast it. You're making too much kicking noise. "Ok, baby, I didn't want to do this yet, but...!" I grab your ankles and slam down on you, bending your legs. I affix a strap around your shins and thighs. "Ok," I pant, the mental sensation of your skin against mine echoing in my brain. "Try kicking now."

I try, and wince when I realize I can't... I try to scream.. but to no avail. I

realize I am in the hands, and binds, of an expert. But I have unlimited spirit and try anything I can to get free....

I watch you struggle, as if hypnotized. Your chest moves. Your throat works beneath the thick gags. I watch as you try to comprehend what has happened, and is happening. I watch the beads of sweat appear on your forehead and your thighs....

I start to tire, and stop, keeping some energy in reserve should I need it. I try to look up and twist, to plead with you....

I tear open your shirt further until I see your flat stomach, your slim waist.... I quickly scan the road beyond, my lips dry. Where was that deserted area again? The pleading look, the small collapse of your shoulders. Oh dear.... I know now. You're saving your strength. What will you do when I try to move you from the car to the house door? I look out the van windows. How many others had seen you jogging ...watched your hair flutter, your body move, your hips pivot, your chest shake? How many others had wanted to do what I wanted to now? But how many could do what I did ... what I was planning to do? "All right," I decided. "One chance." I grab your arm....

I see you look around, and know your thoughts... suddenly I get really afraid. I hope that someone will walk by....

"One last chance to enjoy the neighborhood," I continue, already opening the door. Gathering you into my arms is no problem. I have the strength of the accident victim now, lifting a car off a loved one ... as if your few pounds would be a problem in any circumstances. Even the awkwardness of your leg bondage is of no concern.... I look both ways. "Luck" is on my side, not yours. Your luck would be that someone would see us. My luck would be is if that someone longed to do to you what I was going to — someone who would join us in the bushes, and brush, and woods, and tall grass....

I start to struggle — trying to move anything that will budge... even trying to shake my head, to throw you off balance, anything... And oh, how I try to scream... But it comes out as a muffled "mmmpfff."

“Shut up,” I hiss, almost laughing without mirth. Then we’re up the incline, in the brush, your wriggling only exciting me more. “Tighten your collar,” I grunt. “That’s what you get. Ok, ok, keep it up, honey...” I realize I’m not talking about your screaming. I’m talking about...well, even if I were to drop you, you’d bounce off a “flagpole” first....

In the thick brush now ... not too far away ... let you see the sky and the buildings beyond — buildings filled with people who would never do this ... who would rescue you ... who would help you ... all beyond your reach with just one ball, one swath of tape and a few plastic, pull-ties....

You’re on your back now, your chest heaving. I know you. I just took you, yet I know you from the way your face moves. You know ... and you’re waiting for me to cut your legs loose...

My gaze settles on those buildings, and I long to reach out and touch one, long to scream and hope someone comes, but I dare not say a word anymore.... The collar is tight now, and only allows a small amount of breathing — enough to breathe normally, but not enough to withstand screaming....

I watch you try to breathe, I watch your eyes screw around their sockets, looking for a way out. I see your clavicles deepen as you try to bring your arms around to fight me off. Then I sit on your thighs, facing away from your gloriously straining body...

I ready all the muscles in my legs and arms, ready for anything to give, for anything to be cut free. I await any opportunity to run. I don’t like the look on your face, the lust in your eyes.... As you turn away, I try to think, deep and hard, about options... so many self-defense courses, so many wrestling clubs and teams, all that jogging ... and it all did nothing to help me now. I wanted to cry ... but I would never show weakness ... not to you. I will not be weak....

You writhe like mad, knowing I have weighted half your lower limbs with my own body. Then the box razor reappears. Your knees are free. Too bad for you that your ankles aren’t, as I powerfully tighten two more pull-ties around each ankle and thigh. Only then is your original ankle tie sliced open....

My eyes widen to their limits. I forget the collar and try to scream, to wiggle free ... to squirm any way that I can. I try to kick out.

I'm practically exploding from my pants. The frustrated defiance is so much more exciting than anything else could be! That's what this was all about! Of course you're bound, of course you're gagged! If you weren't defiant, none of this would be necessary! I almost laugh again as your kick accomplishes what gravity would have. Your legs fall open, their bent bondage making it impossible not to. And there are the black panties. And there's the silken skin of your thighs....

I close my eyes as I realize what I have done for you... but never showing weakness, I struggle with all my strength ... trying to throw myself around ... anything to get free.

“Oh no,” I whisper, reaching out to pull you back by your strong waist, your smooth shoulders, your thick hair. “Oh no, no, no...” I drag you back in place, staring down at your body. I pull the T-shirt wide, away from the pull-tie sunk deep in your curves, keeping your twisting wrists in the small of your back. And then I lean down, sinking my weight onto yours, forcing my torso between your knees....

Every muscle in my body tenses up. I can't think... I don't know what to do.... I can move my head, but each movement causes the collar to pinch... I think about head-butting you....

I reach down below your neck, gripping a fistful of your sweet hair — pulling back to keep you from head-butting me — a loose curl tickling the side of my hand. I stare into your eyes, my other hand spanning toward your chest. “First things first,” I grunt.... My trembling fingers jerk under the shirt and torn sports bra. And there...the warmth, the bulge, the tender give, the tickling nipple, the ruddy aureole. I squeeze, as if pumping your flush, terrified face....

I jump and inhale deeply... shuddering at your touch. I can't think straight. I need a plan. I look around... surely there was something I could do... somehow I could get away....

“Ssh, ssh,” I soothe, grinding with one hand, pulling your head back by the hair with your other. Your hair is so long...why so long? So I could do this? So I could use it against you like this? I use it as your girl-handle....

“No, no, no,” I repeat quietly until I stop myself. Stop talking. Stop enjoying. Get to work. There’s a reason for this, remember? Tire you out. This is no camp-out sleepover! Or is it...? I smile at the thought. Keep you here all night? Let me think about it ... as I reach downwards....

I curse my long hair... wishing I had had the guts to cut it short. My throat is exposed. I could no longer look into your eyes... read your thoughts. I could only close my own and wait ... and hope... and try to struggle.

You can no longer see me, but you know, don’t you? You can imagine how simple curves and hair and smile and twinkling eyes make idiots of men. Yes, and me too. I am no different. But what I can’t have, I take. Like now...my hand slipping down your waist, resting on your hip, curling in the top of your panties....

I try to swing my hips around to the side, anything to get out of reach of that hand. My shoulders are cramping and I am beginning to tire... but the spirit is still there... the willpower is still in full force... but my body just doesn’t want to cooperate....

With the touch of your skin beneath the elastic of your panties, my mind is blinded. I rear up explosively, frightening in its power and silence, kicking at your half-lowered pants as I tear at my belt and zipper — never losing my grip on your hair.

I don’t care what it looks like. I kneel as if worshipping you in frenetic tongues, slashing at the sides of your panties with the box-razor, never once letting its bite touch your silken flesh....

I quickly hold my breath as the panties snap free. With a start, I realize they probably were cut. Suddenly fear takes over at the thought of a knife... my mind is spinning... and I decide to risk the knife and struggle anyway. I fling my hips from side to side... trying to make it difficult for anything to touch....

I get a glimmer of the dark, curling thatch jerking beneath me like a bombing target, but study could come later. I look up just in time to see your head go back, your chest thrust up, and then my hands are at your shirt and bra. Then they are falling to the side and I see your body freed, while your arms, legs, and mouth are not. No time to suckle and pinch and twist now.... Other things to do now.... I fall forward... not even noticing your writhing, but I feel you surging beneath me. "That's it," I grunt, my free hand finding your thrice-gagged mouth and clamping my fingers there. "That's it. Push. Push all you want...." And then, almost of its own volition, my member is between your lower lips....

I thrust my head forward quickly, but I miss my target... the collar snaps my neck back in place and pinches my neck. I try anything now. I feel something between my legs and scream out as I realize what it is. I try to dodge it... try to slip out from under it ... but nothing works....

I'm holding your hair even tighter now, forcing your head back, your hair mingling with the grass and pine needles and twigs like an earth mother. I'm holding your mouth tightly, watching you swallow, just able to see your bulging eyes. So pretty, so bright.... Then I'm inside you and I cannot help but gasp. The moistness...the warmth, the tightness...! My mouth gapes open and I have to drag your head up, looking in surprise into your eyes...! There's defiance... but also the suffocating shame. "You...you..." I try, but cannot go on. Verbally. My hips are self-powered, though, my mind screeching for more as silently as your stifled screams....

I panic... those eyes staring back.... I look from side to side, praying that someone happens to skip supper and take a walk ... but nothing, no one is around...! My entire body is tense. I am screaming, trying to get some sound past the gag... but only muffled groans escape. I fire up with rage as my body starts to respond to your thrashing, to your powerful strokes.... My body is betraying me, I think ... and I get more angry with the thought....

I couldn't understand... you were the strong, independent, willful jogger. I thought you'd be like a dust ball, refusing to allow any pleasure,

even to yourself. But no.... "Fuck that," I whispered, and started rutting in unimaginable pleasure. You clamped down on me, as if trying to eject me out, but your canals are practically sloshing. I stare down and drag your head back by your hair, watching your enraged, self-betrayed eyes slowly disappear over the horizon of your head.... Then there is nothing but the explosions, the surges, the cramping muscles inside you, the sounds coming from your throat. It's all so quiet, so secret, so desperate, so intense....

Not being able to give you a look of pure hatred while my body betrayed me to no end...! I wanted my mind to be on something else, anything but this... yet....

I feel myself building...the blood collecting, my testes tightening. I feel the satin of your skin on my body and silk of your hair in my hand.... I clamp down on you like a tick, feeling your breasts mash against my hairy chest, feel your nipples scratching at me the way you wish your fingers would. All the sounds now are grunts...I recognize yours. You're losing. You cannot breathe, your loins blinding your mind.... Anyone walking by? Too late. Patrol car passing...? Too late. Someone looking out a high apartment window, seeing something moving in the distance? Too late. In just a few seconds...too late. My eyes clamp shut as my entire body shudders and shakes.... I feel my energy rise then drain from my body all in the same instant. I can't believe my body's reaction.... I cry out in pleasure... where did that voice come from? Surely it was not mine...

It is getting dark, and my hopes for rescue start to diminish.... I must escape on my own, this I know... but how...?

Too late.... Escape? Too late. Discovery? Too late. No matter what happens now, too late. I thought I could hold it for a few seconds longer, but the whimpering, angry sound you make detonates me like a cannon. I jerk you harder into the ground. I impale you, nail you in place. I come inside you like a fire engine water hose....

I pray that it is over... maybe you will just let me go now... maybe you just wanted that... maybe you don't want me for anything else after that. I could only close my eyes and pray... for I know that my energy is almost

totally gone.... I gulp and pray.... I didn't want my body to betray me anymore... my own body had done just that ... even my voice had disobeyed my thoughts.

You're mine now. I've marked you. You couldn't scream. You couldn't run. You couldn't fight. Part of me is in you now — will always be in you — whether you like it or not. I groan, sinking my full weight atop you. You're not going anywhere. I look over into your eyes. What's that? Looking toward the future ... toward home? Oh no. No, no, no, no. Remember? This was just to tire you out. I grip your throat and pull out another pull-tie....

I am breathing heavily, unable to think clearly. I couldn't speak even if my mouth was free.... You move, but your grip disallows me to see anything....

Your face...so sweet. Your ears...so inviting. Your neck...so smooth. Suckle them now? Lick them? Hickeys? No...there'd be time for that. Instead I slip the pull-tie under your tight collar and twist it around an exposed tree root. Instead I force myself to get to my knees, breathing heavily. I look at you. God...what skin, what shape, what sweat... But still I manage to get to my feet and stumble to the van....

I long for home... to sit curled up on the couch, reading a book and listening to music.... For a brief moment I think you are going to leave me there... and relief washes over me.

I dragged the blanket out of the back of the van and manage to stumble back to where you are. As I suspected. Even though you tried not to, you couldn't help wriggling just a bit to see if I had left or anyone else was around to help. And all that accomplished was to cut off your air even more.

But then I see you approach, carrying something, and immediately seize with fear. You pause to look, throw something, and then all is dark. All I have to keep me company is my shallow breathing ... all that the tight collar would allow....

I couldn't help but grin when I saw your desperate expression disappear beneath the blanket. Then it was wrapping time.... The final step

was to cut loose your throat from the root. I feel you undulating inside the blanket, knowing you want to escape, but also knowing you can hardly breathe, and the shifting is only exciting me more. Hormonal priorities, babe. I put you in the back of the van this time and climb in after you. The door is closed and now no one could see, even if anyone was around....

Every nerve in my body is paralyzed with fear. You aren't leaving me ... for someone to find and take me home.... I am in a state of major panic now... and even more so now that I can't see....

Blanket off. Hand on throat. Push into corner of van behind the passenger seat — your back against the rear of the seat. I try to ignore your look of desperate agony, but can't. You're just so ravaged...! Tits hanging out, clothes in tatters around you.... so slick, so sleek, so pleading.... The throat pull-tie now goes around the back of the headrest support. You can't help but sit up now, even if you purposely strangle. Then I drag my small gym bag over....

My eyes bulge at the sight of the bag... I want to wrestle my way free.. but even the slightest move cuts off my air. I don't even feel my arms and shoulders anymore... they are dead to me... but my spirit is coming back... ready for any fight....

Out come the nipple-clips. Out comes the dildo. Out come the straps and the tape. I show them all to you without a word in the gathering gloom of the van's interior. I adore the fire in your eyes. It practically illuminates the area. But I also know that all the fire in the world won't prevent me from reaching forward and gripping your right breast....

I scream into my gag, the veins in my neck bulging. My eyes are darting back and forth in a panic-stricken frenzy. I start to cough as the collar tightens as a result of my panicked movements. I will my body to escape the hand that reaches for me... and close my eyes as it clutches my breast....

The right nipple clip goes on. The left nipple clip goes on. You jerk, almost as if against your will, at each. But you sit there — you have to sit there — like a sexual sack, your still-bound legs lying open on the

van floor. So pretty, so helpless.... I can't help myself, I lift the vibrator until it hovers between your eyes, not five inches away from your head. Then I lower it....

I draw my breath ... closing my eyes again, not wanting to look ... and jump when it touches me. I pray you only have one. My nipples feel like they are on fire... and I shudder at the thought of it getting any worse....

The buzz it makes when I switch it on, mingling with the sound you make, is gratifying. With your legs individually doubled and your throat cinched that way, you have little choice but to take it. I watch you twist and shift and shake, trying to get into a position to force it out without strangling yourself, but then, incredibly, my mind starts to wander. I imagine your legs in thigh highs, your feet in black heels, your body in spandex.... I imagine a ball or ring gag in your mouth. I imagine your eyes as I approach you in my basement, my attic, my closet, beneath my desk, under the coffee table, under the stairs, in my bed.... I grab frantically at my zipper.....

I watch as your eyes start to wander. You are thinking something, and that smile spreads wickedly. I groan silently ... not wanting to know what will happen next. I try to think about something far away ... but the buzzing of the dildo snaps my attention back to the van. I try to squeeze it out with my muscles and manage to slide it out a couple of inches....

“Look at you,” I hiss, holding the device up. “Look at you. Little miss ‘you-had-me-once-what-more-could-you-want?!’ Yeah, ok, bitch, I fucked you. But I haven’t fucked your tits, huh? Or your sweet little mouth, or your ass, have I?” I drink in your expression of realization and dread like...well, like fine wine. Then the zipper touches your left nipple and you jerk like a hooked marlin — and I have to cut you free before your face gets deep purple.

My head is spinning... I can't breathe.... Suddenly, my collar snaps, and I fall forward....

I'm driving toward the house I'm using in Ontario. It was left to me in the will of a old writer who was only into spanking and whipping. But he appreciated my tastes and has a fine makeshift dungeon in the

cellar — complete with bolted rings in the cement walls, concrete floors and thick wooden ceiling. I glance over my shoulder at the still figure lying across the van floor...

On your side ... breathing easily ...towel off, bandages wrapped around your head beneath your hair ... hair fanning out like a halo and pillow ... sports bra knotted between your tits, your breasts bulging out every side ... your pants around your ankles.... Your hands were above you, cuffed to the chair leg of the passenger seat ... your ankles cuffed to the opposite corner of the van wall. "Sleep," I whisper to no one. "There's more when you wake...."

My thoughts, although very fuzzy, drifted to home... stretching and then going for a nice jog, coming home, having a nice meal and a long, hot bath... then retiring to the couch, and finally, snuggling under the covers in my bed.... The thoughts comfort me, and I sleep peacefully....

Oh, you'll sleep, all right. You'll snuggle, not to worry. You may even wake up during a gas station stop, but not much you'll be able to do. The van has good shocks. My only concern is not to coat the inside of the windshield with, and in, my excitement. And who knows? Maybe I'll find out your name from news reports and give you an interesting visit home. Maybe even your roommate will find you ... much to her regret....

I wake up once, not knowing where I am... but I am so sleepy that I drift away again... sleeping with the feel of the moving vehicle....

I hear you stirring as I near the house. Oh great, I think. Perfect timing, since the quaint, two-story ranch is on a quiet residential street. Thank heaven for the enclosed garage...but....

When your eyes open you're staring at the street. All those neat, quiet houses with signs of activity inside. All those trim lawns. All those nice trees. "Look," I say. "Look at all those people who don't even know you're here. Say hello, dear. They're your new neighbors...but they'll never know it...!"

My eyes open... and I go to sit up... only to be pulled right back down with a thud. My breasts are agony, and my legs won't move.... I start to kick and scream and thrash, but the binds allow me limited movement. I manage

to kick the side of the van once, hard, making a loud bang. I scream into my gag and thrash wildly... hoping someone notices the strange van....

I laugh. “You’ll have to do better than that! These houses are well insulated, and the van has a metal shell interior. I bet even the local pets didn’t hear that lame thump!”

My heart sinks. I need a plan, and fast.... This man is strong and quick ... but he does have his weaknesses... doesn't he?

“Not to worry,” I say. “My neighbors know me as ‘that quiet guy next store who keeps to himself.’ My, ain’t you feisty for all that? I knew I shouldn’t let you nap, no matter how tightly wrapped.” I find myself staring down at your body. And suddenly costume wasn’t important. My needs were. I glance at the opposite end of the van by the back door, where your other ankle would go....

I couldn't help it... a small, tiny grin escaped from me.... Yes, indeed, that nap did wonders for my strength and mind. I quickly made the grin disappear, hoping you don't notice... and wince at the stare you are giving me — and, following your gaze, wonder what is in the corner of the van....

I grab your hair and wrench your head toward my ear, just close enough to frustrate you. “What’s that you say? You want to go at it again? Well, okay baby, if that’s what you want...!” And then I wrapped your right ankle with a pull-tie and affixed it to the interior van wall before cutting free your previous ankle tie....

I screamed with all my strength... and groaned when it only came out as a mere whimper. I wince at your words and start pleading into my gag to be let go. I thrash my leg as it is cut free... and try to kick with all my might.

Of course you kick like mad. I was expecting that. But it was my entire weight against only your one smooth sexy leg. Then it was in the opposite corner and the pull-tie affixing it there, in a modified spread-eagle — your back on the van floor, your arms still over your head, your wrists still cuffed around the steel seat base support. “Well,” I say to your amazed face, “I would have preferred waiting ‘til we were all comfy inside, but if you insist....”

I scream again and start twisting my midsection around, my eyes widened with fear. I shake my head no repeatedly... my eyes pleading.

I don't care how strong and young you are. Abduction, rape, sexual torment. No matter how long you napped, you don't get over that in a few hours...! I smile as I lower myself between your legs again. "Come on, bitch," I snap. "Let's show the locals how it's done!" This time I slam in, I slice in, I stab in. Getting ready to fight me, would ya?

My body tenses up... and takes up all my remaining strength. I cannot fight the binds anymore... all I can do is scream and plead with my eyes... I am really scared now, beyond terrified.... If you couldn't wait even to get me out of the van...! I close my eyes and fight back tears of fear...

I laugh quietly into your red, shaking face. "Think they'll be shocked by this rocking van, darlin'? Guess again!" Still jamming inside you, I grab for the gym bag and start hauling out photos. "See these?" I grunt. "Look familiar? They ought to. They're you: running, stretching, washing your hair.... I took that one through the crack of the shade in your bathroom.... I jacked off to these in her every night for weeks!" I seethed at the thought. "One more night of van rockin' ain't gonna alert anyone!" I just enjoyed it for awhile. All of it. Your sugar walls caressing me, your astonished, disbelieving expression, your youth, your strength, your beauty.... "I shouldn't of waited even this long," I grunted, jamming inside you. "I shoulda stopped on the way back... once...twice...!"

My eyes must be fooling me. I think... that couldn't be me... this can't be me now...! I hate the look of that gym bag... and can't bear to look at the photos anymore.... My body is being rocked and thrashed... but I have to put my mind away from it.... My body must not betray me this time, but already it was almost too late for that. I eye the gym bag again and scream. My head rocks back with every hard stroke... my throat exposing its soft skin toward you every time. I can't move... the binds hold me still, my strength abandoning me all together....

I hunch down on you, my hands curling under your smooth shoulders, gripping you to me. I press down on your chest, mashing your

tits out further from the sports bra. I feel the muscles in your thighs bunch. I feel you shudder with revulsion, anguish, and more. Because I also feel the muscles in your vagina...how they clamp upon me, how they lubricate me, how they suck me in further and further....

I shake my head hard... trying to thrash you away... but it doesn't work. Nothing has worked...! I can't bear the thought of breaking down... never, ever show weakness... never! Yet succumbing to weakness seems so easy My spirit is still there... it was.... But then my body started to respond again, and this time I gasped at the thought of it betraying my a second time.... I close my eyes and think of a far away place....

My lips find your throat. My tongue finds your ear. One hand twines through your mane of long hair. "So... nice....," I grunt. Then there are no words, only sounds — animal sounds as I darken your neck again and again, slobber across your head, and grip your left breast as if clutching a life preserver.

I try to twist away.... My breasts hurt under your touch, yet they still respond.... I scream again, and keep screaming, hoping someone decides to check out their neighbor.

It... doesn't... matter, I try to grunt, but I can't. It doesn't matter if you're wet or not, it doesn't matter if you want to be there or not ... all that matters is that I'm inside you and like it or not, you're taking it. You can't go anywhere. You can tell no one. You can't stop it. You are a girl, a sex vessel as you were created to be, designed to allure, made to fuck, unable to choose. No more talk or decision. Mine.... I came like a bomb. I feel you shuddering beneath me. Shivering maybe. Sobbing maybe. No matter. I'm like a monolith atop you. The metal cuffs and strong plastic ties make it irrelevant what you do...as does the way your mouth is filled, your lips sealed, and your lower face muffled. I just want to rest there — my hand spasmodically gripping your chest, my lips sucking on your throat, my teeth lightly nibbling your neck....

My eyes close as you fill me up like a tank... I want to break down so much, yet I still look around, trying to locate something I could reach for.... My hands locate something... it is long and hard... and has a weird, rippled

surface...but my fingers can only touch it... my hand cannot reach far enough to grab it.... My throat and breasts tingle under your touch... and I close my eyes to prevent tears....

“Ok, ok,” I groan, reaching blindly over to the gym bag. “Time to up the ante.” Out come the small spray bottle and the thick white cloth pad. “You don’t think I only have a zapper, do you?” And I make you watch as I soak the pad, my body still weighing you down, my cock still deep inside you. I’m vaguely aware of the way your arm muscles are dancing, but I wonder: can you do whatever it is in time? Then I bring the pad toward your nose....

I turn my head violently from side to side... trying to escape the drug that would prevent any escape....

You stiffen magnificently as I clamp the cloth over your nostrils. Then you go nuts. Nice. Jamming your body against mine, your eyes huge and frenetic over the white. I hear your fingers scrabbling under the passenger seat.... For what? A jack iron? A knife? I snort. How could you wield it? Instead I concentrate on your chest. “Come on, breathe,” I coo. “Come on, baby, breathe....”

I held my breath as long as possible... but I burst... heaving and inhaling deeply. My fingers stop trying for the object.... I’ll never know what it was.... My eyes start to flutter....

I watch you go. I feel your chest thrust into mine. “Nice try, babe,” I taunted. Then I carefully watched your eyes: going from angry, disappointed, despairing, defiant, fighting, to weakening, then smoky.... Finally your eyes started to rise and your lids started to flutter.... “Come on, bitch,” I whisper in your ear. “Don’t...don’t...who knows what’ll happen while you’re out?” And I squeeze your tit for punctuation.

I fade into darkness... still fighting you with my thoughts... then... ever so slowly.... My thoughts fuzz over, blur, and fade out as well.... My whole mind, body and soul goes limp.... Somewhere a voice is speaking... but it’s just sounds....

I stare down at your unconscious form. Again?, I thought. Naw. Wait 'til you're inside. Then I climbed behind the wheel, hit the automatic garage door opener, and drove slowly inside. If only my little jogger knew ... out in "plain sight" the whole time...! If only my neighbors knew! But then I hit the door switch again and the garage closes, sealing us inside. I look back at where you lay. "Now," I tell you. "What first?"

Everything is numb... mind and body.... I am in a state of nothingness... and then all thoughts disappear....

I carry you out, and through the side door. Down to the cellar or up to the bedroom, I wonder. I start climbing the stairs.

Happily, one of my preteen niece's pink T-shirts fit you like a second-skin micromini. Its deep u-neck barely contains your mounds and barely covers your nipples. Then out come the white lace thigh highs and six-inch ankle strap high heels...

Spread-eagle? No, not again. In the moonlight of the simple bedroom and in the middle of the heavy four poster bed you lay, the ring gag harness covering your head as if made to measure, your hair fanned out like rays of the sun. I reach for the narrow, wire-reinforced tape and kneel beside your athletic form...

Wrists behind your back. Elbows together. Then the thin coarse rope comes out of the bureau drawer. Hair in a pony tail then tightly knotted to your elbow bonds, forcing your head up. Ankles and knees tied, then tape reinforced. Then I lie beside your gloriously stretched out form, spoon you, reach into the neck of the shirt with one hand, sneak the other between your legs, and wait for you to awaken....

I have a hint of thoughts... but they were so fuzzy.... Something was touching me, and, not aware of where I was, thought it felt so good. I try to move to get more of that touch, but something does not allow me to do so.... I snap open my eyes... everything is very blurred... and kind of spinning around.... I try to speak, but my mouth has been silenced....

I smile at your writhing. I chuckle at your gargling cries. I chose this as the bedroom for a reason. The soundproof glass looked out only on the neighbors' roofs and the sky beyond. You could see out, but no one could see you. Except me. And then I just held you, massaging,

molesting, caressing...letting you imagine what I might do in this position, but never revealing it until I was ready...until I had my fill of your gloriously contorting form....

Then I realize with a start where I was and what was touching me.... I screamed.... There was light... I looked and saw a window. Oh how I wanted to scream for help, to show myself at that window...! I tried again to move... but succeeded only in pinching myself. I tried to get away from those hands....

Only after you become fully aware do my fingers leave your clit and tits. Only then do I chortle reassuringly and start to move you over to the bed's side. "That's right, dear," I coo. "You're home now, and so happy to do what you always knew you were made to do.... Your mouth? Sustenance, yes, communication, yes, but speech? Oh no, no, no." And then you were on your back, your head over the side of the bed lip, as my erection came closer....

I was seething, but still very weak from the drug and my previous fights. I could only shake my head and scream... and even my throat burned at my efforts. Happy? I thought... I was made to do this? I asked myself... no, please, god no. Just let me go, my eyes pleaded, but you cannot see this... I couldn't see anything you were doing... and panicked....

I almost laughed as you kicked and tried to roll. I simply grabbed your tits and bore you deep into the thick, soft mattress. You were sinking in softness, trapped there, and my hard-on came closer and closer to your face as you stared at it upside down.... Your kicks became more and more frenzied, thudding deeper and deeper into the other side of the bed. But then my cock slipped under your eyes, beneath your nose, and between the ring....

I panicked at the size of it, and tried to thrash away... but it was hopeless. I coughed and sputtered as it entered my mouth.... I wasn't used to this ... I wasn't! I had only done it once or twice before... and to do it now, like this...? I thought about pushing it out with my tongue... even trying to bite it... but I was afraid of what would happen....

I think I heard you gag despite your pried-open jaw. No matter. All I

felt was the soft, writhing wetness of your mouth and tongue — reveling at how hard you were trying to clench your teeth...feeling them scrape ever so lightly along my member (which only stimulated me more). Then there was your drool: so cool, so soaking, so cleansing.... You all but tore yourself from your skin, but what are breasts for? I held them like handles....

My jaw hurt from trying to clamp down... my tits were searing with pain...! Clamps had never before touched my nipples... nothing out of the ordinary had ever been done to me, and yet I was being introduced to everything all at once...! I try to wiggle my tits out from under your hand, and push your cock out of my mouth with my tongue ... no longer worrying about what you might do....

The soft bed held you like cocoon. “Like that?” I moaned. “Oh yeah, baby, like that ... isn’t it good? Isn’t that what it’s all about? Taste me? Taste yourself on me?!” You undulated in revulsion and dismay, but so what? All your contortions did was writhe your shape as if you were dancing for my pleasure, and flash your white-laced legs in the moonlight. “For me, baby?” I celebrated quietly. “All for me?” I started to push my cock in and out.

I cursed the ring again and again... wishing you would just go away. This had to be a dream... a horrible, horrible nightmare.... I close my eyes again, and try to shake my head... kicking my legs and wiggling in the mattress....

Your tongue splashed on me. No matter what you did, it was a slobbering lamb against a log. Your teeth pressed and pressed and pressed but the steel ring was greater than all your jaw strength. And my cock...in and out, in and out, in and out.... I started to moan as it filled with blood and seed. “You gonna swallow?” I wondered aloud. I stared down at your astonished eyes. “Of course you will!” I cried. “You’d better,” I concluded ominously....

My eyes bulged at the thought... I tried to shake my head no... but all my strength had gone.... I never ever thought I would not have any strength left... but here I was... sucking on my captor’s cock... and could do nothing about it.... All I could think is that it couldn’t possibly get worse than this....

I rolled you over so your chest was sunk in the mattress, never once removing my member from your “o”-opened mouth. I let you weigh yourself down, the sides of the mattress now all-but-preventing you from rolling. I gripped your hair at the top of your head and used your mouth like your crotch. Amazed by the complex mix of your expression I couldn't help but tell you: “It's an orifice, isn't it?!” Then I came again.

Tears started to sting my eyes... and I blinked them away. It was like I was nothing — a thing, a machine.... I closed my eyes again ... comforted in the thought that after this... surely you would let me go...

I waited patiently while you choked and sputtered and groaned and writhed. Then I watched the cum drool unavoidably out of your still pried-open mouth as you moaned in defilement. Only when I thought you were nearly done did I scoop the cum back onto my index finger, flicked it back into your open mouth, dragged you to your back, sealed your lips with one hand, and started stroking your throat. “Swallow,” I ordered. “Swallow...!”

I feel myself on the verge of breaking down... just breaking... but something told me to snap to it... I swallowed obediently... the sooner you think I have given up... the sooner you will let me go...?

You lay there, twitching prettily in the moonlight. Everything about you; your groggy, despairing expression, your pleading body position ... it all said “you done?” I couldn't help but smile. If only you could see yourself through my eyes. Look at you. How could anyone, ever, be done with THAT!?! I went to the bathroom to piss...

You left... my whole body sank to rest.... You had finally given up, I told myself. I could almost smell home... the sweet scent of apple and cinnamon candles.... Surely there was nothing more he could possibly do to me....

I stopped halfway to the toilet. I looked back toward the bedroom. Did I really want to humiliate you this early in the relationship. Fuck you, yes, again and again and again, but make your drink urine? I caught a glimpse of myself in the lav mirror. Hey, I wasn't Japanese. I

didn't want to shame you. I wanted to celebrate you! You were a sex symbol! Who ever heard of a "piss symbol"?

I froze as your footsteps stopped. I knew you weren't at the bathroom yet. I tensed and listened, relieved to hear you proceed to the bathroom once again. I try to think of every act in any porn I have ever seen or heard of... and couldn't think of anything you hadn't already done today.... I frowned, deep in thought and fear, and didn't even hear you approach.

I came back to the bedroom amazed that you weren't trying to hurl yourself through the window or out the door. You? The proud athlete? Giving up? Naw. You're just playin' possum, ain't ya? Again, no matter. We had a great meeting, a better date, and now, it was finally bed time. I cut the rope holding up your head. Then I twisted you around on the mattress so I could lightly leash your throat to the headboard and your ankles to the baseboard. Then it was time for your sleeping gag. I crouched beside you, looking deep into your questioning eyes. "You gonna be quiet?" I asked, and waited for an answer.

As you moved me around, I silently groaned, not knowing what was to come... but at last my neck was let go of its strain... and I moved it from side to side. I quickly shake my head up and down: yes... oh... I would be quiet... I would be good... for now....

What were you going to say; "no"? Yeah, right. It was like asking a kid if he "wanted" to clean up his room. So I started to undo your ring gag harness. "You sure you're not going to try to scream?" I suddenly ask.

I shook my head no desperately... my eyes pleaded....

"Ok then," I said, then continued unstrapping the ring gag. Then, just as I was about to undo the very last strap, I suddenly went "Nahhhh!!!" grabbed the zapper and thumbed it into your side.

I didn't even have time to make a sound... just a quick gasp and I was limp once again....

Your reaction was “gratifying.” I loved the millisecond look of frustration you had just before the shock took over, reducing you back to a quivering hunk of sex meat. By the time you started coming around again, the padded mulch gag was between your teeth and tight under your hair. “Chew on that, darling,” I told you, then started stripping.

I blinked rapidly, my eyes trying to adjust, my heart sinking as I tried to yell out.... I watched you in terror... fearful of an active imagination on your part, since I could not think of anything. I feel so inexperienced, so uninformed ... having no idea what was to come next....

When I was finally naked, I flipped up the back of “your” T-shirt and wedged my hard-on between your firm ass cheeks. Then I embraced you again, mouth on your face, hands under the shirt. “Night, night, darling,” I whispered before sticking my tongue deep into your ear. “Sleep tight. VERY tight....” Then I started to suckle, slobber, and finger in earnest as you writhed in the moonlight.

I screamed. I couldn't stop screaming and squirming.... I had never, ever thought of such a thing, yet it was happening.... I was your toy...! I tried to buck you off, tried squirming, wiggling, even kicking backward.... I grunted and screamed at the intrusion. I tried to seal off the entrance by tightening every muscle....

I worked you carefully; seeing how you reacted in spite of yourself at nipple pinching and twisting. I expertly manipulated your clit, seeing what made you gasp and wriggle. I studied your reactions as I tickled your throat and under your ear with my breath and my tongue. I tested your erogenous zones, seeing what you reacted to despite your defiance. Inside your elbows, under your knees, the bottom of your feet.... “Your turn, baby.... Time for you to come....”

I shivered and shook as your tongue reaches my neck and throat. My nipples were like two hard little rocks, both betraying my every thought. My body had a mind of its own, had its own thoughts, and I kept having to scold it.... I tried to meditate, taking my mind away from this room.... but a pinch of the nipple would snap my attention back to the bed....

It was amazing. You were bound & gagged in my room, just one wall

away from dozens of people who would free you in a heartbeat...but none of them knew! You were only miles from your home, yet no one knew you were gone yet, sealed in here, unable to prevent anything. And all in a normal house & room on a normal street, as I masturbated you to the screaming point, ignoring your every twist and moan....

I kept trying to scream, despite the shuddering and convulsing of my entire body.... Even my voice gave way to wave after wave.... Surely someone could hear my shrieks... surely you would get bored of me....

I suckled your erect nipples while fingering your clit. I bit lightly while tweaking your lower lips. The rest of the T-shirt was molded to you by sweat. Your legs twisted in their bonds but your cunt had practically exposed itself to my never stilling fingers. You were getting so wet, your jism was making your inner thighs gleam and threatened the top of the thigh highs. I felt you begin to stiffen...then shudder.... I didn't stop.

I couldn't believe how my body was reacting. All my thoughts concentrated on keeping still... and keeping myself sane.... I just thought, over and over, never break, never give up, never surrender... but soon I was kicking madly, trying not to notice the growing sensations between my legs....

I only adjusted my rhythm. My smile widened as your hips rose, seeking out my plucking fingers. I don't know if you were even aware of your doing it, but every time I started to slowly raise my arm, your crotch followed it, your thatch getting wetter and wetter. Your exhalations were almost snorts now, like a machine about to explode. I saw the red of your skin grow across your body like napalm....

My entire body burned hot... sweat beads showing on my forehead, perspiration spreading across my chest and on my back.... My lower body was almost bucking, wanting more and more... while my mind cried for it to stop, to ignore the sensations....

I started whispering. I don't think you heard me. "Cum cup...from now on...all you were meant to be...all you could ever be...all you are now and forever ... to be loved and to accept love...all over, in every

orifice...every way a girl can be ... heels, minis, bustiers, corsets, stockings, lingerie. Attract, sex up...that's all..." I would repeat it often, usually in your sleep. You were bucking now. It was time. I pinched your tit and clit...

My whole body shuddered and shook... finally collapsing in fatigue.... I was appalled at the way my body has responded, had cum again... had reached that peak and sailed right through.... This had to be the end of everything, I thought... he didn't mean all that stuff... and god, surely it was just him and him alone....

I slowly wrapped your lower face in soft sticky bandage, careful to keep your beautiful hair free. You lay there, floating on the sweat-soaked bedclothes. I carefully undid your elbows and let you "relax." Then I undid your knees in case I wanted to enter you during the night. I could crawl between your ankle-bound legs without much trouble. Then I slid my torso between your arms so you had to hold me to your back. Then I oh-so-slowly ripped...

My elbows screamed in pain as they were let go... my knees had long since gone numb, and now were rushing back with pain.... I tried to arch my back, not wanting to hold him anywhere near my body... but the strain of my arms and back was too much for my low energy level...

I tore the shirt from you, then embraced your back to my front, my cock snaking up between your thighs. "There, that's better, huh?" Then I nestled my face in your magnificent mane and started to ponder what could happen to you in the morning. I began to picture you giving head under the breakfast table or sitting on my erection as I read the paper. I began to consider how I'd secure you when I had to go out. I yawned, my eyes closing...

I waited until you were asleep... your deep, constant breathing giving your slumber away.... Slowly I raised my arms back as far up and they would go, and sent them crashing into your back. I did it again as you jumped awake... and tried kicking you at the same time....

I loved it. "You wanna cuddle?!" I cried. "You got it!" And then the fun really started. I swung you around and under me. Then I spanked

you. Man, that was fun as you writhed and cried and shrieked. I spun you back and sat on your stomach, bouncing your padded face back and forth. I pinched your cheeks, pushed your nose, ground your nipples like radio dials. Then came the tit fuck. I had to work hard at that...but it was worth it...

I hadn't expected that reaction...! I expected you to give up and let me go... but you decided I was even more fun...! I didn't know what to do...! I tried to scream, I tried to fight, I played quiet, I fought my hardest... and all was more and more fun to you.... Next, I thought, I will do nothing... I will not react at all... and see how fun that is for you... I almost grinned....

“Oh, aren't you sweet?” I cooed. “Finally time for beddy-bye?” So I crawled between your arms again, only this time ramming my body even further up so your arms had no give at all. Then I settled in your mane again. So sweet smelling.... I wonder if you finally slept. I bet you had no choice but to lose consciousness. Four fucks in four hours? Bound & gagged? I don't care how young & strong you are...your body would shut down. I sang you a lullaby....

Sleep came quickly to me. My body went limp, and my head and neck relaxed. All my thoughts cleared once again... and the soreness of my body soon faded as slumber took over... but morning would come early Being a 5am jogger most days, I would awaken and look around, planning a fight and escape....

“You just don't get it, do you?” I said softly in your ear. “It doesn't matter if you fight or not. It doesn't matter if you scream or not. It doesn't matter if you're wet or not. I snatched you for your face, your body, and, well, your snatch. And by god, I'm gonna fuck 'em no matter what you do. Hell, I already have! But guess what? That's only half the fun. The other half is to keep you and anyone else from finding out! Night, darling....”

The words stung.... I would get revenge... some way... some how... I would get it... but I was also comforted by the fact that you didn't want to share....



Excitement alerted me when your tense body finally relaxed. Only then did I look down at your troubled face in the moonlight. Even in slumber, I could tell you were continuing your living nightmare; hopeful young woman one moment, looking forward to the future and the millions of possibilities in the world...the next, silenced, stilled, rendered into pure female, a vessel of passion without any interaction. Beautiful... I reached for the wiffle-ball gag I had secreted under my pillow and took the time to enjoy your sleeping face and still shape.... I felt the hard plastic of the wiffle ball gag in my hands. I smiled when my thumb felt the oblong holes along its surface. I stared down at your mouth, all but closed upon the mulched padded bridle gag that you had all but chewed in your angry anguish. I smiled even more, feeling almost dizzy with power, knowing what I was about to do and how much it would frustrate you physically and mentally... But now it was a real test...un-gag you so gently and so carefully that I would not wake you. Resist the temptation to caress your shoulders, invade your ears, run my fingers through your hair, massage your fine chest, pull you to me, take you... NO. I had to do this next part silently and without alerting you. There would be time for all the rest later. Lots and lots of time....

I reached carefully under your hair and started to slowly undo the buckle there. I thought of it as trying to lift a sales stamp from a plastic covering without ripping the stamp or the paper. So slow, so careful, so gently. Did I want you to wake? Well...maybe...but only when I was ready. Not before you had the strength to really let out a scream. Even with the soundproof walls, a solid shriek might not be ignored. It might even set off the neighborhood dogs and then everybody would be up, wondering what was happening. Things might get a bit rushed ... and ugly then.

I had the buckle almost done. This was the magic time. Your subconscious mind couldn't help but feel the pressure off your cheeks and jaw, and neck. But would you wake? Let us see....

It was wonderful. Your body started moving against me even before your eyes opened, your mouth making little sleeping sounds behind the mulch gag. You rubbed your rear against my pelvis unconsciously, making it all the more delicious. Your arm over my torso shifted, tickling me, while your "dead" arm, beneath my torso seemed to try moving, seemingly unaware that the circulation was long since rendered dormant. I nearly clutched you then, forgetting about my plan, but

just at that moment, your eyes open, their deep green glitter looking through and beyond me. My privates practically speared you then, and my heart leapt. I snapped the mulch gag from between your surprised lips, and rammed the wiffle ball behind your teeth, forcing open your slack, drooling mouth and started frantically tightening it under your hair, behind your head — practically cackling...!

Something was moving, but it seemed like it was touching me from miles and miles away.... I started to come in and out of my slumber, not sure when I was awake and when I wasn't.... I try to move my hand to touch my head... but my arm would not move.... Suddenly... everything washes over me like a tidal wave of fear.... My eyes snap open and dart around, but I cannot see much. My vision is still blurred.... I blink rapidly, trying to snap my sight back, and eventually it does. But as I look up I freeze.... The hand forced the gag into my mouth as I throw my head back as far as I can, shaking my head from side to side, but to no avail.... My mouth was already stiff from its previous restraint, and now it throbbed at the rough intrusion of the ball.... I panic, trying to thrash about, wanting to get away from the one person who lay between me and freedom.... I tried screaming, tried to punch and kick my way free.... I wanted to lurch at you right there... first the laughing and the rough handling, but now you were mocking.... I forgot the situation for a moment and narrowed my eyes, breathing hard through my nose, my chest heaving in frustration and anger....

I kneeled on the bed beside you, holding up the milky mixture. Your eyes widened... “Oh now, you’re just showing off,” I chided. “I say I want your energy and you become little miss ‘oh no please.’ You think I’m buying that?” I grabbed your hair again at the base of your neck and pulled back, so again you would have to stare up at me. I loved the way the moonlight made your chest gleam, but I had to ignore that to concentrate on your pleading eyes and gargling mouth. “Yes, yes, my love,” I said in a mockery of romance. “The joy of the new world is the readily available drugs. Drugs that make things as crude as chloroform and ether seem like caveman clubs. So drink... drink hardy, my dear. This’ll make you feel much, much better. “ And I started to drip the stuff onto your gag, watching it drool across the plastic to slip into the oval holes, and then down, down, unavoidably, into your mouth....

I looked at the mixture, and froze, not knowing what to do, I stopped struggling, stopped trying to curse or yell.... I just froze, terrified of what whatever it was would do.... My eyes looked at you, pleading, begging, and bulging with fear. I shook my head no, and kept shaking... trying to get my body to back away....

Your begging, pleading, and struggling are delightful. You are like a lap dancer, trying to excite me with the contortions of your body upon my bed. Or at least that's the way it seemed, thanks to the cuffs and ropes. The sounds you make as the mixture drips into your throat are equally exiting. "Swa....low," I say slowly. "Swa...low.... Come on, now dear, just swallow. It won't hurt you...." And I grip your head and I watch your eyes, and I wait for the tell-tale shift of expression — from pleading to 'what-is this sensation' to oh no, oh, no....

I cough and sputter, but even those are suppressed by the gag and the hold you have on my neck.... I try to shake my head... try to move any which way I can... but your grip holds me in place, and I can do nothing, move nowhere.... I can only plead and beg with my eyes, hoping you would break down and leave me alone... but the stare.... The mocking eyes danced with excitement, and I felt the liquid enter my throat, a little bit at a time....

"That's it," I say softly. "That's it," as your eyes get smoky and your lids start to droop. I stop pouring the mixture, watching the last drop drool slowly over your lower lip, then across your chin, and then drip down onto your chest. "That's it...." I whisper, my hand following it there, to stop its progress and rub it into your breasts. Slowly, slowly, ever so slowly, with mounting conviction. "That's the joy of modern tranquilizers, huh?" I manage to say hoarsely. "Take the fight right out of you, huh? Makes the feisty one all soft and warm and relaxed, huh?" I had to keep myself from going down on you then and there. I had to remind myself that I had done this for a specific reason. So, as you moaned and whimpered and despaired, I practically jumped to the bureau and brought out the ropes.

I look at you... but something is wrong as the mixture starts to take effect... My body is tingling.... My mind is slowing, and suddenly, I realize that the tension in my mind and the tension in my body has been draining slowly,

just like the liquid pouring into my throat.... I feel confused... and very drowsy... my fight and determination seems to have left my body, as if floating away....

I had been practicing for a long time, and reveled...celebrated, even... the joy of possession on your very body. Off came the cuffs. On went the ropes onto your crossed wrists behind you. Around your waist went more cord, attaching your wrists to the small of your back. I cinched it so tight that it practically disappeared into your waist groove. You hardly made a sound...just a distant mew of displeasure and doubt. Then came the real fun part. Attaching more strands to the rope around your waist I drew a cord through your vaginal lips and up your ass crack — so deep you had to be thanking the deities of abduction you were anesthetized. Those ropes were attached to your wrists. So now, if you tried anything with those angry, forceful fists of yours, all you would accomplish was to crush your clit and dig ever deeper into your own girlhood....

I can see my body being moved, but it doesn't seem to belong to me.... There's an uncomfortable feeling here and there, but nothing more.... My eyes are droopy, and sometimes they close, but every ounce of strength is put into opening them again, slowly, and keeping them open. I know I should be concerned about things, but my mind has escaped any thoughts, and now I can only watch what feels like someone else's limbs being tied and bound....

“Shower time,” I said with pleasure. And then I had your hair with one hand and your right breast with the other. With both I pulled you to your feet, your ankle ropes still tight enough to keep you from running, but not so tight that you couldn't stand there, pressed against me, like a statue of Aphrodite. From there it was just a few pulls and a bit of a carry to have you in the large rectangular shower stall. I wanted so to hobble your knees, but I just couldn't trust you not to try kneeing me in the groin. This way, if you even attempted such a thing, you would be driven down to the tile walls or steel floor. And I counted on your survival instinct being far, far greater than your urge for empty heroism.

Besides, it was so great in there. Once the warm water started, you were the perfect sex toy. I reveled in your mane, washing it thor-

oughly, your back to my front, taking advantage of the window of time before you regained your senses. I luxuriated in washing your hair, enjoying the mounds of foamy soft suds that cascaded down. In your stupor, you slowly closed your eyes to prevent the stinging of shampoo, and just stood there, letting the warm water wash over you as if you were alone in a tropical waterfall. Then came the cleaning of your chest. Your hands jerked slightly then and you groaned with both pain and pleasure as the crotch rope dug in deeper. Then you stilled, my soapy hands rubbing your chest like a masseuse, your nipples appearing from the suds like a forward scout. I worked your waist, your legs, your loins, and then when I stood again, you were staring straight at me — all hint of anesthesia gone....

I stare coldly at you... waiting patiently for you to rise, then lurch my body forward, slamming you against the wall... but the drugs still had a bit of a hold on me. As my body fell with yours, the cord in my cunt stretched and dug...! I couldn't move up, so I tried to hunch over, letting out the slack, but taking my eyes off you for a second. I thrust my head back, trying to see what you are doing, but you just lay there.... I can not see your face, and assume you had hit your head.... Taking no chances, I try to roll away, but don't get very far as a huge hand lunges toward me....

I grab your hair with one hand and your throat with the other. Squeezing hard with both I slam your head toward the wall as if to smash it open against the tile. But at the last possible second I stop. Holding your head against the tile, I press the side of your face against the cold, wet surface harder and harder as if trying to push you through it. Then I lean forward, my mouth by your ear, and even with the sound of the water still rushing over us, I let you hear me chuckle mirthlessly. "I guess I was wrong," I hiss. "I guess you're not smart after all. I guess maybe I should blame myself...after all, I was the one who tranquilized you. Maybe that made you stupid. But whatever the reason, here we are." I jerked your head again, pressing it even tighter to the tile. "Feel that? That's the sensation of a concussion." I squeezed your throat, cutting off your air for a second. "Feel that? That's the feeling of asphyxiation. You want that? You want one or the other or both? Your choice..." I waited. It was up to your now.

My eyes seared with pain — my head throbbing, like ten knives stabbing

down on my skull and through my brain, I gasped for air... willing my hands to be free so that I might remove the strong grip on my throat, but my hands stayed put. Each tiny movement straining the cord that ran underneath me, through my underside.... My eyes start to close as my vision blurs... I feel so dizzy, as the room spins and spins, not being able to decide between loosening the grip on my throat, or getting my head away from the tile....

“Now, now, dear,” I tell you. “None of that. You really are stupid, aren’t you? Remember the shower? Didn’t that feel good? Remember the smooth, warm, soft sensations in your hair and along your body? Don’t you want that more than a cracked skull or strangulation, huh? Given a choice, wouldn’t you choose that? Come on, now, because that is your choice. You can feel the ropes on your ankles and wrists, can’t you? You know you’re not getting loose. You can feel the gag in your mouth, can’t you? You know you can’t scream? So why choose stupidity? It’s a nice shower!”

I try to shake my head yes, pleading to be let go... for the grips to loosen....

“Okay, stupid,” I say with disappointment and feigned weariness. “I’ll make it simple for you. Do you want me to crack your skull or strangle you? Yes or no?”

I shook my head no quickly, shaking and trembling....

“Do you want to continue the shower and have some nice fluffy towel and warm blow drying afterwards? Yes or no?”

I shook my head yes, quickly, trying to focus....

“Good girl,” I say. “Good, good girl.” Then I draw you back so your back is resting on my front like I was a lounge chair. “But you’ve been bad, so you must pay the penalty.” I grip your throat from behind, seemingly as if to start a neck massage. “Here’s the deal. Your wrists are tied, but your fingers, deadened as they are, are free. Now I know you’d like nothing better than to get my crank in those firm, toned fingers of yours and rip and twist and tear until you could use my cock as a microphone, but guess what? You ain’t. The only way you’re

leaving this shower stall is to jack me off.” I shook you just a little bit for emphasis. “That’s right. You know how it goes, don’t you? Don’t tell me you’ve never jacked off any boy toy before ... not in the back room of those clubs you like to frequent? Come on, it’s easy. I’ll show you....” And I lowered my hands to your wet, smooth, succulent tits. “Just take my magic wand in your elegant digits, princess, and love it, caress it, treat it like the most beautiful thing in the world. And you’ll know how...because I’ll be doing the same thing to your magnificent mams here, okay? But don’t forget...it’s only one grip away from your pretty neck...and it only takes a second to smash your head into the wall. Less than that. And if I know my cock...and I do...it would take a lot longer to tear it off. One tightening of your grip that I don’t like? Goodnight princess... Okay. Let’s get started....”

I fight back tears and move my deadened fingers, reaching for it, and grabbing it gently. My chest heaved with deep, nervous breaths. I almost fumble with my fingers, but desperately try to stay calm. Stroking gently the long, soft, yet hardening toy in my hands — taking direction from your massaging hands, I move faster, being ever so careful to still be gentle... increasing the pace of my hands in time to yours.... I arch my back so that the wrist cords did not pull too tightly... I move my fingers harder and faster... the rhythm quickening.... My elbows and shoulders start to cramp, and I fight back more tears to stay at the pace, and even quicken it, still keeping a gentle, but firm hold....

“Oooo. Nice cool touch....” Your tits fill my hands and I started to caress them. Then I start massaging them more briskly.... “Slightly harder,” I tell you.... I start to suckle your throat....

I resist the urge to pull my head away, but my head bent back gave my wrists more slack and I can quicken the tempo of my strokes. Faster and faster, I rub and stroke the large cock running through my fingers.... My breasts are agony, but I chomp down on my gag, breathing deeply through my nose, while trying to please the member in my hands....

I start to massage your breast as if it were dough.... I raise one hand to cup your chin, drawing your head back, your eyes filled with tears. I really start to knead your tit now as I lower my open mouth onto your gagged one.... Faster I whisper. Faster, faster...! I start to grunt and

pull at your tits, kneading them even more insistently... I grip your breasts as if they were misshapen cocks and yank at them once, twice, three times...!

The yanks send stinging tears down my cheeks, and I really work hard at each stroke, hoping I was doing it right, that this is what you wanted... My back started to ache and throb from the strain, yet I just clamped my jaw down further, feeling the warm, hard cock fill and harden even more....

It was your tears that did it. Your tears mingling with the water from the shower spigot above to wash down your face and body to your wrenched-open cunt below. I erupted into your hands with an animal growl, gripping your tits as if they were ladder rungs.

I squeezed my eyes shut in pain, gasping as you tug hard at my tits — the pain searing, tearing through my body and shooting to my brain... I feel the explosion of warm liquid on my hands and lower back, and collapse from the tension against your body....

Your tears. Your face. Your body. Your cunt. Your hands. Your tits.... Your masturbation drove me out of myself, as if looking down at us both from above, my pleasure-addled mind making me think of you — my captive, my victim, my slave — as a third person. But then this release had been the best. Not even coming inside your unwilling body had matched this sexual blackmail. You were spent as I was. Well...not quite as I was. You are the one bound and gagged. You are the one who still doesn't know what is to come. I look down at your slumped, shapely body, marveling at your tone — all for me. "Gooooood," I breathe. Maybe you heard me above the running water. Maybe you didn't. I look down your curves to see my seed dripping from your waist, mingling with your tears, and swirling off into the water. I watch the milky globs slice by your body, beyond your pain-wracked, humiliated (yet still somewhat hopeful) face. Hopeful? For release. For respite? Or because you prayed you had done a good enough job so as to not incur my wrath. My wrath...now that was funny. After all you had done for me. But I knew. If I let you go, you would. And no matter how much you insisted you would tell no one, you would. And you would be at my trial. And you would walk out free, and this would never happen again. And I wanted it to. This,

and so much more.... I let us rest. I don't know for how long. I let the water wash your sins away and let the steam moisten your already silken skin. I watched you in your misery, and glory....

My body felt loose, dislocated from my mind.... My head was still throbbing, my vision blurred, my view dizzy.... I couldn't lift a muscle, could budge.... I angered at the thought of being so helpless... of doing that humiliating act.... I tried to hold it back, but my side racked with sobs... my shoulders hunched.... I felt like a small child the way I was acting... and immediately stopped... closing my eyes, praying that you would not proceed any farther... that you wouldn't cause anymore pain.... If only you would let me go, I thought....

Your warm body against my back kept me from shivering... and your breathing kept me awake, but barely... I couldn't see straight. Everything was misshapen, blurred, and spinning. My eyes rolled and I thought I had a concussion for sure. I silently prayed hard that I didn't... for I know that a concussion victim must not sleep for the first 48 hours... and oh what would you do to prevent sleep...? My brain hurt, my arms ached, and my back was straining... even my cunt was numb....

Finally I turned off the water. Finally I slipped out from under you and stepped out of the stall. I wanted to look down at your lovely form still helpless on the stall floor. But then, with a sigh, I reached down and started pulling your slick form up by whatever I can — your hair, your tits, your arms, your torso — until you're standing weakly in front of me.

I let our eyes meet once, then bend down. I think you make a little surprised sound and then my shoulder is in your stomach and I'm standing again. You fall across my back, your legs down my front. The crotch rope must have tried to open you from the waist in that position because the sound you make then has nothing to do with humiliation or resentment for a jack-off well done. I ignore it in any case and start out the lav door and down the stairs....

The ropes feel like they are splitting me in two, and I scream and scream in agonizing pain. My eyes bulge out of their sockets, and I want to faint right there.... I try to think of something else... perhaps the ache of the contact your shoulder had with my stomach.... But nothing can deter my attention from the pain.... Each step you take racks my body with spearing jolts of

pain....

I wanted to dry you off with the promised fluffy towels and hot air. I really did, but the sight of you there, all sopping wet and chagrined and tired, made me think you were a wood nymph or something. So, instead, I gave you a quick look at the living room, dining room, and kitchen — the windows shaded, curtained, and shuttered — before opening the cellar door. I walk down the steps, hearing you grunt inhumanly with each one, and imagine how much better you would look with your curling mane drying naturally, the roots eternally moistened by your panic and dread...among other things. I step down the last stair and stand for a moment amidst my late associate's "dungeon."

Stone walls on every side. A heavy wooden ceiling three feet above my head, lined with hooks and bolted rings. Heavy iron support beams going from the ceiling to the floor. The concrete floor, also festooned with bolted rings. A mattress was in the corner. A naked, jail toilet beside that. A metal custodian's sink beside that. A heavy steel bathing tub beside that. Racks and racks of implements, toys, clothing, and other items beside that. A pole with a cock-top bolted to the floor in the opposite corner. A wooden triangle "horse" off to my right. Also littering the floor were all sorts of stuff. Whips, gags, handcuffs.... I look from one wall to the other, making special note of how all the major items were cleverly positioned just out of sight of the two small rectangular windows high along the wall tops — so if any curious neighbor or concerned meter reader looked in, they'd just miss the desperate stare of whoever was secured there— and then froze motionless. A moment later I jerked up with my shoulder, sending you up to whoof back down on it. Twice, three times...until the sound you made was one of a dying wind....

I twisted around, looking and gaping at everything in the room.... I wanted to melt into the wall... even death looked like an easy way out.... Then you jerked, sending screams up my throat, only to be stopped dead by the gag... again and again you jerk my body, the rope sawing violently against my cunt and ass hole... I screamed again, but it only faded into a whimper.... I was mortified by the possibilities, and wanted to kick and scream, to run, to hide... but I could do nothing... not even let out a giant yelp.... The feeling of utter helplessness screamed inside me.... I hated it with a passion.... I

defied it, yet was forced to accept it...

When I set you down on your feet, the combination of the sawing crotch rope and your abdomen on my shoulder had frozen your face into one of bottomless dread but sent your eyes back into your head. If I had not been holding you, I am certain you would have collapsed...which was my intention. It allowed me to rip the gag from your lolling mouth and immediately replace it with a padded prod gag which forced down your tongue, opened your teeth, and sank deep into the skin of your face, further muffling any cry.

Then I forced you into the corner, propping you up against the cold stone wall, and went to work. I'm not sure you remember much of it. I certainly don't. Your wet body was such a vision, I quickly crouched and twisted and pulled and wrenched and tightened.... Now I know how surgeons feel when they go on automatic. When I was finally done, the gag was tight in your mouth, the semi-cupped corset was laced up your back — tight, tight, tight around your torso — thrusting your breasts up and out. The lace-up, five-inch granny heels were on your feet, making you totter forward. The handcuffs were around your wrists behind you.

I shook my head quickly, eyes already pleading — fear and anger and rage all showing across my face... but my eyes begging and pleading. My nipples were being pinched out and up. I knew my calves, as strong as they were, would cramp up eventually. My cunt was already filled with six inches of intrusion... my toes shaking under the strain.... I try to scream, to plead... to motion to let me down... begging and pleading... tears forming in my eyes....

“I’m sorry,” I kept repeating. “I’m sorry, sorry, sorry. See, because what I wanted to do was put you in a position where you didn’t want to sink down, but also didn’t want to thrust yourself up. I’m sorry. I failed. Forgive me. I was distracted.”

I stepped back to look at you, the pain and astonishment fighting for control of your face. Your upturned nipples were clipped with pincers which hung from the ceiling. There was only an inch of give, so if you flattened your feet, even in the heels, they would wrench your nipples up...maybe even off. And then there was the impaling pole. Of course you didn’t want to sink any lower on that, either, not with six inches

of it already up your cunt.

"I'm sorry," I repeated. "Now it's all just a matter of keeping you on your toes. What do you think? A noose? Nostril hooks?"

I shake my head as much as the collar will allow... mumbling my pleading, screaming in pain as my left toes give out and the six inches of intrusion became seven. My nipples pulled up violently.... I scramble back up, chest heaving, my eyes watering... my nostrils flaring.... I scream in pain, but you only hear muffled shrieks... and I see the smile spread across your face as you look at the noose....

"Ok," I told your begging face. "We'll compromise." Then out came the studded collar with the ring in back. I put it around your throat, ignoring your shaking head, drooling eyes, and sounds of desperate pleas. Then I clip the center link of your handcuffs to the ring under your hair, dragging your arms high up your back. "Again," I spat. "Again keeping you up rather than having you dread either direction. Man, this stinks." I stare at your pleading face again. "Unh, unh, unh," I chide. "Or do you want the nose hooks after all?"

"Ok," I say. "I gotta check some things. Maybe do a little shopping." I considered your pain-wracked position, still showcasing your lovely form and accentuating the feminine shape in general. "Hmmm," I consider. "I've seen you work out. Is it possible? Could you center all your strength in just two toes and somehow manage to vault six inches off the ground? Sure, your nipples would be ripped off, but that's a small price to pay, huh?" I stopped and thought about it some more as if examining a work of art in a museum. "Nawwwww," I finally say and start toward the stairs.

I had to see if there were any reports of your disappearance. I left the cellar for a split second... then came back, wrapped a strap around both your ankles and the pole, swept a thick, furry gray scarf over your lower face, and then ran over to where the video camera was. I set it on its tripod a few feet in front of you...checked to see that your entire squirming, sexy body was in the viewfinder, and started away again. "This lasts for two hours," I said over my shoulder. "Let's see how long you're good for...."

I shut my eyes in despair, at the realization of what was going to happen.... I groaned, tears forming again.... I didn't know my own strength, but I was

certain I could not stand on my toes for over two hours.... I pleaded and begged, and screamed and cried... but the figure disappearing from the room didn't respond.... My toes were already straining, my calves starting to cramp. Oh, God..." I thought, "I won't last one minute, let alone two hours." I tried to wiggle from side to side... but only found that my cunt stretched and my nipples were pinched and strung upward even further...

No word of you. Not in any paper, not on any TV program. College student, I thought. Modern girl. Doesn't talk to your folks every day. Maybe not even every week. What is your roomie going to do? Sick the cops on you? No, she's a modern girl too. Maybe jogger girl is spending time with a new boyfriend, maybe she's out with friends having a great sleepover. Leave you alone and you'll come home, wagging your ass behind you.... So...maybe the parents won't know for days, maybe weeks. Stupid cops never investigate until 24 to 48 hours after the report, let alone the actual disappearance....

I glanced over at the closed circuit TV. For what it's worth, you look great in the corset. As I suspected, your hair drying naturally accentuated its curled mane, making you look all the more like an earth child come to life. I watch your chest bulge in the semi-cups because your stomach is out of sight beneath the metal and bone supports, forcing your waist to an even more impressive 22 inches. I watch your eyes; droop and widen, droop & widen. I watch your form start to sink then snap to attention again — the time between the two getting shorter and shorter.... I start to feel a pressure in my pants. Maybe I'll go shopping later. But first, another half-hour of the jogger show....

My mind is swimming in droves of pain and relief, pain and relief... even the six inches digging into my pussy does not bother me.... My breasts screamed in pain... and my toes shouted to be released from their stance.... I tried a few tricks... and found one that worked... that even the camera would not catch.... I shuffled my toes, swirling my feet in the shoes, and, curling my toes a bit, was able to back my feet up slightly in the shoes, raising me half an inch, relieving a bit of pressure from my nipples.... I sighed with relief... my calves thanking me for that little bit of movement.... I looked at the camera, sweat cascading down my cheeks from my forehead.... I stared at the lens... pleading and glaring with hatred at the same time... hoping nothing was noticed, praying that you had gone shopping....

I had time. I waited and waited and waited. I had a drink. I had something to eat. I masturbated a few times. I waited until your pleading, hate-filled eyes grew unfocused. Until the scarf over your lower face was stuck to your skin like tape. Until your calves and thighs didn't start spasms, but never stopped. Until you let out a groan, as if falling off a cliff, and finally, unavoidably slumped. Only then did I slowly make my way down to the cellar, holding a bunch of stalking pictures. "You really should think about altering your fashion," I commented, not caring if you heard me or not. "The clunky shoes and pants just don't do it. The T-shirts and high necked dresses just don't do it. Not with those legs. What a waste of that chest. No matter...if you knew how good you looked...and what are all the work outs for, if not to look good...?"

Your words cut into me like daggers. With each sentence, I felt closer to tears... and finally, the pressures started to give way as you let down the nipple ties.... My head was rolling, I could no longer keep it up myself... everything started to slump....

By then I was at your side and sank my hand into your hair, lifting your head. You barely looked at me through hardly opened eyes. "See? It was all for nothing all along. You underestimate yourself. All girls do. It's what they're taught." I moved your head around to look down at your sweat-soaked body, as if the wetness there was an eternal second layer of skin. "See? Your nips wouldn't be ripped off, even if you had been able to vault off the pole. Cut, maybe, but not torn off. So all the straining?" I sniffed. "Eight inches inside you, what's that? You're young. You can take it. High heels put you on your toes? So what? You're strong. Maybe not in ten years, not even five, but now? Man, your worst enemy is your imagination...and doubt. Guess what, darling. I COULD have left you her for two hours...even three. Know what? You set the record anyway. 68 minutes...." Then I started to unclip your tits.... "Wakey, wakey," I practically sang, tapping you on your cheek. "Hey, strong girl. Time to get up. You need to get your reward."

My head snapped up at your words. Reward? I dreaded the word the moment it left your lips. Oh god... what could possibly be next, I thought. Surely there was nothing left to do to me.... I looked up, trying to read your

thoughts... but you only smiled...

I smiled and grimaced at the same time. “Ooo, that must’ve pinched,” I told you. You had been out for about fifteen minutes. Now you were bent forward from the waist, your arms high behind you, cuffed to a hook in the ceiling. Your granny boots were still on, hobbled by a chain that only gave you two feet of leverage. Nose hooks were in your nostrils, also stretched to the ceiling, holding your head up. Your breasts hung down, the corset replaced by a deep v-necked vinyl microminiskirt (hot red) which did nothing at all to cover your succulent rear. And in your mouth was the dreaded ring gag harness....

I dreaded the ring gag, having experienced it once already. I shut my eyes tight, trying to block everything out... trying not to hear your deep breaths, your words, your movements.... I drew my breath....

“No, no,” I told you. “Looky, looky. You’ll like this. Something new.” I held up my index finger, which was coated in lubricant. Then, not caring if you looked at all — your head would be kept up by the nose hooks in any case — I lowered it down and started to press it into your sphincter...

I started to struggle, finding some unknown strength, straining every direction, screaming — coughing and gagging on my own drool. I wiggled my ass to the side and back, trying to escape the hand that was intruding....

“Oh that’s good,” I cooed, fingering your asshole. “You’re doing all the work for me!”

I strained and fought every bind... taking care not to move my head and nose... trying to kick out... anything to get that hand away. I looked at you... and saw your sadistic smile widen. I screamed as the intruder penetrated deeper....

“Oooo, look at your tits jiggle!” I reached down and yanked the v-neck of the vinyl dress wide, letting your already exposed breasts completely out. I returned my hands to your smooth haunches. But then I stilled. Wait, wait...there was still something missing. Desperate you...check. Erect me...check. But where was the stimulating we? I

marched quickly over to behind the rack of slut clothes and pulled out the full length mirror. I placed it against the wall in front of you and went back to your jutting ass. I checked to see if I could see all of me and all of you in its reflection...went back to make an adjustment, then returned to my place behind you. I reached down, my arms on either side of your body, and filled my hands with your tits. I leaned on your back, lowered my head beside yours, and said "See? Pretty picture, huh?"

I see you go back to adjust the angle, and start struggling once again....

"That's the ticket," I cry. "That's my girl! That's the bitchin' babeski I snatched!" You were wagging your tail so sweetly at me. Leave them alone, and they'll come, wagging their tails behind them.... My cock needed no more encouragement. I placed the circumcised crown against your puckered sphincter opening like a cork in a really narrow wine bottle. Then I plugged it in.

I tried to heave you off of me... keeping my head still as I can manage... and struggle against the binds and your weight.... I screamed again and again, tears flowing down my face, mixing with old sweat and new sweat.... I screamed louder than I thought I could, but you didn't even react. I leaned as far forward as I could, my head going further back as my nostrils were raised up.... I screamed again and again, my body racked with sobs and shrieks.... I couldn't believe what was happening.... My mind spun and every thought raced in circles.... I kept screaming and fighting... anything to escape the pain....

My hands clamped onto your hip bones like vices, jerking you back slowly, ever so slowly...pushing into you slowly, ever so slowly — no matter how hard you writhed and how desperate your gargling shrieks. This place was built for the late owner's torture sessions. He wasn't into gags at all, so these walls and those windows were designed to withstand full throated screams from girls whose flesh was being flayed ... not some exhausted jogger recuperating from a day of multiple rape and more than an hour on an impaling pole. Besides, the ring gag was just fine at translating your screams into drooling wet weeping. Once in, all that was needed then was steady pressure, like foam filling a clogged drain. Every centimeter ... every millimeter

... every inch, your sphincter made way.

Finally I was plugging you. I was filling you. I was all the way inside. Your asshole had widened, as assholes do. So it was time to move on. I started sliding it back and forth. All the way in but never, never all the way out. You were lucky if it ever got 3/4 out. No, it went back and forth, back and forth, faster and faster, your sphincter walls massaging me, caressing me, jacking me off....

I couldn't think... everything was spinning.... I couldn't even scream... the pain had seized my vocal chords. Your punishing strokes choked my voice repeatedly.... I gasped for air, and even though my head was still pulled back — allowing full access to my lungs — the racking of my chest wouldn't allow it.... I kept gasping as little bits of air entered and escaped in time to your thrusts.... I shut my eyes tight again, tears still streaming down my cheeks....

I was slamming you against my hips now. Thudding your ass against my pelvis again and again like I was piston-driven. I watched your face in the mirror; eyes shut tight, tears flying from them as if shot from under your lids, drool splattering out of your open mouth like a garden hose gone wild, your tits shaking faster and faster, your beautiful hair like Medusa's snakes writhing in the dank cellar air.... I felt my rod filling, my sacks near to bursting. How I wanted to lean over and grab your tits like parachute cords, but the ecstasy paralyzed my fingers deep in your magnificent hip bones...the greatest handles a girl has. And then I stabbed even deeper inside you, impaling you like a prisoner of war. And I came. I came and came and came....

I felt an explosion in my ass... and sank my head as low as the binds would allow. You had done it. Was it finally over? Finally, I thought, finally everything had been done.... God, what more could possibly be done to me? Every part of my body burned, ached, throbbed, and seared with pain....

“Oh man,” I moaned, sinking onto your back. “Oh man, oh man, oh man...” My trembling hands gripped your tits spasmodically. “Oh you're good, y'know? You're soooo good.” I ignored your weeping. No, that's not right. I accepted your sobbing in due course. What else would you do? Glare at me in hate? Been there, done that, will do it again. I checked us out in the mirror, admiring your flushed, drip-

ping-wet face, and the slow waterfall of saliva that came unknowingly from your wrenched-open mouth. You looked like a marathon dance club techno girl after a hard night boogying. Yeah...right. Finally I straightened and stared down at your handsome flanks. The cum was coursing out your ass around my cock, and drooling down your thighs.

I shook my head in wonder and pulled free. I circled you slowly, taking in how your quaking only served to make you even more sexy. How your sobbing wobbled your tits invitingly. Finally I stood in front of you, your bawling face wrenched up by the nose hooks. "Okay," I said. "Suck me clean...."

My eyes widened, and despite the ring gag, I gaped at you.... Oh god, I thought... surely after that... you wouldn't...! My eyes pleaded and begged for me to be let down. My neck was straining at an unnatural angle — my legs shaking, my ass feeling like it was on fire.... I cursed under my breath and groaned pleadingly at you... hoping for the slightest hint of mercy....

I saw your expression and heard your mumbled, gagged pleas, and was suitably shocked and amazed. "What, are you kidding?" I said. "What do you think you're here for? Suck me clean!"

My heart sank right there... all fight and hope leaking out of my body... "Oh God." I thought, "he is going to make me...."

I was astonished. "I can't believe it. I just can't believe it. Listen," I tell you, grabbing you hair and pulling your head up to within inches of mine. "I stalk you for weeks. I see your chest, I see your hair. I see your face, I see your legs...and I see you work out so all of them are as sexy as they could be. And I see all the other guys leering at you too. Watching you jog, seeing you dance in clubs, dressing yourself up, showing yourself off. Come on, bitch, I snatched you! Snatched you! What do you think I did that for? To admire you from afar?" I threw down your head and started walking around in front of you, my arms waving. "I've raped you...! Not once...not twice...a bunch of times! It was great. I liked it. I LOVED it! I just fucked you up the ass! And now, you look at me with that 'no more, how could you want more, please don't?' What, are you nuts??? That's it, I've driven you insane. BUT...WHO ... CARES!!!" I marched up to you, stuck my prick

in your face, and said it plainly. “Clean me off...NOW...!”

I was completely shaken at your anger — sinking back in my binds, terrified, like a cat in the middle of a busy highway. The words cut into me like lashes from a whip, and I immediately bent my head forward, sucking and licking desperately....

“That’s it,” I told you. “I’m not moving. You come to me. You do the work for a change. I’m standing right here.... Keep going. I’ll tell you when to stop.”

I continued to clean your cock with my tongue, my lips, and my mouth, sucking and licking quickly... not even pausing as I look up into your eyes. I keep at it, tears starting to form in my eyes again, wondering when you would give me the word. My tongue worked quickly....

“Better get in deeper. Deep throat baby. I’m not here for my health...or yours.”

I accepted your huge cylinder deep into my throat, taking care not to gag on it, which I felt would upset you... and continued to suck and lick its base... my tongue following the shaft with every stroke, cleaning it.... I hated the taste, and wrinkled my nose and frowned, but didn’t dare complain... fear overriding disgust....

“Back and forth, bitch, back and forth.”

I obeyed as best I could, stroking my entire body to take in the entire shaft, right to its base, stroking it with my tongue, harder and harder, taking care not to scrape it against my teeth. But to caress it and dance with it with my tongue... sliding back and forth, trying not to tear my nostrils with the effort....

“You’re going to have to do better than that. You better move, baby. Why do you think it’s only nose hooks? This ain’t the pole anymore, bitch. Put your back into it...move those feet....”

I could feel the result of my tongue strokes, as your cock grew hard ... pulsating with fullness.... I tried to quickly stroke it so it would be withdrawn,

but such was not my luck. It exploded with a thrust and filled my mouth, spilling down my throat, almost choking me.... I almost coughed, but the ring gag, holding my mouth open, would not let me do anything but swallow....

I loved watching you clack on the concrete in those high heels like a newborn fowl, your throat and mouth making all those little gulping, slurping, and swallowing noises. I loved the way your breasts swayed with each move and your wrists twisted in the cuffs over your head, your lovely fingers reaching for anything. I really loved the way it felt in your mouth. Better than your ass, sure, but doubly better with your effort. Did you know? Did you feel it swell again, get warmer and harden, or were you trying too hard not to choke?

I grabbed your head, my hands hooks, ramming you onto my member, slamming my cock down your throat, plugging it, cannoning my load down your gullet. I loved the sound you made, like a dog being neutered or a cow being slaughtered for meat. I loved the way you froze in place, like a deer in headlights, just realizing your throat was plugged. You spluttered once as my cock crown plugged your esophagus, cum splattering all around my hairy balls and coating your lips. Then you started jerking, trying desperately to pull yourself away, to release your breath. But I held on. Your hair was perfect for it, so thick, so long, so curling. As you tried to wrench back, I held on, moving with you while also keeping you from going too far. I held you there, both of us moving only about a foot in any direction as your hands started clawing and your feet kicked at the concrete. "Swallow, baby. Better swallow fast," I goaded.

I lurched forward, almost inhaling every last drop, trying to do anything that would please you enough to let me go, to release me from this strain. I groaned as you grab my hair again and yanked back, pulling away, you keep holding my hair, and, bending down, you pull my head back farther, so that my terrified huge eyes stared right into yours....

I waited until you were looking up in hopeless desperation, then smile down at you kindly. "Hey," I reminded you. "What a shame. You were supposed to clean me off, but all you did was make me messy again." I looked serious. Deadly serious. "You'll have to pay for that." Then I pressed the drug-soaked pad over your wrenched open nos-

trils.

I almost burst into tears at the threat, but my attention is quickly diverted to the pad... that moist pad.. the same one that had done me in before. I panic, trying to shake my head away from its sickly sweet odor....

I wait until you start to sag, my cock in your mouth, forcing you to breathe through your covered nostrils, taking in the anesthetic quickly. I quickly pop the nostril hooks from your nose and let you droop, held up by your wrenched back arms. I marveled at your strength, seeing the beauty of your shoulders and pectorals. "See?" I whisper to your comatose, lolling face. "You can take anything...."

You looked so sweet and vulnerable on the mattress in the cellar, in a variation between the fetal position and Marilyn Monroe in Playboy's first centerfold. Your face; so tormented, yet so at peace. Your body; so assaulted and abused, yet so moist and smooth. I took off the dress and shoes, leaving you in your natural splendor. I stood and took stock. Cum dripping from your mouth. Cum dripping and drying on your anus. Cum no doubt still in your cunt and stomach. You had jerked me off with your hands, mouth and tits. I didn't think I could fit my cock in your nose....

I scanned the rack of slut clothes. I scanned the walls and torture devices. Whipping? Not that skin. What was the point? Tickling? I wasn't her to hear you laugh, even hysterically. It might've been fun in the beginning, just to frustrate you, but not now. I had slept with you. What, do it again? For some reason I didn't feel like nestling beside you any more today. Only one thing for it. I dragged out the thick cloth tape, bandages, and plastic wrap. I started at your feet. It took a good hour or more, but by the time I dragged you into the small pit under the steel door, you were virtually a mummy. Only your eyes, nostrils, and tits were uncovered. Your hands were by your side. Your mouth was plugged with a pliant plastic mold. Pink. Filled your cheeks. It was good to bite on, but unbreakable. I slammed the door over you and went to do the shopping.

I woke, but did not open my eyes right away.... Something was very wrong. No matter what binds you had me in, I could always stretch — even the slightest bit. But this did not let me move at all.... I tried to shake my head... nothing moved.... I tried to flex my fingers, but they only

strained, not moving at all. My eyes flew open, bulging, terrified.... I tried to move, to roll, anything, but movement was denied.... I felt like I was buried in cement, unable to move, stretch, struggle, and fight. My nose gulped air as I started to heave, panicking, trying to thrash, but even failing at that.... I could only look around me, hoping I was somewhere safe... somewhere where you wouldn't come for me... I heard footsteps, and started to wiggle my whole body at once, to make noises of any kind... my veins popping, my eyes darting and panicking....

I opened the metal door, happy to see your breasts reddened by the weight of the door hemming them in. I stared resentfully at you — even your shape and memory of your trim flesh and strong abs not lightening my mood. But then I had to laugh; One barking, single laugh. Then I reached down, grabbed your mummy-like feet, and started to drag you out of the cellar and up the stairs...

I was picked up like a sack of potatoes, still not able to move an inch, not able to turn my head or walk anywhere. I was being dragged up the stairs, my entire body tensing up as my fear returned to full heights... not knowing what was to come next....

Your head bounced off the steps leading to the kitchen, but I didn't mind. Why would I? Besides, the mummification and your hair would take the brunt of it. So I dragged you out onto the back porch, the banisters blocking any neighboring view of you, and laid you out there under the afternoon sky. "Stay right here," I suggested, "while I get the plumbing ready...."

My eyes widened at the words... plumbing? I thought... what was that? I shook and shivered, despite my body wrap. What was to happen now, I thought... where were you going to stuff what next? I was terrified because nothing more came to mind... but then, I had never, ever imagined being intruded from the rear as I had been not long before that....

I glanced out the bathroom window down on you. What the hell were you doing, I wondered. I'll tell you what you were doing. Nothing. Out of the kindness of my heart, I lay you outside, under the full sky, within "easy" inch-worming distance from the neighbors, and you just lie there— no doubt wondering what I was doing. Was the

mummification so complete that you couldn't hear the passing cars and playing children?

I tried to twist my head around... trying to hear anything, anyone nearby...and heard the street traffic and the click of heels on a sidewalk... I screamed and screamed, twisting, trying to inch away... in any direction. Finally, the edge of the deck was disappearing under my shoulders... Surely someone would be able to see me fall off the deck...!

Now that was more like it. Good girl. I smiled as I finished the preparations, then strolled downstairs. I stood over you in the somewhat tall grass, admiring your energy. You stared up at me in fear and confusion. I lifted my arms. In one hand I had the bottle of milky liquid. In the other a funnel and a straw. "Lucky for you I don't mow the lawn much, huh?"

Then I calmly dragged you beneath the porch and started to unravel your imprisonment, from the feet up. I left strands at your ankles, knees, and hips, making it look like a micro-miniskirt. I revealed your handsome midriff and almost all your breasts, save the very nipple — the bandage crushing down on it. Your wrists were wrapped to your upper thighs, your arms still at your sides. And I started poking the straw between the strands over your lips as you struggled...

I froze, seeing the bottle in your hand. I groaned, and started screaming into my gag. As you unwrap me, I kick out, and try to wiggle free from your grasp... but nothing works.... You lean down, straw in hand. I feel it tickling my pressed lips and spit it out... forcing it out with a large amount of air.... I start kicking, wiggling and struggling, straining every bind, stretching every muscle... using every ounce of energy, my chest heaving between efforts....

You were so cute ... like one of those old time comedians pretending to "kick the bucket" — once, twice, three times, your body jerking completely off the ground with each try. But no, you were no burlesque comic. Not with your leg and stomach and chest flesh gleaming, your shape re-revealed in all its desperate, gleaming splendor. The blowing of the straw was only ...the final straw in the image of two warring comics — deep in the shuttered shadows beneath the porch, rescue so close yet so far, the sun dappled on your straining skin by the slats all

around us. “Okay,” I said. “If that’s the way you want it...” And I went to get a small steel pipe from the kitchen....

As you left, I breathed a sigh of relief, took some deep breaths, and started struggling again, twisting turning, trying to roll... using my weight as an advantage, I heaved and rolled... and rolled right out from under the porch... flipping onto my stomach.. I waste no time using my shoulders and hips to grind the ground, moving inch by inch toward the side of the yard....I kick out, and kick hard, not stopping, wiggling my lower body, by breasts jiggling with the effort....

I watch your progress with mild amusement as I find the pipe. Should I wait until you discover the chicken wire surrounding the yard just on the other side of the low brush, joining the somewhat tall grass from blocking you from neighborly view? Naw, I thought. Why give you yet another edge? I calmly walked back out the rear door and into the yard, enjoying the view of your athletics — your sexy shape rising and falling from the grass like a dolphin breaking the waves. I step on your back, making you go down with a whoof.

Then I grab your ankles again and drag you back toward the porch, your body contorting like a gladiator dragged behind a chariot. Back in the warm darkness beneath the porch I start to bring the pipe up to your face...but I’m galvanized by the sight of your sweat-drenched body and heaving chest. “Okay,” I whisper. “If I must...” And then I drag your ankles to the porch support beam, using the cloth and wire enforced wrapping to affix one ankle to one side of the porch steps and then, cutting your legs free, tie the other to the other underside of the porch. I kneel up and lower my zipper....

The last few words stung... I closed my eyes, wincing at the thought of another bout... but taking comfort in knowing that nothing could be worse than earlier... nothing could be more painful.... As long as you stayed out here, I thought, I’ll be okay.... I will not open my eyes, I repeated to myself over and over... I will not watch.....

“Hey, nice one,” I gasp, loving the way you freeze in fear. I practically leap upon you then.

I couldn’t believe you wanted it again.... I didn’t understand how you could

still want me... but then, I didn't try to understand it, either.... I shook my head from side to side, and swung my hips over, trying to fling them to the side, underneath you, and past your own.... But it was no use... without the use of either my hands or feet, there was still no chance of escape....

It was like saying hello to an old friend. With your ankles bound wide that way, the full weight of the heavy porch keeping your legs wide, I hunkered down on you, wrapped my arms under your shoulders and entered you in one long, strong, smooth thrust. Then I started rutting with abandon, having been up this road before. I fucked you there down in the dirt, the sound of suburban life all around us, a fully dressed man atop a semi-naked bound and gagged girl. It looked like some sicko had dragged a wounded nurse from a hospital cot and was raping her in the shadows while she lay helpless in bandages that were once innocent medicine to your head, chest, and hip wounds. I pounded away, bouncing your ass and hips off the bound, mashing your chest with mine, suckling your elegant neck, covering it with evidence of passion. No wonder they called it necking....

I plugged you there, feeling more free than ever before. There was no doubt now, no question, no tension, just lustful abandon. I could fuck you because I could, and if you were any sort of student you would have known that studies show that men think of sex six times a minute. The only thing stopping them from acting on these thoughts were the unwillingness of women. Well, no such problem with you, huh? And guess what? You were still the same cutie I kidnapped and your cunt was still the sweet tight wet warm hole it had always been. I came in you again, amazed I could summon up that much jizz after the past 24 hours....

I felt the intruder erupted inside me, my body jolting as my insides were filled with lava. The binds prevented my body from shaking, but I was shaking inside. Tears stung my eyes, fear filled my thoughts. I couldn't bear the thought of never knowing what came next, but that was always replaced by dread in the pit of my stomach....

I dropped across you, slamming you to the dirt, loving the feeling of your skin on mine, and the knowledge that you could not do what you wanted: hurl me off, drag yourself out from under me, cover yourself, or scream for help. So I ground myself atop you, squeezing

one barely covered breast, wriggling my hips so my erection slapped both sides of your still tight, warm, wet cunt....

My eyes closed and I fought to let air enter my lungs, as fear seized my breathing. I tried so hard to break free, but I could not move. I felt the slapping between my legs, the grinding of your hands on my breasts, and prayed someone would peek around, seeing this invasion of my body. I tried to scream again and again, but it was no use. I could only lay there, and take everything you give me, with only my will and spirit fighting you off.

“Now, where were we?” I idly commented. “Oh yes!’ And I brought up the small steel pipe I had collected under the sink. “Try spitting this one out, baby.” And I started to squeeze it between the wrappings covering your lips....

My eyes were bulging and the touch of the pipe sent jolts through my body, I tried to scramble, to swing my legs, to clench the opening shut, but nothing would allow my body movement.

“Ok,” I sighed, holding the pipe tight against your gag. “Your choice again. In? Or broken teeth? Split lip or in? Up to you....” I look down at your fearful, though still defiant eyes, and waited....

My eyes darted from the pipe to your steely, yet amused, eyes and whimpered. I didn't want either, but there was no way I was going to let anything be done to me, thinking you would take it as enjoyment. My eyes fluttered in frustration, tears swelling up once more, my leg muscles twitching....

“Is that a ‘tube’? Or is that a ‘broken teeth’?” I asked mildly. “Shake your head yes for tube, no for split lip and chipped tooth.” I waited.

My eyes and thoughts were frantic, my whole body was tensing and cramping. I just stared at you, trying to plead with my eyes....

“Yes... or no....”

Tears were flowing as I shook my head yes and looked away, shutting my

eyes tightly, not wanting to look...

“Oh the hell with it,” I finally muttered, and just poured the milky liquid over your nose and gag...letting the white, sticky stuff dampen the bandage and drool into your nostrils....

My eyes snapped open and widened as I saw the liquid, then everything was spinning and blurry. I could no longer focus and couldn't even see what you were doing....

“Oh, that's all right, hon,” I said, purposely misinterpreting your reaction. “Don't worry ... I can always get more.” Besides, if I forced this tube in your mouth, you'd start blowing the mixture out. I know you....” Then I leaned beside you, elbow on the ground, hand on the side of my head, watching you try to fight the anesthetic....

Everything that was once bright was growing darker — first a light haze, then it looked as if we were out under a night's cloudy sky, and finally, everything was a velvet blanket of black....

I took a second to admire you more in the waning afternoon sunlight that shafted in through the back porch slats. What a nice body, I thought. What a great head of hair. What a girl. I fought the temptation to climb on board for a quick tit fuck, and simply dragged you back toward the house. There one of the cellar windows rested, with just enough room to slide into then pull you through....

My body was totally relaxed, and everything that had happened flew out of my head, as if melting away. I didn't feel my body being moved, or dragged, or pulled ... I just felt this nothingness....

Then I lay you on the mattress and went to the rack of clothes. I felt you stir some minutes later. You looked great: wearing a blue, midriff-exposing, ribbed, second skin turtleneck with slits vertically across the tits so I could reach in, but there was no apparent problem when my hand wasn't squeezing. There was a pleated, plaid micromini on your hips, lace ankle socks, and vicious five inch white high heels on your feet. You lay across the front seat of my car, your neck roped to the window handle, your ankles wired to the left seat carriage....

In your mouth was the bandage that had been around your head, now wrapped around a pliant rubber ball. Across your lower face was a clear block of tape, smooshing your lips. Your arms were wrenched behind you, wrapped in more clear tape from your wrists to your elbows.

I felt like I was floating or flying.... I felt the smooth motion of it, but nothing would tell me where I was. I heard some noises my brain could not yet identify. I felt a pressure on my neck, arms, and ankles. My mouth ached, and soon my senses started to return, ending with the fluttering of my eyes, although my sight was still foggy, blurry... not able to focus.

Was that peek of nipple through the shirt? Who could tell in the early evening gloom? Helping out some more was a light rain and fog...or else I wouldn't have removed you from the safety of the dungeon. I was driving back over the roads I originally took you from....

The blurriness was starting to become sharper, more clear. Soon the greyish shapes emerged, although they seemed to be moving. I squinted, and rapidly blinked away the sleepiness. Opening my eyes again, I cranked my neck as I see I am in a car. You're driving with a small grin on your face, and I panic. I try to scream, asking where I am being taken, demanding to be let go, but my voice hits a wall of fabric and tape. My nostrils are flaring as my body tenses. I am close to crying again, but fight the appearance of tears. I am enraged, my veins popping out of my neck and arms. I try to lunge at you, but am stopped so short that I snap back, hitting the back of my head against the car door, the handle jabbing my neck.

"Now that's the feisty little darlin' I snatched!" I comment, looking for the place where I originally took the photos of you washing your hair. Ah...there it was. I pull into a parking spot beneath a tree and wonder how long it will take you to recognize your own apartment. I wonder what it looks like through your eyes...and the best way to get in....

Recognizing the tops of the trees and overhead hydro wires, I crank my neck and see the top half of the house and my heart almost jumps through my chest. The bottom half of that house is mine, and my room mate...! I start kicking, punching, struggling every which way I can, screaming and shaking my head, not caring how my limbs ache or how many times my

head hits the door.... I pray you don't see the garage hidden around the back, and continue screaming and kicking, knowing you wouldn't give a second thought about getting in....

I laugh at your reaction, reaching over to slip my hand into one of the shirt slits. I squeeze in time to your jerks and screams, as if soothing an excited pet or upset child. "There, there, now," I coo. "There, there...." With my other hand I start caressing your bare bottom under the micromini pleats.... "Now, if you were me, how would you get in? Use your key, or go around back...?"

"You know," I comment, squeezing your breast all the harder. "It's a statistical fact that 90% of all fatal accidents occur in the home.... Maybe that would explain your disappearance, huh? You slipped, hit your head, fell behind the furnace or something.... Maybe by the time they find you even the marks at your joints and mouth will have disappeared...."

My eyes widen and I start kicking and squirming and struggling with everything I have, trying to shut out the sight of you and the sound of your voice.

"There, there," I comfort, resting my hand on your head as your face darkens. "You'll strangle yourself that way." I hold up the automatic garage door opener. "Look familiar? I found it in your stuff, along with your key. I had better get going, huh, before you choke yourself...."

I am forced to snap my head back as far against the door as I can to get a breath of air. Sweat is pouring down my face and chest — my eyes filled with hatred and fear, my body achy and tired. The sight of my keys and garage opener makes me wince and lunge at the same time, but the strap around my neck tightens even more, and all air is cut off, as I try to gasp for air, my eyes watering, my fingers clawing at the seat.... I let out a flood of abuse, cursing and swearing at you, screaming into my gag....

Getting inside was no problem, even with you contorting across my back. Even with your cursing, red-fused face, attempts to kick or headbutt, releasing your neck and ankles from the seat and door are little problem. And with your ankles still tied together, there is little

you can do beside fall down. Even so, you struggle so hard I lose my grip and down you go on the garage floor, kicking up a cloud of dust. Lord, you're sexy in that get-up...!

I sputter out dust from my mouth, and aim carefully all my kicks and lunges. Finally, you try to pick me up and, by almost bending my body in half, my legs connect, hitting their target with a thud.

I drop you on the ground in disgust. You immediately start to crawl toward the garage door, but what the hell were you going to do; lift it with your sealed mouth or taped hands? As you start to slither around, I see you're about to start kicking. I shake my head, march forward, grab your hair and smack your face against my steel cup. "You really think I'm going out with you without protection?" I growl.

My face hit the steel wall and pain sprang through my face. I winced, groaning into my gag, and, when I glance at your cold, mean, snarling stare I cringe, trying to slink away in fear like whipped puppy.

"But just for that..." I promise, and the twisting of your nipples, the slapping of your face, and the dropping of you again and again on the garage floor starts.

I winced as your arm grabs ahold of me, picking me up and hurling me to the cement floor of the garage, your other hand twisting my nipples through the slit in my shirt. My vision started to blur again, and I felt dizzy as my head hit the floor for the fourth time. Blood started trickling down my scalp, soaking my hair, and staining the gray floor.

"Now come on, stupid," I grunt, grabbing you around the waist while burying my other fingers in your hair. I'm gratified by how well the tape sunk into your lower face puckers but stays supremely sticky. Dragging you up, keeping your head tight on my shoulder, I drag you inside. "Where's your room, bitch?" I hiss. "Show me with your eyes, bitch. Where's your room?"

The words startle me back to reality and I feel myself being picked up like a sack of nothing and shoved through the door. My eyes dart immediately to

the floor. I breathe in a sigh of relief not to find my roommate's shoes there. As instructed, I try to direct my eyes down the hall, not wanting the last hit to the head that I knew would end my state of consciousness.

Not waiting for an answer, I drag you down the hall, ignoring your unfocused, pain-wracked eyes. I look in each room, and only stop when I reach one that is obviously a girl's room. "Yours?" I ask harshly. "Or your roomies?"

I shake my head no and motion further down the hall to my own room....

I drag you there and dump you on your own bed. Taking no chances, I immediately tape your ankles to a frame leg and your throat to the bed frame under your pillow. My next stop is your closet and drawers....

I try to raise my head, trying to watch where you go and what you do, but the tape immediately cuts off my breathing, and my head slumps heavily down on the mattress, my chest heaving, my breathing labored. I twist my body around, nostrils flaring with fear, eyes darting around, bulging, panicked.

I notice your panic-stricken eyes in my peripheral vision. They excite me even further, because I know there can only be one reason. It couldn't be because you're concerned about what I might do. I've already done so much...! It must be because you're afraid of what I might find...!

Your quick, fidgeting movements are a tell-tale sign of your excitement, and I cringe, my mind a whirl of thoughts. What could he possibly be looking for? What could he possibly want to do with me now? Was he now looking for money? Jewelry? More photos? I shut my eyes, trying to sort through and figure out your motives. I twist my head as far as my neck allows me to, but I can only glimpse a small portion of the figure standing in front of the open closet....

My hands slip through the lace and spandex and satin and lycra. Oh, you winsome little tease, you. No wonder you're so anxious. And here I thought I'd only find "little miss athletic wear," and here you have

far more than just department store undies and sports bras. Look at this lingerie...look at those shoes...look at those dance dresses...!

I could no longer see you at all. You had disappeared completely into the walk-in closet. I could hear the faint rustling of garments, the tap of a shoe being looked at and put back, a few hmmmns and haaas ... and my body tensed with fear. Surely you would be bored with such a wardrobe after the kinds of outfits you had put me in before....

I imagined you in your own clothes ... as if living your own life ... only it wasn't your life anymore. It was mine. All thoughts of a "household accident" left my mind. There was plenty of time for that. Just to be on the safe side I would scour this place and check every nook and cranny — just in case you had to be "found" one day. But for now, I had a lot of new ideas thanks to your "party" wardrobe....

I heard a faint chuckle and froze. What could you possibly find funny? I dreaded the time when I found out for myself. What on earth could you possibly want from me now? All of a sudden, you emerge from the closet with a huge smile on your face, but instead of approaching, my eyes widen and my neck twists further as you bypass me and go right out the bedroom door, in search of something, as if inspecting the room and door way. I slump back down into the mattress, unsure of what is to come....

I check each and every area quickly, knowing that you would probably trying to escape even now. I only stop when I pass your computer. I stare down at the page upon page of girlish scrawl on papers all around the PC. I glance down at one and see the unmistakable writings. These aren't letters or naive co-ed poems. They are stories. Lots and lots of stories. All with strong, interesting beginnings, but no ends.... I grab a handful and head back.

I heard the rustling of papers and sighed. Surely you wouldn't care about those, I thought. Just when I thought you were looking through things and then on his way out, I hear and feel your entrance into the bedroom. I twist around again, trying to alert myself to your exact location. Something is in your hand, but the darkness of the windowless room would not let me identify what it was.

I cram myself against your shapely side and shove the papers clenched in my hand in your face. “Are these yours?” I grunt. “Did you write these? Answer me!”

I jolted in fear, and quickly nodded yes — afraid to hesitate, afraid of even nodding.... I arrange my eyes and expression to my most pleading, my begging look — even managing a few tears, but an amused look and glittering pair of eyes do not fall for it.

At last, I thought. I knew there was a reason I had to have you, to take you, to keep you. There was more to it than a lightning instant of lust for your body, face, and hair as you jogged past. And now I knew what it was. Unable to contain myself I threw the papers down onto you, then started tossing all your lacy lingerie, all your tight party dresses, all your clingy clothes, onto you. Then I grabbed the bag of bondage and approached....

My eyes stung as they bulged out of their sockets, my lip trembling, my thoughts jammed, my body shaking and trembling. A look of pure confusion came over my face, confusion fuzzing over my brain. What now? I was almost annoyed as much as I was terrified.

That bag, I saw it. It was the one object that sent shivers of pure terror through my body and mind. My eyes darted everywhere, from you to the bag — from the door to the ceiling — panic spreading through the room. I twist and clench my fists, trying to work that tape loose. I could only think of running. Run. It’s what I do best. If only I could get my feet loose! Even with my arms bound together, I could still run faster and farther, I thought. But you knew that, didn’t you?

So many emotions and thoughts ripped through me as you approached, bag dangling in your grip....

I pushed you onto your back. I cuffed one ankle to the bed post and cuffed the other to the bedpost opposite. I knew it was taking a risk, but I couldn’t leave without fucking you in your own room, in your own home, with you unable to do anything about it. Besides, I had to take advantage of your girly coed outfit ... something you’d never wear in the privacy of your very own room....

I screamed until my throat burned with pain. I thrashed every limb,

twisted and turned my head, and screamed even more until my voice disappeared — to be replaced by a hoarse whisper that could not be heard even by you....

Ignoring your reaction, I pulled down my pants and climbed aboard, enjoying the feeling of your papers and clothes under my knees. Without ceremony I lay atop you, reached under your bunching shoulders and forced my way in — curving and thrusting with practiced pleasure. You arched your back, your head scraping the pillow, your fingers clawing, while I drank in the heady experience of fucking your own sanctum in your own sanctum....

Tears flowed freely down my cheeks, and still you pump away. Pains shot through me as my tense muscles cramped and twisted....

Suddenly I was back in college again. How many times had this happened in here, in the darkening gloom, in the bedclothes that were rich with the smell of you? But now, you were bound and gagged, with no choice of mate in the matter. And I was having the time of my life, thrusting back and forth as your bras and panties tickled my arms and legs. “Like...that?” I grunted into your writhing, sweating face. “How’s...this...feel...?”

Anger and defiance were rising, regardless of the pain, the helplessness, the sheer terror of it all. My anger surfaced, and suddenly I found another voice, another expression — one of hatred. I glared at you, and responded in a flood of abuse — cursing, swearing, shaking with rage, demanding — no longer pleading, no longer begging....

I felt you shuddering beneath me...but not of fear this time. I turned my head to look down into your hate-infused face. Your rage-fueled muscles strained with all their might, but that was why I had your wire-taped and steel-cuffed this time. Take you in your own place? You’d have to be nuts not to go nuts. The whole point was to show you that it made ... no ... difference. I pumped away, rewarded that your anger only made you hotter...and wetter....

I fumed, my skin and nerves on fire. My eyes burned hot with hatred, but the thrusts continued, even getting harder and faster. I knew where the

knives were, where the gun was, even my baseball bat ... but what good would they do me here, like this?

Sweat was pouring down my face, glistening my chest and tummy. I was getting wet and slippery, and so were my ankles and neck, but you, thrusting away, did not notice at all. I kept rubbing and twisting, but the metal around my ankles did not give a millimeter. The tape holding my neck would not give. You had made sure nothing would give, and it had worked. My limbs and my knowledge was useless.

My neck was soaked in sweat, and still the tape held. The pain and fear were creeping back as the helplessness started to take effect. Tears teased the edges of my eyes, sobs were waiting to rack my body....

The little pleats of the miniskirt were bunched at your trim waist. Your tits heaved out of the midriff-sweater's slits. And I slapped them, pushed off your quaking form, and came in you like a cannon again. To do it in that room, in the darkness, with your stuff strewn around only made the ejaculation all the more powerful. I hunched down on you, gulping for breath, savoring your writhing. "Oh man," I breathed. "Now wasn't that something...."

I grunted insults and screamed as the hot liquid seeped out, dribbling down, tickling the inside of my upper thigh....

Then it was time. I couldn't risk taunting the odds any longer. Sure, it might be fun to attack your roomie ... she was pretty cute as I remember — but she might bring home a friend.... Besides, I had to play it safe if I wanted to get away with this. But one look at your shimmering in your own slick hate on the bed decided it for me. I quickly kneeled beside you and pinched your nostrils shut....

My expression twisted with pain. The tears started, and so did the sobs. My body shook uncontrollably as your fingers pinched my nostrils. My breathing became gasps.

My mind whirred with fear. I knew the van was waiting, I knew my neighbors were in Florida, I knew my room mate was at her boyfriend's, I knew.... Yet I hoped you would just leave me home ... just disappear and leave me alone. My eyes looked up, pleading and begging once more, willing the pair that stared back to understand and grant my wish....

First hate...then hope.... But it was the resignation which elicited a double reaction. One: pleasure that I would not have to fight and maybe hurt you ... then my own anger that you still didn't understand what was happening.... Then I relaxed, realizing that you simply couldn't accept it. No matter. Your eyes rolled back into your head on cue and your ravished body went lax. I quickly retied you and started dragging you down the hall...

My eyes fluttered and closed, my last sight through the blur of tears was that of your wicked grin, binds in hand....

When you awoke, you were already naked in the shower. A big ball gag was in your mouth. Your elbows were tied behind you and your wrists handcuffed. Your big toes were tied together and your ankles were lashed to the wrist chains. The water was turned all the way up, both spigots...but the hot water was winning over....

I awoke sputtering, naked, and bound. I panicked, thrashing around. The warm water splashes and spilled over my body. For once your treatment was soothing as the warm water relaxed the muscles, warmed my body gently, and for a split second, I even managed to forget about the cuffs and chains....

I watched you writhe around on the shower floor. The whole idea was the cleanse you physically and mentally, in your own place, so you could start your new life fresh. Of course you didn't know that, and that was all right by me. I waited until you were pressed into the corner, your back against the wall, watching the water course over your face, flow across your chest and down between your legs....

My thoughts and vision cleared, and I found myself calm, just peering at you, trying to read your eyes, but finding nothing. I hoped that you were being "polite", washing me before your departure — leaving me behind — but a nagging thought told me now that would never happen. Tears flowed once more, mixing with the warm water cascading down my body. I made half-hearted attempts at lunging at you, but I only found myself slumped in the corner of the stall, heaving with exhaustion....

Finally all your assaults and experiences had combined to tire you out.

“That’s a good girl,” I hummed, patting you on the back as I turned the water off. Then the hair dryer came out and I slowly started drying you off with towels and the plug-in blower. Slowly but surely, you body lost the wet gleam and started the warm glow — your hair getting fuller and fuller by the moment.

The warm air and towels soothed my body, but closing my eyes and slumping were the only reactions my body allowed. Exhaustion and fatigue had set in, mixing with an unusual calmness, making me a doll to be played with. Any attempt at escape could have been stopped with one finger, and soon the attempts stopped. I drew long breaths, as my hair and body dried and you played hairdresser to the growing body of my dark, curly locks...

I pulled out the lace-up hood — the one the cut to your head had suggested to me. Checking to make sure the wound had scabbed over, I wrapped your mane in one hand and made a big pony tail out of it atop your skull. Then I pushed it through the hole in the top of the hood and brought the thing down to your face. Not risking a compulsive reaction, I quickly unsnapped the ball gag and shoved the hood’s installed, padded, pear-shaped gag into your weakened mouth....

My hair was twisted and put into a ponytail, and soon the hood wrapped my world in darkness ... with only my non-sight senses working to figure everything out. I hung my head, my neck tired, my head feeling heavy. I kicked out once or twice, but only hit air...

Then the lacing started, adhering the hood over your face, only allowing holes for your nostrils. I quickly cut open your toe tie, but before releasing your wrists from your ankles, I cinched your knees together. Only then did I pull you to your feet by your still-tied arms. You stood unsteadily with your knees together and hooded head lolling. Then I started to pull you back to your room....

Tying your wrists wide to the top of your bed’s baseboard, I forced your sexiest outfit across your body. Black silk panties ... high-cut, full length, skintone hose, black, strapless, a black leather push-up bustier, a black sheer rayon microminiskirt, and killer black patent ankle-strap high heels.

Then, with your wrists and elbows cinched behind you, knees still hobbled, head still hooded, I packed up all your papers and clothes

and led you back to the van by your lashed arms....

I felt my body being moved, twisted, turned and pushed as some sort of clothing was put on me, and then I was being yanked up, and led out of the room. I knew I was led through the apartment as I reached the musty smell of the garage, and heard the now-recognizable sound of the van door opening....

I thrust you inside, letting you fall amongst your own stuff, then quickly wrapped your ankles with the wire-enforced tape — taking special note of your sexy shoes. We'd have to get you some more of those, but with a lot slimmer and smaller heels ... the better for you to totter on, my dear. Then, knowing you, I quickly affixed your ankles to your wrists in a vicious hogtie. Only then did I slip behind the wheel and press the garage door opener....

I jumped at the sound of the garage door, and started sobbing. We were leaving, and I knew that you had packed up my clothes for a reason ... I was not coming back for a long time, perhaps never. Fear paralyzed my mind and body as the hum of the van in motion numbed my side. My limbs were bound, my eyes were of no use, and now we were on the move once again. I needed to think, to sort through so many thoughts and emotions. I calmed myself and talked silently. I stayed very still, being sure to rest — to reserve my energy for the battle to come. I had to psyche myself into thinking only about my escape. But as one hour passed, then two ... my thoughts returned to a state of fear and uncertainty....

The hood only came off when I was ready. By then you were seated on the heavy chair in the attic, your cunt sucking the heavy studded dildo nailed to the seat. One arm was up your back and your other was shackled to the table leg. All the furniture was bolted down in the small, lonely, attic room — as were you, in a way. Your bikini was on, the robe open, and the blank piece of paper was in the tray before you....

Once I had returned to the house, I dragged you right out, up the stairs, and laid you on the attic floor as I set to work. I think you had lost consciousness. In the hood I couldn't tell. No matter. You hardly moved and that was the important thing. Just to make sure I placed a

drug-sodden cloth against your hood's nostril holes and affixed it there with rubber bands.

My acting was superb, but it was all for nothing as the drug was affixed to the hood's nostril holes and my thoughts started to get fuzzy once again.

Suffice to say, you didn't move much when I yanked up your skirt and attached you to the chair....

Before you could say a word, I was shoving the prod gag into your aching, worn-out mouth and buckling it viciously under your head. When it was done, I stepped away, letting your head snap back against the chair top. As you sat there, dazed, exhausted, confused, I asked. "So...you like to write, huh?"

I sat in the chair, bound, groggy, gagged and stuffed — staring at the blank paper and looking back and forth between you and the paper as you asked the question....

"You like to write, huh?" I asked again. "Well, guess what...?"

It took a long time. You cried and swore, and heaved maniacally in the seat. But I just turned up the dildo and assaulted your chest and jacked off on your face and told you that we would simply stay there until you started writing.

I made it easy. I showed you how it was done. I wrote what I saw as I had creeped up on your jogging form and made you read it. Then it was your turn....

Yes ... it took hours ... but, finally, yes, I wrote. I wrote as I never had before. I wrote everything you had done to me and how it made me felt and how much I hated you and how much...how much...oh god please let me go nowaassghjwnwgvjheyewk...."



The manuscript ended with a scrawl of nonsense as if the paper or pen was torn from beneath the writer.

But I think I saw that part on the videotape too. It was where the man suddenly jumped at the woman, cut her from the chair, and dragged

her out of camera range.

All I heard then was the noise of stifled screams and the sound of flesh on...and then in, flesh....

Then the videotape, too, ended.

I mopped my brow and wondered: would this, too, be like the Tyler Memoirs? Would I hear from these two again, and then again? What more could possibly happen? What more was there to say? Most importantly: was this a hoax?

What do you think?

THE END

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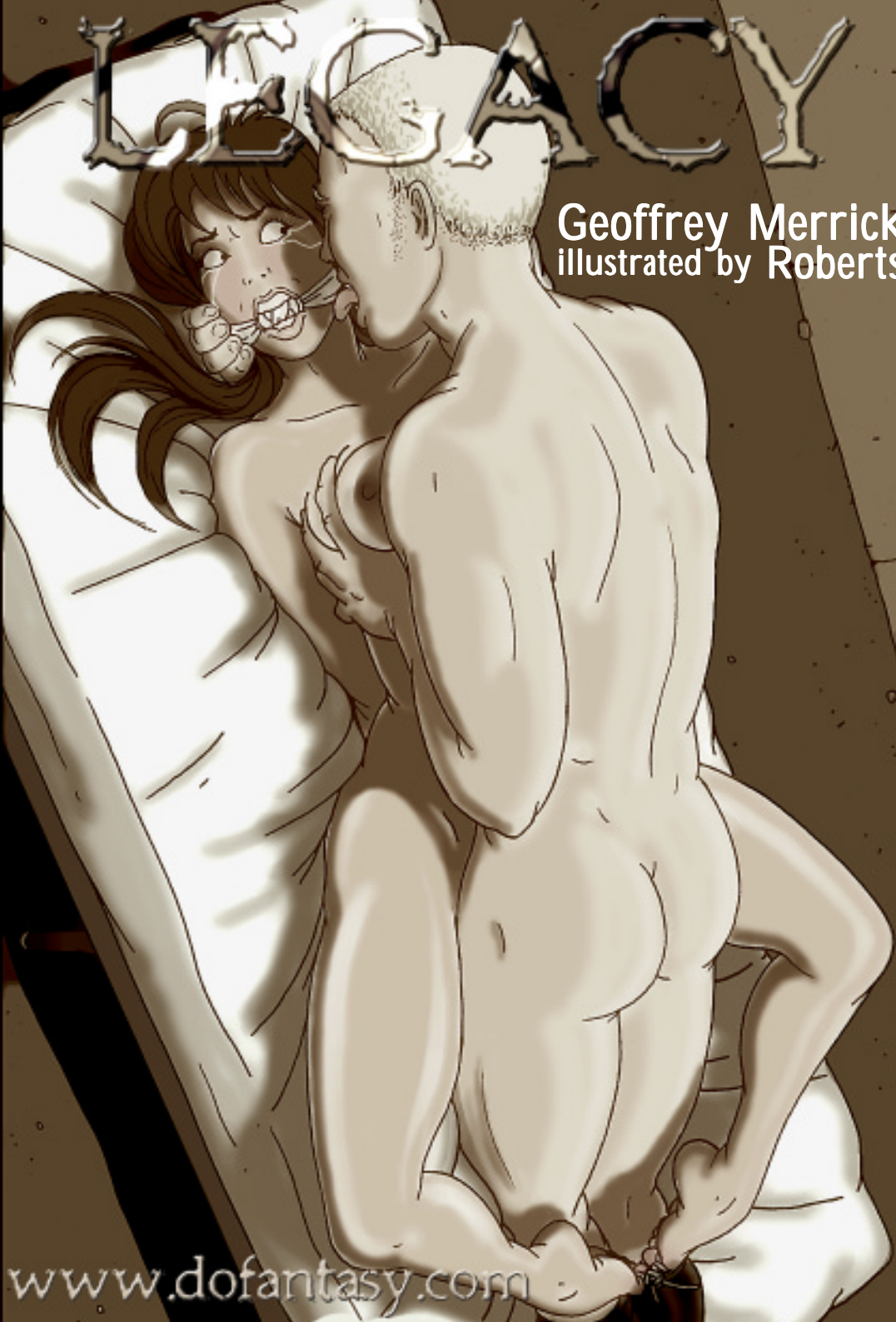
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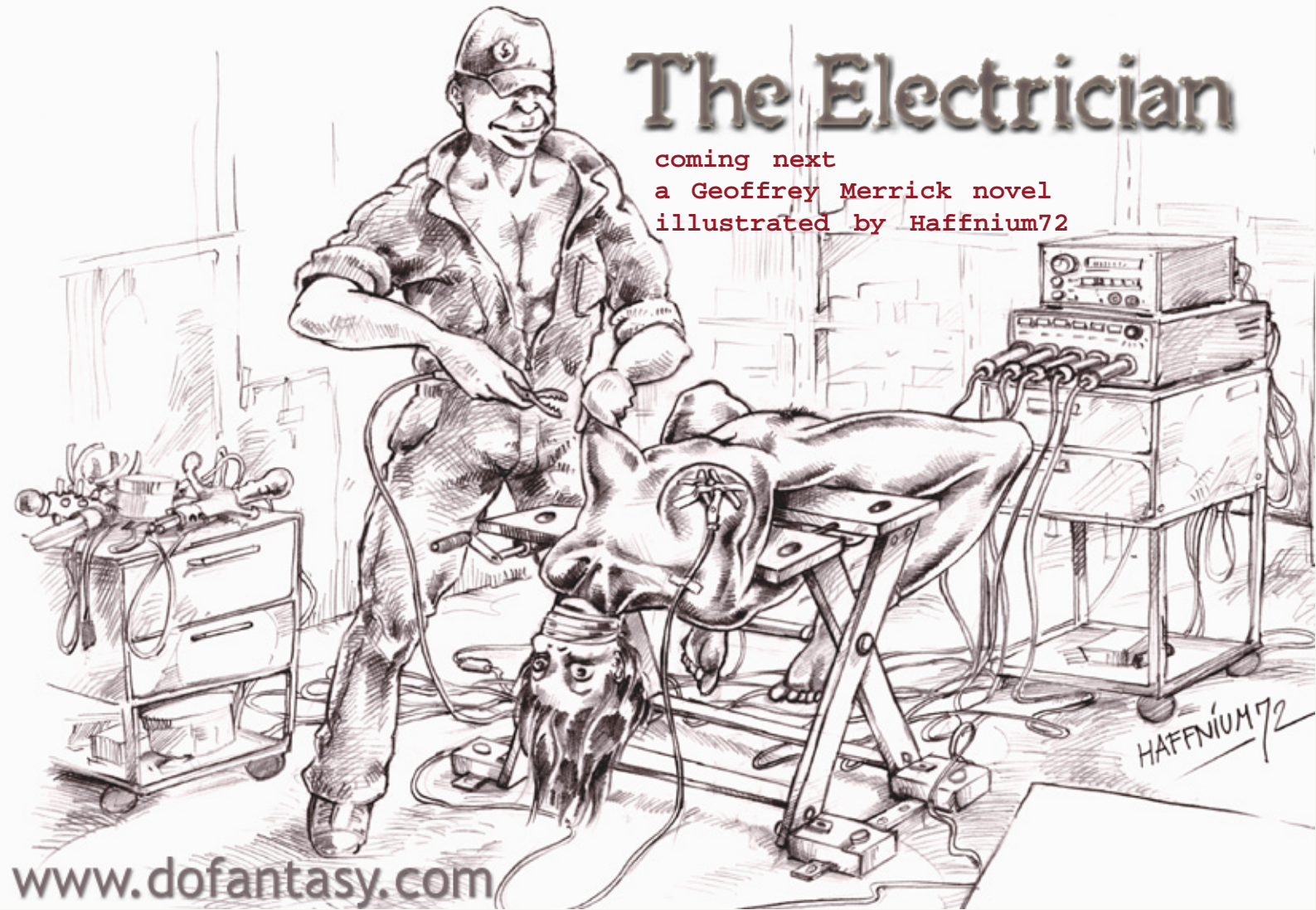
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