

# Thin Ice

By: Geoffrey Merrick

In the shadow of the skating rink, Mia Chung didn't try to scream until it was too late. By then the disgusting pliant penis-shaped plastic prod was filling her mouth.

Her head reared up, her lovely almond-shaped brown eyes bulging in shock, but it was already filling her cheeks and pressing down her tongue. Her delicate hands reared up to fight, but they were plucked from the air and wrenched behind her back.



Mia leaned forward, eyes squeezing shut in pain, a moan escaping her thick, pink lips the penis-prod was secured. Then her mane of heavy black silky hair slid down on either side of her elegant neck and the gag was buckled viciously tight.

Mia grunted, stunned when she felt her arms embracing her attacker behind her, then heard as well as felt the handcuffs clicking solidly around her slim wrists.

She tried to scream again, but the sound was cut off when two hard, hot hands slipped into either side of her low-cut, spaghetti-strapped, velour skating micro-mini dress.



She bleated in shock as his hands were filled with her breasts and his muscular fingers squeezed them like a grapefruit juicer.

Mia screamed uselessly one more time as she was dragged further into the shadows. As she went, her thoughts were a terrified jumble.

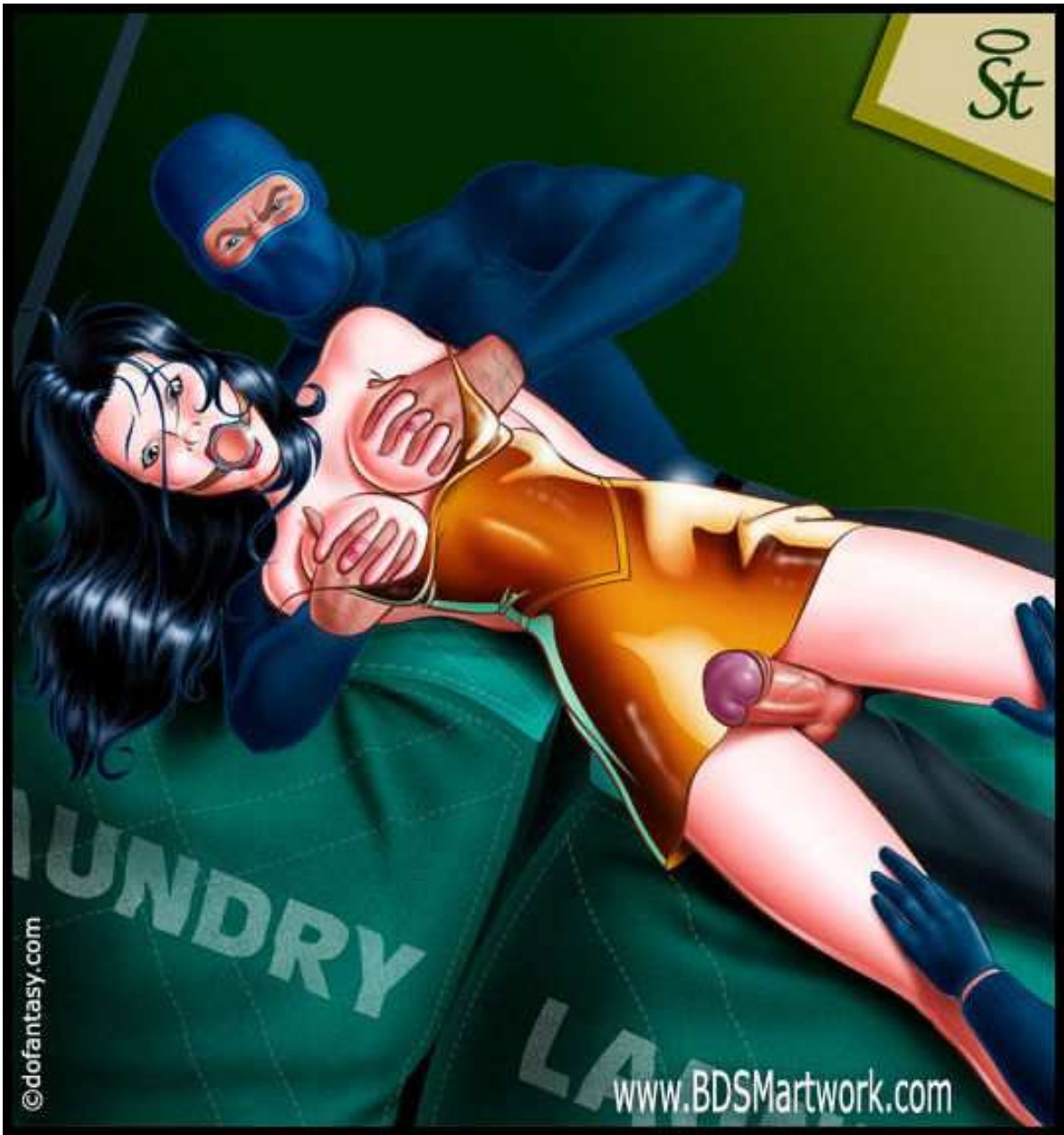
Incredibly, her mind flashed to the moment Mia had found herself inadvertently looking down the blue velour bodice of her countrywoman, Michelle Kwan, as she won the nationals. In a shameful flash, she remembered thinking that, yes, Michelle was the better skater, but, at sixteen, I have the better face and body.

They were both born in America, but Mia's mother was an American, and a beautiful one at that. From her Mia had inherited her body: five-foot-three, 35-21-33, with wonderfully smooth and shapely legs. From her mother, too, had come her small, cute nose and sultry lips, currently stretched around the gag.

NO! She screamed to herself and anyone else who could hear as she was pulled inexorably back, her covered skate blades thudding into the thick carpet of the dark entry hall. THIS COULDN'T BE HAPPENING!!

But it was. Mia found herself spun back into the empty locker room and propelled directly to the storage room. She watched it all in horror, as if trapped on a wild amusement park ride that was out of control. Hairy hands still yanking at her round, high, firm tits as she was slammed inside and down onto one of the many bulging laundry bags.

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“NO!” She screamed again uselessly “WHA...WANT?” But she already knew what he wanted. That much was obvious by the vicious scratching between her legs.

No, not “he.” It was “they.” While ten fingers were curling beneath the micro-mini skirt, ten more were tearing at her skates' laces.

“Yeah,” she heard grunted into her ear. “We know what to do when told to stop a skater...no crowbar to the knees for us...no, we know something better to slow you down...!”



Mia reared up, screaming uselessly into the sound suffocating gag. But then the hands popped off her breasts, and five fingers gripped her throat while a fist slammed into her solar plexus.

The shock was stunning. She doubled over, beads of sweat popping out of every pore. Suddenly gray fuzz swept across her eyes...

When her vision returned so did her horror. She was on her back on a pile of filled laundry bags. Her arms were behind her, her wrists bound cruelly to their opposite elbow with tight, thin cord. Her forearms were lashed together in the small of her back. Her dress' spaghetti straps were laying at her elbows, her sweet, round, buoyant breasts were

exposed

That wasn't the worst of it. Her ankles were crossed and tied. Her skates were gone; in their place were amazing, old-fashioned, high-heeled, lace-up ankle-boots. Four inches high, and they matched her gold velour skating outfit!

Obviously, her attackers had gone to some trouble to make sure her humiliating new footwear matched!



But that still wasn't the worst of it. There was a pole between her legs, tied above

and below the knee joint, keeping her legs spread wide. And, beneath her skirt, there was nothing. The panel that protected her cunt was gone, as was the panty-hose. The skating outfit's skirt just barely covered her soft, silky, slim Asian snatch.

Mia tried to scream again, only to gasp. Thin rope was choking her. Thin rope was crushing her chest, her little pink nipples just managing to poke out of the hemp. Rope cinched her tiny waist.

There was a gargling noise far in the back of Mia's throat. The prod was gone. Instead a huge, round ring was under her teeth, prying open her mouth to a jaw-cracking aperture.



She just got a dim glimpse of two hooded figures in the gloom when they fell on her...

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“Where's Mia?” asked a trainer at rink side. “Isn't she supposed to go on next?”

The ice dancing judge shrugged. “You know how these open practices are. They try out when they're good and ready. She'll turn up eventually. You'll see. Check if Tara is ready...”



Mia cried and groaned as the cock surged and slid up inside her, hands crushing her already bound tits. Then before she could make too much noise, another hand gripped her hair, yanking her head back. Without ceremony, another cock was forced into her mouth.



She made a horrid choking, humming sound and then just lay there, plugged at the face and hips. The little teenage sex bomb lay on her back, a man between her legs and at her face, both thrusting thick, long, wet logs into her vagina and down her throat...

...And Mia Chung had to lie there and take it.



The man at her legs perceived a tearing and her limbs shuddered.

“Virgin?” asked the face fucker.

The hooded man at her hips paused. You could practically see his leer beneath the cloth. “Not anymore....”

And they both kept silently surging into her.

As Tara completed another triple Lutz, the man grabbed Mia's hips in both hands and started rutting with increasing violence. His jerking became so strong that the other man couldn't keep the girl's mouth on his cock without plugging her throat with the crown.



So, as her face started to turn purple, he pulled his log from her face, gathered her hair up in one hand, and started stuffing her mouth with her dress' panty panel and a ball of pantyhose.

“See?” he whispered to her, holding her head up by her hair. “See? Your first sexual experience....”



Mia stared in horror at the sight of her young firm body being ravished and the tight bondage making it impossible to escape or resist. The man sealed her mouth with a gripping hand and knelt by her ear.

“It's coming,” he whispered. “Hot jism that will fill you, slow you, make you ours....”

Mia wailed in fear and shock, sobbing as tears, saliva, mucous, and sweat

smearing her lovely face. She cringed as he came, spurting stream after stream of thick, white gooey all the way inside her.



Outside, the spectators applauded as Tara finished her routine.

They dragged Mia's despoiled form up, cutting the ropes at her ankles. Despite

herself, Mia found herself on her feet, her legs desperately seeking balance in the wicked high heel ankle-boots. They clacked on the storage room floor as she tried to walk. Then their hands were on her hips and in her hair again.

Dragging her head down, forcing her to bend over from the waist, one man tore the panties and hose from her yawning mouth while the other poked his cock crown at her slit from the rear. They were unable to control their sexual urges and needed to fill her tight orifices with hard cock again.



The leg spreader between her knees kept her snatch vulnerable to invasion.

She tried to squeal but suddenly another erection was in her mouth. She tried to buck, but the fingers were too tight in her mane and scalp. They kept her head down, her mouth and cunt filled with man meat.



All she could do was gag and choke, which she did to the excitement of the men stuffing her throat and battering her cervix.



And invaded again she was, the men having switched positions. “Ooooo, so warm, so tight, so deep...!” said the man who had mouth-fucked her before, as he stood behind

her, his hands tight on her perfect hips.

He impaled her again and again and again, like a water-dunking toy as... the other man stood with the top of her head at his stomach, his cock all the way in her choking mouth.



“Come on,” he hissed with excitement. “She’s an athlete...fuck her good...fuck her hard...!”

His hand scrambled down to tear at her left breast as the man behind leaned over and clawed at her right globe. They pulled the ropes from her crushed mams and kneaded them like pizza dough as she writhed and squealed in their grip.



“Listen to her,” the mouth man seethed. “Too loud...too loud. We gotta wear her down...knock her out of the running...!” He jammed his cock even harder, even farther down her gagging throat.

The man behind her slammed his shaft into her as if he were stabbing her cunt.

“Hold it...hold it 'til I tell you...!” grunted the mouth man.

“Yeah...yeah..!” panted the other. “Yeah, I get you...!”

Then, they fucked her and fucked her, each biting their lips and almost moaning, until their actions rose to a fever pitch, their fingers nearly tearing her hair and flesh.

“Now!” barked the mouth man. “Now!”

The two gripped her spasmodically, keeping the firm, young girl from twisting away with hooking fingers as they pumped creamy jism up her fresh cunt and down her lovely throat.

Mia choked and gasped, stunned at the new assault, jerking in their grip like an epileptic. Then, suddenly, the cock was out of her mouth and her head was being pulled back. Cum spurting from her mouth, streaming across the floor, as she yowled.



Then another hand was slapped across her lower face and the leg-spreader was cut from her knees. With her limbs weakened by the bondage and rapes, she could hardly fight as they dragged her back, deeper and deeper into the storage area....

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Tara's marks were near perfect. Once again, the spectators burst into applause.

Mia's eyes bulged, then blinked, staring up at the locker room ceiling in agonized amazement. Her cheeks also bulged above the gloved hand clamped so tightly over her cloth-and-plastic-stuffed mouth that it threatened to tear her skin. More gloved fingers gripped her throat, choking off much of her air.



Then more fingers wrapped her waist, forcing her relentlessly down onto one of her attacker's laps, his cock crown spreading her tender vaginal lips.



All of her leg power, the legs shaped by years of skating, was trying to keep from being impaled again, but the lack of air and the violations were sapping her strength. Her high heel ankle-boots shivered...every muscle in her smooth limbs spasmed as her knees were forced to bend on either side of her rapist's legs.

Mia?" They all heard the voice, the girl's eyes pinballing around their pained

sockets.

“Mia?” the trainer called from the locker room door while the girl was being held and muffled. “You in here?”



Mia tried to cry out. The fingers around her throat tightened, making the call into a tiny, tormented cough.



“Mia? Anybody?”

Mia shifted, almost getting her cunt off the erection. She thought about the gold medal. She used the reserves of strength that she had developed to do that one last jump when every fiber of her being said “no.” She surged in her rapists' grips and prepared to scream her head off.

The man in front of her punched Mia in the stomach. She sat down hard on the man's lap, his shaft nailing her insides like a hot spike in butter.



The puncher sat on her lap in turn, one hand over the hand over her mouth, the other grinding her succulent left tit.

“Mia?”

The girl blinked, unable to breathe, unable to talk, unable to move. Her eyelids began to flutter, her eyes rolling up into her head.

“You find her?” came another, more distant voice.

The trainer turned in the doorway. “Not yet...she's not in here.”

“You sure?” came the other voice. “Did you search the place?”

“No....” said the trainer uncertainly.

“Okay,” said Hannigan, a solid, fairly ugly blonde. “You go ahead back to the rink. I'll take a look around.”



Mia fought unconsciousness. Kerry was coming in...! She had to be warned! She

had to get away! She had to get help!

The men started moving the Asian beauty slowly up and down on the hard-on, her micro-mini almost obscuring the new rape from view.



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“Mia?” Kerry called sweetly. “You hiding? You frightened? You snorting coke?”

You purging lunch?"

Mia started to writhe between the two crushing men. Her rapist merely took another handful of her hair and wrapped an arm around her throat. The man sitting on her legs facing her, just kept crushing her packed mouth and grinding her luscious bosoms.

"Errrrr-ahhh...!" she managed to moan, but then it was too late. The arm on her throat...the penis throbbing in her...the hand crushing her lips.... Mia's eyes rolled and she fainted.

At that moment the blonde turned the corner. "Mia!" she cried.

The blonde didn't run, didn't scream, didn't even attack. Instead she merely smiled and approached. "How's it going, boys?" she asked lightly.



“Fine,” the one grinding Mia's breasts grunted.

“I don't know,” said Kerry. “She still looks ice-worthy to me.”

“She won't be,” the man behind her promised, ramming his cock all the way up her.

“You just make sure of it,” the hard-looking blonde said icily, then turned and walked out.

The men looked at each other, then one of them started bouncing the unconscious Asian lovely on his prick in earnest while the other reached for the dry-glued ace bandage.

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“Great practice, huh?” the trainer cried from the other side of the Jacuzzi room. Yeah, said the other trainers from the steam-covered silver upright hot tub. One sat inside while the other leaned on the up-raised hot tub lip with his forearm.

Unseen from the other side of the room, where the rink trainer changed at a row of lockers, the leaning trainer rested his elbow on the wet hair of a head pulled just out of sight.

Water burbled all around her face, her eyes and mouth sealed by the dry-glued ace bandage, designed to adhere to skin more strongly the wetter it became. It was made for sweating football players but worked just fine to seal the naked Mia Chung inside herself.

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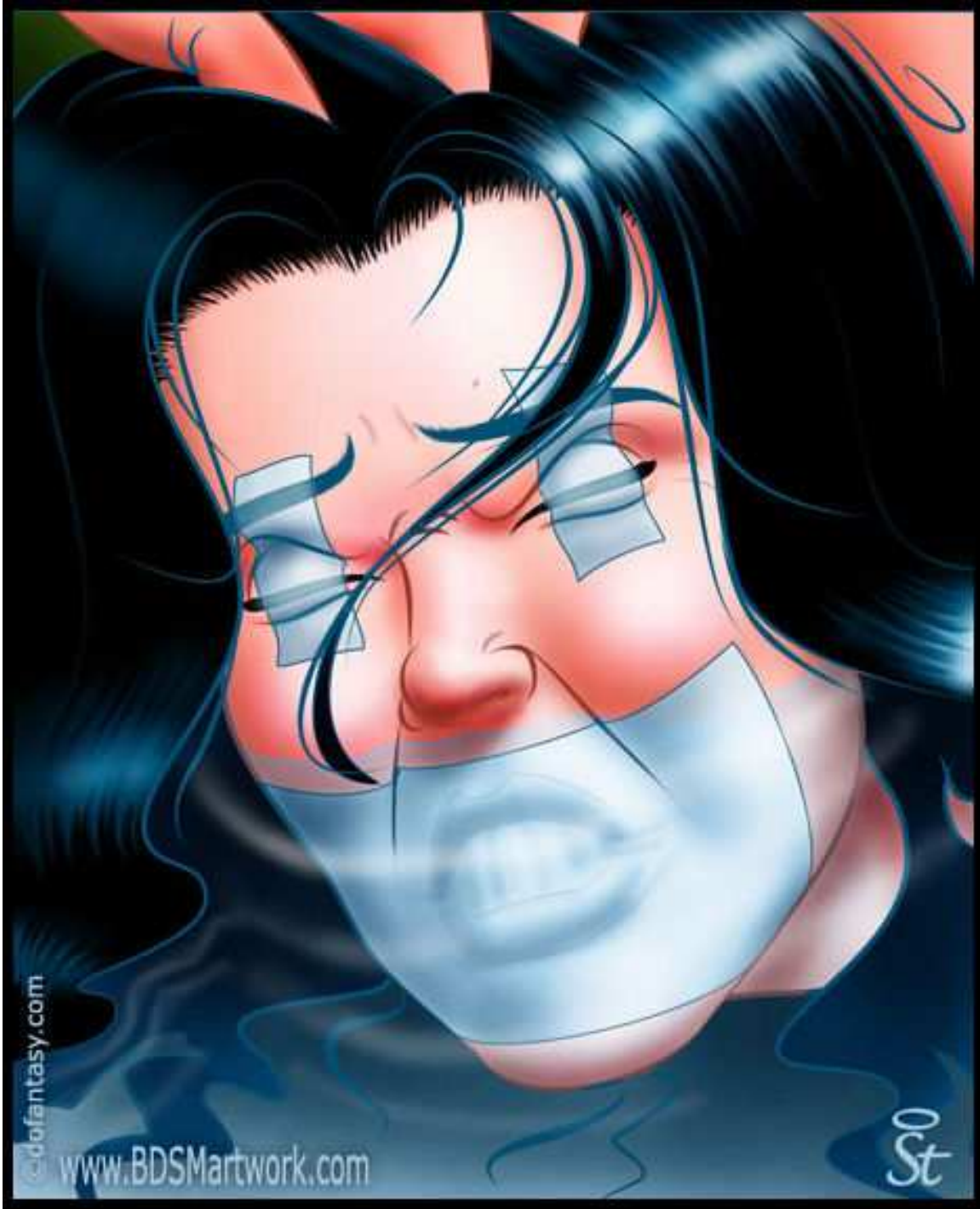


The leaning man glanced at her with a shy smile, loving her skin's wet look and appreciating the tiny foam plugs crammed in her ears. She couldn't hear or see a thing.

She didn't even know that possible rescue was only a few feet away. All she knew was that she was wet, gagged, blindfolded, deafened, bound with rubber-coated wire, and was being fucked up her well-lubricated ass.



Between the two of them, they managed to keep her nose just above water, the sound of the steamer and bubbler drowning out any noise she might make as she was pumped and pumped and pumped again...



They waited until the rink trainer had finished changing and said his good-byes before they started reaming her with a renewed vengeance. The steam and bubbles and Jacuzzi motor continued to drown out her muffled, sealed cries as she was yanked onto his hard-on as if piston driven.

Despite the water and slickness of her buttery skin, her anal-fucker held on good

while the other grabbed her hair to dunk her head. He almost laughed while doing it, exulting in the fact that she didn't know they were also trainers, she didn't know she had only been a few yards away from discovery, and she didn't know what still lay ahead of her.

“Now,” grunted the man ramming up her butt. “Now!”

The man holding her head pushed her completely under as the other came up Mia's ass. She shook and jerked under the water trying desperately to scream or free her hands but the bandage lived up to its advertising and the cruel, tight ropes ignored the wetness, digging into her skin like biting nettles.

“Oh God! The hot water and her jerking are making me cum! Ahhhharrggg!”



It wasn't until her rapist spit his last drop of cum all the way up her that they dragged her head back up. Her shining skin was splendid and her wet hair only made her angelic, exhausted Asian features all the more excruciatingly exquisite. Chuckling, the men pulled her from the metal Jacuzzi as if landing a beautiful fish. She slid out of the water and onto the floor, her generous chest heaving, her eyes and mouth still sealed.

Her body was magnificent as she lay there, her orifices bubbled out cum. "Oh man," one of her captors breathed. "Oh man, oh man, oh man..." If anything, she was even more beautiful than when they first attacked her.



Outside the trainers got in their cars and went home. Inside a judge checked the

rink one last time. Having looked in every room, he could only assume the Asian skater had gotten cold feet and gone home. After all, she was over sixteen now, with liberal parents...she had a car of her own. And, *that* car had been driven away by Kerry Harrigan, while the owner of that car was in a hall closet, wedged between two rapists, their cocks up her vaginal and anal orifices.



The one behind held her sealed mouth as the judge had gone by just outside. His other hand was kneading her right breast. The one in front was squeezing her lovely throat while mauling her left breast.

Her nostrils flared, struggling for air while her fingers stretched, reaching desperately for anything, her wrists bound to the very tops of her thighs.

Both men viced her two legs in their own, their cocks keeping her up; her aching toes – reaching – just barely touching the cement.

They waited until the judge had passed, switched off the light, and locked the door. Then, there in the darkness, they started fucking her in earnest again, moving like two big dogs in heat. She moaned in agony as they let go of her mouth and released her neck, she was stunned as they peeled the tape from her up-turned face.

“What...?” she gasped as the hunk of material was clawed from her mouth. “Please...!” But then the big red ball gag replaced it, popping behind her teeth; being viciously buckled behind her head.



She felt her ample lips adhering around it a second before she realized why the muzzles had been switched. Mia screamed deep in her throat as the man with his cock up her cunt slammed his suckling, slobbering mouth on hers.



He held her hair tightly with his right hand, keeping her face in position as he twisted her aching breast rhythmically with his left hand. Meanwhile the man who had invaded her from the rear kept pulling on her other tit while holding her chin. Her head was pulled back, her mouth popping off the first defiler, only to be replaced by the sucking mouth of the second.

Tears soaked the panels of tape over her eyes until it seemed to adhere to her like an eighth layer of skin. From a distance of inches, it looked as if she merely had her seemingly lashless eyes closed.

They finally came in her again, letting pints of drool pour off her lower lip as she shuddered, gasped, wailed, and drunkenly weaved side to side between them. Suddenly her chin was being vised in an iron grip. She felt the cocks sliding out from inside her and she could stand, albeit barely. The tape squares were being torn from her eyes. Her wrists were being undone from her thighs and being crossed and retied behind her. She blinked up into the hood-covered face of her rapist.

“Okay,” he said harshly as her wrists were painfully cinched side by side behind her with rubber-coated wire. “You put skate to ice and we’ll fuck you again. If you tell anybody about this, and I mean anybody, we’ll fuck you again. Just when you start to think we can’t find you or can’t get to you; that’s when you’ll disappear. And, while they’re all looking for you, we’ll be doing this to you again, understand?”

She stared up at him, almond eyes wide with horror. Using her chin he shook her head, waiting for some response.

“Okay?” he asked again, this time with emphasis.

She almost nodded. She almost made a little sound around the ball gag.

“Yeuh...” was the only sound, but that combined with her desperately compliant expression was enough.

That’s when the gold velour strips were wrapped around her eyes and mouth. Then, she stood there... ‘Did they leave?’ she thought. Slowly, she collapsed to the floor.

The skating rink was quiet and almost empty. The ice was dark. The locker rooms were dark. The stands were dark. The front hallway was dark...except for one small, shapely figure which shone tawny on the cold, seemingly humming tile.

Mia slid on the floor like a dying snake. Her elbows were now bound. Her ankles were crossed and bound. Her knees were now cinched. On her feet were the three-inch black, ankle-strap high heels she had in her changing bag. On her body was the little black cotton-spandex party dress she had brought to change into afterwards.



That's why her parents had not come looking or raised an alarm. They thought she was out with her friends having fun. By the time either would speak to the other, it would be the next day...

Mia arched her back, trying to escape from her bondage for the millionth time. A low moan escaped from her taped mouth, which had also been encircled with one of the black lace thigh high stockings she had also brought along. Her entire right mammary had escaped from the low neckline some time ago, its little pink nipple and rose-colored

aureole were kissing the floor. Her left nipple scratched at the barely clinging neckline with every breath. And then there was the hum. Just barely visible under the hem of the micro-mini skirt was a black tab...like the top of a vitamin bottle. Her legs were so wonderful that her thighs made a perfect “V” which made room for the tab between them as if tailored for it. It was a small dial-switch. Holding it there was a razor-thin strap made of stretch material similar to her dress, only much stronger. It sunk into her ass cheeks and adhered to her flat stomach strap that seemed stitched to her tiny round waist of French-cut panties. It all held in the battery-run dildo and butt-plug. With a flick of the switch, the nine inches of studded, lifelike black rubber had begun to vibrate, surge, and turn. Within minutes, even in her stupor, Mia began to do the same.

Before leaving, the two men had watched her on the floor of the closet. “Do you think it’ll last the night?” asked one.

“New batteries,” the other mused. “Should be good for the night...besides, their Ever-Ready batteries.” He looked at the Asian princess with the bombshell American body straining at their feet. “After all, they just keep going and going and going....”



They watched her thrust her elbow-cinched breasts against the neckline of the dress, her cleavage filling and threatening to spill over. They watched her hips scrape the floor, pulling her skirt almost over her firm, round, youthful rump. They watched her blink and choke and gasp. Then, they simply left...leaving the closet door open a crack.

That had been an hour ago. Since then Mia had crawled painfully from the closet and into the hall, trying to ignore the buzzing in her cunt and brain...trying to pull her arms from the rubber-coated wire...trying to scrape the stocking from her mouth...trying to reach a door...a window...anything. She nearly collapsed in exhaustion, her heels clicking onto a wooden door. Mia blinked, recognizing something beyond the surge of the dildo locked inside her. She stared down the length of her wonderful body to see the door of the steam room. The sweat box...where the athletes would pour oil on themselves to replace the natural body oil lost during exercise....! Mia started to snake over to the door.

Despite the assaults, despite the stimulation, the girl now had a goal. She could ignore the exhaustion and the pain and the stimulation now that she knew what to do. Any one else would already be comatose. Anyone else could only quiver at the door. But Mia was an Olympic athlete.

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She bent her legs. She got her high heels under her rump. She stood up, grabbing

the sweat box door handle in her deadened fingers. She swung it back and spun inside as in a skating finale. And there was the wooden oil bucket and spoon. Using the door handle, Mia hopped onto the wooden planking floor. Careful now, careful...one wrong move would put the high heel between slats and Mia would fall, smashing her face against the wooden seats built into the sweat box's walls. Mia hopped, twisted on the balls of her feet and shoes, and then sat perfectly, her firm rump on the edge of the seat. It was almost as if her arms and legs weren't bound. But they were...only now Mia knew how to change that.

The semen soaking her internal canals was almost forgotten. The assaults were secondary. Now it was time to do something about it. She submerged her hands into the oil bucket, feeling the warm stuff painting her hands and wrists, seeping between the rubber and her flesh. She started to rub her arms back and forth. Within minutes, her limbs were moving more freely and the oil-soaked rubber was getting soft. Suddenly her thumb was within the coils, then her palm. With a quiet pop, her hands were free.



Mia nearly screamed with relief. Her fingers dived for the switch between her legs bending sideways from the waist. But the rubber wire still cinching her elbows stopped her within just two inches. Screeching in agonized frustration, Mia plunged her elbows into the bucket, twisting her arms up to her shoulders, her boobs practically bouncing against her chin. She sat there, a stunning portrait in captivity: mouth covered in nylon and lace, chest heaving, one breast barely covered by soaking cotton-spandex, and her long, long legs stretched out, knees and ankles tied, ending in sexy ankle-strap high heels.

Her breasts bobbed as she rubbed her arms together with increasing vigor, the humming between her legs now urging her on. Then, twisting around and bending all the way over from the waist, Mia ripped her right arm up like a snake shedding its skin in triumph. Her arms were free, her hands flying. Her fingers slapped at the switch between her inner thighs, desperately trying to get her deadened fingers to grip. Crying and blubbering behind her gag, she just managed to switch the damn thing.

Wrong way! Mia surged in her seat, nearly falling off the bench as the dildo spun and stretched and shook. Stabbing at her own crotch, she finally got the thing off, nearly collapsing in the process.



Blinking, chest heaving, Mia weakly brought her hands up to her face. Acting like someone who had just climbed Mount Everest, she pulled the stocking down and started digging at the tape. She pulled it free, a cup of drool spilling over her chin, throat and chest.

She groaned and then started to pull at the ball wedged behind her teeth. To her shock, it wouldn't come out. Incredibly it was wedged in so tight, was so perfectly shaped, so tautly cinched; and, she was so weak, she couldn't force it out. Her fingers danced at the back of her head; only to discover that it wasn't tied or buckled...it was locked there, with a tiny padlock...!

Mia made a bleating sound in surprise, but then she reached for the oil bucket instead. She splashed the stuff on her long, almost completely exposed legs, concentrating on the wire at her knees and ankles. Within minutes her cursed shoes were off and the wire bands were rolled all the way down to her toes. Moments later the dildo and butt plug oozed from her lubricated body like repelled serpents. They flopped to the floor with battery heavy plastic thuds.

Mia fell back in near exhaustion. Her body was free. Her skin was shining with oil. A red ball gag was locked in her mouth.

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Enough rest. Mia quickly pulled her wet dress over her exposed, oil-slick, sweat-drenched right breast, and pulled herself to her feet.

She had to stand unsteadily for a few moments, waiting for strength to return to her incredible legs. And then she emerged from the steam room.

She was an incredibly sexy little package in the moonlight, the glow making her buttery skin shine all the more, showing the night her remarkable shape and allure. The ball in her mouth and the strap around her head almost looked like an exotic piece of jewelry in the ghostly twilight.

Only it wasn't. It was what kept her from finding a phone... choosing to look for an exit instead.

She took a tentative step, not wanting her oil-slicked feet to slide out from under her. To fall now and hit her head, perhaps hurt herself permanently, would be a horrid irony. Using the balance that would have made her a champion, she moved cautiously down the hall toward the doors, holding her high heels in one hand by their ankle-straps.

She stepped outside into the night. It was cool, her abused nipples rising as if inflated. She shivered and peered toward the road beyond the wide yard. To her stunned amazement she saw the nightly patrol car turn the corner.



“Hea...!” she tried to call, having almost forgot about the ball in her mouth which hollowed her every sound. “HENH!!”

She began to run, waving her shoes. “Hueh...henh!!!” Damn her legs, she thought errantly. They were still deadened, hardly tingling. It was like moving on slim, stiff, shafts of cream.

“Hea...UNH!!!” she cried, running across the darkened yard faster. If she could just keep up this speed, she could just reach the road as they were about to turn the corner.

“HEA-UNGH!!!” She raced past the little empty playground where all the little brothers and sisters played while waiting for their family to finish skating. She moved quickly past the edge of the parking lot. Just one small patch of trees and shrubs and she would be at the street.

Mia used what remained of her gold metal reserves and plunged across the grass. Her feet went out from under her. For a moment she felt as if she was floating... a scream frozen in her throat. Then she hit the ground on her front... the scream slammed from her.

She stared up, arms out, watching the police car start to turn the corner. She watched it suddenly stop by a parked car. She watched its roof lights come on. She opened her mouth as wide as the ball gag permitted to make a noise... any noise, as long as it was loud enough for them to hear. Then... the soaked pad was slapped over her lower face.

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Mia Chung went insane. She screamed, kicked, and clawed at the dirt as a knee spiked her in the back, nailing her to the ground. A hand gripped the front of her hair, holding her head up as a thick, gooey, cloying hunk of padded cloth was clamped over her nose and ball-filled mouth.

“That’s it, baby” she heard whispered. “Breathe nice and deep. Breathe....”

She screamed like a madwoman HERE!!!!” The sound was swallowed by the ball, the cloth, and the night wind. She started to cry miserably, fearing...yet knowing what came next.

“Here...here I am...help meeeee....” And then her face was in the dirt, the evening

shrouded by the drug. She felt as if she was lying on pulverized glass. She sensed a heavy, hot breath at her ear.

“What did I say, bitch? Tell no one....”

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“Excuse me sir,” said the patrol cop. “Could you tell me what you're doing here at this time of night?”

One of the trainers looked up from the parked car's dashboard. “I'm sorry, officer, but I think one of my fuses blew. All my car lights went out. I was just trying to replace it.”

“Oh,” said the cop. “Got an extra fuse? Need any help?”

Fifty feet away, the other trainer was fucking Mia Chung. The ankle-strap high heels were back on her feet. Her arms and legs were bound wide in a spread-eagle to a variety of exposed roots. Kneeling beside her, he had unzipped his pants then flicked her short skirt up.

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“There,” he had said almost silently, looking at her dildo-free cunt. “Right where I left it....”

He had crawled atop her, slowly and carefully clamping his hand over her ball-gagged mouth as his partner's lights went off and the cop approached.

“There you go, sir,” the cop said as the lights came back on.

“Thank you, officer,” said the trainer. “Thank you very much.”

“No problem, sir. Drive safely.”

Mia's eyes started to flutter as the cop circled his car. He stopped just as he got to the driver's door. At that moment, Mia's eyes snapped open and she stared into the hooded face of her torturer. She screamed madly in rage and horror, her beautiful body surging up, her back arching... but all she succeeded in doing was thrusting her slim hips against his cock and giving him a better angle with which to seal her mouth.

“There, there, darling,” he whispered evilly. “It's not like you haven't done this before....” And then he rammed his erection all the way inside her. Mia grunted in agony, her arms and legs jerking against her new bonds. She clawed and shook and kicked, but he had tied her too cunningly into the recess of the tree roots. She lay in the dirt, crushed by his weight, his hand sealing her mouth, his other hand holding down the top of her head as he screwed her.

The cop stared into the darkened trees, watching the wind blow the leaves. He watched as eight blades of grass riffled close to the ground, thinking that he would have to take care of his house's crab grass during the coming weekend. He got in his car and drove away. It would be minutes before he would remember that there was no grass in that patch of earth.

Mia's fingers achingly reached for the sky as he thrust faster and faster into her tight, deep, warm hole, her face squeezed between his spasming hands.

“The...drug...is...quick-acting,” he grunted into her ear. “And...quick-fading.... No side-effects.... Just...enough...time...to tie you....”

He stuck his sopping tongue in her ear, his hands keeping her head from moving away. Trying to ignore the pain and humiliation, she concentrated on the oil that was still slick on her limbs.

(Continued Next Page)



The run, the dirt, and the night air had diminished the slickness almost everywhere else, but her right wrist was still oily enough. Twisting, pulling, and pushing, even the thin, tight rope was beginning to give way. And there was a baseball-sized rock just inside the root....

Then her body began to rebel against the rape. Her vagina clamped as her leg muscles began to spasm. Colored blotches began to explode in her vision and the internal fire began to char her being. She jerked at the ropes again and again, shrieking into the ball and his hand, her body jerking like an epileptic's.

He sunk his mouth to her elegant neck, slobbering to keep from barking with delight at the sensation of her clonic spasms. He thrust faster and faster, his cock engorged with blood and gathering cum.

Her hand snapped free. Her fingers clutched the rock. She swung it up with all the strength she ever had and ever would have...

Her wrist was caught in the vise-like grip of his partner – only two inches from making contact. ‘Oh God, this can’t be’ she thought!



He came. The tableau froze for a split second: the man doing a push-up off her face, hissing with gleeful release; Mia's arm straight up, hand filled with a rock, her wrist pinioned in mid-air; and the other man kneeling beside her, holding onto her wrist.

“I think,” whispered the kneeling man, “that she still has enough strength to

skate.” Then they fell on her.

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The cop thought he heard something...something...like a cut-off sound of quiet, incomprehensible anguish. It wasn't loud... no, maybe it started as a louder sound, but was quickly submerged, as if buried. He hastened his steps, putting his hand on the butt of his gun, as he moved up to the space between the trees where he had seen the fluttering “blades of grass.” He thought he saw movement... he thought he heard sound. He jumped onto the lip of the incline and tree roots, his gun drawn. The movements were leaves and dust. The sound was the moan of the wind. There was no one there.

Fifty feet away, Mia tried to scream to him, but couldn't.



The ball was still in her mouth. Her lips were sealed with plaster tape. A wet towel was pressed over her lower face. She tried to wave to him, but they had dried the oil from her arms, and tied her wrists incredibly tight in the small of her back. She tried to crawl to him, but the man who had grabbed her wrist was holding onto her hips, sliding his cock into her as she lay behind the bushes on her stomach.

“See him?” whispered her other tormentor, lying beside her, holding her head in the towel, watching the cop as well. “He doesn't even know you're here. Wonder what he'd do if he knew a babe with your body and looks was just twenty-five yards away?”

She tried to kick or turn or yell at him, but all she could do was cringe and moan.

The cop looked up, listening carefully to the moan of the wind... before holstering his gun and walking away, shaking his head. He closed the door of his car just as Mia was cum into yet again. Her head nearly emerged from the space between bushes, but the other man gripped her mane. The cop drove away as the rapist fell heavily on Mia's squirming back.

“So...,” he said to the other persecutor. “What now?”

“Now?” he mused looking at her smudged, pain-wracked, yet still exquisite face. “Now you bring the car around while she gives me a tit-fuck.”

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“So,” said the one driving. “This wasn't part of the plan.”

The other tore his eyes from the back seat to look at his partner. “What do you mean?”

“The plan was,” said the driver carefully, “that we take her, fuck her until she can't walk, let alone skate, threaten her with more, then go with no one the wiser.”

“So?” said the other mildly.

“So? .... So this wasn't the plan!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” said the other. “But what were our orders?”

“What?”

“Our orders?” the other repeated with a smile.

“Our orders were to keep her from competing, right?”

“Well, yeah...,” the driver admitted.

“And come on,” his partner urged. “Wasn't she the best screw you ever had? Admit it! Right?”



The driver started to smile in spite of himself. “Well...”

He gazed to the back seat. There Mia Chung lay, her dress ripped around her exquisite body, her arms bent all the way up her back, her wrists crossed and tied at her shoulder blades below her juicy breasts. Her upper face and hair were dotted and streaked with cum. Her lower face was sealed with tape, her mouth filled. A seat belt was wrapped and buckled around her throat, keeping her head down on the seat. More cum dripped and dried on her chin.

More rope wrapped her waist and dug into her hip bones to secure strands which sunk all the way up her vaginal canal and deep between her perfect ass cheeks. On her legs now were black lace-topped thigh high stockings, her ankles crossed and secured with another seat belt, her dainty feet encased tightly in the high heels. Her lovely almond eyes were wide open and pained, her face furrowed in terror.

“Yeah,” he finally said. “She sure as hell was.”

“Is,” said the other, starting to undo her ankles. “Was, is, and always will be.” Mia started to renew her struggling, her head falling back, a wail trying to rip from her gag. But then her legs were wide and he was on, and in, her again.



Tara Kapinski kept doing well enough that she kept paying them. She first delivered the cash to their basement where Mia kneeled, getting fucked from behind by one of the trainers. While he fucked her, she was giving the other a forced blow job around the ring gag behind her wrenched open teeth as he gripped her hair.

Her ankles were roped and her arms were lashed in the small of her back. She was completely naked and totally at their malicious mercy.

“Well, this won't do,” sneered Tara, so every once in a while she dropped off a sack of Lycra lingerie and spandex club wear, all sans thongs, panties, and crotches of course.

Her buying alerted no one, although some sort of super sleuth might have noticed they were always a size too small for Tara, but holding Mia as if they were painted on her. Then there were the killer high heels most often 4 or 5 inch ankle boots they could strap or lace up on her. The guys took care of the straps, tape, cuffs, and rope as well as the balls, prods, bridles, rings and pads that went in and/or over her mouth, until weeks later, Tara noticed something missing. Then came the sex toys...

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The police investigation into Mia's disappearance was thorough while the media coverage was pitched at the hysteria level. Come on, a sweet, sexy Asian American athlete (“one of the few with actual boobs,” Tara pointed out) missing on the eve of the finals?

They watched it together: Mia resplendent in a low-cut micro-mini dress, thigh highs, heels, muzzle, and cuffs, tears pouring out of her eyes, sweat pouring down her body, cum drooling down her face and spasming thighs, as Tara tended to her clit and the guys tended to her tits



But the finals did transpire, and the Olympics afterward. Only the guys watched it with Ms. Chung, as Tara was busy elsewhere. They watched it in the living room: Mia stretched out on, or kneeling in front of, the sofa, a cock in her cunt, in her mouth, or both, as her wrists and ankles twisted in their bonds.



They watched it in their bedrooms; the guys taking turns with her on their haunches or beneath them or over the backboard.

They even watched it in the workroom; Mia's head encased in her hood, her body in a matching corset, her arms in long gloves, her legs in thigh high boots, her wrists and ankles cinched to a chair as a dildo twisted, poked, and spun inside her.



Tara won bronze and came over to celebrate with, and on, her absent teammate. They had dressed her in a vicious satire of championship skating wear, only the parts that were usually flesh colored were here simply the girl's flesh, and all the protection to keep her private parts from sensitive viewer's eyes were as missing as she was. And, of course, the skates were replaced by wicked high heel granny ankle boots.



Mia lay on the living room floor, her wrists tied tightly behind her, her ankles hobbled by a thin, silent, silver chain, and her mouth sealed with clear industrial tape designed to withstand any weather condition. This was especially helpful considering she was practically doused in jism. It was in her lustrous hair, coating her face, gluing one eye shut (as the other fluttered), smearing her tits, and practically oozing between her thighs.



Her teammate considered her comatose stretched out form. “Looking a bit ragged,” she stated.

The guys considered her estimation. “Are you kidding?” one replied. “Considering her diet of the last few weeks, I think she looks damn good.”

“Sure,” said the other studiously. “A bit thinner perhaps, her expression tending toward the haunted, but I think with just a touch of makeup, she’d look as good as new. Better, even.”

“Besides,” said the first, kneeling down to grip her hips, turning her onto her back, flipping her nearly nothing dress hem up, and positioning himself for reentry. “It’s what’s inside that counts. And considering what we’ve done to her so far...” He started to push his cock inside her. “She still feels in...cre...di...ble!” he said, as he let out a lustful sigh.



“Mia started writhing in place, her head scraping back as she tried to scream.

“Yeah, well,” said Tara, dropping down to grab the captive girl. “When you put it like that, who am I to disagree?”

Tara needed more money to prepare for the next meet, so they decided to sell Mia. Normally, Asians didn't gain huge amounts on the open slave market, but a famous name like Chung's made it easy and hugely profitable.

The last time her kidnapers saw her, she was in a skintight, deep v-necked black micro-mini dress, her mouth filled and sealed by a black prod gag, her wrists tied behind her with pull-ties, and a Japanese businessman mauling her tits and slobbering on the side

of her face. His thoughts were transparent, and everyone knew the poor girl was in for a world of hurt.



Her eyes were wide in disbelief and deepening despair as they dragged her back into the man's limo. The last thing they saw of her was an ankle-strap high heel clicking

desperately on the garage's floor before a hand gripped her creamy thigh and jerked her foot up into the vehicle. The door shut firmly and the car slowly left the enclosure.

“Well, I have to admit you were right,” Tara commented to the men. “She did pretty up real easy.”

“Yeah,” said the second man. “So...now what do we do?”

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The answer came just a few days later. Tara and the coaches were back at the Nationals' rink, watching the new teenage phenomenon, Sarah Conway... a 5'4" tall, 34C-23-33, green-eyed redhead, make an incredible practice showing.

Tara looked at the trainers. The trainers looked at Tara. They said nothing, but all were thinking the same thing. How they could work this without raising a dangerous alarm would be difficult indeed. But they would cross that bridge when they came to it.

They would make the decision how to proceed once her arms were tied, her mouth gagged, her legs were wide, and her orifices filled....

THE END