

Trailer Trash

Written by Geoff Merrick
Illustrated by Rougin

Kelly made a mistake. She never should have come to the condemned low income housing project. Not at that hour. But she had so wanted to impress the housing authority that they had made the right decision hiring her right out of college that she was willing to study the problem on location the day before she was set to report to the office.

She blinked, breaking the spell...because here she was, alone, in the middle of a condemned trailer park, all five foot, six inches of her, her short blonde hair clean and coiffed around her pixie-cute face, her adorable lips painted light red, and her expensive glasses perched on her fine nose in front of sparkling blue eyes.

Kelly made another mistake. She never should have worn what she did. But she thought she was a young professional doing a job, therefore she should be dressed suitably. But what was suitable where she lived and what was suitable on the outskirts of town were two different things.

She took a quick look down at herself, as if for the first time. She saw her pendulous dew-drop breasts swelling under the all-too-thin material of her cream-colored silky shirt. She saw her flat tummy and streamlined curves. And she saw her long, long legs coming from beneath the tailored blue suit's miniskirt, and the way her small, perfect feet fit into the three-inch high heel pumps.

She suddenly became acutely aware of how the simple gold chain crinkled across her smooth white throat, and then, how her breasts shifted in the frilly beige cups of the demAi-bra beneath the silky shirt. Despite herself, she got lost in personal thoughts; how proud she was of her long legs, how she loved showing them, how they fit so perfectly into her slim hips and high, round, tight rear.

Kelly made a third mistake. She thought the place would be abandoned.

She first heard a noise coming from beside a rusted mobile home in the back. She spun around, her blue eyes gleaming in the gloom of the sunset.

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It's nothing, she told herself. Nothing bad would happen. Nothing bad could happen. She was perfectly safe. Even so, she took a step back toward the street, now thirty feet away, beyond four rows of dilapidated, rectangular, mobile homes. A sharp sound of movement came from her left. Telling herself she was overreacting, she nonetheless went quickly to the right, hastily deciding to take a short cut between the two furthest rows.

That was her last mistake.

When it happened, it happened fast. The squatter didn't give her time to correct any of her mistakes. He had seen her minutes before, making her way through the seemingly deserted park, examining the abandoned shacks as if it were her birthright. He immediately started stalking her, becoming more angry and excited as she neared. She's alone, he realized, no one else knows she's here...she's cute, she's sexy, she's mine!



His hand clamped over her mouth as if it had been designed for it. Her felt her lips flattening against his palm, he felt his fingertips sinking into her cool, creamy cheek, and he felt his hand lock onto her face as if cemented there. At the same time his other arm clamped

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around her waist, trapping her arms against her side. He felt her strong yet pliant body. She bent forward, accidentally pressing her firm rump against his crotch, letting the bottom of her breasts brush across the top of his arm.

It was as if the dance was meant to be, because, when she straightened back up, she all but helped him lift her off her feet and through the open, unlocked, door of the mobile home. It was as if she had never existed. The condemned low-income trailer park was empty again...save for a single small cloud of dust...already returning to the ground.

One second she was outside and alone; the next she was inside, hidden from sight, struggling madly with a man on top of her -- her slim, stylish glasses laying against the far wall, her assault refracted through its thin lenses.

She couldn't be more than 110 pounds, he realized, and so slim yet so luscious writhing beneath him, her legs scissoring, her arms flailing, and her waist contorting. He looked down on her useless struggle like a father onto a baby's tantrum -- like a conqueror looking down on the already vanquished. Her years of comfort were literally no match for his years of survival.

Still, if he let her scream, someone might hear her...and might come to help her. No, that couldn't happen...not now...not when he had her on the dirty worn carpet, surrounded by garbage.

Kelly screamed hysterically beneath his hand, feeling the heat inside the sheet metal box, seeing the torn panelled walls just three feet on either side of her, the corrugated ceiling just six feet overhead, and the cracked, broken slat windows just out of range. She bucked and kicked, but his weight wouldn't shift and the hand sealing her mouth seemed sewn there. Bite him! She screamed at herself. Bite him! But his hand viced her jaw, his palm squeezing her lips.

He looked quickly around, seeing the pile of rags almost at once. Shifting himself effortlessly so that he sat on her, he grabbed the material with the hand that had been around her waist, feeling the grit and dirt soiling what had once been washcloths and hand towels. Without pausing he wrenched down on her jaw with the hand that had been covering her lips, and immediately started wedging the pulpy, stiff, oily material deep in her mouth.

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Her brain was overwhelmed. For a few moments, it was as if everything had stopped except for one orgasmic writhe: her head back, her eyes huge, her hands up, her fingers splayed, her waist bent, and her mouth as wide as it could go. It was as if the gag was the biggest penis she had ever felt and her mouth was a vagina. It was as if she were coming, or vomiting, or giving birth. She was paralyzed in one gigantic, shuddering yawn.

And then it was all stuffed in, and it didn't matter that she couldn't comprehend it. He had grabbed her wrist and wrenched her over on her side, her arms twisted up her back as he sat in the saddle of her waist -- one of her legs bent; the other stiff and straight.

Then thin, coarse rope dug into her wrists. Suddenly her hands were caught high on her back, her thin jacket sliding down her arms, her chest bulging against the straining cloth of her shirt. She started to kick again one second too late. He was kneeling at her feet, her shins bunched under one arm, wrapping more coarse, itchy rope around her crossed ankles.

Suddenly they were staring at each other; a pretty, blonde, elfin girl sitting in a refuse-filled, rotting hulk of a mobile home, her wrists tied behind her, her mouth stuffed with fetid cloth, and her ankles

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cinched -- her sweat-stained shirt almost popping open and her panty-covered crotch just peaking out at the top of long, smooth, lightly tanned, bound legs.

Then he jumped up to wrap more rope around her head and deep between her teeth as she screamed and squirmed uselessly. There was an agonizing second as he tightened the gag's rope anchor so tightly her lips were stretched back and the hemp sunk into her neck flesh, then he was on her.

Outside the housing project was quiet. Occasionally a pedestrian would walk by on the sidewalk and look through one of its fence openings, frowning or shaking their heads sadly at the rotting hulks of the aged modular homes. But then they would turn away and walk on, having no idea that a sweet young social worker was no more than thirty feet away.



Inside she laid, her head, shoulders, and bound arms on the foul floor of the trailer, her shirt ripped open, her breasts flouncing free, her creamy skin shivering, her dark rose aureoles quivering, and her little pink nipples pointing. And there, holding her loins up by her ass and hips, his arms wrapped around her haunches, was the squatter,

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now squatting, wedged by her bound ankles, between her legs, his fetid cock stuffed all the way up her cunt.

"You," he gasped between violent thrusts, "very pretty... very ... dedicated ... huh? Throw ... us ... out Bring ... in ... rich ... huh?" And with each "huh" he would ram particularly hard as Kelly cringed and mewed. "But ... no rich ... come in I come ... in you!"

And with that, he jammed himself all the way in, dragging her almost completely off the floor, and spewed a load of vile cream deep inside her.



Kelly stiffened in horrified disbelief, only her hands still scraping the ground, and then she contorted in one, huge, sickening, dry heave -- as if trying to eject the foul defilement from her beautiful, refined, body.

When she thudded back to the trailer floor, tears were blinding her blue eyes and he was mauling her tits like pizza dough, his noxious breath hot on her face. "You wait here, huh, little princess?" he sneered. "I show you who you have hurt...!" Then he started dragging her toward the back of the trailer.

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The pack of punk kids found her in the tiny ruined bathroom of the abandoned, broken mobile home. She was wedged, back to the wall, neck lashed to exposed pipes, between the cracked, stained toilet and the mildew covered bathtub, her ankles roped to her thighs (pushing her already too-short skirt up to her hips), her wrists tied to her ankles, and her elbows cinched -- thrusting out her proud chest, which had been shoved roughly back into her sweat and dirt streaked bra.

The three teens marvelled at the sweet face they could see between the rag covering her gag and another rag tied over her eyes. The girl, who couldn't have been more than ten years older than the trio of toughs who had found her, blindly begged piteously at them through the stuffing, rope, and cloth as they made a semi-circle around her, leaning on the toilet and stepping into the tub like hunting wolves.



One punk whistled quietly in amazement. "Well, look what the trailer trash left behind," he marvelled.

"What is she, a pet?" wondered another, already rubbing the front of his pants.

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"Naw," said the third. "I bet she's, like, the daughter of their landlord or something, kidnapped for ransom!"

"Whatever she is," said the first, reaching down to his belt. "She can't see us...."

Then Kelly heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper being lowered.



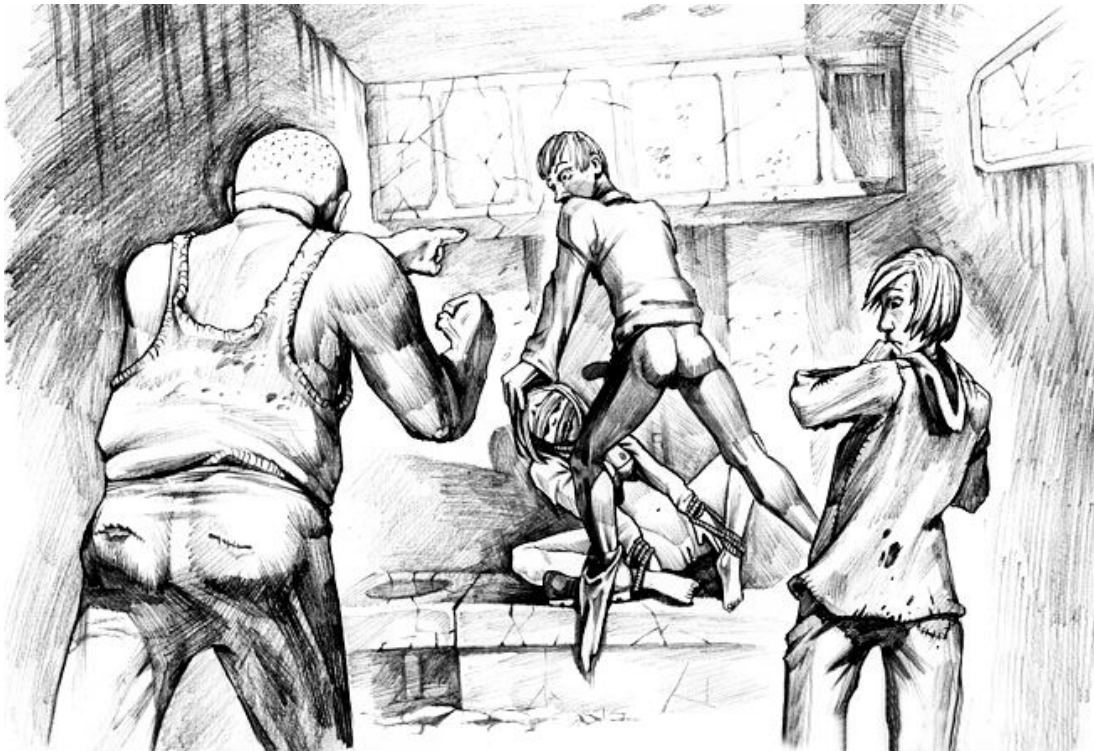
She begged them to stop, she cried for help, she screamed in defilement, but it was all a strident mumble under the gag as they came in her face, down her cleavage, and under her skirt.

They cleaned their cocks in her silken blonde hair, letting their members thud into the side of her face.

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"Man," said the first. "Why do I always have to piss after I come?" And he was aiming his shaft at her nostrils when a huge, callused hand clamped onto his neck.



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"What are you doing?" his father boomed, wrenching him back, the teen's urine splattering his friend's legs in the tub before his sphincter muscles shut. "I knew you were up to no good!"

Then he saw Kelly slumped, insensible, at their feet. For a moment, the room was silent. When the burly, rough-hewn father spoke again, his voice was low and rasping. "Get out of here. Do not speak of this. To anyone! Do you understand?"

He looked at each of them, his face spelling murder. The tough guys were suddenly frightened children again, each nodding wordlessly, even breathlessly, before they ran out. Then he was alone in the room with the raped, molested young girl.

"Ah, miss," he whispered hoarsely, kneeling. "This is terrible...terrible...." His hands reached out, cradling her lolling head, feeling her smooth skin. "What have they done to you?"

Kelly mewed piteously, practically rubbing her aching head in his rough hand. Even as he untied her from the piping and released her ankles from her thighs, he knew that his boy, nor his friends, could have secured her so tightly and so well.

"There," he finally said, pulling her still bound and gagged form slowly out from between the toilet and tub. "There, there...."

His hands reached carefully under her arms. There was a breathless moment, and then his fingers clamped purposefully over her tits. He dragged her back into the rear bedroom as Kelly started to struggle and scream once more.

The father and son only spoke of it only once more, and even then, the boy didn't even get beyond the first word before his elder replied tightly. "I let her go. If you ever do wrong again, you are dead."

Even so, the punks couldn't help but return. Sure enough, the pretty young girl was gone. She wasn't even in the rear bedroom, anywhere near the soiled, torn, flattened mattress amid the broken fixtures and piles of refuse. But then they had to escape quickly. The housing authority had finally arrived to move the rusting motor homes to a garbage dump forty-five miles away.

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They ran to a broken window, leaping out as the trailer shifted on its iron axle ... not even noticing the thirteen, tiny, new bolts screwed tightly into the living room floor....

The teen's father had raped Kelly, of course, smashing her on her back to the bedroom mattress, wedging himself between her legs - - whose ankles were still tied to each thigh, though the ankles were no longer tied together -- and filling her tight cunt with his huge, knobby shaft as she writhed beneath him, screaming uselessly into the gag.



The first time had been like an animal attack, her bra torn off, her dew-drop breasts squeezed in his paws like water balloons, his member slamming into her like a hydraulic pile-driver, his mouth slavering all over her pretty face. When he came, it was like an explosion inside her, cannoning a ball of jism against her vaginal walls.

The next time was even more agonizing, as he sat her slim, violated, sweat-soaked shape on him, his hard-on impaling her as he lay on his back beneath her, holding her up by her kneaded chest, admiring her sweet, lolling, blindfolded and gagged face. Then it was slow torture as he carefully moved her up and down on his erect shaft,

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pinching and twisting her clit, until she trembled, shuddered, and groaned in unwilling orgasm three times.



Then he held her desperate body down as he savagely defiled her a second time.



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Lying beside her, her elbows un-cinched, his big body wedged between her arms, one hand squeezing her tits while the other was hooked deep in her cunt, he made hickey after ugly hickey on her creamy, smooth throat -- rumbling between slobbering sucklings; "Now...whatever are we going to do with you?"

The boy's father watched as the grave housing authority officials instructed the crew to hook up the trailer to the truck in preparation for the long drive north. He even kneeled, seemingly to see if the axle remained firm enough to hold the load.

"Don't worry," said one man, misunderstanding his concern. "These things are strong enough to carry battleships."

The father smiled reassuringly back at the housing authority man, who's expression reflected the disappointment that their young, pretty, recent hire wasn't there to appreciate all their hard work. "Young girls today," he thought for the hundredth time. "So undependable...so hedonistic! Never even showed up for her first day's work."

As the housing authority man turned away, the father's smile changed to a demonic satisfaction. "No," he thought. "Even the workers couldn't see from that angle...."

Since, of course, Kelly was there to appreciate all their hard work, but in no condition to tell them. Not the way her mouth was filled to the breaking point by the expanding rubber plumbing joist, and the way her lips were crushed and her mouth sealed by the plumbing duct tape that encircled her lower face so tightly it was practically a layer of her skin.

And, of course, she was in no condition to alert them...not the way she was spread-eagled, naked, under the trailer, in the very center, attached to the underside with straps around her neck, wrists, ankles, and waist, wired to bolts affixed through the floor. The workers not only couldn't see her beyond the overhanging lip of the trailer, but they didn't even notice the wires hanging down from the trailer bottom on either side of the exhausted, panic-stricken girl's face -- carefully placed so that when the trucks picked up speed on the interstate, the wire ends would flick up from the roadway, stinging her rich, hanging, tits again and again and again....

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Kelly writhed frantically one more time, trying desperately to dislodge the dowel wedged deep in her cunt before the motors started. But it was held there by the thirteenth bolt in the floor -- a bolt and dowel which would surge with every lurch of the trailer. She screamed in terror and dread -- a hysterical hum that was easily drowned out by the truck's throbbing motors.

Then the trailer began to move...inch by inch, slowly, until the truck had cleared the area and turned lumbering onto the connection road.

The father turned slowly, seeing the line of old, decrepit cars waiting on the other side of the abandoned park. There, behind the wheel of the head car, was the squatter. The father slowly nodded at him. As if following a command, the squatter led his rag-tag parade of displaced park derelicts onto the road behind the trailer.

As they all quietly followed the mobile home to its destination, the squatter glanced at the seat beside him...where a torn cream-colored silky shirt, ripped bone-colored lace panties, severed matching bra, tattered blue miniskirt suit, scratched high heel pumps, and cracked glasses lay....

The End