

Damsels Unleashed

A Damsels Anonymous Story

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Story by Valereya James and Destro

Introduction...

In *Damsels Anonymous volume 1*, readers were introduced to the town of Marston's Pointe and Felicia Feters, a former bikini model turned Sheriff. Discovering that her new home was hiding a seedy criminal underbelly overseen by the enigmatic crime-lord Ace, Felicia vowed to take down the sprawling empire. Felicia though was also a woman on the run from her past, having orchestrated a kidnapping attempt on fellow model and her former mentor Gina Dollson.

Little did Felicia know that Gina had followed her to Marston's Pointe seeking revenge, and meanwhile Felicia was quickly becoming romantically entangled with bartender Janet Rossi, who's business was under seige by Ace. At one point, Felicia gets caught snooping by Ace's man Jack and is bound and gagged in the basement of Janet's bar alongside a ticking time bomb. Janet saves Felicia at the last minute and the two make love that night.

But what if things went a little differently after Jack caught Felicia snooping...

1.

Jack could barely contain himself as he felt the Sheriff's shapely thonged ass shifting against his pelvis as he kept his hand clamped over her mouth.

"Mmmfff! Hllppp bbbmmmm!" Felicia cried, shifting and struggling in his grasp.

With every kick and struggle, he could feel himself getting more and more turned on. The way that perfect ass of hers rubbed against his already rock hard cock as she struggled was exquisite. If he could just hold her here like this all night then it would be perfect.

"Jesus hold still will ya..." Carl, one of Jack's hired muscle grunted as he wrapped rope around Felicia's slender ankle.

"Fmmfff mmmo! Urrgg! ggmmm mmph!" Felicia cried, trying to kick the muscular bald man as he finished tying her up.

The Sheriff's hands were already secured behind her back and were ineffectively swatting at Jack as he held her tight against his body, one hand wrapped around her waist and the other securely over her mouth.

"Umm gddd, stppp!" Felicia whined as Carl secured the final knot around her ankles, leaving her mouth as the only thing that need tying.

Felicia must have known this, and saw Carl reaching for a thick, white towel on the seat next to him.

"Mmmmp! Mmmm nnnoo!"

"Oh relax honey, I'm sure that mouth of yours can fit something like that." Jack smiled, pulled Felicia tight against him and moved his other hand up to cup her breast through the thin blue bikini top.

"Orrrgg grrroo mffffrrr..." She grumbled and tried to wriggle out of his grasp. Once again he felt her solid, thong clad ass rubbing against his waist.

She let out a small yelp, no doubt feeling how hard Jack was through his jeans since there really wasn't much separating her ass from him other than the thin g-string she had on. Jack shifted his hand to her other breast and kept her held tight against him, wanting to savor every moment he could with her.

It was a shame they had to waste her.

"Carl why don't you hold off on the gag for a minute." Jack motioned with his chin to the white towel that Carl was now holding between both hands, ready to tie it tightly between Felicia's lips.

"Uh..." The big bald man looked down at the gag in his hands. "You sure boss?"

"Yeah," Jack turned his hand to the struggling Sheriff in his grasp. "I want to relish this skin on skin contact for a little bit."

"Urrmm mmrrfff... wwwnnn hhhyyy gmmmmfff mmmoo!" Felicia spat and glared up at her grinning captor.

Jack admired the curves of Felicia's body as she struggled, at how her muscles rippled and the bikini covered so much yet so little, leaving all the important bits to the imagination.

Once again he regretted the fact that he would have to blow her up once they reached her destination, but orders were orders.

Felicia should have taken the chance that he gave her the previous night.

It was meant to be a routine weapons deal, but then this Sheriff shows up, looking all cute in her skin tight legging that had split in the back to expose her little white thong. When he saw her, Jack couldn't resist having a little fun. If it had been any other of Ace's people then they would have done away with Felicia Fetters right then and there. King no doubt would have had no patience for the interfering Sheriff and would have thrown some cement galoshes on her and dropped her in the ocean. Queen might have kept her around, but Queen did as she pleased and they all knew that.

Jack though was supposed to get rid of her, but he saw that body of hers, and the way her brown hair fell around her shoulders and just couldn't. He decided to have some fun.

At gunpoint, Jack forced her to strip out of her uniform. Her body! That thong! Her ass! It was perfect! When he saw her, half naked, Jack knew he had made the right choice to not get rid of her. Instead, he taped her up, wrapping gratuitous amounts of the adhesive around her mouth, sealed her inside of a crate, and told her that he was sending her away and to never come back.

Unfortunately, they got interrupted by that idiotic Deputy Randy and Tanya Donnelly.

Tanya, there was another lady that Jack wouldn't mind having tied up in front of him. She had magnificent tits. Plus he liked older women.

Apparently Tanya wasn't a half bad photographer either, and snapped a photo of poor Sheriff Fetters all bound and gagged in her underwear and then published it on the front page of the town newspaper, causing a bit of a sensation. The cover was going viral, and every edition of the local newspaper sold out. Jack himself loved the photo, and had spent most of the morning looking at it. The photo was currently hanging on his refrigerator. He had to hand it to Tanya, if reporting didn't work out for her then she could be a decent fetish photographer.

As he stared at that photograph on the front page of the paper, he regretted not being able to play with Felicia more. There were so many things he wanted to do that body of hers, so many things he wanted to touch...

He told himself that if she ever interfered again then he would have a lot more fun with her.

Then there was just a few moments ago, Jack and a few of his boys going over the plan to blow up Rossi's bar that night. The local watering hole was one of the most popular dinner spots in town and one of the few businesses not under Ace's control. Janet Rossi, the owner and another fine lady, had refused several generous offers from Ace to sell her business, and eventually they had resorted to intimidation. Janet though seemed like she wasn't going to budge, and had been spotted talking to the new Sheriff in town, Felicia. At that point Ace had enough and gave the order to destroy the bar.

So there they were, going over the plan, when Carl walks in holding the struggling Sheriff, one of his paw-like hands over her mouth. Apparently she had been there at the door, listening. Why she was in such a little bikini was unknown, but that was a detail that Jack didn't mind.

Once they had dragged her out to the car, Jack took control of the feisty sheriff, keeping one hand over her mouth and calling Ace with the other while Carl tied her hands behind her back.

"Hey Ace, you wouldn't believe who I caught again." Jack said into the phone while Felicia struggled and squirmed on top of him.

"Mmmmm ggmm! Mmmmmph! Glllmbbb!" She cried into his hand as he spoke to his boss on the phone.

Ace though was not thrilled that Jack had essentially let Felicia off with a warning the last time, and gave clear orders.

Get rid of her.

The last Sheriff, Wilson, had also been a thorn in Ace's side. Ace preferred to get rid of people "neatly" if it was possible, and after watching Wilson for less than a week they had discovered that he was carrying on an affair with Tanya. Since Wilson was a married man, it was all too easy to blackmail him with photos of him and Tanya together and force him out of town.

Jack partially suspected that Ace had no patience with Felicia because, little did she know, that Ace had pulled a lot of strings to get her the job as Sheriff. After Wilson left, Ace wanted someone in the police force that would be easy to control. When they looked at the applicants for the job, seeing that Felicia had been a former bikini model immediately caught their eye. Felicia's record had been relatively clean, but not stellar. By all indications, she was an average officer that wasn't dirty but never went above and beyond. She was just someone who wanted to dress up like a cop and nothing more, which was perfect. After that Ace called in every favor and used every connection to make sure Felicia got the job. The thinking was that Felicia would be someone that wanted to be appear to be the Sheriff and nothing else. She would strut around and look pretty but not take her job seriously. Eventually, Ace

and Jack would test the waters and see how well she would take to certain “gifts” and collaborations. Though they certainly hoped that Felicia would be friendly, in the end they would settle for a Sheriff that wouldn’t look too deeply into their affairs.

Sadly, Felicia became a problem almost immediately. Jack knew that getting rid of a new Sheriff so soon would draw unwanted suspicion, but the snooping broad had left them no choice.

Ace’s plan was kinda ingenious as it was explained to Jack. They would tie Felicia up in the basement of Rossi’s bar and then blow it up. Other evidence would be planted to make it look like Janet was going to destroy her own bar to collect the insurance money but Felicia was onto her. In order to stop the Sheriff from spoiling her plans, Janet tied her up in the basement and blew her up. It would be perfect, as Janet would be blamed for Felicia’s demise and two obstacles would be out of their way.

Still... Jack thought, it was such a shame to waste Felicia like that.

“Urrff! Murrfff! Mmmoh!” Felicia continued to wiggle and struggle in his grasp.

Jack’s hand shifted from her breast down along her solid, six-pack abs. With every passing moment they got closer and closer to Rossi’s bar, and that meant that he had to savor the time he had with Felicia while he could.

“Ummm!” She squealed as his hands continued exploring her body, along her waist to her ass...

That ass! So perfect! After his first encounter with her, Jack had looked up Felicia’s modeling photos. They weren’t hard to find, as apparently she had been quite prolific until she no-showed at a bikini contest, which seemed to burn enough professional bridges to ruin her career. Still, the work she had done was stellar, and clearly the photographers that worked with her knew how great that ass was and how to accentuate it.

Jack’s hand shifted to that ass of hers, that round, firm, perfect backside...

“Ummmph!” She cried and swatted at him with her bound hands.

“Oh take it easy honey, believe me you won’t like it when this is-”

As if one cue, he felt the car slowing and Tony, driver, looked over his shoulder to address Jack.

“We’re here boss.”

“Wummmf!” Felicia cried.

Damn! Jack stiffened. He should have instructed them to take the long way.

He tightened his hand around Felicia’s mouth and moved his other hand from her ass to around her waist again and looked out the window at the darkened bar across the street. At this late of an hour, the whole street was black, every business closed up tight until morning and every resident fast asleep. Jack kept his gaze leveled at the bar, Felicia’s final destination for the night, and then turned to look out the front window. A black SUV containing more of his men had parked in front of their car, and now they were all getting out. Like him, they were dressed in all black in order to blend in.

“Mmmm! Uggg gllbb!” Felicia cried and increased her struggling.

Jack watched as her eyes widened as one of his men opened up the back of the SUV revealing several black drums filled with gasoline. As some of them unloaded the drums, a few others headed over to his car, no doubt wanting the go-ahead from their boss to start.

He sighed. This was it, the end of the line for Felicia.

Then a smile crossed Jack’s face. It would still take his boys a few minutes to break into the bar and set up the drums of gasoline and the bomb, and what were they going to do with Felicia during all that? Just tie her up and let her squirm? That seemed like even more of a waste than blowing her up with the bar.

He might as well keep her in the car to spend more quality time with him.

A second later there was a finger tapping on his window and Jack lowered it, revealing the twisted, repeatedly broken nose of Ellwood, one of his lower level guys.

“We’re here boss, what’s next?” Ellwood wheezed.

“Break in and get everything set up. Once you’re done I’ll bring her in.” Jack clutched one of Felicia’s breasts for emphasis.

“Ummm hmm!” She growled and kicked at him.

“Uhh,” Ellwood looked at the struggling woman in Jack’s clutches.

“Well, go ahead.” Jack sighed and motioned to the bar.

“Sure thing.” Ellwood nodded and hurried off to the bar with the other men.

Jack raised the window and turned to the other two men sharing the car with him and Felicia.

“Why don’t you boys go give them a hand?” Jack jerked his head toward the bar.

“You sure you can handle her by yourself boss? She seems like a handful?”

“Mmmrroro bfff! Urrmm hummm ggmm!” Felicia nodded in agreement, trying once again to twist out of Jack’s grasp.

“Yeah I want to spend...quality time with our guest. You boys go help, let me know when they’re ready.”

Outside, Jack heard the sound of glass breaking.

“Hummmmp!” Felicia turned towards the sound. Jack didn’t have to look to see that his men had forced their way into the bar.

“Right...” Carl nodded to Tony and both men exited the car, leaving Jack alone with his captive.

“Well,” Jack ran his hand along her mid-section again. “Where were we?”

“Ummmph! Mmm gmmf!” Felicia twisted in his grasp.

Jack’s hand clenched her buttock again.

“Ah, that’s where we were.” He smiled.

“Mmmph! Ummmg!”

His hand moved along her butt cheek to touch the top of the thin blue string running between her beautiful buns.

“What were you doing sneaking around in a little number like this?” Jack hissed in her ear.

“Grmmm mmmufff!”

“The only thing between me and you is this little string running between that tight ass of yours...” Jack continued, and to accentuate pulled back the top of her g-string.

“Ummm ummmfff gmmmmfff mmo!” Felicia grumbled back at him through his hand cupped over her mouth.

Then Jack pulled her g-string down and grasped a handful of that full, supple backside of hers.

“Offffmmm ummm gddd!” She cried, once again trying to struggle out of his grasp.

He felt a fresh jolt of arousal and pressed his waist against her now bare ass, feeling as if he could barely contain himself. Suddenly he felt himself hoping that his men would take their good ol’time setting up the bomb. All Jack wanted was to spend the rest of the night here in the car with his hands all over Felicia Fetters’ tight body.

Then again why couldn’t he?

It occurred to him that he could just tell Ace that he blew up Felicia in the bar and keep her to himself. In fact, it was almost a perfect plan. No one would be looking for Felicia since they would think she was dead, and he would have her all to himself.

The idea of keeping her, of having Felicia as his own personal pet, sent a fresh jolt of arousal through his already rock hard cock. She must have felt it too, and let out a yelp into his palm.

“Eeep!”

It only prompted him to hold her closer. He lifted his hand from her ass and slipped it under her small bikini top and cupped her bare breast.

“Ummm mmmph! Mmmm!” Felicia cried.

Jack shifted himself so that now his waist was pressed square against her bare buttocks, his cock throbbing for her with just his jeans between him and her bare skin. God, he wanted her so bad.

Once again it occurred to him how easy it would be to keep her, to make her disappear.

But no, he couldn’t just disobey Ace like that. Jack was loyal, that was what got him this far. Plus, if Ace ever found out that Jack had disobeyed like that...

Not only disobeyed, *lied*...

It would be Jack's ass. Jack had seen what happened to people that angered Ace. They would be covered in so much cement that it was impossible to tell that there was a person buried under all of that, and then tossed into the ocean. That was not a way Jack wanted to go.

Plus there was his men to worry about. They were more loyal to him than Ace since none of them had actually ever seen Ace. The crime lord's constant paranoia meant that Jack was one of only four people to actually see Ace in person, so these men were in truth more of Jack's men. Still, he knew that he couldn't trust them all to keep their mouths shut.

Then suddenly there was a tapping at the window, and Jack felt like he was going to jump straight through the roof of the car. He was so startled that he almost lost his grip on Felicia Fetters, who sensed his astonishment and was able to briefly twist her head away from his mouth.

"HE-ummmph!" She cried before he once again cupped a hand over her mouth and secured his other arm around her waist.

Jack turned to the window, his heart jackhammering and opened his mouth to rip into whichever of his men had almost given him a heart attack.

Then he went pale when he looked through the tinted window and saw who was outside. If his heart was a jackhammer a second earlier, it was now a full on wrecking ball threatening to destroy his entire chest cavity.

Janet Rossi stood outside, taping at his window while peering through the heavily tinted glass.

"Hrrrrpp! Hhmmff mmmph!" Felicia cried, and Jack gripped her mouth so hard he thought he might break her jaw.

"Ummmph!" She cried in discomfort as Jack peered out the window at Janet.

She had her glasses on and hair tied back as usual, but wore a black, zip-up hoodie and tiny, black shorts. It looked like she had just woken up.

Shit! They were made!

Suddenly Jack regretted playing around with Felicia. They should have just dragged her down the basement, tied her up with the bomb, and left. Now here was Janet, catching them red-handed.

What was she even doing up at this hour anyway?

She must have had a security alarm, that was it. Jack knew that Janet's apartment was close to the bar. His men must have triggered an alarm, which woke her up and she came to investigate.

Dammit!

A million scenarios raced through his men. He felt his gun in its shoulder holster against his side and debated on whipping it out and blasting Janet right there in the face, but that would be too sloppy, and would create more problems than it would solve. Jack considered grabbing her and pulling her into the car, but that would require letting go of Felicia, who would no doubt make enough noise to draw unwanted attention to them.

All this and more ran through his head in the space of a second as he stared at Janet, tapping on the glass and peering in.

Then Jack breathed a sigh of relief as Carl came up behind the bent over woman. Janet didn't realize the hulking brute was behind her until it was too late, when he clamped his massive paw over her mouth and wrapped his other, trunk-like arm around her waist.

"Mmmmph!" Jack heard Janet cry through the glass.

"Urrggh! Mmmph! Mmm!" The bartender wiggled and struggled in Carl's grasp as he clutched her close to him.

Jack didn't wait another minute, and let go of Felicia's waist for a moment to open the door for Carl.

"Mmmph! Ummm mmoo!" Felicia cried, seeing Janet wiggling in Carl's grasp.

"Grrrrm! Mmmph!" Janet kept struggling.

"Hey boss, found this one snooping around." Carl grunted.

"Shh! Quick, get her in here!" Jack hissed and moved down the seat, dragging Felicia with him.

Carl obliged, dragging the kicking Janet into the car and closing the door after him. Despite Janet's valiant struggles, she was no match for the bear of a man who had her in her grasp.

"Where are the others?" Jack asked, looking out the window at the bar.

"They should be out in a minute, the bomb is all set to blow." Carl motioned to the bar with his head.

"Wummfff! Mmnoo!" Janet cried, trying to twist out of Carl's grasp.

Jack bit his lip, now they had two ladies to get rid of.

He turned his head to see the rest of his men filing out of the bar and heading for the other parked vehicle. They didn't have much time, any minute now the bar would go up like the Fourth of July and they would have to be far away.

Then it hit him. Jack's face lit up! It was perfect! A stroke of genius!

"Carl, can I trust you to keep your mouth shut?" Jack asked, leaning forward.

"Uh... what?" Carl stammered, Janet still wiggling in his grasp.

"Can you keep your mouth shut? What I'm about to say stays in this car and between us and our lovely captives here." Jack motioned to Felicia for emphasis.

"Ummmph!" She grunted.

"Urggg ggmmmf!" Janet moaned.

"Sure boss." Carl's tone was hesitant, and he stared at Jack with a slack jaw.

"I've taken a liking to this one..." He gestured with his eyes to the wiggling hand-gagged Felicia.

"Ummm ggmm!" She moaned.

"We're going to tie that one up in her place," He gestured at Janet with his chin. "While keeping this one for some... fun."

"Mmmph! Mmmm ggmm!" Janet moaned.

“Mmmph!” Both Janet and Felicia increased their struggles, trying to twist free from their captor’s grasp.

“Uh... what?” Carl blinked.

“Never mind,” Jack sighed. “Just get them out of their clothes”

Carl nodded enthusiastically, understanding that order perfectly.

Jack’s men hadn’t seen Janet outside the car, so Jack was going to have Carl put Felicia’s bikini on the other woman and then have him carry her inside the bar and tie her up next to the bomb. His men would only see Carl carrying a dark haired, bikini clad woman into the bar and assume it was Felicia, while Jack kept the real one.

The only ones who would know the truth were Carl, Jack, Felicia, and Janet, and Felicia would be his personal pet while Janet would get blown up in the bar. In his experience, the less people knew a secret, the better. He knew he could count on Carl to keep his mouth shut.

But they had to hurry, every minute wasted meant they were one closer to the bar going up.

“We’re going to tie Janet up in the bar and say she’s Felicia...” Jack explained as he slipped Felicia’s bikini bottoms off. She kicked, fought, and squealed the whole time.

“And then keep Felicia for ourselves, she’ll be our little secret.” Jack smiled.

Carl lowered the zipper on Janet’s hoodie and pulled it open, revealing her large, bare breasts. Felicia’s bikini wouldn’t fit her sizable chest, but it only needed to appear like she was Felicia for moment.

“Ummmph mmph! Gmm!” Janet moaned, kicking and struggling as Carl pushed down the tiny shorts, revealing small, black thong panties.

Meanwhile, Jack had Felicia’s bikini top off.

“Can you keep it a secret? She’ll be yours to play with as much as you want, you just have to keep her a secret.” Jack winked at Carl.

“Sure boss!” Carly looked at Felicia with excitement in his eyes, realization dawning on him.

Carl slipped the shorts and panties off the struggling Janet, and placed Janet's panties into Jack's outstretched hand.

"Open wide." Jack smiled and moved his hand from Felicia's mouth.

"No-MMMPH!" She cried, cut off by Jack shoving the panties into her mouth. He then grabbed a thick white cloth from the seat next to him and pulled it tight over Felicia's mouth, securing the panties and gagging her.

Once the Sheriff was effectively gagged, Jack switched to helping Carl, tossing Felicia aside. She kicked at him futilely and he couldn't help but marvel as how cute it was watching her try to chew through her gag.

Jack opened a console in the back seat, revealing more ropes and cloth. He always kept ropes and cloth on hand as a precaution just in case he did catch anyone snooping around. The naked bartender kicked and struggled valiantly as Carl held her mouth while Jack tied her hands behind her back and then her feet together. Once that was done, they shoved a small white cloth in her mouth and tied another one over it.

"Ummff! Mmmmfff uff!" Janet cried as they finished gagging her.

"Go," Jack opened the door for Carl. "Dump her on the floor and then get out."

Carl nodded, stepped out, tossed the struggling Janet over his shoulder, and headed to the bar. Jack closed the door and smiled at the bound and gagged Felicia sitting across from him.

"Ummph! Mmm gggmm!" She cried and watched with wide-eyed concern as Carl disappeared into the darkened bar with Janet and then emerged a second later empty handed.

"Now, where were we." Jack slid up against the now naked, bound and gagged Sheriff.

"Mmmph! Mmmoo!"

Jack pulled her forward and bent her over his knee as Carl slid into the driver's seat.

"Where to, boss?" He asked.

“Mmmph! Ullugh ggmmm!” Felicia kicked her feet as Jack rubbed his hand over the curve of her backside.

“The club, its time for Ms. Fetters here to see her new home.” He smiled and dug his fingers into the soft flesh of her bare backside.

“Ummm! Mmmph!” She cried and tried to wiggle out of his grasp.

The car pulled away and drove down the street. Just as they turned a corner Jack felt the rumble and heard the boom as Rossi’s bar went up in a fireball.

2.

Felicia Fetters had hated the feeling of Jack's hand clamped over her mouth. Not only did she abhor the feeling of helplessness that came from being silenced, but just the feeling of his skin on hers made her shiver. Unfortunately, it was no better now that she was gagged since that freed up both of Jack's hands, which were now greedily clutching at her breasts.

"Mmmrrrrmmm stpp!" She cried, trying to wriggle out of his grasp as Jack pulled her back against him, hands still cupped over her bare chest.

The bikini she was originally wearing left little to the imagination, but now she was completely naked. Worse off, she could feel Jack's throbbing, erect penis through his tight jeans pressing against her bare ass.

"Ummmff!" She cried, feeling a throb of pressure from between Jack's legs as he held her tight against his sweaty, muscular body.

She was regretting following the lead given to her by Shelly Arnold, and regretting even more changing into that bikini.

Why would I do such a stupid thing! She cursed herself! Felicia had dropped her guard and was now being driven off to who-knows-where.

The naked, captive Sheriff turned and looked out the window, only seeing trees and fields on either side of the road. Though she still wasn't familiar with the limits of Marston's Pointe, it seemed like they were well out of town at this point.

Where is he taking me?

The thought made Felicia shudder. As much as she wanted this car ride to be over and Jack's hands off of her, somehow she suspected that whatever he had waiting was worse.

Once I get out of this, Jack, Ace, all of them are going to pay!

She bit down onto her gag. Not only would they pay for what they did to her, but to Janet too.

Janet...

Felicia still couldn't believe it. Part of her hoped that maybe Janet somehow got free right before the building blew up, but she couldn't be sure. She also knew that she couldn't spend that much time mourning, she had to get herself out of this ordeal, or Janet and her bar were blown up for nothing.

"Urrggg fmm..." She grunted as Jack's hands ran along her thighs.

"Don't worry dear, we're almost there. You're gonna love your new home."

"Ummmph mmph!" She cried and kicked her bound feet.

New home? She didn't like the sound of that.

"Urrmmm gmmmf!" Felicia cried again and tried to wriggle out of Jack's grasp, but his powerful hands locked around her waist and pulled her tight against him.

"Where do you think you're going?" He chuckled, moving his hands up her mid-section.

"Mmmrrmm mmph!" She leaned forward. This time he clamped a hand over her already gagged mouth and pulled her head back.

"Mmmph!"

"Oh Felicia," Jack's hand ran over her bare breast again, sending another shiver through her.

"You're about to start a new life as my little toy. We're gonna have so much fun together."

"Urrmm!"

His hand shifted to her other breast...

"No one will be looking for you, they think you blew up in the bar."

"Mmuurrm! Gmmm mmmph!"

Then his hand slithered down...

"All mine..."

And between her legs...

"MMMMPH!"

Felicia kicked and heaved forward with all of her might, trying with one final effort to pull free from Jack's grasp, but his hands locked around her waist once again and held her tight.

"Urrmmmm mmrrroo mmph!" Felicia cried, kicking her bound feet.

Just then she felt the car slowing,

"Mmmph!" She cried, turning to look out the window, more out of curiosity than hope.

They were pulling into the parking lot of a lonely, roadside bar. It seemed to be the only establishment for miles, and was surrounded by pitch dark forest on either side. A pink neon sign above the door read "Smilin' Jacks" alongside another neon sign of a man winking. There were no windows, but another neon sign hung next to the door reading "closed," but despite this, there were plenty of cars parked in the lot.

"Ullmm..." Felicia whined and leaned forward to look out the window at the darkened building.

Things were definitely going to get worse.

They parked and she felt Jack's grip loosen a bit on her.

"Well, home sweet home." He accentuated by patting her on the ass.

"Ummm mnoo..." Felicia whimpered, staring at the looming bar through the window.

Jack's driver, the big goon that had originally caught her snooping out the apartment, opened the rear passenger door and extended a hand towards her.

"Mmm gmmf!" Felicia kicked her bound feet at him, but he easily grasped her ankles with his massive hands and pulled while Jack pushed her by the shoulders.

"Mmmoo! Ummfff gmm!" Felicia moaned.

Her captors stood her up outside of the car and the warm summer air on her naked body suddenly made her feel exposed and vulnerable, more-so than before. Previously, Jack had made her strip at gunpoint while he and his men leered at her body and then a picture of her bound and gagged in her underwear was published in the town paper but somehow this felt more humiliating than that.

Felicia turned her head to survey her surroundings but they were alone. There was no sign of a car coming up or down the lonely road but still she felt completely exposed.

“Mmmurrmmm...” She shivered and pressed her bound legs together despite the warm summer night.

Jack stood behind her and clamped his hands on her shoulders, holding her in place while the driver knelt down at her feet and loosened the ropes around her ankles.

“Mmmphh mmp! Ullm!” Felicia cried as her feet were untied.

As soon as her legs were free she tried to kick at Jack’s large goon but he was already stepping away, unfazed by her bare feet shooting out at her.

“Alright missy, that’s enough.” Jack chuckled and pushed her forward.

“Gllbb!” Felicia cried as he pushed her forward. She resisted as best she could, pushing back as Jack shoved her forward.

Finally, Jack had enough and gripped her bicep while his goon grabbed her other one.

“Ullb!” She cried as they dragged their naked captive across the parking lot towards the building.

“Hllp! Hurrmmph mmmff!” She continued to moan into her gag. Felicia did her best to struggle and pull, but the combined strength of Jack and his gorilla-like goon were too much for her, and they continued to drag the struggling, naked captive towards the looming door.

Part of her didn’t know why she was trying to call for help. Not only was she gagged, but at this hour there was no one around to notice a naked, bound and gagged woman being dragged into a shady building in the middle of nowhere. The cars in the lot showed though that there was some people around, presumably in the building. Were her captors going to drag her around the building and bring her in through a rear door?

Instead, they stopped just outside the front door and Jack knocked on it in a rhythmic sequence that Felicia could only take as a password of some kind. A moment passed, and then a small slot

opened near the top of the door and a set of suspicious looking eyes shifted from Jack, to her, and finally the goon.

“Hrrrmp! Mmmph!” Felicia cried as the eyes shifted over her naked form like it was nothing.

“Hmmp!” She cried in frustration, mostly out of her bruised ego. She had lost count of how many men had told her they would kill to see her naked, or how many times as a model she had received offers to pose nude, and now this faceless person had just passed over her nude form like it was nothing.

The slot slammed shut and they waited a moment longer. For a minute Felicia thought that maybe they might be left standing there, like Jack had brought Felicia as an offering of some kind and whoever was on the other side of the door had appraised her and found her wanting.

“Grrmm mmurmm...” She grumbled at that though. It was one thing to get kidnapped, but another thing to be told that you weren’t a worthy hostage.

But then there was the sound of several locks clicking, and then the door, which Felicia saw was now built of heavy, solid metal, was pulled open, revealing a dimly lit interior blasting loud dance music. More-so, she could hear the raucous voices of male patrons yelling and cheering. From what she could see through the doorway, the place looked packed. Was it an after hours club of some kind?

Then Jack and the goon were shoving her forward, through the door and into the dimly lit club. As soon as she crossed the threshold, the smell of cigarette smoke and spilled drinks hit Felicia’s nostrils.

“Mmmurrg...” She grumbled. Not only did the place smell like smoke, it was one of those places where the smell of cigarettes seemed baked into the very walls themselves.

They ushered the still struggling, naked captive past a large bouncer looking type, who didn’t give Felicia a second glance but gave Jack a nod of greetings.

“Mmmpph!” Felicia called to the bouncer type, who didn’t acknowledge her as he closed the heavy metal door.

Then they proceeded through a small entrance vestibule and into the club. It occurred to Felicia that they weren't even trying to hide her, and were openly displaying a bound and gagged captive in front of dozens of witnesses.

"Mmmrrrggg! Urrmm mmm! Glllbbb!" She cried through her gag, knowing that her muffled moans were drowned out by the loud music blasting from the speaker mounted in every corner.

She saw a DJ booth near the back with a someone stooped over a laptop, a large pair of headphones over their ears. Felicia perked up when she saw it was a female DJ.

"Hrrumm! Hrrr!" She called, but the DJ seemed too intent on her work, dancing and gyrating to the music as she focused on her computer.

There were other women around her, all seemingly working at the establishment, but they were vastly outnumbered by the male customers. Men crowded bars and were served drinks by female bartenders, while female servers brought drinks to men at tables scattered around the club. Platforms were scattered around the club with shapely women wearing very little writhing and dancing on poles.

"Mmrrmm... mmmph!" Felicia cried at the women, men, anyone who would listen.

Her captors stopped in the center of the club, as if letting her get a good look at her surroundings.

"Mmmmm ggrrrm! Gllummph!" She moaned, imploring with her eyes at the filled room around her.

Much like the bouncer, no one paid her any mind. Their eyes would stop at her for a moment and then pass over her naked, bound form like it was a normal, every day sight.

"Hrrurrllmm bbmmm! Mmm ggmm!" Felicia mumbled and turned her attention to the women of the club.

"Eerrmmm..." She moaned, finally noticing what she had missed in the dim lighting earlier.

The female DJ lifted her head, bobbing along to the music. She had short, thick brown hair that stopped just below her ears, and was clad in a red bra and thong. Her hands were cuffed together and a

short length of chain secured her to the DJ booth. Not only that, but Felicia now noticed manacles around the DJ's ankles running to another ring in the ground. She was gagged by a leather muzzle which seemed to be secured by a padlock to a collar around her neck.

Every women in the club was similarly collared and gagged, not all of them had leather muzzles. Some had bits pulled tightly between their lips, others cloth, or ball gags. The bartenders and servers had their hands manacled in front of them and secured to belts around their waists. Their legs were manacled too but the chains were long enough that they could move around the floor. All were garbed similarly to the DJ in varying types of lingerie. The women dancing on the poles were gagged as well, though some had their hands free and others didn't.

"Umm mnooo..." Felicia grumbled.

Was this what they had in store for her? Was this her future?

No way in hell... She decided. Felicia would kick and fight tooth and claw before she became a subservient, collared pet.

As if reading her thoughts, Jack chimed in.

"Take a good hard look. We aren't so bad as long as you're a good girl." He pinched her cheek through the gag.

"Ummm mmmph!" She pulled away and glared at him.

Jack only laughed dismissively and they continued ushering her through the smoky bondage club. She looked ahead seeing that she was being angled towards a door marked "Staff only." A burly guard clad in all black stood next to the door. When he saw Jack approaching with his naked captive, the guard pushed open the door and held it for them.

"Mnooo! Mmmm ggmmmf! Mmmph!" Felicia cried, kicking and struggling with all of her strength, but her captors continued to push her along with ease. Worse off, she could feel her body crying out in exertion from all the struggling it had done over the course of the night.

“Umm mnoo! Psss! Sttp! Mmnoo!” Felicia pleaded as the door grew closer inch by inch. With every step closer, her heart pounded harder, and she felt her bare skin raise from the cold sweat dripping down her body.

Then they passed through the door and into the rear of the club. As soon as all three were inside Felicia heard the door slam shut behind them.

“Urrmm! Mmmm ggmmm bmmm!” She turned and looked over her shoulder at the closed door as Jack and the goon lead her down a long, winding hallway.

The hallway was dimly lit by overhead lights, and doors lined either side. Though she was being ushered down the hallway quickly, Felicia could see that the doors had sliding view holes on the outside.

“Mmmrrooo....mmmph...” Felicia hated to hear herself whimpering like that, but the further they dragged her down this hole, the more on edge she got.

Finally they stopped by one of the nondescript doors and Jack’s goon gripped Felicia by both arms while Jack stepped towards it.

“Urrm!” She cried at the goon’s rough treatment.

Jack gripped the handle and then eyed up his naked captive.

“Ms. Fetters, say hello to your new home.” Jack smiled.

“Ummm hmm! Ummm mmm!” Felicia shook her head, which only prompted a chuckle from Jack, and then he gripped the handle and opened the heavy, metal door.

Then the goon roughly pushed Felicia forward into another dimly lit room. There was a mattress on the floor and what looked like restraints on the wall.

“Mmmph! Mmmm ggmm!” Felicia cried, pushing back against the henchman when she saw the barely furnished room and the bondage equipment.

Jack laughed and lifted a collar from a small table. It was identical to the collars the other girls were wearing.

“Well, let’s get her fitted.” He smiled and approached, holding the collar out towards her.

“Mmmnoo! Ummm mmph!” Felicia reared back and shook her head.

Behind her, the goon wrapped his massive arm around her waist and grabbed her thick, brown hair with the other and pulled her head back so that her neck jutted out.

“Ummmp mmmph! Mmmm!” Felicia continued to struggle as Jack approached with the collar.

“You see,” Jack went on as he approached. “This little establishment is all mine, not even Ace knows about it. It’s far enough outside the town limits that it doesn’t impede on Ace’s turf.”

“Urrmm! Mnno!” Felicia twisted as Jack grew ever closer.

“I figured, why can’t I have a little piece for myself?” Then he stopped right in front of her, collar held out.

“Wrrry mrrroo drrry...” Felicia grumbled into her gag.

“You’ll be our new star attraction.” He smiled, and with that leaned forward and clasped the collar around her neck.

“Ullbbbb gllbb! Mmmbbb!” She cried and twisted as she felt the heavy, leather collar snap in place.

As she kicked and struggled, she realized that her legs were free and her eyes widened as she got an idea.

Why didn’t I think of this earlier!

She raised her knee and jutted it directly between Jack’s legs.

“Urrggh!” Her face twisted as she cried out.

Unfortunately, Jack sensed the move and stepped back just in time, Felicia’s knee hit nothing but air.

“Mmmurrgh!” She cried in frustration.

Jack was chuckling.

“Oh you, you got spirit. I like that. Means that it will be fun breaking you.”

“Grrrrf mmmmbb!”

“Let’s get her tied down.” Jack motioned to the mattress.

Then the goon was shoving her towards the mattress on the ground in the center of the room.

They spun her around and shoved her down so that she was lying on her back.

“Urrf!” Felicia landed roughly on the cot then felt the goon seize one of her ankles.

“Mmmrrro!” She sat up, but Jack grabbed her by the shoulders and held her in place.

“Uurrggg gllllb! Mmmpp!” She cried, trying to twist away, but soon the goon secured one of her feet to a restraint at the bottom corner of the mattress.

Felicia tried to kick and wriggle her other foot, but the goon easily secured that to another manacle, leaving her legs spread and secured at the bottom of the mattress. Once her feet were secured, the goon moved to the top of the mattress with Jack and she felt the rope being loosened around her wrists.

“Urrrgg gggmm! Mmmmp!” She cried and wriggled, thinking that maybe she could fight back once her hands were loose, but it was no use.

The ropes fell away from her hands and immediately Jack grasped one of her wrists while the goon grasped the other.

“Mrrrgh!” She grunted as her arms were spread to her sides. A moment later she felt the restraints lock around either wrist.

“Urrmmmmmm mmpph! Mmm!” Felicia grunted and strained, but the restraints held tight.

The goon stood up, looked down at the naked, spread eagled captive, and stepped off. Jack sat at the edge of the mattress and leered at the helpless Felicia.

“This is such a good look for you, you missed your calling with fetish modeling.” He smiled and stroked one of her breasts.

“Mmmph! Mmmm ggmm!” Felicia spat and strained again, but the restraints held firm.

Then the goon stepped back over, holding something long and white with a rounded end in his hand. Felicia knew immediately what it was – a vibrator wand.

“I think a few hours with this will do you some good.” Jack smiled.

“Ummm mmnoo...MMMPPH!” She cried out, feeling as the wand was pressed hard between her legs.

Felicia looked down and saw Jack and the goon wrapping ropes around her waist and thighs to secure the wand in place.

“Mmmph! Urrmm mmmph! Mmrrrrff!” She cried, feeling the length of rope snake between legs and out again. Of a night of nothing but violating sensations, this somehow felt the worst.

But she knew that the worst was yet to come.

Jack and his man stood and looked down at the bound captive with the wand now secured between her legs.

“Urrmmm mmmph! Urrrrgg! Mmmmrmm!” Felicia grunted, raising and shaking her pelvis in an effort to work the wand free, but it was useless.

“It ought to be quite a show, and what good is a show without an audience.

“Wufff?” Felicia cried and raised her head.

Jack stepped over to what she had believed to be a far wall and pressed a control that she hadn’t noticed before. The top half of the wall lifted like a garage door, revealing a glass partition, behind which was a crowd of wide-eyed, salivating men, their eyes fixed on Felicia.

“Mnnno! Mmmmpph mmm!” She shook her head, resuming her struggling and straining with renewed vigor.

“Be sure to give them a good show, they paid good money to see this.” Jack laughed, standing over his victim with a small white remote in his hand.

“Urrgg ggmmm mmmph! Mmm!” She chewed on her gag and eyed him defiantly.

Without breaking off eye contact, Jack pressed the button on the remote and Felicia felt the wand spring to life between her legs.

“URRRFFF! GGLLBB MMM!” She moaned, startled at the sudden stimulation between her legs.

Behind the glass, she could hear the men cheer and whoop at her predicament. Still smiling, Jack turned a dial on the wand and she felt the vibrator increase in intensity.

“RRRRMMM! URRRM GGGMMM!” She cried, twisting and writhing.

The sensation between her legs... she had used vibrators before, but this was. It had increased in intensity so fast and so suddenly that it was already overstimulating. It was like she was being bitten between the legs by a million fire ants at once.

Jack leered over her, smiling as she writhed and twisted. The sound of the vibrator was almost deafening to her but she could faintly hear the men cheering on the other side of the glass.

“Well, I’ll be back in a few hours to check on you. Enjoy the ride.” Jack smiled and stepped over to the door where his henchman waited.

“Mmmro...mmmo...” She cried to call. Every muscle in her body was tensed again from the toy between her legs

Felicia gave up on trying to speak through her gag and instead bit down on the cloth in her mouth in an effort to deal with the stimulation between her legs.

It wasn’t working. She looked down and saw that her entire lower body was twitching and shaking involuntarily. Looking up she saw the eager eyes of the men behind the glass, watching...

Then she laid her head back on the mattress, helpless to do anything but twist under the vibrator’s control...

One Month later..

3.

Gina saw the guy's eyes zero in on her breasts like a shark smelling blood and instinctively drew her legs up to her chest. Even though the college aged youth was wearing large, dark sunglasses, she could feel his eyes immediately dart to her cleavage like he had a built in sixth sense or something. He was much shorter than her, but then again a lot of guys were, and he had a messy mop of blond hair. Quite a few men were intimidated by her height, but not Blondie, who continued to stare at her, slack jawed, from across the beach. She tried to avoid eye contact, not wanting to encourage him any more, but part of her also wanted him to come over so she could rip into him.

She was in a sour mood, and the beach was doing nothing for it. It was Caitlyn's suggestion, who thought that maybe a day at the beach would help relax and clear their minds. Try as she may, Gina couldn't shake her foul mood, as opposed to Caitlyn, who lay on her chest on a towel next to her. The dark haired, buxom, thickly muscled woman was wearing a black, thong one piece but had pulled down the straps to tan her shoulder, and her thick buttocks glistened from sun-tan lotion.

"You're blocking my sun." Caitlyn grumbled.

"I'm sure you'll be fine." Gina grunted back.

"You know," Caitlyn leaned up, revealing that one of her incredibly large, round breasts was heaving out of the swimsuit thanks to the lowered strap. "You need to-"

"Caitlyn, cover up!" Gina hissed, and leaned over so that Blondie wouldn't see Caitlyn's impressive side-boob, but she quickly regretted that action because it exposed her full ass to him.

Gina was wearing a pink g-string that left little of her backside to the imagination, and now Blondie was most likely seeing that as well as most of Caitlyn's tit. She tossed a quick look over her shoulder and saw Blondie lowering his glasses to gawk at her. Quickly Gina grabbed her bag and moved it so that it obstructed his perfect view of her ass.

“What’s your problem?” Caitlyn pouted.

“That guy, either pull up your strap up or lay back down.” Gina said in a stern tone.

Caitlyn didn’t have to be told twice, and lay flat on her stomach. Behind her there was a chorus of male voices, and Gina gave another quick look over her shoulder to see that Blondie was gathering his posse of other college aged guys, no doubt getting read to circle them and pounce like a pack of wolves.

“You know, maybe taking a dick wouldn’t be the worst thing for you.” Caitlyn jabbed.

“What?” Gina gasped.

“You, you’ve been so uptight since we got here. Just saying...” Caitlyn shrugged.

“I... you know why!” Gina huffed and turned away.

“Yeah, and that bitch ain’t showing herself so might as well get laid or something to pass the time.” Caitlyn pushed herself back up, once again showing off her impressive side-boob.

“Caitlyn!” Gina cried and motioned to the large amount of breast trying to escape from the drifting swimsuit.

“Oh no,” Caitlyn shrugged. “You keep acting like my mom then I’m gonna leave too.” With that, Caitlyn laid back down.

“... What?” Gina stammered.

“Perry texted me the other day.” Caitlyn said dismissively

“What?” Gina sat forward.

“He said he’s sorry and he misses me.” Caitlyn rolled over, her hands moving to her chest to hold the top of her swimsuit up.

“No, do not! Do not go back to him.” Gina was livid now. If those frat boys came over, she felt like she would eat them all alive.

“I wasn’t... yet...” Caitlyn looked away.

“What?” Gina pressed.

Perry was Caitlyn's ex-boyfriend who sold himself to her as a successful entrepreneur and gym owner, though in reality all of his gyms were floundering. Caitlyn at the time was working as a model and Perry ended up funneling all of her modeling money into his failing businesses. In the end, his gyms went under and Caitlyn was left completely broke. If Perry was reaching out to Caitlyn again it most likely meant that he had burned another bridge and had no where else to go.

"Gina," Caitlyn was now sitting, still holding her top to her massive chest. "How much longer are we going to wait around?"

"I... I don't know," Gina gritted her teeth. "Just promise me you won't go back to that slime-ball."

"Gina-

"Promise!"

"Ugh..." Caitlyn sighed. "Fine, but I will leave if nothing happens."

"Just give me two more weeks." Gina pleaded.

Caitlyn laid back down, draping one hand over her eyes to block the sun, leaving the top of her swimsuit perched precariously on her nipples.

"Please..." Gina begged.

"Fine, but if we don't find her by then, I'm out of here." Caitlyn rolled back over.

"Thank you." Gina sighed and turned to look out at the ocean.

Part of her hated herself for dragging Caitlyn into this half baked revenge plan, but now that Caitlyn was involved, Gina felt responsible for her. If in two weeks they hadn't found Felicia then she would let Caitlyn leave Marston's Pointe... as long as she wasn't going back to Perry.

A month ago Gina, Caitlyn, and the Latina Eva had arrived in this town with a plan. Felicia Fetters, the woman who had ruined Gina's life, was Sheriff of this town, and Gina was going to ruin Felicia's life in return. Thinking about it still made Gina's blood boil. At one point, she considered Felicia a good friend, and was so inspired by Felicia that she had decided to pursue a career in law

enforcement. Felicia though, apparently did not feel the same and paid some men to abduct Gina from a bikini contest.

Gina's plan was to not only destroy Felicia's career, but completely upstage her. She would kidnap Felicia much like Felicia had kidnapped her, but Gina would then take the other woman's place as Sheriff of this small backwater town. As her prisoner, Felicia would be helplessly watching Gina's success, which should have been hers. After arriving in Marston's Pointe, Gina even left Felicia a little warning, a g-string bikini at her office, a mocking sign of things to come.

Now, a month later, Gina wondered if that move was a mistake. Had the bikini scared Felicia off? Part of Gina knew that she was silly to think that Felicia had figured out that Gina was coming for her based on one bikini left at her office, but Felicia had also suffered a public humiliation before that, getting a picture of her bound and gagged in her underwear on the front page of the town newspaper.

All that Gina knew was that Felicia disappeared after that.

There had been an explosion in town, a local bar had gone up in flames, and Caitlyn and Eva had suggested that maybe Felicia left town after such a dismal first couple days on the job as Sheriff, but Gina knew how headstrong and stubborn Felicia was, and it didn't seem like her to just run. Felicia did have an ego though, and Gina thought that maybe her former protege was lying low after her public humiliation in the newspaper.

That was a month ago, and still no sign of Felicia.

Eva, who seemed way too excited at the prospect of kidnapping another woman, left town three days ago, telling Gina that "another job" had come along. The curvaceous Latina wouldn't elaborate anymore, and something told Gina she didn't want to know more.

Gina's patience was wearing thin too. There had been so many nights when she had considered snooping around Felicia's home, or stepping into the Sheriff's office, but part of her plan here involved keeping a low profile. Even today at the beach seemed too big of a risk, but she and Caitlyn had spent too much time cooped up in their rented house and decided to risk it.

Now Gina was regretting going out as Blondie amassed his army. She knew the type of guy he was, the kind of dude that didn't do anything without his boys as backup, a spoiled rich kid who was raised thinking he was God's gift to the world.

Maybe I should have worn something less revealing. Gina thought and looked down at the small, g-string bikini that barely covered her ass and showed off plenty of her bountiful cleavage. During her modeling days, many of her rivals made fun of her saying that she was a living doll thanks to her long, straight brown hair, large doe-eyes, pouty lips, long legs, and giant perky breasts. The fact that her last name was "Dollson" didn't help.

Feeling Blondie's eyes on her again, she drew her legs up, knowing that all of the bikinis that she had brought to Marston's Pointe with her were just as revealing. It wasn't in her nature to hide her body or wear something less revealing.

Stupid Gina, you're supposed to be not drawing attention!

Just as it looked like Blondie had amassed enough reinforcements to make a move, a female lifeguard walked past the group, drawing the eye of every single one of the salivating males. Gina immediately understood why. The girl looked to be about in their age range, early 20s or so, and was incredibly exotic looking. Her skin was a deep brown but she wasn't Latin, and looked Indian from Gina's guess, and had chestnut hair cut just below her ears and striking brown eyes. She was much more petite than Gina, with small breasts that still looked impressive under her one piece red swimsuit. It was obvious that the girl must have been sitting previously because the back of her swimsuit, which wasn't that big to begin with, had bunched up around her backside, showing off her plump butt-cheeks.

This was what was now drawing the gaze of the pack of ravenous college boys, and Gina realized that they must have made the snap decision that the lifeguard was a much more vulnerable target than Gina and Caitlyn. Gina wanted to feel relief at the prospect of Blondie and his pack choosing someone else to be their prey but she didn't, instead she just felt pity for this girl.

The lifeguard must have felt their hungry eyes on her backside and reached behind her back to pick the bunched up swimsuit out of her ass-crack, prompting a cheer of delight from her audience. She stopped, and rolled her eyes.

“Come on, don’t stop the show now.” Blondie taunted.

Gina could see the girl clench her fists, and much to Gina’s surprise, she spun around to face the group of horny young boys.

“Listen you little perv, I’ve seen you on this beach every day and I’ll...” She trailed off as Blondie’s groupies all surrounded her. They truly were like a pack of wolves.

“Oh, you’ve been eyeing my up, huh?” Blondie giggled as the lifeguard glared at him.

Behind her, Gina saw one of Blondie’s boys twirling up his towel and she leaned forward to cry out a warning but stopped.

No, you’ll only draw their attention back to you.

Gina grumbled. It had been two years of laying low, all for the moment where she could get Felicia back, and now what? Felicia was gone, missing, probably hiding.

The boy snapped his towel forward, slapping the tapered end against the girl’s bare ass cheek, and the TWAP seemed to echo throughout the beach. Almost immediately the lifeguard’s hands flew to cover her backside and she spun around to face the boy who had smacked her ass, who retreated with a giggle. Behind her, Blondie took out his phone and snapped a photo of her hands rubbing her backside. She must have heard the click of the phone camera, because the girl spun around again to face Blondie, and this time another one of his boys twirled their towel tightly and snapped it off her ass. Once again the girl spun around to face her aggressor while more of the group took out their phones and snapped pics of her ass.

The lifeguard was saying something, protesting against their treatment of her, but Gina couldn’t hear her over the cheering of the horny boys. Instead of pulling her swimsuit free from her ass, the girl

kept her hands cupped over her ass cheeks, but that did nothing against the barrage of snapping towels, which were coming fast and swiftly.

Gina felt her blood boiling as she watched. She wanted to do something, to help, but she couldn't, that would ruin the plan.

If only Felicia hadn't run, then she would be Sheriff right now. She could arrest all of these boys and ensure they never harassed another woman again.

If only...

Dammit Felicia, this was another thing she was ruining!

Gina watched as the lifeguard spun to face another one of the boys who snapped her ass with a towel, and this time as she did Blondie ran forward, grabbed the back of her swimsuit and hiked it even farther up her ass, exposing her full, beautiful butt cheeks to the entire beach. The girl cried out and swatted at Blondie while his friends snapped photos.

Gina saw red, and knew she couldn't watch anymore. She shot to her feet and took off across the beach.

"Hey, what are you..." Caitlyn sat up, forgetting that her straps to her swimsuit were still down. If Blondie and his boys were still paying attention then they would have been treated to the sight of Caitlyn's bare breasts before she realized and covered her chest with her arms. Gina inflated as she moved, standing up straight and lifting her head as she charged across the beach toward the pack of horny college boys. Some of them turned towards her and their eyes widened, not with surprise, but excitement at seeing the big-breasted woman in the small bikini marching towards them.

Their looks of excitement quickly changed to surprise though as Gina charged past them, grabbed Blondie by his unruly mop of hair, and yanked him off of the lifeguard. All of his boys were too shocked to do anything as Gina pulled him off of the girl.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" Blondie whined as Gina pulled his head back.

"There, how do you like it?" Gina hissed.

“Get her off me, get her off me!” Blondie called to his group, and just like that Gina felt the college aged boys closing in. She stepped back and whirled Blondie towards the nearest boy, who caught their stumbling leader.

Instinctively Gina backed towards the lifeguard and felt her bare ass cheeks press against the girl’s. Both of them looked at the group of boys were circling them like vultures. Blondie had righted himself and was now glaring at her.

“You... you’ll pay for that.” He glowered.

“Why don’t you leave us alone.” Gina glared back at him.

The circle was closing, the shirtless, horny young men closing in. Gina tried to glance over them to see what Caitlyn was doing but part of her didn’t want to involve Caitlyn in this, but also she could use the backup.

So much for keeping a low profile!

“I’m warning you!” She gritted her teeth.

“Oh yeah,” Blondie chuckled and strode forward. “What are you going to do about it?” He licked his lips.

Gina made a snap decision in that moment. It wasn’t particularly well thought out, and she wasn’t sure if it was her best idea, but she was seeing red, and it was all she had at the moment.

“Get ready to run.” She said over her shoulder and gripped the lifeguard’s hand.

“What?” The lifeguard responded, revealing she had a British accent.

Then Blondie was right in front of Gina, about to press his body against hers. Without waiting another moment, she juttred her knee up directly between his legs. Blondie let out what sounded like a choked gurgle and stumbled back. Seeing their leader wounded, the rest of the college boys swarmed to his side. Gina didn’t waist another second and took off, dragging the lifeguard behind her.

“Run!” Gina cried.

The lifeguard didn't have to be told twice, and followed after. Though she was younger and in excellent shape, the lifeguard still had to strain to keep up with Gina thanks to the older woman's long legs. Ahead, Gina could see Caitlyn gathering their towels and bags. It looked like the other woman had tried to hastily pull up the straps to her top, but one of them was still dangling around her arm.

"Caitlyn, come on!" Gina cried as she ran towards the dark haired girl, lifeguard in tow. She could hear the angry cries of the college boys in hot pursuit behind her.

Caitlyn struggled to carry their bags and contain her massive breasts, which were falling out of the hastily pulled up top, and Gina grabbed her bag from Caitlyn as she ran.

"Let's go!" She had let go of the lifeguard's hand, who was still running alongside. All three women dashed for a ramp leading off the beach and to the parking lot.

Except the college boys must have figured that was their plan, and a group of them was already by the ramp, cutting them off.

"This way" Cried the lifeguard, and lead them further down the beach.

"I'm Gina by the way." Gina huffed, still leading. "This is Caitlyn"

She gestured to the other woman to see that her strap had fallen and her left breast was completely exposed.

"I'm Naomi." Said the lifeguard, briefly distracted by Caitlyn's bouncing breast.

"Nice to meet you." Gina nodded, feeling herself getting winded. She looked over her shoulder to see the pack of angry college boys gaining on them.

"Here, we'll lose them on the board walk." Naomi pointed to a ramp leading to a crowded boardwalk filled with shops.

The boys saw the lifeguard point to the ramp and cried out, no doubt trying to cut them off like last time, but they were too far behind. Gina, Naomi, and Caitlyn sprinted up the ramp and immediately were surrounded by tourists, beachgoers, and families, all of whom gawked at them.

“Caitlyn, your boob.” Gina turned to the other girl, who’s bare breast was drawing most of the attention. She took advantage of the momentary break from pursuit to pull up her strap.

Gina turned and looked down the ramp to see the angry pack of college boys waiting, unsure if they should continue in such a densely packed area. Then Blondie stumbled to the front of the pack, practically frothing at the mouth, and glared at Gina with white hot anger. He stalked up the ramp after the three women and his cohorts followed.

“Come on.” Gina lead the other two down the boardwalk and through the crowd. The boys were still following, but at a slower pace.

Gina looked over her shoulder and gripped both of her companions by the hand.

“Think we should split up?” Caitlyn asked.

“That would be a very bad idea.” Gina turned to address Caitlyn, hating the thought of the college boys being able to corner one of them alone.

Gina turned back around just in time to see a strangely dressed woman in front of her. She didn’t have time to stop, and instead collided right into this new player, who evidently wasn’t paying attention either.

“Oh, oh I’m so sorry.” The woman apologized, and Gina detected the faint hint of an accent as she spoke.

“It’s... it’s alright.” Gina tried to calm the woman and step past her, but she gripped Gina’s arms and stepped in front of her as well.

“No please, I am so sorry, please--”

“Look, I don’t really have time, it’s fine.” Gina stared directly into the woman’s striking eyes and gestured over her shoulder at the college boys, who craning their necks, scanning through the crowd for them.

Gina finally got a good look at the woman she had bumped into. She was Asian, with short brown hair cut to fall just around her chin and bangs, with large, brilliant grey eyes that were her most

striking feature. The best Gina could guess, this woman must have been a street performer of some sort, because she was dressed in a skimpy magician outfit, with a short black jacket and white blouse with the top few buttons open to show off her cleavage. Instead of pants, she wore a black thong and fishnets over it.

Still gripping Gina's arm, the woman looked at the pursuing boys, who were getting closer.

"I think I can help." The woman added.

"What?" Gina stammered.

"Follow me." The woman in the magician's outfit turned and motioned for the three women to come with her.

Gina, Naomi, and Caitlyn all exchanged a look, and realizing they had no other choice, shrugged and hurried after the street performer.

"Where are we going?" Gina asked.

"Some place safe." The woman didn't turn to look over her shoulder as they continued.

"How do I know?" Gina looked over her shoulder. Some of the boys were stepping into shops and stepping out, no doubt to see if the three women were hiding in there.

"Don't look at them, it will give you away." The woman said, once again not bothering to look over her shoulder.

Gina snapped her head forward again.

"What do I call you?" She asked.

The woman paused, as if pondering.

"Lotus." She said and continued.

Gina frowned but kept following, not fully trusting this woman who had given her an obvious fake name.

They were in a different section of the boardwalk now, filled with various Asian themed restaurants, a sort of mini-Chinatown designed to entice naive tourists. As Gina followed Lotus, she

noticed her heading directly for a small massage parlor with a unlit neon sign reading “Lucky Dragon Massage.”

Gina sighed, she had seen thousands of seedy establishments like this in LA and other towns. This place was wedged between two other, unmarked buildings, and Gina realized that she probably wouldn't even have noticed it if not for Lotus leading them straight to it. She paused, not liking this latest development in the day's events. It was one thing that she was accepting help from a stranger who wouldn't even reveal her real name, but now hiding in a seedy massage parlor in a less than reputable part of town?

She turned around and saw Blondie and the other boys stepping into the side street. They still hadn't seen the fleeing women, and were peering in the windows of restaurants and shops as they made their way down the mini-Asian town.

“Well...” Lotus motioned to the door.

Gina turned, faced it, and sighed.

“Fine.” She grumbled and stepped forward, followed by Naomi and Caitlyn.

Lotus opened the door with a flourish and motioned inside. Gina lead the way, followed by the other two. Once all three were inside the door closed behind them.

The lobby was much bigger than expected. There was a large front window that would look out onto the street except for thick curtains in front of it, and several chairs against a wall. What Gina was not prepared for was the two exotic women waiting behind a counter.

One of them was the most striking woman Gina had ever seen. Her naturally dark hair had glistening blond highlights, full lips, and her large, brown eyes suggested that she was of Asian descent, though her dark skin suggested that she may be of mixed ethnicity. She had large, immaculate breasts that were held up by a white bra, a stark contrast to her brown skin, and she wore a matching white thong.

Golden would be the word Gina would use to describe the other woman, who had dazzling blond hair, large brown eyes, large pink lips, and toned, tanned skin. Her breasts were not as large as the other woman's but her cleavage was impressive under her silver bikini top. She was chewing gum as she eyed up the three new women, and everything about this woman screamed "sassy" to Gina.

"Oh boy, looks like Lotus is bringing in more strays." The blond sighed and blew a bubble.

"She... she said we could hide here." Gina stammered, ignoring that they were obviously seeking shelter in a brothel.

Strays?

Was Lotus a madam? Was she hoping to recruit Gina, Naomi, and Caitlyn?

Over my dead body. Gina swore.

"You boys look like you appreciate a good time." Gina heard Lotus outside.

"You have no idea." Gina heard Blondie reply.

"Wait, what is she doing?" Caitlyn reached for the curtain but Gina caught her hand.

"Stop." Gina hissed.

"This was a trap!" Naomi joined in.

"We're actually looking for a few ladies." One of the college boys answered.

"I have quite a few inside."

"Not these ladies, these ones would be hard to miss." Blondie continued.

"You haven't seen my ladies." Lotus continued.

Shit, she is selling us out! Gina realized. Did Lotus lead them into a trap just to sell them to Blondie and company?

"Why are you dressed like that?"

"Because I'm a magician, I make magic happen, and so do my girls. Step in to experience the impossible."

Her mind raced, and she considered just charging out the door and hoping to avoid Blondie and his boys. The last thing she wanted was to be a prisoner in some brothel for him and his boys to play with.

“You girls coming?” The blond sighed, and Gina turned to see her holding a door open behind the counter.

Gina, Naomi, and Caitlyn blinked at the woman in disbelief.

“Well, don’t want those guys coming in and find you here looking like three deer in headlights.” The blond motioned impatiently.

Gina, Naomi, and Caitlyn all shared a look, and as usual Gina lead the way towards the door.

“Come on, come on, hurry up.” The blond ushered them through the door.

“You got out front, Delilah?” The blond asked the other girl.

“Yeah Melanie, I got this.” Delilah answered.

With that, Melanie, the blond, stepped in and closed the door behind her. They were in pitch darkness for a moment and Gina stiffened, and then Melanie hit a switch, turning on an overhead light and revealing a whole wall of monitors, all of which flicked to life with the light.

“Well, take a seat.” Melanie motioned to one additional chair in a corner while she sat in front of a desk overlooking the wall of monitors.

As she sat, Gina noticed that Melanie wore a silver thong to match her top. Her ass wasn’t as firm as Gina or Caitlyn’s, but still as deeply tanned as the rest of her. After sitting Melanie opened a laptop that was resting on the desk.

“What is this?” Gina asked.

“What does it look like?” Melanie responded.

“Are you always so rude?” Naomi chimed in. Gina shot her a warning glance.

“Hey, we could put you back out there.” Melanie responded and motioned to one of the monitors.

Gina looked at it to see Delilah standing behind the counter, the camera had a perfect downward view of her ass in the white thong. A moment later the door opened and Lotus stepped in and motioned to the lobby with a flourish.

“Come in, rest weary travelers. You must be tired.” She beckoned.

Blondie was the first in, and then his crew filled in behind him, slowly filling the lobby. The blond boys eyes immediately fell onto Delilah’s impressive cleavage.

“Hello boys, and welcome.” She smiled.

“Why hello indeed.” Blondie gawked at her.

“Ah, meet Delilah, one of my most popular.” Lotus gestured to the woman behind the counter.

“Dibs.” Blondie stepped forward.

“Ugh, so glad I don’t have to deal with this group.” Melanie sighed, now filing her nails.

“Strange, I was about to say the same thing about you.” Gina heard Delilah say over the monitor, and she stepped out from behind the counter and took Blondie by the hand.

“I love your hair.” She giggled and tussled the messy mop on his head.

“Thanks, I... uh... I like your...”

Delilah giggled. Gina had to give it to her, she knew how to Blondie well.

“Delilah, why don’t you take our guests in the back and show them some of the options.” Lotus added.

“With pleasure.” Delilah smiled, stepped over to a curtain set against a wall and lifted it, gesturing for the slack jawed boys to step through.

Gina now turned to look at the other monitors, seeing that though the building seemed small on the outside, inside it was much larger, and behind the curtain there was a long central hallway lined with doors on either side. There were cameras in each room from what Gina could tell, and inside each room was a different, beautiful women. The woman were of all shapes, sizes, and ethnicities. Clearly this establishment offered something for everyone.

They watched on the monitors as one by one the women came out of their rooms to entice the young, college aged boys and lead them inside, closing the doors behind them. Once the final pair, Delilah and Blondie, stepped into a room, Gina stepped over to the door, not wanting to see what would happen next on the monitors.

“Hey where do you think you’re going.” Melanie asked.

“I’m leaving.” Gina responded.

“Gina, wait...” Caitlyn stepped forward.

“Yeah...” Melanie rose from her chair.

“Thank you for your help, we appreciate it, but we’re done.” Gina nodded at the blond and opened the door, not wanting to spend a minute longer under the same roof as those boys.

“Gina...” Caitlyn followed as Gina stepped out into the lobby.

Lotus was waiting, hands on her hips.

“Leaving so soon?” She raised her eyebrows at Gina.

“Look,” Gina sighed and stopped. “I thank you, I really do, but we have to be going.”

“I was hoping you would stay, maybe have a drink or two.” Lotus motioned to another door behind her.

Gina sighed, this was also part of the reason why she wanted to leave so quickly.

“I imagine that you didn’t help us purely out of the kindness of your heart.” Gina placed her hands on her hips.

“Nonsense, I’m always willing to help those in need. I’m simply asking that you repay my kindness by having a drink with me.”

“I’m sorry but –”

“I have another job to get to.” Naomi chimed in and stepped forward, sharing a look with Gina.

“My... sister...” Naomi gestured at Gina, prompting a raised eyebrow from everyone in the room. “... has to drive me.”

“Sister?” Lotus asked, still with a raised eyebrow.

“Sorority sister.” Naomi elaborated.

“It’s true, I have to get her to her night job at...” Gina trailed off.

“The Lady Luck Casino, I lifeguard at their pool.” Naomi finished.

Both of Lotus’ eyebrows raised at this.

“Do you now?”

“Oh yes, and Mr. Kingston doesn’t tolerate tardiness.” Naomi added.

“Yeah so we’ll get going...” Gina turned to her companions.

“I don’t think I’m going.” Caitlyn chimed in.

“What?” Gina’s jaw dropped.

“Look Gina, I know I said that I would give you more time, but if today showed anything, it’s that I can’t do this.” Caitlyn gestured to the room around them.

“What...” Gina continued to stammer. She was legitimately dumbfounded.

“Being chased by weird men... what do you think would be happening to us if we had gone through with... you know.” Caitlyn shrugged.

“You... but you can’t go back to Perry.” Gina pleaded with her.

“I’m not, I’m... I’m not sure what I’m going to do.” Caitlyn turned towards Lotus “I don’t want to do this, I’m sorry, but... is there a place where I could just sit and think for a little bit?”

“Of course dear.” Lotus smiled.

Gina just started at Caitlyn. She couldn’t believe it. After all this time, now Caitlyn was ducking out.

“I’m sorry Gina... I hope... I hope you do find what you’re looking for.” Caitlyn gave her a look of apology.

“Right... well... let me know what you decide.” Gina nodded, and then looked at Lotus and Melanie.

Part of her hated to leave Caitlyn alone in a place like this, but she knew the girl needed her space. Maybe after giving it some thought, Caitlyn would change her mind.

“Come on, “sis.”” Gina said to Naomi and opened the door. The younger girl stepped out and Gina gave Caitlyn a final nod.

“Don’t... don’t let those guys see you.” She said, and Caitlyn nodded as Gina shut the door.

Gina stepped outside, where Naomi was waiting.

“You okay?” The younger girl asked.

“What, yeah.” Gina nodded and looked up and down the street. “Is there some place you need to be?”

“I wasn’t lying about lifeguarding at the casino.” Naomi responded.

“Right, well we have to make one stop first.” Gina said and took off back towards the boardwalk.

“Where?” Naomi asked, following.

The sting of Caitlyn leaving was fading, replaced by a fresh wave of anger and frustration. What happened today was unacceptable, being chased around the beach by horny college boys, and the worst part of it was that there was nothing Gina could do about it. If her plan had worked, if she was Sheriff right now, they would all be rotting in a cell.

It was time to find out what rock Felicia was hiding under. She was going to find her and face her, if anything just for dereliction of her duties.

“We’re going to the Sheriff’s office.”

4.

Gina Dollson...

That's what it said on the license Lotus had lifted from the big-breasted woman, that her address was listed as Los Angeles county, and that she was thirty three years old. Of course, she was in better shape than women half her age. It was a shame that Gina didn't want to stay around the brothel any longer, but Lotus had noticed suspicion in the busty, g-string clad woman's eyes. Apparently Gina had brains to match her beauty.

The Asian woman dug through the rest of the wallet, discovering fifty dollars in cash, several credit cards and rewards for several stores. Lotus handed the cards to Melanie, who sat waiting in front of the monitors, tapping her fingers impatiently.

"Risky move, letting them go." Melanie jabbed after taking the cards and ID.

"Don't question my judgement." Lotus warned. She was getting sick of the white woman's attitude.

"Just saying, what are you gonna do when she shows back up looking for her friend and her wallet?"

"Then she won't ever leave." Lotus sighed and looked at the monitors.

The big-breasted, muscular one, Caitlyn, was sitting in one of their massage rooms with her head in her hands. Lotus would give her a few more minutes before she went in to deal with her. At the desk, Melanie's fingers raced along her keyboard.

When she saw the trio of women stumbling along the boardwalk, Gina in the lead, clad in a small, pink g-string, along with Caitlyn with her breast hanging out, and the lifeguard, Lotus pegged them as easy marks. From the way Gina carried herself and the size of her obviously fake breasts, Lotus figured she would be the one with the most to lose. Then after bumping into Gina and lifting her

wallet from the bag, she noticed how the three seemed to be pursued by a group of slobbering young boys.

Perfect.

They were all flies falling into her web.

It was a shame that Gina and the lifeguard had left, but Lotus had made a snap decision in that moment, deciding that subduing all three women might draw the attention of their male marks. Thankfully, Caitlyn had opted to stay behind, which wasn't a total loss. Besides, if Gina did return to inquire about her companion or wallet, it would be easy enough to overpower her.

Lotus smiled, once again not believing her luck. This town, Marston's Pointe, it was perfect, a pearl waiting to be plucked. She couldn't believe no one else had set up shop here already. Though it was a small town, there was lots of tourist traffic around the beaches, and with so many new faces in and out, no one would notice a few disappearances or two.

After years of being on the run and jumping from country to country, Lotus was finally ready to settle down and start her empire.

Melanie finished typing and the computer screen was filled with various, professional grade images of Gina in various bikinis of all shapes and sizes.

"Damn..." Melanie sighed. "Our girl is serious."

Lotus' large eyes widened at the sight of Gina's modeling photos. She would be quite a catch. Of course, she would have to be trained and broken, but that could be done.

"Looks like she had quite a career, but suddenly dropped off the map. She no-showed at a contest a few years back and that was it, no more photoshoots, nothing." Melanie went on, reading into Gina's background.

Interesting... Lotus rubbed her chin. Gina retreats from the public eye and then resurfaces here, years later. It was almost too perfect, meant that no one would miss her if she suddenly disappeared.

“This chick seems like she was big shit at one point,” Melanie spun around in her chair to face Lotus. “Think she might draw too much attention to us?”

“”Me,” you mean, there is no “us.”” Lotus corrected. Melanie might need some more training, she was still too willful.

“Alright, look, if you got me doing all the computer work, then yeah, there is an “us””. Melanie pressed.

Lotus glared at the blond.

The impudence!

“Do not speak to me like that.” Lotus’ tone was firm but low. A real leader never needed to raise her voice.

“I’ll take whatever tone I want! You would still be performing on a street corner without me!” Melanie shouted.

Lotus sighed, stepped over to Melanie, and clamped a hand on the blond’s shoulder. Despite all of her bluster just mere seconds ago, Melanie went rigid, prompting a smile from Lotus.

There was so much about her that the gorgeous blond didn’t know. She had allowed Melanie to think that she had previously been just a street performer. Melanie had an ego, and that ego could be used to control her by allowing her to think that she was more important to Lotus’ operation than she was.

Poor Melanie. Lotus smiled down at the girl, who started to shrink back under her piercing, gray eyes. Melanie was a striking woman, yes, but busty blonds like her were a dime a dozen. Not only that, but she could find many other willing computer experts. Every now and then she needed to remind Melanie of this.

“Maybe you would like a few hours in the training room to help with that attitude of yours?” Lotus tightened her grip on Melanie’s shoulder, prompting a wince from the blonde.

She looked down to see Melanie’s perfectly manicured nails clutching the arm rests.

“I’m sorry, did you have something to say?” Lotus pressed.

“No...” Melanie looked over at the monitors.

Lotus let go of her shoulder and stood straight.

“Good,” She smiled. “Now, I’m going to go check on our other guest.

“Fine.” Melanie spun around to face the monitors as Lotus made her way out of the room and back into the lobby.

Something told her that Melanie may still need a few hours in the training room, but that would be after they used it to soften up their newest acquisition.

Lotus made her way out of the lobby and down another hallway, stopping outside of a room with a closed door and lightly tapped on it with her finger.

“Yes?” Caitlyn answered from within.

“May I come in?” Lotus asked, getting into character as the gracious host.

“Yeah...” Caitlyn responded, not seeming enthusiastic about it, but apparently not wanting to be rude.

Lotus opened the door into a room adorned with red curtains on all the walls and a spacious massage table in the center. Caitlyn was currently lying on her back on the table, hands folded just below her large breasts.

“Are you finding this room to be to your satisfaction?” Lotus asked, pacing around the table but keeping a respectful distance.

Caitlyn wasn’t as striking as Gina, but she was still a fetching woman. Her large breasts heaved up and down with every breath she took, and her body was amazing.

“Yes, thank you.” Caitlyn turned to her side as Lotus paced, giving her a view of her wonderful backside in her thong. It looked firm and tight.

“I appreciate you letting have this place to think.” Caitlyn added, laying back down. She was tossing and turning like someone with a rough night’s sleep.

There was something on her mind, and Lotus wanted to know what. There was something unspoken between Caitlyn and Gina earlier, something they didn't want to say out loud in front of the others. Lotus had ways of coercing that information from her, but wanted to do it pleasantly at first, if possible.

"Have you arrived at a decision yet?" Lotus pressed, stepping over to a cabinet set against a wall.

"I..." Caitlyn twiddled her thumbs. "Not really."

"You know what I always finds relaxes the mind and helps find clarity," Lotus removed two bottles and a black cloth from the cabinet. "A massage."

She turned towards Caitlyn and held up a bottle of massage oil for her to see.

Once again Caitlyn leaned on her side.

"I... I don't know. I still have some thinking to do."

"Maybe this will help? You could use some relaxation after undergoing such an ordeal." Lotus shook the bottle again.

"Hmm... maybe you're right." Caitlyn bit her lip.

"Please try it, and if not then you can still use this room for as long as you like to think."

"You know, maybe I could use a massage." Caitlyn jumped to her feet and grabbed at the straps to her swimsuit but then stopped and eyed Lotus nervously.

"Oh I'm sorry." She pushed her straps back up. Her breasts seem all too eager to escape the confines of the restrictive swimsuit and were doing their best to press forward and escape.

"Oh please," Lotus laughed. "You've seen my business. Nudity is something I'm used to, but do whatever makes you feel comfortable."

Though Lotus hadn't seen Caitlyn's ID yet, she suspected that she had a background in modeling like Gina, and was comfortable being nude or near nude around other women. In a moment, Lotus' hunch was confirmed when Caitlyn turned her back to her and lowered the straps of her

swimsuit. Lotus watched as Caitlyn pushed down the top of her swimsuit and the sides of her large, round breasts fell free. As Lotus watched, she couldn't help but marvel at the girl's impressive shoulder and back muscles.

She would make quite a catch.

Lotus expected this to be as much as the muscular woman was willing to strip down, but to her surprise, Caitlyn continued to push down the one piece, exposing the small of her back as the garment continued its journey down her magnificent body...

And down...

The thong bottom slid down, the small strip of fabric that ran up between Caitlyn's ass cheeks pulling free. Though the thong didn't leave much to the imagination, Lotus still appreciated the sight of Caitlyn's bare, round, and firm buttocks.

Once the swimsuit passed Caitlyn's backside, the rest of its journey was easy, and the garment fell discarded around the dark-haired woman's feet. She lifted it on one foot and kicked it aside, and then turned to climb onto the massage bed, giving Lotus her first full view of her bare, luscious breasts and solid, completely smooth body.

"You have a magnificent body." Lotus complimented.

"Thank you." Caitlyn responded, lying flat on her stomach and tossing her hair to the side so that her shoulders were left bare.

Lotus approached with the bottles and cloth, setting them down on a small end table next to Caitlyn, and squirted some lotion onto her hands and leaned forward, rubbing the sweet smelling substance onto Caitlyn's sinewy shoulder blades. The naked woman let out a small moan of contentment.

"How does that feel?" Lotus asked, rubbing the oil into Caitlyn's back.

"Amazing..." She grunted. Her head was to the side and eyes closed.

Lotus applied more oil to her hands and moved down Caitlyn's back, pressing her hands deeply into the sinews of the other woman's muscles. As she moved down the naked woman's body, Lotus could feel Caitlyn growing more and more relaxed.

"So, are you local?" She asked, stopping at the small of Caitlyn's back and pressing her fingers deep into her soft flesh.

"Umm... no..." Caitlyn mewed in contentment.

"Vacation?" Lotus pressed, her hands now rubbing oil along the curve of Caitlyn's round buttocks.

"Sort of?" Caitlyn answered, the softness of her voice giving away how relaxed she was becoming.

"Work? It seemed like tensions were high earlier?" Lotus' hands were now on Caitlyn's upper thigh, just below one of her cheeks, which were now glistening from the oil.

"It's... it's complicated" Caitlyn answered, obviously trying to hide something, but Lotus suspected that she also wanted to share.

"Much of life is." Lotus moved her hands to Caitlyn's other thigh, digging and pressing with her fingers, gently massaging the muscles and feeling them loosen under her touch.

"It's just like... ugh... Gina's been beefing with this Felicia chick." Lotus could feel a weight being lifted as she massaged Caitlyn's thigh.

So Gina came here to settle a score? Interesting. Lotus noted. Gina seemed level headed during their interaction. Whoever this Felicia was must have really wronged her.

"She doesn't want her to know we're here so like we've been laying low and stuff, but also Gina like can't seem to find this Felicia either..." Caitlyn continued.

Lotus moved her hands back to the muscular woman's shoulders, rubbing and pressing, feeling Caitlyn's sighs of pleasure as her thickly muscled body relaxed under the Asian woman's firm but intimate touch.

“And you, who just wanted to have a good time, caught in the middle?” Lotus interjected.

“I... I wanted to help, Gina’s a friend, but like... I can’t waste my life hiding out from this chick.”

“Understandable, you’re young and beautiful, you should be out enjoying yourself.” Lotus rubbed Caitlyn’s lower back. Her entire, magnificent, nude body shimmered from the oil under the lights.

“And then Perry’s been texting me, he says he’s changed, but Gina says he’s still a scumbag...”

“But what do you want?” Lotus squeezed Caitlyn’s bare butt, massaging her thick glute muscles. The woman didn’t react.

“I don’t know. I feel like I’m missing something, but I don’t know what.”

“Perhaps you’ve missed your calling.” Lotus stepped away and reached towards the side table, picking up the smaller bottle and cloth.

“Yeah, I mean I guess. There’s always modeling again.”

As Caitlyn talked, Lotus unscrewed the bottle and poured some of the strong smelling liquid onto the cloth.

“You have a wonderful body, men would pay top dollar to admire it.”

“I guess I never really thought about it like that.” Caitlyn shrugged, still in a deep relaxation.

Lotus placed the bottle back and leaned over the naked woman with the cloth in hand.

“Hey, what’s that?” Caitlyn’s nose wrinkled and she raised her head.

Too late – Lotus sprang, throwing herself on top of Caitlyn and pressing the chloroform soaked rag over the muscular woman’s nose and mouth.

“Ummmmpph! Mmmm!” Caitlyn cried, her muscles, once in a state of perfect relaxation, sprang to life and she clutched at the scantily clad woman on top of her.

“Murrgh... ggmmm...” Caitlyn’s arms flailed, and Lotus angled her head to look at the struggling naked woman.

The chloroform was taking effect, and Caitlyn's green eyes were rolling up into the back her head. Underneath her, Lotus could feel every muscle in the naked woman's exquisite body going slack.

"Mmmrrmmm... gmm..." Caitlyn moaned, her eyes fluttering.

Underneath her weight, Lotus felt Caitlyn go completely still.

"Urrrrff..." Caitlyn's eyes fluttered a final time and closed.

Lotus stayed perched on top of her prey for a moment longer and kept the cloth pressed to Caitlyn's face, and then moved it while gently laying Caitlyn's head down and to the side, and then stepped off of the unconscious girl.

She watched her new catch for a moment, but Caitlyn lay perfectly still, and then replaced the cap of the chloroform, and returned it, the massage oil, and the soaked rag to the cabinet that she had retrieved them from, and withdrew a length of rope and a long, black cloth.

Lotus returned to the table where Caitlyn lay and pulled her hands behind her back and then secured them together at the wrist with the rope. Though Caitlyn possessed an impressive physique, she doubted that her strength would be enough to break the rope. Once Caitlyn's hands were tied she crossed the unconscious girl's feet at the ankle and secured them together with the rope.

Now for the final touch. She lifted Caitlyn's head and pulled the black cloth tight between her lips and knotted at the back of her neck. Most likely Caitlyn would be coming to soon and Lotus didn't want her cries for help alerting the male clients, so a gag was necessary, not only for that but for training purposes.

After securing the gag, Lotus checked the knot to make sure it was secure, and the knots around her hands and feet. Once she was satisfied that Caitlyn was effectively bound and gagged, Lotus headed for the door, wanting to check on the status of the other clients. By the the time she was done with that Caitlyn should be waking up.

She stepped out into the hallway, closing and locking the door behind her, and made her way back into the lobby and down the other hallway leading to the rooms currently occupied by the college

boys and her girls. As she passed the closed doors, she could hear moans and sighs of pleasure from both men and women coming from inside the rooms.

Good... She smiled. Her girls were doing their jobs.

Lotus stopped at the end of the hall, stood outside one of the rooms, and lightly tapped with her finger.

“Come in.” Delilah answered from within.

Lotus smiled, opened the door, and peeked in. Delilah was standing in the middle of the room, bent over with her ass facing the blond boy with the messy hair, who was currently reclining on a couch watching. His wide-eyes shifted from Delilah to Lotus and back again and his shirt lying on the floor. Though his pants were still on, they were unbuttoned and unzipped and his erection looked ready to burst out of his boxer shorts.

“Are you treating our guest well?” Lotus asked, stepping in and closing the door behind her.

“So did you come to join the party too?” Blondie asked, practically salivating.

“Oh I’m just getting started with him.” Delilah stood up and turned to smile at Lotus and then at Blondie.

“I just came in to see if all of your needs are being met.” Lotus paced around Delilah, making sure Blondie got a nice view of her ass in the thong and fishnets.

“What if I needed the both of you?” Blondie asked, his eyes on her backside as she paced.

“Oh honey, I’ll be more than enough.” Delilah stepped over to him and leaned down so that her large breasts were eye level. It looked like Blondie’s eyes may bug right out of his skull.

“What is your fantasy? Your desire? We can make it real.” Lotus approached, leaning over next to Delilah.

Blondie swallowed, leaned back, and cocked a half smile. Though he was doing his best to make it seem like he was in control, Lotus knew they had him.

“Oh come on baby, I can be whatever you want.” Delilah came in from one side and Lotus from the other.

“These look so tight, let me help you with them.” Lotus cooed, and then knelt down, grabbed the waist band of his shorts and pulled them down to his ankles.

As she did, Delilah leaned forward, wiggling her breasts in Blondie's face. He was so distracted by the half Phillipino/half Latina's cleavage that he didn't notice Lotus slipping his wallet out of his shorts and into her jacket. By the time he was finished with Delilah, it would be back where Lotus had taken it without Blondie ever knowing it was gone.

Lotus stood back up and watched as Blondie leaned forward and gripped Delilah's arms, his own biceps flexing as he did, and then he spun her around and pulled her against him.

“Ohh...” Delilah giggled but flashed Lotus a look of concern.

“Looks like you have quite the aggressive streak.” Lotus commented.

“I... I just...” Blondie's hands traced up Delilah's mid-section.

“Hey, why don't we-ummph...” Delilah was cut off by Blondie clamping a hand over her mouth.

“Shh...” He whispered.

“I think I may have something to help you.” Lotus smiled and stepped over to an end table in the room. The busier Blondie was with Delilah, the more time it meant to go through his personal accounts.

“Hey, why don't we slow up a bit.” Delilah said as Blondie moved his hand away from her mouth and down to her breasts, slipping under her bikini top.

“Do you appreciate rope?” Lotus turned to face the young man, a length of rope in her hand that she had removed from a drawer in the end table.

Blondie's eyes went wide and he nodded enthusiastically.

“Hey, now, why don't we relax a bit?” Delilah's eyes shifted from Lotus to Blondie nervously.

Delilah was one that valued her independence, but clearly this young man craved control. Lotus decided that Delilah could take being tied up for one session.

“Why don’t you hold her hands and I’ll do the tying?” Lotus winked at Blondie, and thought she saw his erection grow several sizes.

“Wait, what?” Delilah protested as Blondie grabbed her wrists and pulled them behind her back.

“Ow! Hey!” She grunted.

“I like it when they fight back.” Blondie hissed through gritted teeth as Lotus approached with the rope and started securing Delilah’s hands together.

“Oh come on guys, let’s talk about this.” Delilah pleaded, but as Lotus secured her hands, Blondie’s hands moved to her front and grasped her giant breasts.

“Don’t you want to see what I can do with my hands?” Delilah looked over her shoulder at Blondie and smiled, apparently switching tactics.

Blondie didn’t respond. His breathing was ragged and he pulled aside Delilah’s bikini top and cupped her bare nipples.

“Oh yeah...” He gasped, nuzzling her neck.

Lotus finished securing Delilah’s hands and stepped back, watching as the girl struggled under Blondie’s greedy hands.

“Oh hey, come on, let’s have a little fun,” Delilah giggled, and her bound hands grasped Blondie’s erect penis through his boxer. “I know you want to see what I can do with my hands free.”

“Do you want to do something about her mouth?” Lotus asked, acting on a hunch.

“What?” Delilah looked up at the Asian woman in shock.

“Yes!” Blondie barked, jerking his head towards Lotus.

Lotus smiled and stepped towards the horny young man still clutching Delilah’s bare breasts.

“Hey come on, don’t you want to see what I can do with my mouth?” Delilah nuzzle his gaping maw, still trying to maintain character.

Lotus knew Delilah hated it, but would never admit it in front of him, but Lotus had her reasons for doing this to the striking, exotic woman. First was to keep Blondie and his boys here for as long as possible while she drained their accounts, and second was that Delilah needed taken down a peg or two. Like Melanie, she had started making demands, asking for more money, etc. Delilah needed reminding of who was in charge.

True to her appearance as a magician, Lotus withdrew a dark handkerchief from her sleeve, bent, and held it out towards the salivating young man. He looked like he would start foaming at the mouth any minute, and snatched the cloth from Lotus' outstretched hand.

"Hey wait, come on, com-UMMPH!" Blondie could barely contain himself as he snatched the gag from Lotus and pulled it tight between Delilah's pouty lips

"Urrgg hmmm... mmp!" She grunted as his trembling hands knotted the gag at the back of her head.

Lotus stepped back and folded her arms over her chest with satisfaction, watching as Blondie finished gagging Delilah.

"Mmmrrrrmppp mmmph!" Delilah cried, showing her teeth as she bit on her gag.

One of Blondie's hands slid over her already gagged mouth and the other down the front of her thong.

"Mmmmm gggm!" Delilah moaned, trying to twist and struggle out his grasp.

"Well, I'll leave you two for now," Delilah glared at Lotus as she spoke, prompting a smile from the Asian woman. "Please, let me know if you need anything."

"Umm hmm! Umm hmm!" Delilah nodded and motioned with her eyes to the young man feeling her up.

Lotus only winked and headed towards the door as Delilah called after her.

"Mmmrrrgg ggmm! Ummm bbmmfff!"

Lotus looked over her shoulder to see Blondie bending Delilah over a table.

“Nnnmmph! Mmmph! Sttpp!” She cried, kicking her feet as Blondie grabbed her thong and pulled it down, exposing the curve of her beautiful, round butt, absent of tan lines.

Lotus gave another smile, stepped out into the hallway, closed the door, and made her way back down the hall, through the lobby, and into the monitor room.

Melanie sat in front of the computer, hands typing away, and a stack of wallets next to her. One by one, her other girls had snatched the wallets from the unsuspecting, and horny, young men, and ferried them to Melanie, who was in the process of syphoning money from their bank accounts and credit cards into the brothel’s account.

“Here’s another one for you.” Lotus added Blondie’s wallet to the pile next to Melanie.

“Sure, I hope it was worth throwing Delilah under the bus.” Melanie sighed, not looking up from the computer.

Lotus presumed that the blond had been watching on the monitor.

Good, let her watch. Next time it would be Melanie’s turn. Like Delilah, she needed taken down a few pegs.

“I’m going to check on our new recruit, just finish up here.” Lotus added and backed out of the room before Melanie could sigh with annoyance again.

Lotus was greeted with the sight of Caitlyn’s bare ass wiggling in bondage when she stepped back into the room holding the muscular woman.

Good, she’s awake. Lotus smiled as she closed the door behind her.

“Mmmmp! Mmm ggmm...” Caitlyn grunted, twisting and struggling against the ropes. As Lotus suspected, the ropes held against Caitlyn’s impressive physique.

The Asian paced around the table, watching as the dark haired, muscle bound woman flexed and writhed, every muscle in her nude body working to try and free her.

“Well hello, hello. Glad to see you’re awake.” Lotus laughed.

“Urrrg ggmmfff! Mmm bbbmm!” Caitlyn twisted and spat at Lotus through her gag.

“Oh don’t worry, those ropes are quite secure.” Lotus stopped and looked down at her new acquisition, who twisted onto her side and glared up at the large-eyed captor. Caitlyn’s large breasts heaved up and down with anger as she glared at Lotus.

“Urrrg ggmmm mmmrrmm ggllumm!” She mumbled through the gag and twisted onto her stomach again, straining and fighting against the ropes.

“Oh don’t worry, I think you’ll like this new life I’m going to give you.” Lotus hopped up onto the table and lay on her back next to the struggling woman.

“Ummm ggmm! Mmmph!” Caitlyn cried, still twisting and straining against her ropes.

“You’ll need broken in at first, but don’t worry,” Lotus leaned over to look into her wide, pleading eyes. “I’m good at that.”

“Mmmpph! Mmmmmfff hhmm!” Caitlyn resumed her twisting and struggling.

As the naked woman continued her futile struggles next to her, Lotus reached into her jacket and took out her phone. There was still some business to attend to, of which Caitlyn was already proving herself useful.

Lotus dialed a number and lay back with her phone to her ear, watching as Caitlyn struggled next to her as the phone rang.

“Gggggmmm hmmmf mmm!” Caitlyn grunted through her gag.

After a few rings, a male voice answered.

“Hello?” Lotus responded, turning her head to look directly into Caitlyn’s wide eyes as she spoke.

The man on the other end responded.

“Hlllp! Hrrmmpph mmfff!” Caitlyn called.

“Yes, well I was calling to discuss terms of our arrangement.” Lotus ran her eyes up and down the nude, struggling woman’s body.

Another response from the man on the phone.

“Oh yes, I have one that I think will be quite your type. She needs some training, which I think you can help with.” Lotus laughed and patted Caitlyn’s bare butt cheek, the sound of her skin on Caitlyn’s echoing throughout the room.

“Mmmm! Mmmm mmmnoo!” Caitlyn cried and tried to wriggle away as the man responded.

“Oh yes, she’s here and waiting.” Lotus smiled.

Caitlyn noticed the look in her captor’s eye and turned onto her side, still struggling against her bonds but baring her beautiful breast to Lotus as she struggled.

Lotus continued to smile, both at Caitlyn’s struggles and at the excitement of the man on the phone.

Things were working out perfectly.

5.

Sitting in her car outside the Sheriff's office, Gina realized that it had been a smart move to listen to Naomi's advice on the ride back from the beach.

"You can't just storm into the Sheriff's office in a g-string!" The younger girl said, appalled at the fact that Gina apparently had no issue with walking into a police station with her ass showing.

Coming from a background in modeling, Gina was used to having her ass out, but also had another reason. If for some reason Felicia was in the Sheriff's office, and that she was really just hiding behind a desk for these past few months, she wanted Felicia to gawk at her. Gina wanted to show Felicia that she was here and not afraid.

But Naomi had a point, bringing up that Gina probably wouldn't be taken seriously if she walked in half naked.

Gina stared out the car window at the Sheriff's office, two police cruisers were parked out front but no one had gone in or out of the building. She had slipped on a white tank top over her bikini top, but it left little to the imagination and clung to her skin. Her breasts looked like they might rip the thin cotton at the seams, and she wore denim cut off shorts. Not exactly the most conservative of clothing, but then again she was just coming from the beach to report being chased by a pack of horny boys.

On the car ride Gina had urged Naomi to come with her and back up her claims, but apparently the younger girl wasn't lying about having a second job at the Lady Luck Casino.

As Gina drove Naomi to the casino, she kept feeling the younger girl's eyes drifting to her cleavage.

"I'm sorry, they're just so... round." Naomi stuttered.

"Well I would hope so, I paid good money for that." Gina laughed.

"Did you... do you like them?"

"I do, and they were a huge boost to my career."

Naomi listened with rapt attention as Gina explained her modeling career, though she left out the part about being kidnapped and just said that she retired.

“Wow, you could still totally do it. I mean, you’re stunning. Sorry, didn’t mean to say that out loud.” Naomi blushed.

“It’s okay.” Gina laughed. She liked this girl.

“You could be pretty successful in modeling yourself.” Gina added.

“Oh me? I don’t know.” She pushed her chestnut hair out of her face.

“I’m serious, you’re beautiful.” Gina added, then started questioning herself.

What am I doing? Last time she took in a protege, that girl ended up hiring men to kidnap her.

Then again there was nothing wrong with encouraging Naomi.

“If it leads to dealing with more guys like those on the beach then no thank you.” Naomi laughed.

“Well,” Gina laughed. “There are some occupational hazards.”

Soon they arrived at the casino, where Naomi thanked Gina again for helping her and dropping her off, and then they went their separate ways. When they first had gotten into the car after leaving the brothel, Gina was incensed, ready to storm into the Sheriff’s office and get into Felicia’s face, but she found that talking to Naomi during the ride had calmed her a bit.

Still, she still had to go, at least to report Blondie and his goons.

As she reflected on the beach incident on her way to the Sheriff’s office, Gina found herself getting angry all over again. What was Felicia doing that she just let roving bands of salivating college boys run wild on her beaches? The more Gina thought about it, the more she realized that Felicia really wasn’t cut out for this job. Marston’s Pointe needed a new Sheriff, it needed Gina.

Now Gina sat in her car, staring at the building. Was Felicia in there now, waiting for her?

She realized there was only one way to find out, and stepped out of her car and marched across the parking lot towards the building with her head held high. As she walked, she found herself coming

up with alternate plans in her head. Maybe instead of outright confronting Felicia, she would act like it was nothing, she was here to report an incident at the beach. Gina could act like she didn't even know who Felicia was.

Yes, that would freak Felicia out more than just confronting her.

Gina gripped the handle and stepped inside, a blast of cool air conditioning hitting her...

And nothing. Gina stopped, waiting, expecting to be greeted by someone or to see an officer.

Instead the building was empty. There was a desk that was clearly meant for a receptionist or dispatcher with a police scanner and radio, but no one was behind it. She could see a bullpen area filled with empty desks, and at the back was a room with a partially open door with "Sheriff's office" on the window. Gina's eyes leveled on the office at the back of the bullpen but saw no one inside.

Where was everyone?

Gina waited another minute, expecting someone to maybe step out from another room or the restroom, but nothing. Had the whole Sheriff's Department just vanished?

Once again Gina's eyes fell on the partially open door to the Sheriff's office, and after looking around to make sure she was alone, strode across the room towards it. She stopped just outside the room, her hand on the door jamb, still expecting someone to come out and ask her what she was doing, but nothing happened. The glass windows gave her a clear view inside the office, which she could see was empty. Gina realized that she partially expected Felicia to suddenly pop up from behind the desk, but nothing happened.

Without wasting another moment, she eased the door open the rest of the way and stepped inside the office. Gina wasn't sure what she expected to find inside, maybe a clue as to Felicia's whereabouts?

I guess a girl can hope. She shrugged and surveyed the room. The desk was bare, with just a computer monitor, keyboard, and papers strewn about it. The computer was powered down, and as Gina looked over the desk, she realized that the papers that were strewn about it had been building up

for some time. Some of them had dates going back to the beginning of the month, while others were mail or packages addressed to the Sheriff, none of which had been opened.

Hanging from a coat tree next to the door was tan police uniform with “Marston’s Pointe Sheriff’s Department” emblazoned on the front. Gina stepped forward and lifted the shirt down from the rack to inspect it. The shirt felt fresh, unworn. Had Felicia truly just packed up and left.

As Gina looked over the uniform shirt, she became aware of eyes on her, and turned to look out the office window to see a portly man wearing an identical uniform shirt with dark hair and a mustache staring back at her. His mouth was dangling open, and his hand held a half devoured donut. The man’s eyes bugged out of his skull, and Gina noticed beads of sweat collecting around his brow when he realized she was aware of him. For a moment, she was concerned that he would die of shock right there judging from how he was gawking at her.

Just then, the office door opened and another man wearing a Sheriff’s office shirt stepped in. This one was younger, with clean cut, brown hair, and was semi in shape though he had the beginning of a gut showing.

“Oh, I... I didn’t know they had sent a replacement already.” He stammered, his eyes falling immediately onto Gina’s cleavage.

“I’m sorry?” Gina asked, stepping back over to the coat tree with the uniform shirt.

“Oh here, let me get that for you.” The Deputy stumbled forward and took the shirt from Gina.

“Thank you.” Gina smiled.

“Sure, sure thing.” He nodded, hanging the shirt but his eyes were now going up the length of Gina’s bare legs.

She cleared her throat and he jumped, his eyes meeting hers for the first time.

“I’m, I’m sorry Sheriff. You caught us at a bad time, we stepped out for a minute.”

Sheriff?

“Yes, I was –” Gina began, but the stuttering Deputy cut her off again.

“See, we’ve been shorthanded, and we told city hall we needed a new Sheriff, but we didn’t know they found one already see, and...” He swallowed.

He thinks I’m the new Sheriff? Gina realized, but didn’t say anything.

“Are you, did you know Sheriff Fetters?” He stammered.

“I... why do you ask?” Gina responded.

“It’s just... that you’re... see we knew she was a model and you... you...”

“Look like a model?” Gina raised an eyebrow.

The Deputy swallowed and nodded.

“Yes, Felicia and I worked together a few times,” Gina answered, and practically saw the young man’s heart skip a beat. “We both modeled to put ourselves through Criminal Justice school.”

“Oh, that’s cool.” Randy’s eyes were like bouncing balls shifting from her cleavage to her eyes. In that moment, Gina was glad that she listened to Naomi about covering up her bikini. She could only imagine how these two would drool over her if she was standing here in a g-string.

Suddenly Gina had an idea of how she could use this to her advantage. She kept her face passive, deciding to play into him mistaking her for the Sheriff.

“Tell me, what happened to Sheriff Fetters?”

“Oh, well uh...” He stammered again.

“Oh call me Gina.” She offered a hand. Maybe this would go easier if he was relaxed.

“Randy, James Randy.” He shook her hand, eyes once again falling to her cleavage.

“Take a seat James.” She motioned to a chair and stepped behind the Sheriff’s desk, sat down, and propped her long legs up on the desk, watching as Randy’s eyes immediately fell on them.

“Randy?” Gina raised her eyebrows and he snapped his gaze away from her legs.

“Right.” Randy shook his head and sat down across from her.

“So, Sheriff Fetters.” Gina prodded.

“Yeah, so she uh... wasn’t in a great mood after she saw the paper, the one with her all tied up in her underwear on it.” Randy began.

“Yes, I’m familiar with it.” Gina nodded.

“So yeah, then she came in the next day and someone had left a bikini in her office as a prank or something, and she got really upset...” Randy continued, and it took all of Gina’s self control not to smile at that.

So I did get under her skin! How she wished she could have been there to see Felicia’s face.

“So she got all mad and thought one of us did it, but we didn’t, you know? So she ended up storming out, we thought you know, that she just had to cool off a bit.”

“Of course.” Gina smiled and gestured for him to go on.

“She didn’t come in the next day and we thought maybe she needed more time, after all she had a rough first few days, but then she didn’t come in the next day, or the day after. We called her, went to her house, nothing. Poor Alice, our receptionist and dispatcher...” Randy gestured to the receptionist desk. “Got tired of making excuses for Felicia when people called and quit a few days ago. Now it’s just me and Frank.”

Randy gestured to the portly deputy out in the bullpen, who was pretending to do paperwork but kept glancing through the window at them.

“And that’s it? No other contact with her, or nothing.” Gina raised her eyebrows.

“Nope, no one knows.” Randy shrugged.

Gina sighed and rubbed her chin. While she knew that Felicia’s pride would definitely be stung by everything that happened, it was strange that she just disappeared. Even if she decided to quit, she would have given notice.

“Okay Randy, well you may as well get comfortable because I have a lot more questions for you.” Gina stood up and made her way to the door.

“You do?” His jaw went slack.

“I do.” Gina closed the door. It was a risky move, pretending to be Sheriff, but as of right now it was her best way to determine Felicia’s whereabouts.

“I wanted an easy first day,” Gina made her way back to her desk. “But now, my first order of business as Sheriff of this town is to launch a full scale investigation into the disappearance of Felicia Fetters.”

If there was one thing Jack never got tired of, it was being greeted by Felicia Fetters’ ass every day when he got home. In fact, despite seeing her every day over this past month of keeping her captive, Jack hadn’t gotten tired of Felicia yet. Part of him thought that after a couple of days he would get bored of her or she would prove too much trouble and he would have to sell her or dump her in the ocean, but so far she was proving delectable as his slave. Feisty, yes, but nothing he couldn’t handle, and he liked them feisty.

“Hey honey, I’m back.” Jack smiled, taking off his jacket as he stepped into the room.

“Ummmph! Mmm!” Felicia responded, twisting on the bed, her juicy ass cheeks wiggling as she tried to twist out of her bonds.

Jack stopped to admire the sight. Felicia was lying diagonally on her stomach, ass facing the door so it was the first thing he saw when he stepped into the room. Her hands were bound above her head and secured to a bedpost, and her feet secured together and tied to a post on the opposite end of the bed. Several layers of black tape were secured around her mouth, and she wore a black, skin tight crop top and extremely small, extremely tight, black booty shorts. The shorts barely covered Felicia’s ass, exposing most of her tan cheeks as she wiggled and struggled.

“Urrrrmmm phhmmm! Mmmm ggmmm umm!” Felicia grunted, twisting and struggling as Jack approached the bed.

“How was your day? Did you miss me?” Jack smiled and sat at the foot of the bed.

“Glllmmm ummm gggmmph!” Felicia protested, tugging on her bound hands. Jack suspected that all she did was struggle to get free while he was gone, but even if she did she wouldn’t have gotten far since the club had guards posted in the hallway.

So far Felicia had been a star attraction for Smilin’ Jack’s, and thankfully, no one had discovered her identity yet, or if they had, they kept their mouth shut. They would put on shows with Felicia for customers at night, but before and after that, she was all Jack’s.

“Ugh,” Jack sighed. “It was a rough day at the office.” He sat at the edge of the bed and clamped a hand over one of Felicia’s juicy buttocks. Since she hadn’t been in the gym for a month, her ass had lost some of its firmness, but in the process had become much more bouncy, which was a fair trade in his eyes.

“Ummmm ggmllummm bbmm!” Felicia protested as Jack ran his hand over the curve of her buttocks.

“Coming home to you though is always the best part of my day.” He added, and switched to her other cheek.

“Mmmmm ggmmm!” She cried and wiggled on the bed.

“I can’t wait to do this for the rest of our lives.” Jack laughed, feeling Felicia’s ass tighten under his touch.

“Urrggmmm! Mmmmmm nnoo!” She protested and twisted and turned on the bed.

“Oh no, you have no say in this matter. Soon you’ll be Mrs. Jack.” He laughed and clutched her ass with one powerful hand.

“Mmmmp! Mmmm ggmm!” Felicia increased her struggles.

“Let’s check on that little token of my love that I gave you earlier. Is it nice and comfortable?” Jack asked and grabbed the waistband of Felicia’s booty shorts.

“Nmmmmff! Mmmm ggmmm!” She twisted, arching her perfect ass away from him, but Jack had her securely tight and pulled down the skin tight shorts, at first exposing the large, outward curve of Felicia’s backside and the top of her crack.

It was beautiful, like watching a sunrise. The more the shorts came down, the more of Felicia’s perfect ass was exposed. It hadn’t lost its shape or volume during her captivity, but the softness gave it a mesmerizing jiggle as she struggled. As her shorts came down, Jack felt himself hardening, and his cock pressed against the front of his jeans.

The shorts clung to the bottom of Felicia’s ass, like they didn’t want to let go, and Jack didn’t blame them, but gave a final pull and guided them down to Felicia’s thighs, exposing her full, bare ass, and the diamond butt-plug resting between those beautiful buns of hers. It shimmered in the light of the room as Felicia twisted and squirmed, and Jack gawked at it, almost mesmerized.

He had inserted it before he left for the day, and he still remembered how Felicia’s eyes widened when he revealed it.

“Well Felicia, this past month has been the best of my life,” He said, sitting on the edge of the bed and showing her the large, business end of the butt-plug. “And it’s no diamond ring, but, will you... be my captive for life?”

He turned the plug so she could see the diamond at the end, watching as the color drained from her face and her eyes bugged out of her sockets.

“Mmmnooo! Mmmmm ggmmnnno! Nnnnnmmff!” She shook her head, twisting and writhing as he held the butt-plug for her to see.

The feeling of inserting it into her while she squirmed and squealed was ecstasy. Jack could feel himself hardening with every movement the butt-plug made into Felicia.

“Ummmmfff gggmmm! Mmmph!” Felicia squealed into her gag as Jack pressed the butt-plug into her. Felicia’s ass was incredibly tight so it took a bit of force to put it up there, which was no bother to Jack. It meant more fun for him.

Now here he was, staring at the diamond butt plug that had been resting comfortably up Felicia's ass for the better part of the day. All the while he admired the beautiful diamond protruding from her asshole, Felicia was letting him have it through her gag.

“Urrfff hrrrrm mmmrrr! Ummm ggmmmp! Ulllmmm ggmmm hhmm!”

Jack looked up at the gagged woman. He had to give it to her, she still had spirit after all this, which he admired. It was hot. As much as he wanted to bend and break her to his will, he loved that she was still feisty and part of him hoped she retained that.

“Oh I'm sorry, do you have something to say? I can't quite understand you.” Jack leaned towards her face, grinning from ear to ear.

“Urrrgg ggmm hmmmff! Mmmm ummmphh mmm!” Felicia continued to chide him through the layers of tape over her mouth.

“Here, let me help you with that.” Jack leaned forward, dug his fingers under the tape sealing Felicia's lips, and pulled the sticky substance away from the captive's mouth.

“Uggh!” Felicia cried, her mouth finally free, and then smacked her lips and took a breath.

“There, I'm sure that's a little better.” Jack smiled and leered down at her. Felicia twisted her head and glared up at him.

“Why you... when I get out of this I'm going to make you regret ever setting eyes on me! You'll be begging me, begging me...”

As Felicia rambled, Jack felt his phone buzzing in his pocket and slipped it out. Frank, his mole in the Sheriff's Department, was calling.

Hmmm... Jack furrowed his brow. Frank usually didn't call outside of their weekly check-ins. This must be serious.

“I'll kick your ass so bad and then lock you away for the rest of your life! Prison will seem like a vacation after what I do...” Felicia continued.

“Sorry honey,” Jack held up his phone and leaned over the bound, protesting woman. “Work’s calling.”

With that, Jack clamped his large, powerful hand over Felicia’s mouth, cutting her off in the middle of her stream of expletives and threats.

“What, you can’t-ummmph!” She cried as Jack pressed his hand over her mouth.

“Ummmph! Mmmm ggmmmp! Mmmmph!”

“Frank,” Jack smiled as he answered the phone. “How’s my favorite Deputy?”

“Wummmf!” Felicia’s eyes widened and she wriggled in Jack’s grasp, and he forgot that she didn’t know that Frank was a mole.

“Mmmmmph ggmmfff! Fffmmfff!” Felicia cried as Jack listened to Frank on the other end. The fat deputy sounded excited, and seemed to be getting more winded as he talked.

Jack was often concerned about Frank suddenly keeling over from a massive heart attack, and this was one of those occasions. He thought Frank was going to have a coronary right here as he was talking to him.

“Slow down Frank, slow down. Now what’s going on?” Jack tried to calm the man.

Frank was going on about some woman with big boobs coming into the Sheriff’s station.

“Ummm ggmm! Mmmmph!” Felicia continued to protest into Jack’s hand as he listened to Frank.

“A new Sheriff?” Jack asked.

“Hhmmmph?” Felicia asked, and stiffened.

Jack furrowed his brow. He knew nothing about a new Sheriff, and neither did Ace. To their knowledge, city hall had just posted the job and hadn’t even started interviewing candidates yet. Ace had pulled every favor to get Felicia the job last time, and though they probably couldn’t do that again this time, Ace would still be watching the search for a new Sheriff closely.

“Hummmpphh mnno! Uggggmmm ggmmm!” Felicia twisted and protested, trying to pull her mouth free from Jack’s hand, clamped over her jaw like a vice.

“A friend of Felicia’s?” Jack asked. This was getting intriguing.

“Wummf?” Felicia perked up, apparently just as intrigued.

Jack listened as Frank went on, even Felicia ceased her muffled protests, listening.

“Gina?” Jack turned and raised his eyebrows at Felicia as he repeated the new Sheriff’s name. Apparently, like Felicia, this Gina was a former bikini model.

“Ummm wummf?” He felt Felicia stiffen under him and her eyes widened in shock, and something else...

Fear maybe? Jack watched, curious at her reaction. Felicia must have realized that her reaction piqued Jack’s interest and she quickly went back to struggling.

“Mmmmm! Ummm ggmmmf! Mmmmm!” She twisted and writhed in his grasp again.

“Well, tell you what Frank,” Jack went over, keeping his hand firmly over her mouth. “Find out what you can about this new “model” Sheriff, and keep a close eye on her, I’ll see what we can find out.”

“Ugggg gmmm bbmmm! Glllbbb ummf!” Felicia continued her protests as Jack went on.

“Okay Frank, I’ll be in touch.” Jack hung up and put his phone back in his pocket, ruminating on this new development, Felicia’s muffled protests fading to background noise.

Ace would have to be informed, and wouldn’t be happy to hear about a new Sheriff. Still, it would be good to have as much information on this Gina Dollson as he could find before meeting with Ace.

“Well,” Jack took his hand away from Felicia’s mouth. “Want to tell me about your friend Gina?”

Felicia stiffened, her glutes clenching, and once again Jack sensed that there was more between her and Gina than just “being friends.”

“I don’t know anything about this person.” Felicia uttered, but her usual spirit and defiance was gone.

“Oh really?” Jack clamped a hand on her supple buttocks, feeling her stiffen under him.

“Yeah, I’ve never heard of this Gina.” She spat, glaring at him.

“You know,” Jack smacked her ass. “I just don’t believe you.”

“I told you, I don’t know her!” Felicia shouted, eyes blazing.

Jack placed his fingers on the butt-plug still inserted in her ass and glared at her.

“I’ll give you one more chance, tell me what you know about this Gina.” He stared directly into her eyes while keeping his fingers on the butt-plug.

Felicia met his gaze, swallowed, and then looked away.

“I don’t know anything about her.” She said in a low voice.

Jack’s face darkened, and then he gripped her ass hard with one hand and used the other to pull the butt plug free. It came out after a struggle, and Felicia protested loudly the whole time.

“Ouch! You-ummmph!” Before Felicia could protest any more, Jack took the butt-plug that just spent several hours up her ass and stuck it in her mouth, clamping his hand over her lips to keep her from spitting it out.

“Here, why don’t you spend a few hours chewing on this, and then I’ll come back and see if you’re in a more talkative mood.” Jack kept one hand over her mouth and used the other to grab the roll of black tape from a nearby table.

“Mmmm ggmmm! Bbmmmm! Gmmbbbb bbbmm!” Felicia squealed into his hand.

Jack took his hand away from her mouth briefly to peel the edge of the roll of tape, but before she could spit out the butt plug he pressed the tape over her lips, sealing them around the butt plug, and started wrapping the tape around her head.

“Urrrggg! Ummm ggllbbb! Mmm bbbmmf!” She moaned as he wrapped layer after layer of black tape around her mouth.

“Ulllmmm mmmph! Mmmm!” Felicia tried to twist her head and impede Jack’s progress, but it was no use, and soon she was gagged with several layers of tape over the butt plug.

“There, how does that feel?” Jack set the roll down and stood up, looking down at his gagged, bare ass captive.

“Ummmfff gggmmph! Mm!” She glared at him while rubbing her jaw on her shoulder, trying to pull the layers of tape down.

Jack’s eyes shifted to Felicia’s bare ass, twisting and writhing as she struggled on the bed, and considered pulling her booty shorts up, but decided against it. Maybe leaving her here, alone and exposed while gagged with a butt-plug would put her in a more agreeable mood.

“Well honey, I gotta go. It’s been great catching up though.” Jack patted her ass for good measure and headed for the door.

“Urrrggg! Mmmm gmmmp! Mnnoo!” Felicia twisted to watch him go.

Jack didn’t turn to give her a second look as he opened the door, stepped out into the dimly lit hallway, and closed and locked it behind him, cutting off Felicia’s muffled cries.

He would leave her there to struggle for a few hours while he went and did his own digging on Gina Dollson.

6.

When Gina had encountered the brothel run by the thong clad Asian woman dressed like a magician earlier that day, she had thought that it was a small blight on an otherwise seemingly perfect small town. Then she had sat in the Sheriff's office – now her office – and listened to what Randy had to say about the *real* Marston's Pointe. As the deputy went on and told her about the circumstances around Felicia Fetter's brief run as Sheriff, Gina felt her jaw drop. Suddenly she didn't care that Randy kept staring at her cleavage, or that Frank, the other deputy, kept giving her side glances through the window.

There was one name that Randy kept repeating.

Ace.

Gina ran over the events of the day as she drove her new police cruiser to Felicia's presumably former residence. As she drove, she noticed pedestrians craning their necks to stare at the new Sheriff behind the wheel.

I'm going to have to find a uniform that fits. Gina thought as she sat at a red light and looked down at the badge pinned to the strap of her tank top. That was all that consisted of her uniform besides the gun-belt with her standard issue weapon, as well as extra clips, handcuffs, and pepper spray. She felt somewhat absurd driving a police car in shorts and a tank top, but it will have to do for now since the uniform at the station wasn't made for a woman as busty as her.

The light changed and Gina drove on, still thinking about what she had learned from her conversation with Randy. Apparently Marston's Pointe was home to a major criminal underworld overseen by a mysterious crime lord known only as Ace, who had driven Felicia's predecessor out of town. Upon hearing this, Felicia made it her mission to take down Ace and his organization. Her first

attempt at stopping Ace's men was at the arms deal at the dock, which led to her being bound and gagged in her underwear as a sort of warning.

Then she disappeared soon after.

Gina bit her lip as she made the final turn onto Felicia's street. Had Felicia gotten scared and left town, realizing she was in over her head? Or had she pressed her luck and crossed Ace again?

The second option sounded like something Felicia would do.

Gina shuddered. As much as she wanted back at Felicia, all she wanted to do was scare her, but if Felicia had crossed the wrong people, then she may have suffered a grisly end, or a fate worse than death.

Randy had told her how Ace controlled most of the crime in Marston's Pointe, had that brothel in the mini-china town been associated with them? If so, could Caitlyn be in trouble?

Gina had sent Caitlyn a few texts but hadn't had a reply yet. Normally she wouldn't worry, since Caitlyn had never been great about replying to people, but after all she had learned, she had cause for concern.

Maybe after I scope out Felicia's place I'll swing by that brothel and ask some questions. Gina thought as she parked in front of Felicia's old house. It was on a quiet, residential cul-de-sac, and Felicia's house looked to have a beautiful view of the beach and ocean beyond. As she looked at the house, Gina couldn't help but smile, leave it to Felicia to get a place with easy access to the beach.

Though things didn't look encouraging as Gina studied the house further. The grass in the front yard was incredibly high, and the yard was being choked with weeds. Everything about the house said that someone had not been there for a long time. Gina found herself questioning why she was even there.

Clues? Isn't that what cops do, check out the person's home for something, anything, that could be a lead.

Gina decided that she would check out the house and then maybe ask a few of Felicia's neighbors if they knew anything. It wasn't much, but it was a start.

She turned off the engine, stepped out of her cruiser, and made her way down the walk towards the house. Weeds and tufts of grass were growing between the cracks in the pavement along the walkway to Felicia's house as well. Then she was at the front door, and instinctively raised a hand to knock before hesitating.

What's the point? She questioned, clearly no one was home. Still, she shrugged and tapped on the door, listening for any sound of movement inside.

Nothing. She knocked again, louder and harder this time. Still no sound from within.

"Sheriff's Department." Gina said in her most authoritative voice and pounded on the door. Only silence greeted her.

She tested the door and unsurprisingly found it locked, and then stepped to the side to peer through the front window. Inside of the house was dim, lit only from light coming from the windows and from large sliding doors at the back of the dining room. Boxes were piled on the table on the floor throughout the living room.

Moving boxes.

Gina bit her lip, knowing that Felicia had only been in Marston's Pointe a few days before she disappeared, and from the looks of it, she hadn't even finished unpacking yet. If she left town, why leave everything behind?

Unless she was in a big hurry.

Or she never had time to unpack.

Gina stepped away from the door and tested the front window, but it was locked.

Hmm, what would a cop do?

She had no idea if Felicia rented or owned this place. If she rented then Gina could probably get the landlord to let her in. Gina knew enough about being a cop to know that she couldn't force her way into the house without cause.

I'll check the back. She decided. Maybe there was a way in, or something that would serve as an excuse to break a window and force her way in.

Gina felt the overgrown grass slapping her bare legs as she made her way along the side of the house towards the back, and was regretting not wearing pants. Then again, it wasn't like she was planning on becoming Sheriff when she headed to the beach that morning.

She was about halfway down the walkway between Felicia's house and the house next door when she stopped, thinking that she thought she heard a sound. Gina froze, listening, hearing the sound of the waves crashing on the beach in the distance, and then heard it again...

Yes, there it was! It sounded like...

"Mmmph!"

A woman, someone who was trying to call out but her voice was muffled! Gina crouched low and listened, feeling her skin raise and her heart quicken.

"Mmmmm offff!" It was close, but not coming from Felicia's empty house.

Gina strayed forward, straining to listen.

"Ummffff..." It was coming from next door!

Gina stayed low and scurried to the house next door, her hand resting on her gun. There was a chainlink fence that was about waist high and a row of overgrown bushes in front of it, blocking her view of the neighbor's yard.

A thousand scenarios ran through Gina's mind at once of what could be happening on the other side of those bushes. It couldn't be a coincidence that she showed up at Felicia's house looking for a missing woman and heard what sounded like a gagged woman coming from the next yard over. Was Felicia being held by her neighbor? But why?

Gina gritted her teeth, guessing that she would know the answer soon enough, and used one hand to part the bushes blocking her view while keeping the other on her sidearm. She had to restrain from gasping when she saw what was happening on the other side of the fence.

The neighboring house had a beautiful back patio with a large in ground pool, but it wasn't the pool that was drawing Gina's eye, it was the woman under attack. She was about middle-aged, with striking red hair and large, curvaceous breasts and an equally impressive ass. The woman wore a white, thong bikini but the bottoms were pulled low on her waist, exposing her smooth pelvic region. Her attacker looked to be a male in his early twenties with thick, dark hair combed straight back and a ripped, muscular physique. He was shirtless, and his board shorts were dangling precariously around his thighs, and he had one strong hand clamped over the woman's mouth while the other had pulled down her bikini top and was groping her bare breast.

"Mmmfff... ummhhh... ggmmm.." She moaned and struggled, her hands grasping at him while he roughly massaged her breast and nuzzled her neck.

Gina didn't waste anymore time, and hopped the fence, landing deftly on her bare legs while drawing her gun. Both the woman's and man's eyes grew wide and alarmed at the big-breasted woman with the badge that just landed in the yard.

"Sheriff's Department, hands where I can see them!" Gina barked aiming her weapon at the man.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" He let go of the woman and backed away, his shorts now falling completely down. The man looked to be wearing extremely small, extremely tight briefs, and was well endowed, judging from the giant tent his erect penis had pitched with his underwear.

The woman cried out and covered her exposed breasts with her hands while the man stepped away.

"Hey, listen-" The man started before Gina cut him off.

“Shut up and keep your hands up!” She ordered, keeping her gun trained on him. The woman was chattering away but Gina ignored her, keeping her eyes on the young man with the raging hard on.

“I can explain-” He went on.

“I said shut up!” Gina ordered.

“Officer, it’s alright!” The woman stepped forward, putting her breast back in the bikini top but ignoring how dangerously low her bikini bottoms were.

“Ma’am, are you alright?” Gina asked, her eyes straying from the young man in the briefs to the red-head.

“Yes, officer, now if you’ll listen-” The red-head went on.

“What we were doing was consensual.” The young man interjected, his cock, once rock hard, was slowly deflating.

“Oh, is that so?” Gina raised an eyebrow.

“Yes,” The red-head jumped in front of the young man and pressed her thonged ass against his pelvis. “You see, we’re...”

“Friends with-” The young man interjected.

“Well, we’re sort of...” The woman went on.

“We were doing a role-play.” The young man finished.

“Yes!” The woman cried, pressing herself further against the young man.

“...what?” Gina asked, lowering her weapon a little but still keeping it at the ready.

“It’s a thing, a ravishment role-play.” The young man answered.

“Yes, he pretends to be a prowler, and I’m an unsuspecting sunbather-” The woman sighed as she spoke.

“Ma’am,” Gina met the woman’s eyes. “If you are in danger, please tell me. I can help you.” She was fairly certain they were telling the truth, but Gina had to be sure.

“No, no I’m fine, we’re just-” The woman began.

“It’s a thing we do.” The man interrupted.

“I was asking her.” Gina shot him a stern look, and he clammed up.

“We’re fine, officer. I’m far from in danger.” The woman sighed and stroked the man’s chin.

“Fine.” Gina holstered her weapon, satisfied.

Jesus Gina, jumpy much. She thought. The events of the day still had her on edge, and here she was interrupting what was clearly two consenting adults.

They were adults right? Gina studied the young man. He definitely looked to be in his early twenties. Maybe he liked his women older, or she liked her men younger. As Gina studied the couple, he realized the young man was looking at her too, namely, at her cleavage.

“Can you please pull up your pants.” Gina nodded at his semi-erect penis under the small briefs. The man giggled and bent to pick up his shorts, though he kept his eyes on Gina.

He’s looking to see if I’m looking! She fumed, and used all of her self control to keep from rolling her eyes.

“Well, officer, as you can see there’s nothing happening here,” The red-head huffed. “Wait, are you... the new Sheriff?” She eyed Gina skeptically.

“I am, Gina Dollson.” Gina stepped forward and held out her hand.

“Tanya, Tanya Donnelly.” The woman took Gina’s hand.

“I’m Brad.” The young man came forward and offered his hand, flashing her a crooked smile while holding his shorts up with one hand.

“Gina.” She nodded curtly at him.

“Well, officer, thank you for your concern but we were in the middle of-” Tanya started.

“Actually, I had some questions for you.” Gina cocked a smile at Tanya’s look of annoyance, no doubt wanting to get back to letting her young boy toy ravish her.

Gina found that she was curious about this couple. Was Brad her “pool boy”? Or was there something else here?

“Mom?” A voice called from inside the house, and Gina could practically see Tanya and Brad’s blood freeze in their veins.

“Shit, it’s Ian.” Tanya gasped.

Brad hiked up his pants as Tanya handed him his discarded shirt. A few moments later the basement door opened and a young boy somewhere around 16 stepped out. Both Brad and Tanya stared at him like deer in headlights.

“Oh... hey Brad” Ian gawked at the older boy.

“Hey bud, I was just-”

“Right Brad,” Tanya stepped away from him. “So next week?”

“Right,” Brad caught on. “I’ll be by to take care of the lawn next week.”

“Mom, your bikini.” Ian blushed, noticing his mom’s dangerously low thong. She quickly hiked the garment up.

“Yes, Brad will be doing our yard work from now on.” Tanya explained.

“Oh cool,” Ian smiled, and then turned to Gina. “Who are you?”

“Gina is the new Sheriff.” Tanya spoke before Gina could open her mouth. “She came by to say hello, though she has to be on her way.” Tanya flashed Gina a warning glare.

“Actually, I’m going to stick around a bit. I still have some questions.” Gina smiled.

“Hey bud, why don’t you show me that video game you were telling me about?” Brad said to Ian, no doubt sensing the tension and looking for an escape.

“Sure!” Ian exclaimed and stepped back in the house, followed closely by Brad.

Gina was left alone in the back with Tanya, and in the moment Gina remembered where she had heard that name before.

The newspaper!

Tanya was the one who wrote the article about Felicia on the docks, complete with the picture.

This was about to be interesting.

“Well Sheriff,” Tanya sighed. “How can I help you?”

“I’m looking into the disappearance of my predecessor, Felicia Fetters,” Gina strolled towards Tanya as she spoke. “Since you’re her neighbor, I was wondering if you could tell me when was the last time you saw her.”

“Are they going to keep staffing our Sheriff’s Department with supermodels?” Tanya raised an eyebrow at Gina.

“My appearance has nothing to do with my skills as a police officer.” Gina smiled.

“Well, tell that to Felicia, going and getting herself tied up on her first day.” Tanya spat.

“And I couldn’t help but recognize your name. That photo did significant damage to Officer Fetters’ reputation, and then she promptly disappeared.” Gina stood directly in front of Tanya.

Of course she didn’t actually believe that Tanya had anything to do with Felicia’s disappearance, but she just wanted to mess with the woman.

“Well I, are you insinuating that I had something to do with it?” Tanya gasped.

“Should I be?” Gina raised an eyebrow.

“If there’s anyone you should be looking into, it’s that woman across the street!” Tanya pointed at the front and then headed towards a gate at the back of the yard, Gina following.

Tanya lead Gina up the side and to the front where she gestured at a house on the opposite end of the street.

“Shelly Arnold, you should be talking to her!” Tanya gestured wildly at the house.

Gina sighed, not in the mood to get involved in a fight between feuding neighbors.

“Ms. Donnelly, I really don’t have time for-”

“Shelly was the last person to see Felicia Fetters.” Tanya cut her off.

“What?” Gina stammered.

“I saw Felicia go over to Shelly’s house. She was there for about an hour or so, and then left, got in her car, drove off, and I haven’t seen her since.” Tanya explained.

“What... who is Shelly?” Gina asked, now eyeing the house across the street.

“A conniving bitch!” Tanya spat. “Her husband was a small time drug dealer who tried going up against Ace, so Ace set him up. Shelly divorced him after he got sent to jail and has been trying to pick up where he left off ever since.”

Gina bit her lip. Was this whole town filled with criminals?

“And Felicia never came back after that night?” Gina asked.

“Nope,” Tanya crossed her arms over her massive breasts. “Shelly’s planning something big. She had a young son that lived with her but she sent him away to stay with relatives a few weeks back. I think Felicia was a threat to her plans and she got rid of her.”

Gina frowned. Though all she had was speculation, it was a solid lead. If Shelly was the last person to see Felicia, then that meant she was the next person that she had to talk to.

“Thank you for your time.” Gina turned and walked towards Shelly’s house, not giving Tanya a second look.

“What, what are you doing?” Tanya called after her, but Gina ignored her as she crossed the street and made her way up the front steps to the neighboring house.

Gina had so many questions, most of which were about Tanya’s personal life, namely why she was fucking someone who was much younger than her, but that would have to wait. She wanted to question that Brad too, though she suspected it would be a waste of time, but it didn’t hurt to be thorough.

She reached the door and knocked, firmly but not urgently, and waited. Gina felt butterflies in her stomach at this being the first viable lead in the case, though she didn’t want to get her hopes up. It was possible Tanya set her on a wild goose chase.

After waiting a moment, a striking, blond haired woman answered. She was about Tanya’s age, with her golden hair tied back in a ponytail, and had a lithe, dancers body. She wore a short robe that ran to her thighs, though it was loosely tied, showing her cleavage in a black bikini top.

“Oh, can I help you,” The woman focused on Gina’s badge. “*Officer?*” Shelly sneered at the last word.

“Sheriff actually,” Gina smiled and extended her hand. “Sheriff Gina Dollson.”

“Oh Sheriff,” Shelly cooed. “I’m Shelly Arnold, and what can I help you with today?” She smiled.

“Well Shelly, I’m investigating the disappearance of my predecessor, Felicia Fetters...” Gina began.

“Oh dear.” Shelly sighed and placed a hand on her chest.

“Yes, well as I said, I’m investigating, and according to your neighbor there,” Gina turned and motioned to Tanya’s house. “You were the last person to see Felicia before she vanished.”

“I was?” Shelly gasped. It was clear she was putting on a show for Gina’s benefit.

“That’s what I’m hear to find out. Tanya said she saw Felicia go over to your house, stay for about an hour, and then get in her car and drive off and hasn’t been seen since.”

“Oh no,” Shelly gasped again. “Here, I was just about to step out back, if you’ll follow me, I’ll be happy to answer any questions you may have.”

Gina eyed her, first she invites Felicia in, and then Felicia disappears, and now inviting her in? After considering it, Gina decided to play along and see where this went. She stepped inside and Shelly closed the front door behind her and made her way across the living room to the dining room, with Gina following.

“Nice place,” Gina complemented the neatly kept house. “You live by yourself?”

“My son was living with me, but he’s staying with his aunt and uncle for a bit.” Shelly answered, confirming what Tanya had told Gina.

Maybe there is something to what Tanya was saying then. Gina thought, suddenly on guard.

“Recently a... distant family member has been staying with me though, it’s only a temporary arrangement though.” Shelly continued, opened the back sliding door, and stepped out.

Gina followed her out to see several beach chairs arranged on a back patio.

“I always love a good afternoon in the sun,” Shelly turned her back to Gina and undid her already flimsily tied robe. “A real tan always looks so much better than those fake ones that people pay through the nose for.” With that, Shelly threw off her robe, exposing her round, firm buttocks in a black thong bikini.

“You look like someone who would agree.” She turned to Gina and smiled.

“Well, I’m not here to tan.” Gina stepped forward.

“I can let you borrow a suit, or you can just strip down to your underwear.” Shelly smiled.

Gina continued to step forward.

“I want to know what you and Felicia were doing here on the night she disappeared.” Gina pressed.

Shelly sighed, sat on one of the beach chairs, and retrieved a bottle of tanning lotion.

“Poor Felicia was quite distressed after Tanya over there published a not so flattering article with an even more embarrassing picture.” Shelly explained.

“I’m well aware.” Gina nodded, still standing despite Shelly’s sitting.

“So I did the neighborly thing and invited her over, we had a relaxing time in my jacuzzi.” Shelly leaned back, still holding the bottle.

“That’s all you did?” Gina raised an eyebrow.

“Oh yes,” Shelly raised her eyebrow. “It was quite... fulfilling for both of us.”

“And then she drove off and never came back?” Gina questioned.

“Would you mind getting my back? I always have such trouble.” Shelly rolled over onto the beach chair, baring her thonged ass to Gina, and held up the bottle of lotion.

“I might know a pool boy that would be able to do that for you.” Gina added, thinking of Brad.

“You look like you could use some relaxing in my jacuzzi as well.” Shelly smiled at Gina.

Gina glared back at her. This woman was definitely hiding something, and more so, seemed that she was trying to distract Gina by... seducing her? At least that's how it felt. For a moment, she wondered if perhaps Shelly had seduced, or attempted to seduce, Felicia into doing something for her, which seemed possible right now.

Another possibility was that Shelly and Felicia had been intimate together and Shelly didn't feel comfortable sharing that? Gina mulled it over, but didn't think Felicia was into women, or was she? In that moment she remembered the times they had gone out together, and the men that flocked to them, suddenly realizing that Felicia had never ever worked for male attention, nor seemed interested when she received it.

Either way, Shelly was hiding something, and Gina had to find out what.

"Come on, get some son, or we can go downstairs to my jacuzzi. I can show you how Sheriff Fetters and I "relaxed."" Shelly smiled at Gina and wiggled her buttocks at her.

Gina gritted her teeth, debating on if she had grounds to bring Shelly into the station for questioning. Just as she opened her mouth to press further, there was the sound of footsteps, and both Gina and Shelly looked to see Brad coming around the corner of the house. He froze when he saw both of them, and Shelly quickly sat up from the beach chair and flashed him an icy look.

Gina furrowed her brow, the plot was thickening.

"Hey Mom." Brad flashed Shelly a mischievous smile.

Shelly stood up and sighed.

Mom! Gina raised her eyebrows.

"Bradley, stop calling me that." Shelly stood, her entire, relaxed demeanor vanishing.

"Well, good to see you again." Brad smiled at Gina.

"Likewise." Gina raised an eyebrow at him.

"Oh, you two have met?" Shelly flashed Gina a look. "You do get around, don't you?"

“We met earlier, looks like Brad and your neighbor have a “ business arrangement”” Gina smiled at Brad, and saw his face darken.

Shelly turned to Brad with an accusatory look.

“I do yard work for her.” Brad shrugged.

“I’m sure.” Shelly glared.

“So, you two related?” Gina asked.

“Yes.” Brad answered.

“No.” Shelly replied at the same time.

Gina’s gaze shifted between the both of them.

“Well Brad, if you love doing yard work, the lawn needs mowed.” Shelly eyed him.

“Maybe tomorrow. Taking care of Ms. Donnelly’s yard wiped me out.” He waved over his shoulder as he moved towards the house.

“If you want to keep staying with me, you’ll do it now.” Shelly said through gritted teeth.

“Maybe you should listen to your Mother, Brad.” Gina added, watching as Shelly stared daggers at her. Even Brad jerked to a stop and gawked at Gina.

After a moment, Brad cocked a smile at Gina.

“Fine, I’ll do the lawn.” He said and disappeared around the side of the house.

“Well Sheriff,” Shelly turned back to Gina, trying to maintain her affable facade that had shattered when Brad came around. “If you aren’t interested in my jacuzzi, I would ask that you please leave.”

Gina chewed her lip. There was clearly something going on here that Shelly didn’t want Gina to know. More so, Shelly’s relationship with Brad seemed... complicated at best.

“Very well,” Gina smiled at Shelly, seemingly taking the woman off guard. Shelly clearly expected more resistance from Gina. “Thank you for your time.”

With that, Gina stepped around the side of the house, leaving the bikini clad Shelly in the back. Gina had sufficiently rattled Shelly, that much was clear, but Shelly was still guarding something.

Gina had a plan though.

Stepping around the front, Gina made her way off the lawn and towards her car parked across the street when she saw Brad rolling a lawnmower out of the garage. As she stepped across the road, Brad stopped, smiled at her, and then slowly started to lift his tight t-shirt, revealing his perfect, six-pack abs as he did. Gina was well aware of what he was doing, she had seen many, many men try it before: he was peacocking, trying to get her attention.

She decided to play along, watching as his shirt lifted higher, showing his thick pectoral muscles, and then he tossed it aside and wheeled the mower out onto the lawn. Gina raised an eyebrow at Brad and stepped towards him. The young man could barely contain his excitement as she strolled across the lawn towards him.

“You seem overdressed.” Brad smiled at her.

“I’m on duty.” She responded, watching as his eyes strayed to her cleavage.

“Why don’t you come by sometime when you aren’t?” He added.

“You going to try and lure me into the jacuzzi like your “mom?”” She stepped towards him, hoping the jab about Shelly landed.

It did, and Brad took a step towards her.

“Step-Mom – ex Step-Mom - and don’t worry, I’ll show you a real good time.” He raised his eyebrows at her.

Gina leaned on the mower and stroked his forearm, watching as his skin raised under the thin brown hairs.

“I don’t know, where would we have any privacy?” She met his gaze and knew she had him.

“She’ll be out tonight, a pool party at the casino,” Brad stepped towards her and rubbed her shoulder. “We can have the whole house to ourselves.”

His hand strayed down her arm and she stepped back, winking at him.

“Fine then. I’m not a cheap date so you better have quite a night planned.” She backed towards the car.

Brad flashed her a smile and watched her go.

“Oh, it will be one you won’t forget.” He grinned.

Gina gave him a long look and then turned towards her cruiser. As she did, she saw a flash of red hair in Tanya’s back yard as the woman ducked behind her house. Had she been listening?

A jealous lover? Gina wondered. It seemed to fit her, for sure.

Tanya didn’t have to worry. Gina had no intention of meeting Brad that night. He had given her what she wanted to know, and she already had a contact at the casino.

7.

Gina watched Randy's jaw drop at the sight of the thong clad Shelly exiting her car. Even she had to give Shelly credit, a woman of her age just showing up to a casino in a thong, no cover-up or anything, but then again there had been an endless parade of swimsuit clad women heading into the casino all night. From their vantage point in the surveillance van, Randy's head was on a swivel, shifting from one beautiful bikini clad form to another. The deputy could barely contain his excitement when she told him they would be staking out a pool party at the Lady Luck Casino. According to Randy, the pool parties at the casino were legendary, and exclusive. Only the select got invites, and security was tight.

And he's barely containing his "excitement" now. Gina thought, watching from the back of the van as Randy shifted in his seat and adjusted his pants.

She was somewhat thankful for Shelly distracting him, as she was in the back of the van, lifting up her shirt so she could tape a wire to her midsection. If he turned around, her would be rewarded with the sight of her shirt pulled up to reveal her large breasts under her plain black bra. Hopefully Shelly would dilly dally for a bit.

From their vantage point parked across the street from the casino, they had an excellent view of Shelly in her thong bikini exiting her car and handing the keys to a young valet, who could barely hide that he was drooling over the scantily clad woman as well. Then the young valet turned to gawk at her as she strolled towards the front entrance. Several other heads turned to watch her go as well, but Shelly kept her head up high, pretending that she didn't notice. Gina had to give Shelly credit, she knew what she was doing with the way she walking and swinging her hips so that her chiseled butt cheeks swung up and down. This was a woman who wanted to turn heads.

As Gina watched, she wrapped gauze around her waist, securing the wire's battery pack in place just above her navel. She didn't expect much to happen in there, but still wanted Randy listening in just in case something slipped. Once the battery pack was in place, Gina placed the small lav mic from the wire directly between her breasts, knowing her cleavage would hide it, and applied a small strip of tape to the mic to hold it in place.

Shelly disappeared through the main entrance of the casino, and Randy turned around just in time to see Gina lowering her black t-shirt, loose fitting to hide the wire. She saw the visible disappointment in his eyes.

"Are you uh, sure you don't need me in there with you?" Randy asked.

Gina eyed him. He had asked several times to accompany her inside, no doubt hoping to get an up close view at the women in their small bikinis, but Gina had insisted he remain in the van.

"No, you just wait here and listen. I shouldn't run into any trouble, but if I do, I'm going to need you to come running."

Randy sulked, and Gina held back a sigh, realizing that she would have to sooth his ego to get him to go along with this.

"Look," She stepped over to him and bent over. "I'm gonna need you if I get in trouble. You'll be my knight in shining armor." She smiled and batted her eyes at him.

"Really?" He asked.

"Yep, I'm relying on you." She smiled again and stood.

Randy got out of the passenger seat and stepped to the rear of the van where the monitors and equipment were, though she caught him flashing looks out the front window to the main entrance, no doubt looking for any more bikini clad women that would be filtering in. She was fine if he looked, just as long as he was there when she needed him.

"Ready?" Gina asked, stepping over to the side door of the van and switching on her wire.

“Ready.” Randy switched on the equipment, slipped a pair of headphones over his head, and gave her the thumbs up.

Gina smiled, nodded, slid open the side door and hopped out, closing it behind her and strolled casually away from the van. She had tried to dress nondescript, her loose black tee and jeans, hoping that she could blend into the background of the party and keep an eye on Shelly. If there was one thing Gina knew about herself, it was that she attracted attention anytime she was in a bikini.

Gina stayed on the opposite side of the road from the casino, walking around to the side of the building instead of the front. As she walked, she glanced at the front entrance, watching as more vehicles pulled up and more people packed in past the burly security guards at the front. She couldn't help but shake the feeling that she was being watched, and turned her head from the front of the casino to behind her. Though the area in front of the casino was crowded, all of their eyes were on the main entrance to the building.

The sound of laughter and music drifted through the night, and Gina looked up. Packed on top of the casino was a large crowd of people, the rooftop pool party. Though Gina couldn't see them because of the high walls around the pool, she heard them, and towering in the sky above them was the hotel portion of the casino. She focused her gaze on the dark windows of the hotel overlooking the pool, wondering if maybe someone was looking down at her.

Relax Gina, it's a casino. Someone is always watching.

Surveillance cameras were everywhere, and if the casino really was a front for Ace's operation like Randy suspected, then no doubt the cameras would be watched even closer. Gina knew they had outside cameras, but didn't know how good their angles were. She also knew that she was taking a risk with what she was doing tonight, but she was betting that since it was a busy night, surveillance would be worrying about other things.

Plus, not to mention that I'm wearing a wire. Gina realized, knowing that Randy could hear everything she would say or do that night. No doubt that was adding to her feeling of uneasiness.

But as she walked along the sidewalk, she still couldn't shake the feeling of being watched, and continually looked over her shoulder. The side of the street opposite the casino was dimly lit, with only a few cars parked behind her where the van was, and thick greenery on her right.

Did I just hear something move? She thought, thinking that she thought she heard a twig snap. Gina stopped and listened for a moment, but it was hard to tell with the sounds of the party over head.

She continued along her way, trying to look casual. After all, she was just a pedestrian out for a stroll.

There's something in the woods! Gina strained to hear, but it sounded like something, or someone, was moving through the dark forest next to her. She tried telling herself it was her imagination, that she was just psyching herself out.

It still hard to hear over the sounds of the casino, but just above all noise, it sounded like someone walking. Gina stopped, pretending to dig through her pockets, and listened.

There was nothing, just the party noises echoing through the night.

She continued on her way, strolling confidently along the sidewalk. Nothing to worry about at all.

Once again though she thought she heard it, someone following, watching from the shadows of the trees. Gina stopped again, but heard nothing.

Unless they're stopping too. She realized.

Gina found herself quickening her pace, speed walking along the road. She was close to the back of the casino now, and could see the brightly lit rear loading dock where she was supposed to meet Naomi.

Now she heard it, someone trampling through the woods, right next to her, trying to keep pace...

Gina made a snap decision, and moved like she was going to step off the sidewalk into the street, but instead spun and stepped into the woods. She heard a cry of surprise and then a crash of twigs and branches. It sounded like someone was trying to run but stumbled.

Gina took out her phone, turned on the flashlight, and shined it through the darkness towards the noise.

“Sheriff’s Department, freeze!” Gina barked, storming forward.

Her light revealed Tanya Donnelly, flat on her ass on the dirty Earth. She was dressed similarly to Gina, in black tights and a black t-shirt. Tanya raised her hand to shield her eyes.

“Hey, whoa!” Tanya cried as Gina shined the light directly in her face.

“Gina, everything okay?” Gina heard Randy say in the small, wireless earpiece she wore. It was flesh colored so no one would notice it.

“Yeah,” Gina angled her head down to speak into the microphone nestled in her bosom. “I’m fine.” She glared at Tanya.

“Hey come on, don’t shine that thing in my face.” Tanya whined.

Gina continued to glare, but Tanya had somewhat of a point. The light would draw attention, so Gina switched it off, stepped forward, and offered a hand.

“Come on, get up.” Gina muttered.

Tanya took her hand and got up, then brushed herself off.

“I don’t need to ask why you’re following me. You heard every word Brad said to me, didn’t you?” Gina asked, unable to see Tanya glare back at her in the darkness.

“Look, you don’t know how dangerous these people are. I do!” Tanya pleaded.

“Go home Tanya. This is just a stake out, nothing more.” Gina turned and made her way back to the sidewalk, Tanya following.

“Look, Shelly must have connections to get into this party. Only the select few are invited!”

Tanya hurried after the police woman.

“Keep your voice down!” Gina barked, emerging back onto the sidewalk. Tanya hurried to Gina’s side.

“I have spent my life trying to clean up crime in this town. Shelly and Ace, they’re scum! I can help you, we can trade notes!” Tanya was like that annoying fly that couldn’t be swatted, and buzzed around Gina as she tried to calmly walk along the sidewalk.

“Like you helped Felicia?” Gina turned and glared at Tanya.

“Look, she blew it for herself, diving into a major arms deal by herself, outnumbered...”

“And you just had to print that photo in the paper?” Gina kept walking.

“I... well.. the people have a right to know.”

“For the last time Tanya, go home!” Gina sighed.

But Tanya kept pace, which was impressive, given Gina’s long legs.

“I’ve lived across the street from Shelly for years, I can be your informant. I know all these people! I grew up in this town...”

Gina crossed, heading towards the rear loading dock, and sighed again. She knew Tanya wasn’t going to go away. Even if Gina forced her to, Tanya would just find another way to try and sneak into the party, and would probably get herself in trouble.

Gina stopped and turned, both of them bathed in the bright lights from the dock. She had to be quick because they were exposed out here.

“Fine, you stick with me, tonight, but you follow my lead and do as I tell you! You don’t make a move without my go ahead, go it?” Gina accentuated by jabbing a finger at Tanya.

“But, what if-” Tanya began before Gina cut her off.

“No buts! Randy is listening as we speak, if you refuse, I’ll have him cuff you and you’ll spend a week in lock up!” Gina jabbed Tanya again.

“Fine, fine...” Tanya sighed and threw up her hands.

“Okay, now come on.” Gina made her way up a ramp onto the dock.

“Are we, are you breaking in?” Tanya hurried after her.

“No, I have an in.” Gina said, not turning around.

Gina made her way to a metal door near the large bay doors and lightly tapped, hoping that Naomi was true to her word.

She was, and Gina breathed a sigh of relief as the door opened and the young girl stepped out. Gina’s jaw dropped at the sight of her. Though she wore a lifeguard’s uniform, it was much skimpier than her usual one, displaying plenty of cleavage, and the back looked thin. Though Gina couldn’t be sure from this perspective, it looked it was a thong.

“I... uh yeah, this is my work uniform.” Naomi sighed, noticing how Gina was gawking.

Gina shifted her gaze from the skimpy outfit. What kind of a workplace made its employees dress so scantily?

“Who’s this? I thought it was just you?” Naomi looked at Tanya and then to Gina.

“Yeah, she’s with me.” Gina sighed.

“Look, I’m putting my neck on the line for you. Do you know what they’ll do if they find out I let a cop in?” Naomi protested, eyes wide.

“I know, just... I had no choice.” Gina apologized.

“Fine, just hurry.” Naomi ushered them inside.

Once both women were inside, Naomi closed the door and motioned for them to follow her. They were in a brightly lit warehouse area, but seemed to be the only ones. Gina and Tanya followed, and since she was behind her, Gina could now see that Naomi’s swimsuit was a thong one-piece, the red fabric a stark contrast to the girl’s chestnut buttocks.

“So I found a cover for you. You should be able to mingle around the party and not be noticed.” Naomi said over her shoulder.

“Good, thank you.”

“There’s a... a catch...” Naomi stuttered.

They made their way into a hallway. Servers in skimpy short skirts and cleavage baring tops flitted back and forth, as well as dealers in white shirts and black pants and other employees. None of them paid the three women any mind.

“What’s the catch?” Gina asked.

“You have to pose as a waitress,” Naomi muttered and gave Tanya a look. “I should be able to find a second uniform for your friend here.”

“Well that doesn’t sound that bad.” Gina added. She had worked as a cocktail server in college.

“Wait until you see the uniform.” Naomi sighed.

It’s good to be the King. Joseph “The King” Kingston thought as he looked over his domain. The Lady Luck Casino was his palace, and the pool was where he held court.

Everywhere he looked, there were beautiful, half naked women. Some of them emerged from the pool, water dripping down their bikini clad bodies. Others crowded the bars, and still more gathered by the DJ booth, losing themselves to the beat of the music. Equally well built men followed the women everywhere they went, hoping to join them in their evening frivolities.

Let Jack keep the streets, this was where the real business was done. Deals were made, enemies bought off, and cash flowed. The casino was the beating heart of Ace’s empire, and without, the entire house of cards would come crumbling down. Not only was it a source of legitimate revenue and jobs for the town, but it allowed them a place to carry out operations in plain sight, like the pool parties, which had become legend. Everyone who was anyone wanted an invite, and to do that, they had to get through King.

King stood in a corner where he had a vantage point to oversee the festivities. Among the sea of half naked, toned bodies, he stood out in a full three piece suit and his dark gray hair combed straight back. As he watched, he noticed occasional glimpses in his direction, some no doubt wondering who

the guy in the suit was, and others knowing him and what power he held. He turned his gaze towards the bar, focusing on the pretty Asian woman with the stark grey eyes who kept flitting glances his way.

Once again he caught her looking at him. This time she held his gaze for a moment longer, gave a small wave, and then lowered her head with a giggle. Her brown hair was cut short, about chin length, and she wore a tight one-piece. King's gaze shifted from her large, grey eyes to her cleavage, and her nipples poking through her swimsuit. She brushed her hair behind her ear and took a sip of her drink, but King never took his eyes off of her, and she knew it. He could tell that she was pretending not to know that he was watching.

There were several bursts of light near the pool, which drew his attention away from the girl at the bar, and he turned his head to see several young men with their phones aimed at a blond haired woman with bronze skin stepping out of the water. She giggled, noticing that her thong bikini bottoms had slid down a bit, exposing more of her ass than they already were, and pulled them up. Then, she untied the knot on her hip that held the bottoms up. On the surface, it was meant to look like she was securing her swimsuit so they didn't fall again, but King knew that she was putting on a show, teasing the men in the pool area with a flash of skin.

They snapped more photos as the knot fell away exposing her whole hip, thigh, and butt cheek, and then she re-secured the knot, all the while smiling at the men salivating over her thick, toned, muscular body.

King knew who she was: Jessica Lannon, a popular fitness guru. At one point an out of shape house wife, she had lost weight and toned her body, and then wrote a book about her fitness journey, propelling her to stardom in the process. She would almost be a perfect fit for one of Ace's brothels if she wasn't such a profile target. The world would notice if a famous fitness model went missing. It was a shame really, King knew many clients who would pay top dollar to be alone in a room with a woman like Jessica.

That was the secondary function of these parties, “aggressive recruitment” as he called it. In a sea of beautiful people, nobody noticed if a woman or two went missing.

Like perhaps the Asian with the large, grey eyes at the bar. King turned his gaze back to her, and once again caught her looking. It looked like she was at the party by herself, even better. Though Ace had people at each party scouting women to catch and sell, every now and then King did some hunting himself, just for the fun of it.

And it looked like he acquired a target.

He made his way over to the bar and first instructed the bartender to send the girl another drink, on the house. Then he watched from the corner as she was served the beverage. Her eyes widened with surprise and she enthusiastically thanked the bartender. King waited until after she had a few sips and then made his way over to her.

“I trust everything is to your satisfaction?” King asked, leaning against the bar next to the woman.

She turned and smiled at him, taking another sip from her drink.

“Do I have you to thank for this?” She asked, holding up the drink. There was a faint trace of an accent as she spoke.

“You have me to thank for all of this,” He gestured to the party around him. “Joseph Kingston, some call me King.” King extended his hand.

“King, and is this your kingdom?” She gestured to the party beyond.

“Just a small bit of it,” He smiled. “How’s the drink?”

“Great, thank you.” She took another sip.

“I’m afraid I don’t have your name yet.” King pressed.

“Oh,” She set down her drink and furrowed her brow. As she did, King let his gaze wander to her legs, crossed over each other as she seemed to think. “You can call me Lotus.”

King’s gaze snapped back to her eyes.

“Lotus? What an interesting name.”

He made a mental note to check the invite list. Intriguing and as beautiful as this woman was, he didn't recall signing off on an invite for someone who matched her description, and then there was her name, an obvious alias.

“I'm an interesting person,” She smiled again. “Can I get you a drink? Repay you for this one.” Lotus held up her glass.

“No thank you, I'm still at work.” King waved off the offer.

“Oh? Trying to get me drunk then?” Her tone was playful.

“I like to take care of my guests,” King inched closer. “Tell me, What brings you to our little town?” As he spoke he reached out and rubbed a finger on her bicep.

“Business.” Her eyes went to his finger caressing her skin and back to him.

“What sort of business?” He asked.

“Acquisitions.” She smiled and took another sip.

“Playing coy, are we?” He edged closer to her.

“Can't a girl have any secrets?” She turned and stood now, her eyes tracing over his suit.

“It seems you're overdressed for the occasion?” She ran a hand over his lapels.

“One has to always dress for the occasion.” He smiled as she leaned in, running her hands over the fabric of his suit.

“I think I have to use the ladies room. Wait for me?” She held his gaze with those eyes of hers, those deep pools. Suddenly he wanted to go swimming in them, to submerge and never come back up.

“Don't be too long.” He stroked her arms as he spoke.

“Don't worry, I won't keep a King waiting.” She tugged his jacket across his chest, smiled, slung her purse over her shoulder, and made her way towards the bathrooms.

King watched her go, his eyes straying to her backside and how the back of her swimsuit was bunched up, exposing her bountiful buttocks. As he watched her drift through the crowd, he reached to adjust his suit jacket, suddenly realizing that it felt... lighter?

Oh no!

His hand dove under his jacket to his inside pocket where he kept his wallet only to find nothing there. King's eyes widened and he saw Lotus drifting through the throng of people gracefully, like a butterfly.

She had robbed him! Right in his own throne room! He couldn't believe how he had let his guard down!

King felt his blood boil and clenched his fists. This woman felt like she could make a fool of him in his own house!

Think again!

He charged forward, everyone else at the party fading into background noise except Lotus. All he could see was her, drifting through the crowd, blissful unaware of the enemy she had just made.

Then all of a sudden another woman stepped out in front of him, her phone to her ear. For a moment King thought she could have been Lotus' double for how closely she resembled the other woman. This woman was Asian as well, but her hair was a darker shade of brown, and not cut as short, falling around her shoulders instead of her chin like Lotus. Her eyes were large almond saucers, and she wore a bright yellow bikini top with black straps that showed her ample, full bosom and a matching yellow thong with black straps as well. Her ass was much larger, rounder, and firmer than Lotus as well.

King registered all of this in a split second as he tried to step around the woman, who kept pressing forward, chatting incessantly on her phone, and their bodies collided. She cried out in shock and dropped her phone as they both reeled for balance.

"Ugh, hey!" She cried, her accent much thicker than Lotus.

“Watch where you’re going!” King barked and tried to move past her, but she moved as well, blocking his way.

“My phone!” She cried, clutching at his feet.

“I said move!” King cried, stepping to the other side and feeling something crunch under his shoe. He looked down to see the woman’s now shattered smart phone under his foot.

“Oh my God!” Her jaw dropped and she looked at him, her large, brown eyes wide with shock.

“Well, that will teach you to pay attention, now move!” He reached out to push her out of his way, but she caught his hand by the wrist and twisted.

King cried out and suddenly she was twisting his arm behind him and pressed herself against him from behind. Despite his anger, he couldn’t help but notice her large breasts pressing against him.

“And hopefully this will teach you some manners.” She barked in his ear, keeping her vice-like grip on his arm.

“Do you have any idea who I am!” He grunted through gritted teeth.

“Someone who think he can talk to women anyway he wants, now apologize.” She tightened her grip, prompting a fresh grunt of pain from him.

King looked around, where was his security? Dozens of eyes were on them now, wondering what the commotion was.

No, he wouldn’t apologize. He wouldn’t be humiliated in front of his own subjects.

“I said apologize.” She twisted, sending a fresh wave of pain up his arm.

King cried out again, all too aware that with every passing moment, more eyes glanced over at them.

But he wouldn’t, not here, not in his throne room.

“Last chance.” She twisted again. His whole arm was in excruciating, blinding pain. King clenched his jaw and squeezed his eyes shut.

He can’t, he won’t... not here...

“Fine.” She shrugged. There was a twist, a crack, and a thunder crack of pain as she broke his wrist.

King screamed and fell to his knees, clutching his broken wrist, and turned to face his attacker, but she was gone. Tears filled his eyes, tears of pain and tears of fury, of humiliation. Suddenly his security was there, men in suits kneeling to see if he was okay.

He wasn't okay.

Then his men were helping him to his feet while others made a hole in the crowd. As he clutched his useless hand, King looked out over the crowd, but both women had disappeared.

For now.

He had cameras everywhere, he would follow their movements and track them down. Both of them would pay for what they had done to him.

“Call Jack.” He muttered to one of his men as they helped him off the pool deck.

“But sir-”

“Just call him!”

He wanted those women found immediately.

8.

I may as well be naked. Gina thought as she stared at her reflection in the mirror and the skimpy waitress “uniform” she was wearing. Since she had experience waitressing before, she had expected something revealing, but she figured it would be an outfit that showed plenty of cleavage and a dangerously short skirt, but this outfit...

“Barely there” didn’t even begin to describe it.

It was a “mermaid” outfit only in the sense that it contained seashells, and nothing more. Gina was completely topless, with seashell pasties over her nipples, and the “bottom” consisted of a seashell between her legs that was held up by fishing line that ran along her hips, up through her buttocks, and between her legs. She turned around, only catching the barest glimpse of the small, nearly invisible wire running through her butt cheeks. From the back or side, Gina looked completely naked.

After looking over herself, she flashed a look at Naomi, who gave her an apologetic look.

“Look it was the only way I could get you in. You don’t know how tight security is at these things.” Naomi explained.

The girl had also warned Gina that if Gina got caught, it would most likely cost Naomi her job, but seeing how her employers were criminals, no doubt they would punish her more harshly than just firing her. Then again Gina wasn’t worried about getting caught, it was Tanya she had to worry about.

“Oh my God, can you believe this?” Tanya stepped out of a stall, refusing to change in front of Gina, and looked at herself in the locker room mirror.

Naomi was able to steal another outfit for Tanya and then showed them to a locker room while posting herself at the entrance as a lookout. So far, no one had come in yet.

“They actually make women dress like this here?” Tanya went on, turning to look at her almost naked ass in the mirror like Gina had.

Gina had to give it to the older woman, she was pulling it off well. Her voluptuous, curvy figure accented the seashells pasties, and her red hair somehow added to it. Though Tanya wasn't as toned as Gina, she still had a great body.

"Well, get it all out now, because in a minute we're going out there and you're going to have to pretend like you want to be here." Gina turned and looked at herself on more time, and then nodded at Naomi.

"I do want to be here." Tanya huffed and turned to Gina, her hands instinctively going behind her back to cover her ass.

"Be natural Tanya." Gina said, fighting the urge to do the same.

"Are you ready? We're wasting time here." Naomi urged them.

"Yeah, yeah let's go." Gina nodded.

A minute later all three emerged from the locker room, Naomi in the lead and Gina and Tanya following. The hallway was still bustling with activity, but every man turned to gawk at them as they passed, some of them even dropped their jaws at the sight of the nearly nude women. Gina kept her head high, trying to ignore them, but she caught Tanya flashing them hard looks.

"Ignore them. You're supposed to be an employee here." Gina whispered to Tanya.

"Look at how they're starrng though!" Tanya whispered back.

Gina grabbed Tanya's arm.

"Ow!" She cried.

"Look," Gina hissed, still walking and keeping a hard grip on the other woman's arm. "This is a highly dangerous situation, and one slip or mistake could be it for both of us! It's going to be busy once we get out there, it's possible that if we get separated that I won't be able to protect you, so shape up." Gina spat and let go of Tanya's arm.

"Fine, whatever." Tanya's tone was that of a petulant teen as she rubbed her arm.

“Remember,” Gina began. “If you see Shelly, do not engage. Keep a distance and observe.

That’s it.”

“Fine.” Tanya grumbled. Gina flashed her a look, knowing that she would have to be keeping an eye on Tanya as well as Shelly tonight.

I should have let Randy cuff her and keep her in the van. Gina thought, not for the first time that night.

They walked past a table where Gina noticed several serving trays containing waters and other beverages. Without stopping, Gina scooped one up and motioned to Tanya to do the same. All of Gina’s old server instincts came back as she propped the tray up with one arm by her shoulder, and she turned to see Tanya attempting to mimic her.

“Hey,” Gina sidled up next to Naomi. “If you could, keep an eye on her.” She cocked her head towards Tanya, still struggling to balance the tray with one hand.

“Right...” Naomi sighed.

Gina sighed too, feeling bad for the young girl. She knew that Naomi was risking a lot by helping them.

“Hold it out front with both hands,” Gina turned to Tanya. “Just make sure you’re showing plenty of boob.”

“I already am!” Tanya spat.

There was a set of double doors ahead, and Naomi sped up ahead of the two seashell clad women and opened one for them. A few moments later Gina and Tanya emerged from the hallway and out into the pool area.

“Oh my...” Tanya gasped, coming up next to Gina. Gina clenched her jaw and surveyed the area.

There were people everywhere. Women in swimsuits of all shapes and sizes, men both in and out of shape, and seashell clad waitresses like Gina and Tanya navigating the crowd with grace and

precision. Beautiful, soaked bodies emerged from the large pool while others jumped in or stepped in, and various bars placed around the pool area were packed with beautiful, half naked bodies.

How am I going to find Shelly in this? Gina wondered, but realized that Naomi had gotten them this far, they had to try.

“Okay, split up. Remember, if you see Shelly, find me first.” Gina reminded Tanya.

“Right, I know.” Tanya huffed.

Gina gave her a warning glare and turned to Naomi.

“Thank you again.” She said with sincerity.

“Just be careful.” Naomi gave her a look of concern, and then made her way through the crowd, no doubt wanting to avoid being seen with them.

With that, Gina lifted her head and strolled off through the party, tray and head held high. She made eye contact with several male party goers and smiled, playing the gracious, friendly waitress. In reality, she was scanning the party, on the prowl for Shelly. As she walked, she could feel men turning to gawk at her nearly naked body, but Gina always kept her smile up, not wanting to betray how vulnerable and exposed she felt. She had to drop the wire as part of this disguise, and the earpiece too unfortunately after finding out that it didn't work when it was too far from the wire's power pack. For all intents and purposes, she was truly vulnerable.

Gina maneuvered around the edge of the pool, smiling and batting her eyes at patrons as she did, but still no sign of Shelly. The pool area seemed filled with young people, a middle aged woman like Shelly should stick out, so where was she?

She rounded the pool, a few men lifting bottles of water from her tray and depositing a few bills on it as tips. Gina realized that her skimpy outfit left no room for pocketing tips.

Great... She rolled her eyes. At least if this night was bust she would make some decent money.

Water splashed Gina as she came up the side of the pool just as a muscle bound young man with a shaved head did a cannon ball. Several bikini clad women yelled and giggled as they got sprayed with

water, and Gina quickly sidestepped so that only her legs were hit. As she rounded the group of now wet and giggling women, she spotted a familiar sight...

A woman with blond hair and a black thong was standing by one of the bars located near the back of the pool area. Gina lifted shifted her tray to her other shoulder to hide her face and peered towards the bar, trying to get a look at the woman's face. It was hard to tell if it was Shelly since blond hair and black thongs were a common sight around the pool.

Gina walked in a wide arc, keeping her eyes ahead but tossing glances towards the woman. Glancing ahead, she saw a group of young men laughing under a cabana which happened to have a perfect vantage point of the bar.

Bingo. Gina smiled and strolled towards the cabana, stopping to smile at patrons along the way. As she got closer to the group of young men, she noticed one by one as they glanced up at her, first at her bare legs, then at the seashell between them, and then up to her gigantic, bare breasts and the shell covering her nipples. She turned towards them and smiled as she moved directly towards them, watching as their jaws dropped.

"Can I interest you gentlemen in some beverages?" Gina smiled, batted her eyes, and held her tray out towards them. She only had a few bottles of water left, but had to make do.

"Uh..." One of the boys, a young, skinny looking kid with messy brown hair fumbled. They seemed like they had never been in the presence of a woman like Gina before, and she caught herself wondering how they had scored an invite to a party like this.

Probably the children of someone very rich and powerful. She realized.

"Come on, you ask like a girl's never offered you a drink before." She smiled, bent over so that her breasts dangled closer to the boys, and offered the tray again.

As she did, she glanced up at the bar, seeing the woman in the black thong talking to another woman.

"Uhh, do you have Fireball?" One of the boys, a slightly overweight one with glasses asked.

“Sure thing.” Gina turned and smiled to him.

“Umm, can I have a beer?” Another one asked.

“Why of course, what kind?” Gina asked. This seemed to trip him up, as he started fumbling and stuttering. Glancing quickly over the group, Gina realized that they all looked barely over 21.

Quickly she turned her attention back to the bar.

It was Shelly!

She was sitting in stool, but turned slightly to address the other woman she was speaking to.

“Hey, shouldn’t you be writing this down?” One of the boys asked.

“Hmm?” Gina turned to him.

“Our drink orders?” He pressed, seeming somewhat annoyed. Apparently he wasn’t as spellbound by the nearly naked Gina as the other boys were.

“Oh don’t worry, I got it all up here.” Gina stood straight, held her tray with one hand and tapped her temple.

Looking back at the bar, Gina got a glimpse of the woman Shelly was talking to. She looked to be slightly younger than Shelly, with dark hair with bright red highlights and a muscular, ripped physique. The woman wore a neon green thong bikini, but her most striking, and prominent feature, was her breasts. They were massive, and put Gina’s to shame. This woman’s breasts were gigantic, obviously enhanced, and didn’t match her physique at all.

Gina pulled her tray down and looked over the group of still gawking twenty somethings.

“Anything else boys?” She smiled.

“Umm...” One of them stuttered, and she realized they wanted more...

A lot more...

“Well, I’ll be right back with your drinks.” She smiled again and strolled off, deciding to end the interaction before one of them asked for her number or something like that.

Gina navigated through the throng of people, making a show of smiling and nodding while drifting towards the bar. Shelly was still sitting, chatting with the muscular, big-breasted woman. For a moment, Gina considered that maybe there was nothing to this, that Shelly was just out meeting a friend at a pool party. If so then Gina had not only put herself, but Naomi, at risk for nothing.

Then, as Gina made her way closer to the bar, she became aware of someone else watching her. It wasn't Shelly or her busty companion, as both were completely focused on each other. Another woman sat on the other end of the bar, sipping from a fruity looking drink while staring directly at Gina. Gina was used to being stared at in her tiny little outfit, but there was a way that this woman was so intently focused on her that put her off. At first Gina felt her blood freeze in her veins as she thought it was that Lotus woman watching her. She wasn't sure why she would have such a reaction to her, but there was something about that woman that made her uncomfortable.

But then on further glance Gina realized this wasn't Lotus but another Asian woman. There were similarities, but this woman had chestnut brown eyes instead of Lotus' piercing gray ones, and her hair was a little longer. This woman wore a small yellow thong bikini with black trim and was much curvier and bustier than Lotus as well. The woman continued to sip as she watched Gina, there was something in her look, a knowing, as if she wanted Gina to know that they shared some sort of secret no one else at the party did.

Gina stopped for a moment to return the woman's look. The woman never broke off eye contact with Gina as she raised her drink and cocked a half smile.

"Gina!" Someone called out from behind her, and Gina stiffened, recognizing a voice she hadn't heard in quite sometime.

"Gina Dollson? Is that you?" The woman called again.

Jessica!

Gina turned to see Jessica Lannon, bikini bottoms barely clinging to her hips and a drink in hand swaying towards her out of the crowd.

“Oh my God, it is you!” Jessica gasped.

Gina turned towards the bar to see a few people turning in their direction, and then set her tray down, grabbed Jessica by the arm, and pulled her deeper into the crowd.

“Gina, I can’t believe it! What a small world!” Jessica squealed as Gina lead her away.

“Ow! What a grip!” Jessica slurred, obviously several drinks in.

Gina couldn’t believe it either, of all the parties, Jessica had to be at this one. They had been friends during her modeling days, Jessica had turned her weight loss journey into a fitness empire, but they had fallen out of touch after Gina’s “disappearance.” Jessica had a knack for publicity, and loved making a spectacle of herself at public events for attention.

“Shh, shhh…” Gina put a finger to her lips and continued to lead Jessica away from the bar.

“Gina, that outfit…” Jessica’s eyes bugged at Gina’s “swimsuit.”

“Hey Jessica, sorry but this isn’t a good time –” Gina began.

“What happened to you? First I heard that you went to Mexico for a shoot and disappeared, then I heard you met some French billionaire and ran off with him and were living on a yacht –” Jessica interrupted.

“Shh! Shhh!” Gina put a finger to her lips and looked around. They were still drawing attention.

Figures, attention is Jessica’s lifeblood. Gina sighed.

“What’s wrong girl? First I gotta say, wow!” Jessica gestured to Gina almost bare breasts and nearly exposed body.

“Hey, thanks,” Gina began. “Look, it’s a long story, can we catch up later, maybe over drinks or something?”

“Well let’s get some drinks now. There’s a bar right there.” Jessica swayed towards the bar where Shelly and her friend were, but Gina stopped her.

“No!” Gina shouted, prompting more stares.

“I mean,” Gina continued. “I’m sort of in the middle of something right now. Maybe another time.”

Gina turned her head in the direction of the bar only to see that Shelly and her friend were gone.

Shit...

Jessica continued to prattle on as Gina craned her neck, looking for any sign of the two women in the crowd of swimsuit clad bodies, but they had seemingly vanished.

How? That friend of hers should stick out thanks to those boobs of hers!

Gina made her way towards the bar, her head on a swivel as she moved. It took her a minute to realize that Jessica was following her.

“Do you still model? I could hook you up with my agent? He could get you some high paying gigs as soon as next week.”

“That’s great Jessica, but I’m in another line of work now.” Gina said over her shoulder.

“Wait, why are you dressed like one of the waitresses?” Jessica’s mind finally seemed to put two and two together?

Gina continued to prowl the party, but her quarry had seemingly disappeared.

“You aren’t working here are you? A woman like you? You’re too good to be a cocktail waitress!” Jessica gasped.

“Jessica,” Gina sighed and turned to face the woman, knowing she had to get rid of her fast.

“Listen-”

“Gina!” Someone else called, prompting a fresh wince from her.

Soon everyone in this party is going to know my name. Gina turned to find Naomi making her way through the crowd.

“Naomi?” Gina cocked her head, confused at what would prompt the lifeguard to find her.

“Hey, it’s your friend...” Naomi was winded, like she had been running. “I think she may be in trouble.”

“Someone’s in trouble?” Jessica asked.

“What happened?” Gina asked.

“I saw her cornered by two women, one was thinner, blond, in a black thong...” Naomi explained.

“Shelly.” Gina added.

“The other one, well, she’s bad news,” Naomi looked around nervously as she spoke. “Her name’s Lisa. Word is that she works for Ace, real hard ass kind of woman.”

That must be the one with the breasts. Gina realized.

“Then what?” Gina pressed.

“They talked for a bit, and then I saw each of them grab one of her arms and lead her through a door!” Naomi’s eyes were wide with excitement as she spoke.

Gina grimaced.

I should have seen this coming! Of course Tanya would land herself in trouble.

“Show me.” Gina tried to sound calm as she spoke, and Naomi turned and lead her across the pool area.

As they went, Gina realized that Jessica was following.

“I don’t know what’s happening, but you seem like you could use some help.” Jessica stumbled after them.

“Jessica, things might get dangerous.” Gina warned.

“It’s cool, I took a karate class once.” Jessica tried to reassure Gina, with no effect.

“Jessica...” Gina turned towards her in a final effort to dissuade her from tagging along, but stopped, remembering how stubborn Jessica was.

“Just,” Gina sighed in resignation. “If anything happens, stay behind me.”

With that, Gina turned to follow Naomi as Jessica hurried after.

“Wait, are you a spy or something?” Jessica asked with excitement.

“Not even close.” Gina answered.

If Tanya really was in trouble, Gina pictured how absurd the picture must of her, clad in nothing but seashells, Jessica in her thong bikini, and Naomi in her skimpy lifeguard uniform burst in to save the day.

As they walked, Gina could feel eyes on them, men salivating at the sight of three beautiful women charging past with a purpose.

“There.” Naomi pointed ahead at a nondescript door leading inside marked “employees only.”

Well, Naomi was technically an employee, and Gina was posing as one, so it would work.

“Oh this is so exciting.” Jessica squealed from behind Gina, but Gina felt little excitement at saving Tanya. She felt even more naked than she was without her gun or wire. This was a situation that she was truly going into blind. If thing got ugly, Gina would have to bluff or talk her way out, or worse, use hand to hand fighting techniques.

Maybe Jessica’s karate class would come in handy.

Naomi lead them over to the door and all three stopped to look over their shoulders, but everyone at the party seemed too intent on themselves at the moment. Gina nodded and girl opened the door and ushered the two older women in. Once they were inside, Naomi took another look around and scurried in, closing the door behind her.

They were in another nondescript, hotel-style hallway, with carpeted floors, lighting sconces, and doors along either side. Gina stiffened as she surveyed her surrounds but realized that it was quiet...eerily quiet.

All three stood there in the doorway for a moment, and then Gina realized that both Naomi and Jessica were looking at her, waiting on her move. After all, she was the cop out of the three of them, and the one that got them in this mess. With that, she stepped forward and tried the nearest door.

Locked.

“Tanya?” Gina said gently, thinking that perhaps they may have her behind one of the doors, but she heard no reply.

Gina pressed on and found more locked doors. It was possible that they could have Tanya behind one, gagged, but Gina expected that if that was the case then Tanya would be finding another way to get her attention.

“Tanya?” Gina called again, and once again there was no reply.

She lead her scantily clad companions further down the hall and tried another door, also locked. With no other option, Gina continued down the hallway, trying doors as she went. The eerie silence of the hallway unnerved her, especially after the overwhelming noise and chaos of the party outside. About halfway down the hall, Gina tried another door and felt the knob turn in her hand. Jessica gasped and Gina turned and put a finger to her lips, and the tanned, fit women clamped a hand over her mouth and nodded.

Gina realized that her whole body had stiffened and turned to Naomi, who nodded back. They had no idea what waited on the other side of the door, but they had to be ready for anything. With a final nod at her two companions, Gina turned the knob and stepped through the door...

Gina stormed into the center of the room, Naomi following and Jessica closed behind.

Nothing, the room was empty.

She stood there, her head on a swivel, scanning the small, brightly lit room around her. It seemed like a dressing room of some sort. There were several privacy screens set against opposite ends of the room, a closet, and a few big, comfortable looking chairs sets in various corners. Gina did another scan of the room, and then turned to face her companions, who both shrugged. In an attempt to seem helpful and supportive, Naomi checked behind one of the privacy screens.

“Nothing back there.” She shrugged.

Mimicking her, Jessica checked behind the other.

“Nothing here.”

Gina went over to the closet and pulled open the door. An array of various show girl outfits hung on hangers, and shoes of all shapes and sizes sat on the floor, but nothing else.

It was a dead end.

She turned to the door, prepared to go back out into the hallway and see if any of the other rooms were unlocked, when she heard voices approaching.

Female voices.

They were right outside the door, Gina only had a minute to register that one of them was Shelly. She didn't recognize the other.

Gina spun, seeing that both Jessica and Naomi were looking at her wide-eyed, waiting on guidance from their fearless leader.

"Quick, hide!" Gina hissed, and dove behind the privacy screen facing the door.

Both Naomi and Jessica scrambled behind the opposite screen just as the doorknob turned.

Gina settled in, crouching low, and risked peeking around the corner of the privacy screen. A split second later the door opened and Gina pulled her head back behind the screen.

"What do you think? Can she be trusted?" One of the women asked. Gina didn't recognize the voice.

"Tanya, of course not." Shelly replied.

Have they been questioning Tanya? Gina wondered.

"We can spend too long here though, someone is bound to find us." The other woman said.

"Well its perfect then. We use Tanya to lure in Gina, then you present her, all wrapped up like a gift, to your bosses. No doubt they'll reward you for your efforts and you'll be in a better position to gain intel."

Gina bit her lip, they were using Tanya as bait, and she had almost walked into the trap! At least now she had the advantage because they didn't know she was here, and now knew of their plan.

The two women continued to talk, and Gina decided to risk peeking out from her hiding spot again. She inched out from the corner of the privacy screen to peek at her two would be captors. Shelly was standing in the room talking with the muscular, big-breasted woman, who was unpacking a bag onto the center table.

“What about you?” The big-breasted woman asked Shelly.

“Oh, I’ll be long gone. Not only will this get rid of two thorns in my side, but you get increased standing in Ace’s organization.”

Gina saw what the woman was unpacking on the table now, several bundles of thick rope, and equally thick, white cloths. As she watched, Shelly came up behind the woman, pressed her body against hers, and gently stroked her biceps.

“Then we can have a little celebration tonight, just you and me.”

The muscular woman’s face, which previously had been a mask of concentration, broke into a sly smile for a moment, and she leaned back to nuzzle Shelly.

Then there was a sound from behind the opposite screens, a soft, sudden sound. It seemed like either Jessica or Naomi had sneezed and tried to stifle it. Gina froze, suddenly her heart pounding a mile a minute. She wanted to retreat back behind the screen, but was terrified that movement would alert Shelly and her busty accomplice.

Both women froze too at the sound and turned towards the source of the noise, each grabbing a length of rope and a cloth. They each nodded at each other and took slow, deliberate steps towards the privacy screen. Gina watched, muscles stiffening, debating on her next move. She couldn’t let them get Naomi or Jessica, both of them were only in this mess because of her.

“Girls, run!” Gina cried, jumping out from her vantage point and charging at Shelly and the other woman. Both of them spun and turned, wide-eyed with shock at the near-nude Gina jumping at them. Then from behind, She saw Jessica and Naomi try to scramble out from behind their privacy

screen. Both women were panicked though, and Jessica tripped over the screen, knocking it over on top of the thong-clad lifeguard.

Gina turned to take this in, in turn lowering her guard, allowing Shelly and the other woman to pounce on her. Before she could react, she felt the muscular, big-breasted woman's powerful hands lock around her wrists and pull them behind her back. She tried to open her mouth to cry out, but Shelly was too fast, and slipped one of the white cloths around her mouth, gagging her.

"Mmmph! Mmm!" Gina cried, feeling as the muscular woman bound her wrists.

Jessica stumbled to her feet but Shelly was on her, pulling a gag over her mouth as well.

"Mmmnno!" Jessica cried, reaching behind her head to swat at the blond woman securing the gag at the back of her neck.

"Mmmoo! Gmmph!" Gina pulled forward, feeling the rope tighten around her wrists.

Elsewhere, Naomi was trying to get out from under the screen. With Jessica securely gagged, Shelly was tying her wrists behind her back.

"Ullmmm gggmm!" Gina tried to pull forward but then felt her feet being pushed together. She looked down to see her ankles being secured by rope as well.

Shelly had forced Jessica to the ground and after finishing securing her wrists, was moving to her kicking feet now. Gina wobbled, trying to maintain her balance on her now bound feet, and looked to see Naomi struggling to her feet.

"Mmmnoo! Gmmmo!" Gina tried to warn through her gag, wanting the girl to run, get help.

But instead, Naomi dove at Shelly in an attempt to force her off of Jessica. The big-breasted woman was on her immediately, coming up behind Naomi and pulling a gag tight over her lips.

"Mmmm!" Naomi cried, her hands flying up to her now covered mouth.

Shelly finished tying Jessica's feet and rushed over to Naomi, grabbing her flailing hands while the other finished securing the gag. Once the gag was tied, the bigger woman grabbed Naomi's wrists, pulled them behind her back, and started securing them.

“Ummmmfff mmmfff! Gmm!” Naomi cried, twisting and writhing as the big-breasted woman secured her wrists while Shelly tied her ankles.

“Mmmfff mnooo!” Gina cried and launched herself forward, feeling herself topple thanks to her bound feet.

Shelly’s big-breasted accomplice seemed to anticipate this, and spun and caught Gina as she fell.

“Whoa, where do you think you’re going?” The woman smiled, grasping Gina’s biceps in her vice-like grip.

“Ummm hmm! Gmm!” Gina mumbled through her gag.

If only I wasn’t gagged, then I could maybe work out something! Gina cursed, thinking that she could have offered herself in exchange for Naomi and Jessica’s release.

“Well,” Shelly finished securing Naomi’s ankles and stood, smiling at the bound and gagged Gina. “This wasn’t the way we planned it, but nonetheless, you still fell into our trap.”

“Urrrggg mmmph!” Gina grumbled and glared at the woman.

“Uffff mmm!” Naomi kicked out her bound feet but Shelly nimbly sidestepped them.

“Plus,” Shelly turned and motioned to the bound and gagged Jessica and Naomi. “You brought some friends.”

“Mmmm gggmm!” Jessica spat, struggling valiantly against her bonds.

“Well Lisa,” Shelly looked at her busty, bikini clad accomplice. “Let’s get them ready.”

“Mnnnoop!” Gina tugged again, but Lisa tightened her grip on Gina’s bicep, prompting a muffled protest from the bound and gagged Sheriff.

“Mmmmmph!” Naomi cried as Shelly grabbed her from under her armpits and dragged her towards the door. The lifeguard kicked and struggled as best she could, but her bonds held firm.

Shelly sat Naomi against the wall next to the door and then strolled over to Jessica.

“Nnnnmph! Mmm gggmm!” Jessica shook her head and tried to squirm away.

“Sorry darling, nothing personal. You and Baywatch over there just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

Like Naomi before, Shelly gripped Jessica under the arm pits and dragged her over next to the door. The fitness guru put up more of a fight than the lifeguard, kicking and stamping her feet, but in the end found herself seated against the wall next to Naomi.

Finally it was Gina’s turn, and Lisa gripped her by both arms and dragged the bound and gagged Sheriff towards the other helpless, bound women as Shelly took a step over towards them, waiting to receive Gina in her open arms.

“Mmmrrmm ggmm!” Gina protested, trying to struggle against the much bigger, more muscular woman.

As Lisa dragged Gina towards the wall, there was a calm, patient knock on the door. Lisa froze, as did Shelly, whose wide eyes darted to the closed door next to her. A volley of muffled cries went up from Jessica and Naomi.

“Mmmph! Mmmm!”

“Gmmm hmmm mmm! Hllpp!”

“Hmmm! Ummm gmmm!” Gina joined in, pleading at the door through her gag.

Lisa took a step towards the door, letting go of the bound Gina as she did. Her balance already precarious, Gina found herself plunging forward, face first into Shelly’s waiting arms.

“Off!” Gina grunted as the older woman caught her near-nude, bound form, spun her, and placed her against the wall next to the other prisoners.

“Hmm mmm!” Gina cried as there was another knock at the door, and then Shelly rushed over to behind Lisa as the muscular woman grasped the knob and pulled open the door.

“Oh... hello.” Gina heard Tanya’s voice from the other side of the door.

“Mmm! Mmmm! Gmmoo!” She cried through her gag, hearing Naomi and Jessica join in.

“Ummmm! Hllp!”

“Gllllbb mmm!”

“Oh Tanya, come on in.” Shelly called from behind Lisa.

“Hmmmph?” Gina furrowed her brow and looked at the blond woman.

“I just came to see how preparations were going.” Tanya continued, and Gina heard her step into the room.

Lisa stepped aside, holding the door as Tanya continued further into the room.

“Mmmm! Mnnoo!”

“Mmmm ggmmmbb!” The muffled women cried, but Gina only watched, wide-eyed, realizing there was more going on than she thought.

She watched as Tanya stepped into the room, her bare ass to the bound and gagged prisoners. In the fluorescent lighting of the room, Gina could barely make out the fishing line string running between Tanya’s buttocks. As soon as the redhead was in the room, Lisa closed the door behind her. Tanya spun, finally catching sight of the bound and gagged trio, and the expression on her face went from confusion to surprise to elation in the space of a moment.

It was all short lived though, as no sooner did Tanya’s face turn to pure joy as Shelly came up behind her and pulled a white, cloth gag over her mouth.

“Ummmmfff! Mmm mmmf!” Tanya cried, her hands instinctively rushing to pull the gag down, but Lisa was there, grabbing Tanya’s wrists and pulling them down.

“Urrrgg gggmm!” Tanya cried, and in a seamless movement, Shelly tied the gag and moved to tie Tanya’s wrists while Lisa held them.

“Urrrm gguurmm! Mnnno!” Tanya cried as Shelly secured her hands behind her back while Lisa squatted down and began tying Tanya’s ankles with a length of rope.

“Urrmmm mmmfff!” Tanya grunted as her ankles were bound together, thrashing against her bonds, her red hair whipping around her head as she did. Her face was turning almost as red as her hair with rage.

Her show of anger did nothing to intimidate her captors, who looked at each other with amusement, and then Shelly grabbed Tanya from under the armpits while Lisa grabbed her bound feet.

“Urrrggm mmoo! Llmmm mmfff mnnoo! Llmmmffff mfff mnnoo!” Tanya squealed into her gag, thrashing and kicking as Shelly and Lisa laid her down on the ground opposite from the three other bound and gagged women.

“Well,” Shelly smiled and stepped away from the still gagged and squealing Tanya. “Looks like the gang’s all here.”

Lisa stepped behind Shelly like a loyal lapdog, also surveying the room filled with half naked, bound and gagged women.

“Well Gina,” Shelly turned to the helpless Sheriff. “I hoped our relationship would be a fruitful one, but sadly you may still have a purpose.”

“Hmmm?” Naomi cocked her head and turned to Gina, who shrugged back.

“You see,” Shelly turned and strolled towards the struggling Tanya. “Tanya here approached Lisa and I with an opportunity we couldn’t pass up.”

“Ummm mnnoo! Mmmph!” Tanya protested through the gag as Shelly stood over her.

“Tanya apparently didn’t like the looks that her boy-toy Brad was giving you, so she thought Lisa and I would do her dirty work and get rid of that hot new Sheriff with the big-breasts.”

“Mmmmph! Mmmm ggmm!” Tanya shook her head and kicked her feet while Gina looked over at the struggling woman.

So she did sell us out! Her hunch was right.

“Thing is Tanya,” Shelly bent over. “I’m not stupid, and know all about you and Brad fucking. You really think that I was just going to let that continue?”

“Mmmno! Umm ggmmm!” Tanya spat as Shelly turned back to Gina.

“But, Ace loves new blood, and wouldn’t pass up the chance for such a fine bunch like yourselves.” Shelly gestured to the three bound and gagged women leaning against the wall and then to Tanya on the floor.

“Soon Lisa here will make a call to her superiors, who will come and take you all away to a new life in the service of Ace, causing Lisa to earn the trust of the higher ups in Ace’s organization and feeding everything she learns to me.” Shelly smiled.

“Mmmm ggmm!”

“Nnmmmo!”

“Mmmph!”

“Ulllggh gllumbbm!”

A chorus of muffled cries rose from the captive women, and Jessica, Naomi, and Tanya increased their struggles while Gina kept her eyes on Shelly.

“If only you would have believed me,” Shelly took a step towards the bound and gagged Sheriff. “I wasn’t lying, I have no idea where Felicia Fetters is. I gave her the location of one of Ace’s safe-houses, figured she would be useful if she arrested a few of his men. After that she never came back. I can only assume she got caught and Ace’s men found a new use for her.”

“Urrmmm mmmff! Mmmph!” Gina leaned forward, glaring at Shelly and doing her best to look intimidating despite her helpless state.

Shelly only laughed and stepped back.

“If you would have stayed out of my business then you all wouldn’t be in this situation right now. Maybe you’ll see Felicia Fetters where you’re going.” Shelly laughed again, and nodded to Lisa, who nodded back.

With that the older blond woman stepped out of the room and closed the door behind her. Lisa looked over her prisoners, and then sat down at a chair, lifted a phone from a receiver on a table next to it, dialed a number, and crossed her tan legs while she waited for someone to pick up.

“Yes,” Lisa said into the phone. “It’s Lisa. You might want to send some people down here. I caught a few ladies sticking their noses where they shouldn’t belong.”

“Hmmmrrrm! Mmmmnnoo mmph!” Jessica protested, twisting and writhing against her bonds.

“Yes... yes... Oh I’m sure he’ll like them.” Lisa smiled and eyed up the prisoners.

“Mmmpph!” Tanya protested.

“Yes I’ll keep an eye on them until he gets here...okay see you soon.” With that she hung up and reclined, still keeping her legs crossed as her gaze shifted between the bound and gagged women.

“Ummph! Hmmmph! Mmm!” Jessica cried.

“Mmmm! Mmmm ggmm!” Tanya joined in.

“Mnnooo! Mmm ggmm!” Naomi’s muffled cries joined the chorus.

“Mmmmm! Mmmphh mmm! Gmmm!” Gina added, not sure what else to do in the moment.

Like the others, she was completely helpless, bound and gagged, but perhaps they could make enough noise to somehow attract attention?

“Mmmmm! Mmmmp!”

“Gggmm! Hummm mmmph!”

“Mmmmmph! Umm mmph!”

“Urrrgll mmm ggg!”

They were a chorus of muffled voices, moaning and crying in unison. Lisa watched, reclining in her chair, and Gina watched as their big-breasted captor’s facial expression changed from one of smug amusement to that of annoyance.

“Oh please, stop it. No one can hear you.” Lisa sighed, uncrossing her legs.

“Mmmm! Ummm bbmmf!” Jessica protested.

“Nope, no one is coming to save you.” Lisa smiled, regaining some of her bluster with the taunt.

“Ummmf!” Tanya blurted, and then flashed Gina a pleading look.

Gina turned away from the buxom redhead.

“Grrfff...” She grunted.

They were in this mess because of Tanya, who was now silently begging Gina for help.

The nerve!

Still, if Gina found a way out, she knew that she couldn't leave Tanya to her fate, she would rescue her, if only to arrest her immediately after.

And I'll arrest Lisa and Shelly! Gina thought. Shelly may not have been responsible for Felicia's disappearance, but she sure was trying to get rid of Gina, and as for Lisa...

Well, if she really was a mole for Shelly, then she would have useful information on Ace's organization. Perhaps Gina could get Lisa to talk once arrested.

“Offf...” Gina shook her head. She was getting ahead of herself, first she had to find a way to get free.

“Offf...” She grunted and looked over her fellow captives.

They outnumbered Lisa, if they could only get free then they could overpower her...

But the idea that was forming in Gina's head evaporated when the door opened and a group of men stormed in, Lisa rising to greet them as they entered.

“Mmmph!” Gina grunted in frustration as they entered.

The man in the lead turned his head to look down at them with hungry eyes, and then to Lisa with an equally lusty gaze. Gina watched as the other men all practically salivated at the sight of the helpless, half-naked women.

“Ummph mmm!” Naomi cried at one of the men, a younger, stocky boy with close cropped blond hair leered at her.

“Lisa, Lisa, Lisa, how did you score this?” The man in the lead said, leaning over to embrace the big-breasted woman.

He was a thickly built man, wearing all black, complete with black leather jacket, and spiked up dark hair. As Gina watched, she couldn't help but notice Lisa tense as he wrapped his arms around her

and held her a little too long. The big-breasted woman kept her smile up, but it was a forced, skin deep smile. It was the kind of smile that a woman has around a superior that makes her nervous.

“I told King that you would be a natural fit with us.” The man continued, turning to wrap his hand around Lisa’s waist...

And lower...

Gina watched as Lisa stiffened as his hand cupped her thonged behind. His eyes, filled with a toxic, mischievous glint, shifted from her large breasts to the captives.

“What a haul!” He exclaimed, patting Lisa’s thick rear end. She stiffened but kept her smiled up.

“Thank you, Jack.” She smiled.

“So what exactly happened here?” Jack took a seat where Lisa had been sitting, and patted his thigh, gesturing for her to take a seat.

Gina watched as Lisa swallowed and then sat on Jack’s lap, hooking her arms around his neck as she did.

“Well, The tall one, with the boobs and the seashells,” Lisa nodded at Gina. “Was snooping around. She’s the new Sheriff.”

“Oh, is that so?” Jack’s hungry eyes settled on Gina. As he did, one of his hands slid under Lisa’s bikini top. The big-breasted woman tensed but did nothing else. Gina got the feeling she was used to this.

“Urrmmmm hmmmfff!” Gina mumbled.

“Yes, and she came with the red-head.” Lisa gestured with her head at Tanya.

“Urrfff!” Tanya shook her head and tugged on her bonds.

“Ah Tanya. We’ve had our eye on her for some time. Always figured she would go poking her nose where it didn’t belong.” Jack smiled as he pulled one of Lisa’s breasts from her top and cupped his hand over it.

“The lifeguard apparently snuck them in.” Lisa jutted her chin at Naomi.

“Urrgglle mmm mmgg...” Naomi glared at Lisa and Jack.

“I don’t know how the bronzed blond got involved, but she was tagging along with them.” Lisa gestured to Jessica.

“Ah Jessica,” Jack smiled. “I love your paparazzi pics. You seem to have an awful hard time keeping your bikini bottoms on.” With that he nodded at one of his men, who leaned over, grabbed the knot that held Jessica’s bikini bottoms to her hips, and pulled, undoing the flimsy knot.

“Eeep!” Jessica cried, and tried wriggling away as the goon reached over her shapely, toned legs and pulled at the other knot.

“Urrrrmmm mmph!” Jessica squealed and tried to roll away, but with a tug the goon pulled her tiny, thong bottoms out from between her legs.

“MMMMMOO! UMMM GGGMMFF!” Jessica’s face went beat red and she pressed her bound legs together in vain attempt to preserve her fading modesty.

The goon tossed the bikini bottoms to Jack, who caught them and held them to his nose, breathing in deeply.

“Urrggh ggmmm!” Jessica scrunched her face in disgust.

“Tanya though, is a little jealous of Gina and the looks her boy-toy was giving her, so she was planning on selling her out anyway. I just took advantage.” Lisa beamed as Jack pulled her other breast free of the small, restrictive bikini top.

“Lisa,” Jack cradled her waist. “Good job.”

“Thank you.” She beamed.

“I for one, am certainly impressed. I’m sure you’ll impress other higher ups with this performance.” Jack continued to cradle her waist.

“I’m glad to help.” She smiled.

“Now, open wide.” Jack said.

“Wha-ummp!” She was cut off by Jack shoving Jessica’s worn bikini bottoms into her mouth.

“There, that’s a good girl. Now you just hold them just like that.” Jack pulled his hand away and bopped Lisa on the nose.

“Mmm?” She cocked her head, but held the bikini bottoms in her mouth.

“Just a test, don’t worry.” With that he stood and patted the chair where he had just been, motioning for Lisa to sit.

She did as told, sitting and placing her hands on her thighs while keeping the bikini bottoms in her mouth.

“That’s a good girl.” Jack patted her cheek and turned to face the bound and gagged captives.

As he did, Gina noticed Lisa quickly squeeze her eyes shut in a look of displeasure. Briefly, for a moment, Gina felt a wave of pity for the woman, allowing herself to be degraded like this while being a puppet for someone like Shelly. It was only a brief wave of pity though, as Gina knew that Lisa was no angel.

“You see that,” Jack turned and pointed to the gagged, big-breasted woman. “That’s loyalty, and power. That’s the power of Ace.”

Jack paced, eyes scanning the helpless captives.

“You,” He stopped and leaned over, glaring at Naomi. “Did not show loyalty tonight, which is something Ace values in people.”

“Urrgg gghmmm hmm!” Naomi protested as Jack stood and paced again.

“It’s a shame though with you.” Jack leered down at Gina, who did her best to glare up at him defiantly despite her near nudity and helplessness.

“I don’t know where they’re finding you sheriffs at, but it’s a shame that I’m going to have to get rid of another one.” His eyes never left her breasts as he spoke.

“Wummmff?” Gina mumbled in response.

“Oh yes,” Jack crossed his arms and smiled. “Sheriff Fetters also went poking her nose where it didn’t belong, though she was wearing a little more than you are... barely...”

“Ummm hmm mmmph! Mmmm!” Gina glared at him. Jack seemed to find amusement in her muffled protests.

“There was a local establishment, Rossi’s. Perhaps you heard of it? Went up in a blaze of glory... and Sheriff Fetters with it.” There was a mischievous glint in Jack’s eye as he spoke, revealing Felicia’s fate to Gina.

She did her best to hide her reaction, to remain calm and defiant, but she felt her blood freeze in her veins as her heart started to do somersaults in her ribcage.

Felicia, blown up?

Gina had heard of the bar explosion, but to her knowledge no one had been in the building. That would have been big news, especially in a town like this. It would have been even bigger news if the Sheriff was found in the building.

Unless he was lying. Could he be lying? For what reason?

Could Felicia be alive, but he wanted to hide it?

A wave of conflicting emotions flooded over Gina, she barely had time to process one feeling before it whizzed past. Was he lying about Felicia, and if so, why? Or was he telling the truth, and if so, then did this man rip her attempt at revenge away from her?

Sadness, disgust, and fury well inside of Gina. She had no love for Felicia, but didn’t want her dead. If Felicia was really gone, then...

Jack chuckled, somehow sensing that he must have gotten under Gina’s skin, and stepped back, taking a phone out of his jacket.

“Maybe Ace will show mercy on all of you. Maybe, after some “training”, you can be a loyal, obedient servant, just like Lisa over there.” He motioned to Lisa, still sitting obediently with her hands on her lap, her breasts exposed, and bikini bottoms in her mouth.

“Or... well...” Jack smiled, dialed a number, and put the phone to his ear.

“Urrrrmmm mmmmmumm mmph!”

“Urrggg gglblbb! Bbbummm!”

“Hurrmmbbb mmmmmph!”

Gina tried to tune out the gagged protests of her fellow prisoners to listen to Jack’s phone conversation. Jack was talking with someone, his previous, jovial tone replaced with a flat, serious one. The tone of an employee speaking with his unhappy boss.

“Look I’m just...fine.” Jack sounded defeated.

“No we’re still looking for the one who broke King’s wrist... don’t worry, we got them on camera...No, that was another one that stole his wallet...” Jack continued.

More trouble? Gina furrowed her brow and strained to listen. Someone named King had their wrist broken and wallet stolen?

“Yeah fine... I’ll finish up here and pick up on that...” Jack sighed and hung up the phone.

He turned back to face the bound and gagged women, the look of disappointment on his face shifting back to his mischievous grin.

“Bad news ladies, Ace is not in a charitable mood today.”

“Mmmnoo! Mmmooh!”

“Mmmeeep!”

“Gllummph bbbmmff!”

“One of you will have a new life in service of Ace,” Jack smiled, his gaze shifting to each of them. “And you...” Jack motioned to Naomi.

“Mnoo! Ummm ggmm!” She protested.

“Looks like you’ll have to undergo what we call “re-orientation.” Ace thinks you have potential.”

“Ummmff wmmuff!” Naomi cried, turning to look at Gina.

“Mmmmp! Mmmmo!” Gina chimed in, defending the younger girl.

“While the others...well...” He smiled and shrugged.

“Mmmnooo!”

“Gllubbb hmm!”

“Mmmmmph!”

Jack snapped his fingers at one of his men, who nodded and stepped towards Naomi.

“Mmmmm! Uggg gggllumm!” She twisted and struggled against her bonds.

“Mmmmp! Stttffpp!” Gina protested, sticking out her bound feet in a vain effort to stop the man, but it was no use. He leaned over, scooped up the bound and gagged Naomi, and slung her over his shoulder.

“Urrggh ggmmph! Mmmph! Ummm ggmm!” She cried into her gag, twisting and writhing as he headed towards the door, seemingly oblivious to her struggles.

“Mmmph! Mmmm gggmm! Mnooo!” Gina pleaded through her gag.

Not Naomi! It's my fault she's in this mess.

But the goon carried the bound and gagged lifeguard out the door, and Naomi's gagged cries faded down the hallway as she was ferried to her unknown fate.

“Now, just which one of you should we keep around...” Jack turned to the remaining three women and rubbed his chin while his eyes scanned the group.

“Urrmmm mmmph! Mmm!”

“Gllummm hmmmph!”

“Eeeny, meeny, miney, moe...” Jack shifted his finger to each bound and gagged woman as he spoke.

“Mmmmp! Mmm!”

“Urrrrm mnoo! Mmmp!”

“Catcha tiger by the toe...” Jack's pointing finger continued shifting from one to the other.

“Glllbbb mmm!”

“If he hollers, let him go...”

“Mmmmp! Mnnnoo!”

“Eeeny, meeney, miney...”

“Urrrrmfff! Mmmpph!”

“Moe!” Jack’s finger stopped, leveling at presumably the woman chosen to brought into “service” for Ace...

Jessica!

Her eyes went wide and her gaze shifted to the other bound and gagged women, and then to the men in the room, all of which were eying her with a hungry gaze.

“Urrrm mmph! Mnnnoo! Lmmmp! hmmmph!” She started shaking her head and squirming back.

“Mnnn mmnoo! Mmmph!” Gina started pleading with Jack through her gag.

No, take me!

Jessica was only in this mess because of her. It should be her, not Jessica!

“Okay boys, one of you take Jessica here to meet her new employer.” Jack snapped his fingers at one of his men.

“Mmmo! Mmm ggmmfff!” Jessica cried and shook her head as one of the men loomed over her.

“Mmmpph! Mmmnoo! Cmmn mmmn!” Gina cried, stamping her feet as she pleaded through her gag.

“Nmmmm hmmm hmmmpph! Mmmmp!” Jessica flexed and squirmed as the goon bent over to pick her up. Despite her impressive physique, her muscles did her little good as the man lifted the bottomless fitness model from the ground and slung her over his shoulder.

“Nnnmmph! Umm ggllbbb!” Gina pleaded with Jack, who smiled down at the bound and gagged Sheriff.

“Mmmnno! Ummm mmmmp!” Jessica’s muffled cries dwindled as she was carried out of the room and off to her fate in service of Ace, leaving just Gina and Tanya alone in the room with Jack, Lisa, and two other goons.

“Lisa,” Jack motioned to the woman still sitting with Jessica’s worn bikini bottoms in her mouth. “Why don’t you go get a laundry cart for us to transport our guests here to their final destination.”

“Umm hmm...” Lisa nodded and stood, her hands reaching up to pull her bikini top back over her giant breasts.

“Lisa...” Jack started, his tone suddenly harsher.

“Hmmm?” She stopped, her hands clasped around her chest.

“I didn’t say cover up. And keep those in your mouth until I say otherwise.” Jack’s voice, previously lighthearted and playful, was now cold and stern.

“Ummm hmm..” Lisa nodded, her gaze suddenly shifting to Gina, who flashed the big-breasted woman a cold look.

If she wanted to play both sides, this was the price she had to pay.

9.

For Gina, the worst part of being half naked, bound, gagged, and ferried off to an unknown fate was being eye-level with Tanya Donnelly's almost completely bare ass while it happened.

"Mmmph! Mmmm! Hlllp!" Tanya cried and squirmed, once again pressing her buttocks against Gina's face while she did.

"Mmfff stpp!" Gina grunted, lifting her head and nudging the buxom red head.

Both of their bound bodies were pressed tight against each other inside of the laundry cart, moving towards whatever punishment Jack had in store for them. A white canvas covered the top of the cart, making it impossible for Gina to determine their exact location. At one point they were on an elevator going down, and then continued down what she thought was a hallway of some sort. Right now, Gina's best guess was that they were outside somewhere, judging from the bumping and jerking of the cart under them.

"Urrgg grrmm hrrmm!" Tanya cried, once again pressing her ass against Gina's face.

"Ummm hmmp!" Gina cried and pulled away, unable to think of a more humiliating way to die than being forced to look at Tanya's plump ass.

She had an intimate view of the older woman's rear, including the fishing line string from her "bikini" running through her curvaceous buttocks.

"Bbfff..." Gina sighed and moved her head as far back as it could go against the side of the laundry cart.

Part of Gina hoped that they would hurry up and get them to whatever their final destination was and leave it at that so she would no longer have to deal with Tanya's ass in her face, but she also knew that wherever they were being taken would most likely be their final stop, ever.

Gina knew though that she couldn't give up. Somewhere, Naomi, an innocent girl, was being held and punished by Ace's men for helping Gina. She had escape somehow, for Naomi.

Jessica too. Gina realized. She had drawn these two innocents into her quest for revenge, and both Naomi and Jessica were going to spend the rest of their days as a slave for Ace if she didn't help them. This was her mess, and she had to fix it.

Just then, the laundry cart lurched to a halt.

"Ummm, hmmm?" Gina raised her head, trying to listen and discern some clue as to their whereabouts.

The canvas covering the cart was ripped away, and Gina half expected to be blinking at a sudden, blinding light from above, but instead all she saw were stars in the night sky. A second later, Jack, his goons, and Lisa leered down at them. Lisa was still gagged with Jessica's bikini bottoms, but it looked like she had removed her own bikini top and tied it around her mouth to secure them. Her giant breasts bounced over the captives as she looked down at them.

"End of the line, ladies." Jack laughed.

"Ummm mnooo! Mmmooh! Mmph!" Tanya moaned and tried to wriggle away, though the laundry cart left her little options for where to hide.

Jack leaned in and grabbed the red-headed woman from under the arm pits while one of his goons grabbed her bound feet and lifted.

"Mmmpph! Ummm ggmmm!" Tanya squirmed and cried as she was lifted out of the cart, leaving Gina alone.

Though she wasn't alone for long though, as a moment later she felt rough hands seize her under the armpits.

"Hummmph!" Gina grunted, feeling more hands grab her bound ankles, and then she was lifted.

"Mmmmpfh mmm! Ggmmmp!" She cried and squirmed as she was carried away from the cart and then set down on her bound feet next to the other captive woman.

Both stood in a line, and squinted in the darkness, trying to determine their location. They couldn't be that far from the casino, she knew that much.

Come on Randy, where are you? Hopefully he noticed that Gina had been gone a while and as looking into it... hopefully...

“Mmmmp!” Gina cried, suddenly blinded by a series of bright spot lights that came to life over her head.

“Mmmph ggmm!” Tanya also cried out, both women squinting and blinking their eyes against the sudden light. Gina suddenly felt vulnerable and exposed under the glaring light, all too aware of her helplessness and near nudity.

“I thought that a woman like you would enjoy the spotlight.” Jack said, silhouetted in front of the white light.

Gina squinted, trying to get used to the light and determine where they were. Her gaze shifted between Jack’s looming silhouette and the darkness around him. She could see what looked like jagged structures rising up behind him, and something big and ominous...

Then she realized that the “structures” were in fact piles of garbage and crushed cars, stretching as far back as she could see.

A junkyard, they were in a junkyard, and the structure behind Jack was a compactor, and massive, sprawling machine with a conveyor belt leading to a set of metal jaws that devoured vehicles and spit them out on the other side. Somehow Gina suspected those hungry jaws were waiting for them now.

“Urrmm hmmm...” Tanya whimpered next to her, also putting together what would be happening.

Then the compactor groaned and shuddered, no doubt one of Jack’s men throwing the switch to bring it to life. There was a hiss and a wheeze, followed by a spray of dust as the machine coughed and sputtered. Above them, the conveyor belt roared and moved, beginning its journey down the throat of the hungry beast. At the end of the conveyor, Gina heard the metal jaw grinding and gnashing in anticipation of their next meal.

There was the moan of an engine, and Gina saw a large, van pulling towards them out of the darkness. It was white at one time, but now weathered with years of dirt, dust, and grime. The van had seen better days, and was covered with dents, missing several lights, and most of the windows were cracked or broken.

“Mmmm...”

“Mmmrrrrmm...”

Gina felt herself shudder as the van turned and backed towards them, and part of her found herself thinking that this was an act, a show, all put on to scare them. Any minute now Jack would tell them that he would let them go just this once, but if they crossed him again...

Then the van came to a stop and Lisa stepped over and pulled open the rear doors, beckoning the bound and gagged women inside...

There was another screech of machinery, causing all three of the bound and gagged women to cry out and jump. Gina turned her head to see Jack's other man at the controls of a crane, maneuvering it over towards them. She looked up to see the crane hovering directly over the van, and suddenly she felt like she was a toy in one of those claw games at arcades.

Gina felt herself breaking out in a cold sweat, and for what felt like the thousandth time tested her bonds, but her hands were tied tight.

“Well ladies, this really has been fun,” Jack said, stepping over next to the van's open rear doors. “But I'm afraid that all good things must come to an end.”

Lisa stood a few feet behind him, muscular arms crossed over her large chest. She seemed to be scanning the area around them like a guard dog.

Like a loyal dog, willing to do anything, no matter how degrading, for her master. Gina thought, glaring at Lisa.

“I'll give Jessica and Naomi your regards. They're about to be introduced to a whole new-” Jack began before Lisa cut him off.

“Hurrmmm mmph!” She ran forward and grabbed Jack by the shoulder.

“Lisa, what are you-” Jack sighed.

“Urrrrm hmmp!” Lisa tugged on his sleeve and pointed off into the darkness.

“Lisa, not now!” Jack barked, his voice filling with icy fury.

“Mmmpph! Gllkkk! Lllmmffkk!” She mumbled, pointing at something in-discriminant in the night.

“Lisa, now is not the time for-” Jack began, before the loud, distinct sound of a gun shot cut him off.

“Mmmmp!” All of the gagged women cried out in unison, instinctively ducking their heads.

Jack too ducked, behind Lisa, pushing the topless, gagged woman in front of him like a human shield.

“Boys!” Jack cried and turned to his goons, all of which were pulling weapons from their coat and rushing over to him.

All but one. Gina turned towards the crane to see the man slumped over the controls, dead.

Jack turned his glare to Gina.

“Did you have back-” He started before more shots rang out.

“Ummph!” Gina cried and jumped, watching as Jack, Lisa, and their goons all ducked. A few of them drew their guns and fired back blindly.

Randy? Gina wondered. Had Randy finally figured out what had happened and was coming to their rescue.

Then more shots rang out, coming from a different direction, and Gina realized there was a second shooter. Jack and his men fired blindly in both directions, but then another one of the goons staggered back from a hit in the chest. Several more rounds hit the goon and he fell to the ground, dead.

“Let’s get out of here!” Jack cried to Lisa and the one remaining goon, and all three turned and ran off, Jack and his goon firing blindly over their shoulders as they ran.

In a moment, all three vanished into the night, with a final few gunshots for good measure, leaving Gina and Tanya still bound and gagged, and now with at least two new mystery players.

“Mmmmm ggmmm...” Tanya shuddered.

Gina scanned the darkness, imagining that their rescuers, if they were that, would appear soon. A moment later she saw a curvaceous form making its way out of the shadows towards them.

It definitely wasn't Randy, Gina realized, immediately noticing the outline of large, round breasts, shapely legs, and what looked like a thick rear-end as the woman approached. Then she stepped into the light.

“Urrmmfff?” Gina furrowed her brow, taking a moment to realize where she knew this woman from.

The big-breasted Asian woman from the pool party!

She still wore the yellow thong bikini with the black trim, but had added a shoulder holster and ammo belt around her waist. The woman held her gun with both hands while looking the area around the bound and gagged prisoners over.

“Well Sheriff,” She smiled as she holstered her weapon. “Seems we just got here just in time.”

A second later a man emerged from the darkness behind her, huffing and puffing like he had been running. He was Asian, like her, but wore a black suit and like her, had his gun drawn.

“Kincaid, I told you to come up from behind.” The Asian woman rolled her eyes.

“I didn't think you could-” Kincaid began before she cut him off again.

“We would have had them if not for you,” She gestured with her gun in the direction Jack and company ran off. “Go, see if you can catch up. I'll take care of these.”

“But...” Kincaid stammered.

“Yes?” The woman sighed.

“By myself?” He asked.

“Just go!” She barked, and Kincaid scurried off, leaving her alone with the two bound and gagged women.

“Men.” She smiled, holstered her weapon, and made her way over to Gina.

“Ahh, thank you.” Gina gasped after the woman pulled her gag down.

“Don’t mention it,” The woman responded and started untying Gina’s hands. “We should hurry though, I get the feeling they’ll be back with more.”

“What do I call you?” Gina asked as she felt the rope pulled away from her wrists.

“Agent Lin Rossi, Interpol.” The woman answered, finishing untying Gina’s ankles.

Interpol? Gina raised her eyebrows as the rope fell away from her ankles.

“Urrmmm hrmmm! Mmmph!” Tanya beckoned Gina over to her to undo her bonds.

Gina though, only glared at the buxom red-head.

This whole mess is her fault! Now she expects us to help.

Still, Gina was Sheriff, and it was her duty to help.

“They got away. We should move fast.” A winded Kincaid emerged from the darkness.

Lin gave him a dark look.

“Well fine, living up to your “special agent” designation already.” Lin sighed.

“Hey, I’m only one man.” Kincaid said defensively.

“That’s giving yourself a lot of credit.” Lin grumbled.

“Not that we’re not grateful for your help,” Gina began, watching as both agents turned to face her. “But I think we really should be getting out of here before they return with more men.”

“Right.” Lin nodded, and headed to untie Tanya.

“Wait!” Gina called, holding out a hand to stop the shapely agent.

“Ummm!” Tanya cried, pleading at Gina, who stepped over and gave her a cold look.

She wanted to leave her here to be scooped back up by Ace’s men. Tanya deserved some punishment after what she had done, but Gina knew that she couldn’t. It would be far too cruel.

But still, perhaps she could get back at Tanya in a different way.

A sly smile spread across Gina's face, causing the bound and gagged Tanya to shudder.

"Ummm hmmmph! Ummm hmm!" Tanya pleaded, as if she already knew Gina's intentions.

Gina stepped forward, squatted down, and undid the ropes around Tanya's ankles.

"Offf ggmmm! Mmm!" Tanya encouraged as Gina untied her feet. Once the ropes were clear,

Gina stepped back.

"Ummm ggmm! Cmmn mmmmn!" Tanya twisted and waved her bound hands at Gina.

"I think Tanya can walk home." Gina smiled at the bound and gagged red-head.

"Wummmf!" Tanya cried, glaring at Gina.

"Let's go." Gina turned to Lin and Kincaid.

"Uhh..." Kincaid muttered.

"Mmmno! Umm ggmm!" Tanya hurried forward and pressed her nearly bare breasts against Gina's shoulder while pleading through her gag.

"I said let's go." Gina took off, motioning for the others to follow.

"Mmmnnno!" Tanya cried after Gina, who took into the night.

A moment later Lin and Kincaid fell in behind as the still bound and gagged Tanya ran after, pleading through her gag the entire time.

10.

Lin was the first Interpol agent Gina had ever met, and while she wasn't quite sure what to expect, one thing she had thought is that an agent of a major international law enforcement agency would be a little more... modest.

The curvy Asian stood over a stove as a pot of tea whistled, wearing a flimsy, short robe over her thong bikini, her large, thick ass cheeks protruding out from the bottom of the several sizes too small garment. Then again Gina herself wore a similarly small robe. It was tied tight around her waist and thankfully covered her ass, but her considerable cleavage was a whole different story, and threatened to burst free from the robe.

As Lin removed the screaming pot from the stove, Gina couldn't help but think of the several strange twists this night had taken, from infiltrating a pool party at a shady casino, to being captured and almost fed to a car crusher, to now being rescued and sitting in the kitchen of this mysterious new player. Lin had a single story rental home surprisingly only a few blocks away from the house Gina and Caitlyn were renting. Both of their homes were along the beach, though Gina noticed that Lin's had a small dock leading out into the ocean behind it.

I hope Caitlyn is waiting there for me now. Gina thought. Not only did she have to worry about the muscle bound girl, but now she had to worry about Naomi as well. She shuddered to think of what torments she was suffering at the hands of Ace's men.

I promise Naomi, I will find you. Gina mentally swore for what felt like the thousandth time that night.

Part of Gina wanted to storm back into the casino, but she knew she would be out-maned and out-gunned. So here she was, with this new player, who insisted on Gina joining her for tea.

Things on the ride to the rental had been tense, as Lin did not seem to like or respect her partner, Kincaid, and berated him constantly. Gina couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for the man.

"Here you go, this will calm your nerves. I'm sure it was quite a harrowing experience for you tonight." Lin leaned over to pour Gina's tea.

She was a little too close, as Gina had to lean back, thanks to Lin's giant breasts being directly in her face. Lin smiled down at Gina as she poured her tea, and stepped away to pour herself some, bending over so that her robe pulled up, exposing more of her thonged ass as she did. Once again, her rear end was a little too close to Gina's face, and she recoiled again. If she didn't know any better, she would say that Lin was intentionally displaying herself for Gina.

Like she's trying to entice me.

Just at that moment, Kincaid walked in, his jaw dropping at the sight of Lin exposing her ass for Gina. Lin caught him snooping and stood, finishing pouring herself a cup of tea.

"Kincaid, pick your jaw up off the floor." She scolded.

"Sorry, I..." He stammered.

"Yes?"

"I came to assist with the debrief-" He began before being cut off.

"It's okay, I got it." Lin said sharply.

"But I-" Kincaid began before being cut off again.

"I think you've made enough of a mess of things for tonight. Go get some rest and I'll call you in the morning." Lin's tone was like a teacher scolding a poor student.

"Are you sure?" He asked.

"Yes, go!" She motioned to the door with exasperation. Kincaid nodded and scurried out of the room.

"I'm sorry for that. I wanted a partner and they gave me a puppy." Lin smiled at Gina and took a seat opposite her.

“Do you have to be so hard on him?” Gina asked, motioning to where Kincaid had left.

“He’s coasted because he’s from a powerful family, I’m here to cut him down to size,” Lin crossed her legs and took a sip. “You haven’t touched your tea.”

“Oh I’m sorry,” Gina grasped her mug, not wanting to seem rude to her host, but still a bit on edge, given all that transpired already. “I guess I’m just a little confused about what’s going on.”

“We’re just two women, enjoying a nice cup of tea together.” Lin took another sip.

Logic told Gina that they were both drinking the same tea, so if there was something wrong with it, Lin would be affected as well, but a voice at the back of her mind told her to be on edge. She had already been betrayed once tonight.

“Is that all this is?” Gina asked.

“Well, there is a bit of a professional reason for this meeting, but that doesn’t mean that we can’t be friends and colleagues.” Lin reached forward and placed a hand on Gina’s thigh, causing her to pull it back.

“Sorry, it’s just...” Gina stammered.

“It’s alright, you’ve been through quite an ordeal.” Lin sat back and smiled.

“So what does Interpol want in Marston’s Pointe?” Gina asked. It was time to get to the point.

“A very good question. Let me counter with one of my own,” Lin set her tea down. “What does a fitness model, presumed missing for two years and then suddenly reappearing and convincing local law enforcement that she’s the sheriff, want in Marston’s Pointe?”

Gina felt her blood chill in her veins, and she stiffened, staring back at the poker faced Lin.

Is this it? Am I caught? A thousand scenarios ran through Gina’s head. She could book for the door now, or maybe try to reason with Lin, or maybe--

“Oh don’t worry Gina, your secret’s safe with me.” Lin laughed, breaking the tension in the room.

Gina didn’t relax though, but just furrowed her brow at the other woman.

“I’m not here for you, or whatever it is you’re after. You’ve been making some big waves in just one day, I’ll give you that.”

“Then what do you want?” Gina asked, her tone cold. Was this an attempt at leverage, blackmail?

Lin stood, stepped over to a counter, grabbed a file folder, and dropped it in front of Gina.

“This is why I’m here.” She sat again at the table next to Gina.

Gina opened up the file, and was greeted with a photo of someone very familiar.

Lotus, the woman from the board walk earlier that day! She looked slightly different, with a blond wig, and wore a thin pencil skirt, black blazer, and skin tight white top accentuating her cleavage. Despite the difference in hair, Gina would recognize those striking, blue/gray eyes anywhere. The photo looked to be in another city, and Gina guessed Hong Kong or somewhere from the looks of it.

“You two had a little run in this morning.” Lin reminded her.

“Lotus?” Gina asked, holding up the picture.

“That’s one of the aliases she uses.” Lin responded.

“She’s... she just runs a shady massage parlor though?” Gina asked, sitting back.

“She’s an internationally wanted criminal and trafficker. I’ve chased her across nine different countries. Always its the same, she ensnares local women and forces them to work for her, operates a brothel that attracts high target clients. While her girls work on the clients, she cleans out their bank accounts, credit cards, you name in. After a few weeks, she packs up and moves on.”

Gina stared down at the photo, remembering the girl at the computer and the stolen wallets.

That’s why she wanted me to stay, to force me to work for her...

Caitlyn!

Gina shot to her feet, her heart pounding! If this woman has Caitlyn then-

“It’s okay, it’s okay...” Lin rose and put her hands on Gina’s shoulder.

“But, Caitlyn...” Gina stammered, breaking out in a cold sweat.

“Please sit.” Lin motioned to Gina’s seat.

“But, but I can’t...” Gina tried to pull away.

“If you go off half-cocked right now, you’ll only end up getting captured as well, which won’t do anyone any good.” Lin’s eyes moved down over Gina’s body, resting on her cleavage.

“You’re definitely Lotus’ type. I’d be surprised if she hadn’t already set her sights on you.” Lin added, arching her eyebrow.

A shiver went through Gina’s spine at the thought. Still, she couldn’t bear the idea of Caitlyn being a prisoner, forced to work in some brothel...

But Lin was right, it wouldn’t do any good if she stormed off now, tired and without a plan.

Gina took a breath and nodded, then Lin motioned to the table. Both women took their seats, but Gina still felt on edge.

“So what are you proposing?” Gina asked, leaning back and attempting to look composed.

“I’ve always come close to catching Lotus, but she’s always evaded me at the last moment. This time I have the element of surprise, and it seems that I’ve caught her at an early stage. She’s still establishing herself here. We have to be careful, because if she catches any hint that we’re onto her, she’ll vanish.”

“If she runs, will she take Caitlyn with her?” Gina dreaded the answer.

“Sometimes she might take one or two women with her, ones that are loyal and well trained. The others she’ll sell to a myriad of buyers. We sometimes recover some of the girls but often they scatter to the four winds.” Lin’s tone was mournful but firm. The tone of someone who didn’t want to sugarcoat something.

Gina rubbed her temple at hearing this.

“I’ve tried taking her on my own, she’s slipped away every time, and Kincaid... well...” Lin rolled her eyes. “And it looks like you’ve got quite a problem on your hands as well.”

“So what are you proposing?” Gina crossed her legs and leaned back.

“To be blunt, I don’t know what happened earlier, but I know you aren’t the real Sheriff of this town.” Lin cracked a smile.

Gina stiffened. Was this her plan, to blackmail Gina into helping her?

Lin must have noticed Gina’s change in composure and smiled.

“Oh please. Look, I have bigger things to worry about than a small town in California, and quite frankly, an imposter Sheriff isn’t the biggest problem this town has either.”

“So get to it then.” Gina sighed, her patience wearing thin.

“I’m offering a trade. You help me catch Lotus, and I’ll offer you whatever resources, aid, and back-up I can in dealing with your organized crime problem here in Marston’s Pointe.” Lin leaned back, letting her offer sink in.

Gina mulled it over.

“No questions asked about me and my relationship with former Sheriff Fetters?” Gina asked.

“None, though,” Lin leaned forward. “Say if, someone else poked around and discovered the truth about you, our relationship and agreement is null and void. You would be on your own.”

Gina let that sink in as well. She didn’t think she was at risk of being exposed, but so far this venture had proven unpredictable.

But Caitlyn... This might be her only chance at rescuing her friend. And with Lotus helping, she could save Naomi too.

“Fine, you have a deal.” Gina extended her hand.

“I’m very pleased, and excited to be working with you.” Lin smiled and shook Gina’s hand.

Gina rose, the events of the night catching up to her. She suddenly felt very tired, but somehow felt that she would get very little sleep now that she had Caitlyn to worry about.

“I think I should leave though. It’s been a long night.” Gina started making her way to the door.

Lin followed, staying in step with Gina.

“Could I interest you in spending the night here? Perhaps you would feel safer?” Lin turned towards Gina, batting her eyes.

“I appreciate your hospitality, but I think I need to think some things over.” Gina smiled at her host.

Part of her hoped that when she got home, Caitlyn would be waiting, wondering where Gina had been, but she knew that was a false hope.

“Very well,” Lin smiled. “I’ll visit you at your office first thing tomorrow. We can compare notes and formulate a plan.”

“Yes, sounds good.” Gina nodded, and continued to the door, Lin keeping step with her the whole time.

The agent showed Gina out, and the ocean breeze felt good as she stepped onto the sidewalk and heard the waves crashing on the beach. Part of her suddenly felt uncomfortable at walking home alone, giving the events of the night, even though it was only a few blocks.

It’s a small town, no one is out at this hour. Gina told herself and took off down the street. Despite this, she still felt eyes on her and pulled her flimsy robe tight over her bustling cleavage as she walked.

Lotus felt a deep pang as she watched Gina strut off into the night, clutching at the tiny robe to preserve her modesty. Despite this, as the tall, statuesque woman shuffled down the street, there was a gust of wind that blew up the back of the robe, exposing her round, firm buttocks. Gina quickly pushed the flimsy garment down and looked over her shoulder, her eyes narrowing as she searched the shadows for unseen watchers.

“We could get her if you want.” Delilah whispered in Lotus’ ear.

“Shh, don’t give her ideas!” Melanie chided from behind the other woman.

Lotus held up hand, indicating the two to be quiet. It was so tempting, here Gina was, vulnerable, half naked, unsuspecting. What an addition she would make to Lotus' collection.

Soon... Lotus told herself. Soon she would add Gina, but not tonight. Tonight she came for Rossy.

Still, there was something nagging at Lotus. Gina and Lin Rossy meeting could potentially be a problem, but at least she was dealing with half of that problem. She also had the element of surprise on her side, as Agent Rossy believed that Lotus wasn't aware of her presence in Marston's Pointe. The curvaceous agent, who had followed Lotus all around the world, believed that she had the edge, when in fact it was Lotus who had the advantage.

A smile spread across her face and once again she felt a shiver of anticipation run through her. Soon, Rossy would be hers. No more looking over her shoulder. With the pesky agent out of the way, she could set roots in Marston's Pointe for a while.

From the sidewalk, Gina continued to scan the shadows, and for a moment Lotus worried that the tall woman could see her and her accomplices, but they were concealed in shadows, clad in black, skintight catsuits, and wore black ski masks that left only their eyes and mouths exposed. All three of them were crouched low and peering out from the back corner of Rossy's rented home.

Still, Gina lingered, her brown doe eyes shifting back and forth among the dark recesses between the houses. Lotus felt herself tensing, suddenly ready to spring upon the buxom woman if needed, but after a moment Gina continued on. From behind her, she heard Delilah let out a sigh of relief and Lotus turned to face her accomplices.

"Well that was close." Melanie scoffed, but Lotus ignored the blond's suggestion, instead, she focused on the lowered zipper of her catsuit, exposing her bountiful cleavage.

"I'm sorry?" Lotus glared at Melanie.

"If you want her, we can-" Melanie started, but then Lotus grabbed her by the unzipped collar of her catsuit.

“Zip it all the way up you bimbo! Your boobs could get us caught!” Lotus hissed.

Was that what Gina was focusing on, did she see Melanie’s heaving cleavage in the darkness?

“I didn’t think-” Melanie stammered.

“You never do, and your vanity could ruin this for us.” Lotus continued, then grabbed the zipper and pulled up, zipping the catsuit shut and concealing Melanie’s golden breasts.

“Ouch!” Melanie cried, but Lotus put a finger to her lips!

“Shush!” Lotus admonished, and turned back to the street. It was still clear, for the moment.

Hopefully Gina continued on her way. As much as Lotus wanted the big-breasted woman, they didn’t have the manpower to snatch her and Rossy in the same night, and Rossy was the main objective.

“I can’t breath in this!” Melanie whined, clutching at her chest.

“Stop it, now come on!” Lotus grunted, making a mental note that she needed to find better muscle. Melanie and Delilah were good for luring in men, but not much else.

Staying crouched and pressed against the side of the house, Lotus scurried along until she rested under a window. She turned to see Delilah and Melanie shuffling towards her, but held up a hand, signaling them to stop. Delilah came to a stop first, but Melanie bumped into the darker skinned woman, knocking her face first into the grass. Lotus sighed, gritted her teeth, and turned to look over the street. They were more exposed under the window, and if these two caused her to lose her chance at getting Rossy, then their punishment would be swift.

Thankfully, there was no one around. The hour was late, and most were probably sleeping. Lotus turned back to see Delilah and Melanie arguing in hushed tones.

“Shhh!” Lotus held a finger to her lips, and didn’t wait to see if they obeyed as she stood on her tiptoes to peer through the window.

Inside, she saw the dining room where Gina and Lin had just been sitting, now darkened. The only light was at the end of a hallway in a bathroom, where she saw Rossy. Lotus gasped and felt her

heart flutter at being so close to her enemy, her pursuer, the one who had chased her all over the world. What made it even more enticing was that Rossy had no idea that Lotus was about to strike, that she fancied herself the hunter but was in fact the prey being stalked.

She watched as Rossy removed her robe, keeping her back to the window, exposing her full, round buttocks in the thong bikini. With her back still turned, she reached behind and unclasped her bikini top, and then turned to place it somewhere out of Lotus' view. As the woman turned, Lotus was treated with a glimpsed of the side of her breast. Then, Rossy hooked her fingers in the waistband of her thong, bent, and pushed it down, exposing her full, exquisite buttocks to her awaiting captor.

Lotus felt herself flush with arousal. She was wet just watching this.

Soon...

Rossy was completely naked now, and turned. Lotus gasped at the side profile of the nude agent, of the curve of her bare breast coming into view, of her hips...

Just as it seemed that she was going to turn all the way and reward Lotus with a full view of her naked body, Rossy reached out and switched off the bathroom light, plunging the entire house into darkness. Lotus clenched her teeth, frustrated at being denied a full view of Rossy's nude figure.

Soon, soon I'll be able to enjoy her body whenever I want. She told herself, but felt herself quaking with excitement and arousal. A second later another light went in, indicating that Rossy had left the darkened bathroom and stepped into the adjoining bedroom. The light from the bedroom lit up the hallway briefly, and then dissipated, telling Lotus that Rossy had closed the bedroom door. There was still a sliver of light in the hall coming from under the crack in the bedroom door, but a moment later that sliver went out, meaning that Rossy had turned off the light.

Now it was time.

She reached up, pressed on the glass of the window, and pushed, feeling a rush of adrenaline when it slid open. It was unlocked, just as she was told it would be. Lotus worked quickly and took a breath to keep herself from shaking with excitement, and pushed the window fully open, and then

gripped the sill and pulled herself up, crouching on the edge of the window like a great cat ready to pounce.

Which was what she was, a great predator, closing in on her prey. Lotus nimbly stepped inside the house, and then turned and extended a hand. Delilah took it, and pulled herself with Lotus' help. Though she was in good shape, she struggled and scrambled to pull herself through the window.

“Shhh!” Lotus hissed, looking over her shoulder towards the bedroom. Thankfully, there was no sign that Rossy heard anything.

After helping Delilah in, both women extended their hands to help Melanie up, who was considerably more lithe than Delilah and had no trouble scrambling through the window. Once all three were inside, they turned and glanced down the kitchen, through the hallway, to the bedroom. Lotus took the lead, stepping lightly to avoid floor creaks, and gesturing for her accomplices to do the same. With each step she took, she felt her anticipation increasing, her heart thundering in her chest, and her body slick with sweat under the leather suit. Every step took her closer to the her prey, and victory.

It took all of her self control to stop from trembling as she grew closer to the bedroom. The mixture of adrenaline and arousal she was feeling was intoxicating. Lotus had abducted countless women before, but this time, this time it was something different, it was...

A floorboard creaked, and her heart leapt into her throat. Lotus stifled a gasp, tensed every muscle in her body, and spun her head. Delilah stood frozen a few steps behind her, almond eyes wide and terrified under her mask. Behind Delilah, Melanie glared at her, as did Lotus. All three black clad women were completely still, waiting for any sign that their position had been given away.

Nothing, the house was still completely silent.

All three breathed a collective sigh of relief, and Lotus turned back towards the door, making a mental note to punish both of them after this. Both Melanie and Delilah were being far too careless on such an important mission.

A few more steps and Lotus was outside the door, her accomplices coming up behind her. She reached out and closed her hands around the knob, feeling a spark of electricity knowing that Rossy was on the other side, resting peacefully, not knowing what fate awaited her. Lotus wanted to burst in and see the look of terror and shock on Rossy's face, but she knew that self control was paramount at this juncture.

Her hand twisted the knob, inch by inch, agonizingly slow. She felt the resistance at the final turn, just when the latch was going to pull free. There was a final, gentle tug, and Lotus held the door shut for a moment and listened. Still no movement from inside. Lotus eased the door open a crack, careful in case it squealed. Only darkness greeted her, and she inched it open slightly more until she could peek her head in.

Rossy lay on her side, back to the door, completely still. Lotus inched the door open a little more until she could fit her body through and then crept into the room, never taking her eyes off of her sleeping prey. The curtains were open on a large window overlooking the ocean, and the moon was full and bright, bathing the room in its cool light as the black clad kidnappers stalked in one by one.

Their sleeping prey let out a soft moan and shifted, causing all of them to freeze in place. Lotus watched as Rossy turned to lay on her back, but still seemed asleep. The blankets had shifted slightly, exposing the INTERPOL agent's heaving cleavage under a thin, pink night shirt. Lotus crept towards the top of the bed, while signaling for Melanie to head towards the other end and Delilah to the side. As they moved, Melanie reached into a bag that she had slung across her shoulder and handed a length of rope to Delilah and removed one for herself.

Now Lotus hovered over her sleeping prey, her black, gloved hands outstretched...

There was a knock on the front door. All three kidnappers froze, their eyes widening, every muscle tensing under their skintight outfits. It all happened in a split second, as Lotus found herself wondering who could be knocking this late night at night and then realized...

Gina!

In that same split second, Lotus realized that she had to make a decision, carry on with the plan or run. Just then, the sleeping Rossy opened her eyes, blinking up in confusion at the masked woman hovering over her. Lotus knew there was no turning back, and clamped a gloved hand over Rossy's mouth, which she was opening, either to call out or question who these women were in her bedroom.

"Ummmp! Hurrmmm ggmmph!" Rossy cried, her eyes wide with alarm as all three women pounced on her.

Melanie grabbed her kicking feet. Rossy brought her hands up to push Lotus off of her but Delilah grabbed them. The agent kicked and twisted in their grip as all three held her firm. There was another knock on the door.

"Hrrrrmmph! Hlllffff!" Rossy cried, trying to twist out of Lotus' grip.

"Hurry!" Lotus hissed to her accomplices, keeping her hand firmly clamped over Rossy's mouth.

"Urrmm gmmm!" Rossy cried as Melanie started to bind her feet.

"Hey, Lin?" A voice called from outside. It was Gina!

"Hrrryy! Hlllp! Mmmmp!" Rossy cried.

Part of Lotus relished having her long time pursuer so helpless in her grasp, to feel her body twisting and writhing under her control, but there was another feeling as well.

What was Gina doing here?

Had Gina seen them, and now circled back to warn the agent?

"Lin, sorry to disturb you but," Gina continued. "I was thinking, maybe it would be better if I stayed over tonight. Maybe I would feel safer."

"Mnooo! Mmmmpph mmm!" Rossy pleaded, and Lotus tightened her grip over the agent's mouth.

Meanwhile, Delilah was tying Rossy's hands behind her back. As she did, they kidnapper rolled the helpless agent onto her stomach. Rossy's was still kicking and struggling, causing her pink, frilly

night shirt to ride up, revealing an equally pink, frilly thong underneath. As Rossy kicked and struggled, Lotus found that she couldn't take her eyes off of the woman's heaving buttocks as she kicked and struggled.

More knocking.

"Lin, can you hear me?" Gina called again.

Lotus though focused on Rossy's thonged rear end, and unable to control herself any longer, reached out with her free hand and clasped one of the agent's shapely cheeks.

"Mmmm! Gmmm hmm!" Rossy stiffened, feeling the gloved hand clench her ass.

Melanie had finished securing Rossy's feet while Delilah secured the ropes around the agent's wrists.

"Quick, the gag!" Lotus called.

"Mmmmo!"

"What about the other one?" Melanie motioned with her head to the door while fishing inside the bag.

Lotus bit her lip. It was tempting to snatch Gina now, while she was vulnerable, unsuspecting...

"Grrmm!" Rossy cried as Lotus dig her nails into her ass, the realization dawned on her.

Suddenly she knew what to do and how to do it.

"Here..." Melanie and Delilah had crawled up onto the bed, Melanie holding a wadded white cloth in one hand and a longer, thick, black one in the other.

"Lin?" Gina's knocking became more urgent, more forceful.

"He-ulllmmph!" Lotus moved her hand from Rossy's mouth for a split second, and the agent's cry for help was cut off by the wadded, white cloth being shoved into her mouth and then Melanie pressed the longer, thicker black cloth over it.

"Hurrmmph mmph!" Rossy moaned and twisted her head as Melanie secured the gag at the back of her neck.

“Hey, are you alright in there?” Gina called, and pounded on the door.

“Mmmmph mmm!” Rossy cried as Melanie finished gagging her.

“Now what? She’ll see us!” Delilah whispered and motioned towards the incessant knocking.

Gina won’t be a problem for long. Lotus smiled, but still, getting Rossy out was the main goal.

She let go of her struggling captive and crossed the room to the window overlooking the ocean.

“Mmmph! Ummm ggmmm!” Rossy moaned and writhed on the bed, her half naked body twisting as she struggled to get free from her bonds.

Lotus peered out of the window. The rental home was a single story, but looked like there was a short drop out of the window to the yard, and beyond the dock, where their boat was currently tied off. They risked being spotted by Gina if they carried the struggling Rossy out the side window, but she had her own plan for dealing with Gina. She could hear the knocking becoming more urgent, and knew that with every wasted moment, Gina risked drawing more attention to them. Not wasting another second, Lotus unlatched the window and slid it open, feeling a blast of fresh ocean breeze as it opened.

“Melanie, climb out and get ready to catch her.” Lotus ordered and rushed back to the bed.

“What?” Melanie cried.

“Wummmf?” Rossy asked, wide-eyed. Lotus stopped for a moment to savor the shocked expression on the INTERPOL agent’s face.

How she wished she could gloat more, rub in that she had won their chase, but she had plenty of time to do that later. Right now, she had the opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, and didn’t intend to squander it.

“Just go!” Lotus cried, maybe a little too loud, and grabbed the top sheet from the bed.

Melanie rolled her eyes, hopped onto the window sill, and looked down, balking at the height of the drop.

“Go!” Lotus ordered again.

Melanie took a deep breath and leapt out the window. Lotus didn't bother looking to see if she landed safely or not.

She better have, if she knows what's good for her!

"Urrrggg gghmmmp!" Rossy cried as Lotus pushed her up into a sitting position and looped one end of the sheet under her armpit, and then tossed the other end to Delilah and motioned for her to do the same. Once they had the sheet hooked under Rossy's armpits, forming a sort of cradle, Lotus grabbed the struggling agent's feet and Delilah lifted her from under the arms.

"Mmmmp gggmm! Ummm! Mmmph!" Rossy continued to moan and struggle. In the background there was Gina's constant knocking and yelling, but Lotus had tuned it out, focusing now on just getting Rossy out.

They reached the window and Lotus set Rossy down on her bound feet and peered out. Melanie was waiting outside.

"Get ready!" Lotus called, and the masked blond nodded and extended her arms.

Lotus leaned back in the window and nodded to Delilah.

"Let's move her out."

"Umm hmm! Umm hmmp! Mmnoo!" Rossy shook her head as both kidnappers lifted the bound, helpless woman and carried her feet first towards the window.

"Mmmmm ggmmmp! Mmmph!" She protested, but her struggles had slowed, no doubt she was worried about being dropped out of the window if she fought too hard.

Once Rossy's bound feet were out of the window, Lotus grabbed one of the sheet wrapped under the helpless agent's arm while Delilah grabbed the other, and carefully they lowered the dangling woman out.

"Mmmm! Mmmmp!" Rossy twisted and fought as she was lowered inch by inch towards Melanie's waiting arms.

Once she was low enough, Melanie wrapped her arms around Rossy's waist and pulled, and both women in the house lowered their captive slightly lower. Once she was sure the blond had the agent, Lotus let go of the sheet, and Delilah did the same.

"Okay, jump out and join her. Put Rossy in the boat and get her back to the parlor." Lotus ordered.

"What about you?" Delilah's almond eyes were wide.

Lotus turned in direction of the persistent knocking.

"Rossy! Let me in!" Gina yelled.

"I'll catch up with you later." Lotus gestured out the window.

Lotus caught a flash of hesitation in Delilah's eyes, but she nodded and jumped out the window. Behind her, she could still hear Gina's incessant pounding on the front door.

I'm going to have to do something about that. She thought, but paused to take a quick look out the back window. Melanie and Delilah were carrying the struggling and moaning Rossy across the yard towards the dock. Lotus turned her gaze away from the open window and quickly scanned the room, searching...

There!

Sitting on a bedside table was a set of car keys, along with Rossy INTERPOL badge, a set of handcuffs, and her handgun. Lotus smiled, it was like these items were gift-wrapped for her. She grabbed the keys and cuffs in one hand and the gun in the other, and snuck another look out the window to see the other two kidnappers carrying the bound and gagged Rossy along the dock. Then she opened up the bedroom door and marched down the hallway, Gina's knocking and cries growing louder with each step she took.

"Look, I'm going to find a way in unless you-" Gina began just as Lotus reached the door and unlocked it.

Lotus pulled the door open, and saw the look of hope on Gina's face fade to one of confusion, then shock, and finally concern as she realized that it wasn't Agent Rossy answering the door, but a masked woman with a gun aimed at her. A smile spread across Lotus' face as she trained the gun at the spot between Gina's perfect breasts.

"What is this?" Gina swallowed and asked.

"Why don't you come in and find out." Lotus answered, and stepped back and motioned for the other woman to enter.

"Where's Lin?" Gina asked, peering over the masked woman's shoulder into the dark house beyond.

"Come in and I'll show you." Lotus once again waved the gun, gesturing for Gina to enter.

The brown haired woman swallowed again and stepped inside, and Lotus stepped forward and closed the door. As she did, the barrel of the gun brushed against the flimsy robe Gina was wearing, and Lotus felt a slight shiver go through the other woman.

"What have you done with Lin?" Gina asked again, raising her hands with her palms out.

"Come and I'll show you," Lotus stepped behind Gina and pressed the gun to her spine.

"Walk."

With her hands still up, Gina walked forward. Lotus hung back a bit and walked a few paces behind the taller woman, but never took her eyes or her weapon off of Gina. She walked the other woman into the kitchen, where she had a view of the window overlooking the back yard.

"Look." Lotus stepped the side and pointed out the window.

Gina's eyes widened with shock and she gasped. Through the window. Delilah was lowering a kicking and struggling Rossy down into the boat, where Melanie was waiting, who caught her by her bound feet. Both masked women lowered the bound and gagged INTERPOL agent to the bottom of the small speed boat and then Delilah climbed into the boat herself. From this angle, Lotus realized just how small and cramped that boat was, and that there was no way they would have fit Gina on it as well.

Gina turned to glare at the masked woman.

“What are you going to do with her?” She asked.

“Oh, you’ll see soon enough.” Lotus smiled.

“Lotus.” Gina sneered.

“How did you know?” Lotus asked.

“The eyes,” Gina glared back at her. “What did you do with Caitlyn?”

“You’ll find as well. Just think, you should have kept on your way tonight. If you didn’t, then that would have only delayed the inevitable.”

“I had a feeling.” Gina glared back at her.

There was a roar of a motor, and both women turned to look out the window again. The boat had started up, and one masked woman was in the rear, while the other at the front. Lotus found herself annoyed that they had started the engine up instead of drifting further away from the dock and then starting it. That was another thing she would have to punish them for.

Then the boat containing the kidnapers and the bound and gagged Rossy sped off into the night, disappearing among the inky black waves.

“There wasn’t enough room, or else we would be joining them. Don’t worry though, we have another mode of transportation.” Lotus smiled and gestured for Gina to exit the room.

Her hands still up, Gina stepped out of the kitchen and Lotus prodded her along with the gun, through the living room, and through a door. Switching on a light, Lotus revealed that they were in a sparsely furnished garage, where Rossy’s rented car waited.

“So now what?” Gina asked. Lotus had to give her credit, she was putting up a strong facade, remaining defiant in the face of her defeat.

We’ll see how defiant she can be! Lotus smiled and stepped around to face Gina. Keeping the gun aimed at Gina’s chin, she reached out, grabbed the sash to the robe, and tugged at the knot. Once the sash was undone, Lotus pulled it out of the loops, and the robe fell open.

Lotus almost gasped at the sight of Gina's body beneath the opened robe, and for a minute thought that the woman was completely nude underneath it. As she stepped back, still keeping the gun on Gina, she saw that the other woman was partially clothed with...seashells?

Shells covered Gina's nipples, and another one was between her legs, preventing her from being completely exposed. Lotus' curiosity was peaked and she leveled the gun at Gina.

"Take off the robe." She ordered.

"I'm not-" Gina began.

"I said," Lotus pulled back the hammer on the gun. "Take it off." She ordered through gritted teeth.

Lotus realized in this moment that she had no idea if the gun was loaded, but she presumed, knowing Rossy, that she would keep a loaded weapon by her bed. It didn't matter though, just as long as Gina thought it was loaded.

Gina swallowed, glared, and shrugged the robe off her shoulders. Lotus circled, admiring her nearly nude prey. She now could see that the shells were pasties, and the shell between Gina's legs barely passed as a "bikini." There was a thin, fishing wire like string running along Gina's hips and through her shapely buttocks.

"Hands behind your back." Lotus ordered.

Gina complied, crossing her wrists behind her back. Lotus stepped forward and slapped the cuffs into place, feeling a rush of satisfaction as they clicked and locked around Gina's wrists. Once she was cuffed, Lotus placed the gun on the hood of the car and took the sash in both hands.

"Listen, I don't know what you think you're going to do, but you-ugggh!" Gina grunted, cut off by Lotus pulling the white sash tight between her lips.

"Uggg ggggkk!" Gina cried as Lotus wrapped the sash around her mouth several times and finally tied it at the back of her neck.

"Mmmm ggmm..." Gina grumbled into her gag.

Lotus stepped away, retrieved her gun, and used the key fob to unlock the rental car.

“Move, towards the trunk.” Lotus stepped in front of Gina and gestured with the gun.

Gina presented quite the sight, gagged with her white sash and nearly naked, and glared at Lotus.

“Move.” Lotus gestured again.

“Urrgg ggmmm...” Gina grumbled, turned, and walked towards the back of the car, Lotus following.

Once they were there, Lotus opened the trunk and gestured in with the gun.

“In.” She ordered.

Gina glared at her and shook her head.

“I said, get in.” Lotus gestured again.

Gina rolled her eyes, bit her gag, and ducked into the trunk, rolling tightly into a ball and tucking her long legs up to fit. Lotus hovered over her captive, keeping the gun trained on her. The light of defiance never left Gina’s eyes as she glared at Lotus.

“I hope you enjoy this trip. It’s going to be a bumpy right.” Lotus laughed.

“Urrfff murrmm mmmm-” Gina started to protest but Lotus slammed the trunk shut, cutting off Gina’s cries.

She could faintly hear Gina’s muffled protests as her prisoner kicked the lid, but Lotus didn’t pay it any mind as she smiled, took off her mask, and made her way to the front of the car. Once seated in the driver’s seat, she hit the button on the garage door control and dropped her mask and gun on the passenger seat. Gina continued to kick and protest from the trunk, but it was music to Lotus’ ears.

Both Gina and Rossy in the same night, what a victory. She smiled.

Maybe she would go for a long drive, savor this moment, let Gina tire herself out a bit before taking her back to the parlor. Or maybe she would stop somewhere and enjoy the sunrise while listening to Gina struggle in the trunk.

Lotus took a breath, smiled, and pulled out of the garage, hitting the control to close it on her way out.

With any luck, it would be sometime before anyone noticed either woman was missing.

11.

Normally the sight of Tanya's plump, naked ass would be enough to excite Brad, and to a degree it did. He never got tired of seeing her bare behind, nor did he ever get tired of those amazing tits of hers either, but in this case, the sight of Tanya's naked rear end confused him more than anything as he turned back onto his street. Brad blinked as he made the turn and his headlights illuminated the sight of the nude Tanya walking along the side of the road, and he noticed a faint shimmer between her buttocks and noticed that she was wearing what looked like fishing line running between her ass cheeks.

Then she turned towards the car, her eyes wide and pleading, and he realized that she was bound and gagged. That, combined with her being naked, is what got him going. He could feel the blood rush to his penis, and for a moment temporarily forgot his conversation with Shelly previously, and why he had gone out for a drive at such a late hour to clear his head.

The drive hadn't helped though, but Tanya here, walking along the road, naked, humiliated, helpless, that might just be the ticket.

Or at least a temporary distraction.

The night had started off so well, with Shelly returning home from her pool party in a rare, satisfied mood, and then heading down to her jacuzzi. Shelly always used the jacuzzi when she was in a good mood. She almost always used it after a late night visit from her big-breasted friend, Lisa. They thought that Brad didn't notice when the muscular woman visited, but he did, and more importantly, he heard their moans and sighs when they were together at night.

He also heard Lisa when she gave Shelly her daily updates on what was happening at the casino. From Shelly's point of view, Brad was just her slacker former step-son, staying with her because he had nowhere else to go. What Shelly didn't know was that he was on Ace's payroll, and was

there to keep an eye on her. What she also didn't know was that Ace now knew that her busty friend Lisa was a mole thanks to Brad. Because of Brad, Lisa was feeding Shelly info that Ace wanted to her to know, and Brad suspected that when the time came, Ace had quite the punishment in store for Lisa and Shelly.

Brad was a little bummed at that, he liked living with them. It was work and fun. Ace wasn't paying him to spy on Tanya, but he was doing that for free, plus he knew it made Shelly angry. He knew that she knew about him fooling around with Tanya, but he let her think that he didn't. All to serve his carefree "party guy" cover.

Maybe once Ace makes a move I'll be able to have some fun with them first. That was always in Brad's mind. The thought of Shelly tied up and gagged in front of him was an appealing one.

As was the sight of her in her jacuzzi, which is why he always made sure he was around for that. Growing up, his Dad had a hot tub that Shelly always lounged around in when she was younger, and she always wore those small, thong bikinis. Brad always remembered not being able to take his eyes off of her, and he suspected that she knew this too, and she would always give him weird looks. At that point, she was just his Dad's girlfriend, one of a revolving door of them. He would never feel weird about admiring their bodies because he knew they wouldn't last. Back then, he would always make time to hang by the pool when Shelly was around. Then she married his Dad, which made everything... much weirder. After that, Brad started to feel uncomfortable when she strutted around in her bikinis, though he knew his Dad loved it. What made Brad uncomfortable was that he still loved seeing her body, but now she was his step-mom...

Then his Dad got arrested, and Shelly took all his money and divorced him. Now that they weren't family, Brad's old feelings returned, along with something else...

Anger, bitterness...

His Dad married Shelly thinking she was nothing but a pretty face but she was really just waiting for the perfect opportunity to leave him high and dry. Brad wanted to see her punished for what she did to his Dad as much as he wanted to admire her in one of her thongs.

Even now, as a young man in his early 20s, he still had a pavlovian response to her in a bikini, and in her jacuzzi, and still made it a point to be near her when she was taking a dip. Tonight his plan was to go down into the basement in his trunks and pull the whole “Oh I didn’t know you were using it” act while also ogling her. It always made Shelly mad, which was something else he enjoyed doing.

Except today, he came down to the basement and saw her reclining in the tub, eyes closed and a smile on her face as the surface was a flurry of bubbles and foam.

“Oh, sorry I didn’t know you were using it.” Brad lied.

Instead of an angry look or shout for him to get away, Shelly’s smile just grew.

“That’s fine Bradley, you can join me if you wish.” Shelly cooed, not opening her eyes as she spoke.

He stammered, for once taken off guard, not sure what to do now that she wanted him to join her. Shelly must have heard him and opened her eyes to look at him the way a tiger looks at prey. Brad felt himself stiffen in that moment, knowing that Shelly only acted like this when she had something up her sleeve.

“Actually, I don’t want to disturb you.” He turned to leave the room, sensing a trap.

“Oh please, I insist.” She smiled and pressed her arms together, smushing her small breasts up as she did. “We should spend some quality time together before you go.”

“What?” He blinked.

Go?

Brad stiffened, knowing that he was about to find out exactly what Shelly was up to.

“I called your school earlier today, as it turns out, not only are you still enrolled, and terribly behind in your classes, but you are on the hook for quite a bit of tuition money. Something about losing your scholarship.”

Brad felt himself breaking out in a cold sweat as she spoke. So she knew!

He mentally cursed himself for spending too much time screwing around. It would have been much easier to just turn Shelly over to Ace and be done with it.

“They said they will be willing to accept you back for the rest of the semester, granted that I assist with your back tuition.” Shelly smiled.

“That’s very kind of you.” His tone was flat.

“But if you don’t, well then, I won’t be responsible for the large amount of money that you owe. They were very grateful that I gave them your location though. Apparently they have been trying to contact you for some time.” Shelly’s smile turned into a grin.

“That was helpful of you.” Brad continued in his cold tone.

“We aren’t family anymore, but I just want to see you have the best education possible.” She waded forward, still up to her neck in the tub, eyes gleaming.

She knew she had won this round.

“Well, I think I’m going to head upstairs then,” Brad motioned to the staircase at the other side of the basement. “Gotta get some sleep if I’m packing my bags tomorrow.”

“Of course, Bradley.”

“Thanks Mom.” Brad turned to leave, but not before noticing Shelly wince at that final jab.

He didn’t go to bed though, instead he put on a shirt, shoes, and went for a drive, hoping to come up with a plan. Getting rid of Shelly would be one thing, but now that his school knew where he was, that would mean bill collectors constantly hounding him.

Not only that, but that meant he was at a risk of being exposed. Ace would cut him loose if he became a liability.

Brad wasn't sure how long he drove around. It felt like he had circled the whole town several times, but he couldn't arrive at an acceptable strategy besides to run again. He knew he couldn't do that.

He couldn't let Shelly win.

But he was tired, and driving aimlessly wasn't doing anything to help, so he decided to head back to the house and get some sleep, hoping he could come back at the problem with a clear head in the morning.

Then he turned onto the street and saw Tanya, walking along the sidewalk, bare-assed and with her hands tied behind her back. His heart already quickened at the sight, but when she turned and he saw that she was gagged, he felt himself getting hard.

He slowed down and pulled over as Tanya's nude form stood bathed in his headlights. Brad could faintly hear her crying out through her gag but the sound of the engine and the closed windows blocked out most of the noise. The sound Tanya's muffled moans had become music to Brad's ears during their time together, and he never got tired of hearing it.

"---mmmmph! Hllp!" He heard Tanya cry as he rolled the passenger side window down.

She must not have been able to see him due to the headlights, and came around around the passenger side to implore for help from whom she believed to be a stranger.

"Hrrryy hrrrummph..." Tanya stooped over in the passenger window and froze, her eyes widening when she saw it was Brad behind the wheel.

He smiled back at her and took in the sight. Now he could see that she wasn't naked, but what she was wearing made her all the more appetizing. It looked like she was wearing a seashell bikini, with a shell between her legs, held up by fishing wire than ran along her hips and through her buttocks, while seashell pasties covered her nipples.

A million questions ran through Brad's mind as to how she ended up in this attire, and more so, how she ended up bound, gagged, and walking along the side of the road in the middle of the night, but those questions could wait.

Instead he simply flashed a grin at her.

"Hey Tanya, wild night?" He asked.

"Ummph! Mmmmm gmmph!" She responded, her eyes alight with annoyance.

Brad only chuckled, reached out, and pushed open the door.

"Well, hop in." He invited.

Tanya didn't have to be told twice, and climbed into the passenger seat, all the while protesting into her gag.

"Mmmph! Mmm ggmmff! Mmm!" She mumbled, taking a seat.

Once she was seated in the car, Brad reached across her almost bare chest and pulled the door shut.

"Ummm..." She sighed, and turned to look at him, as if expecting something.

Brad once again took in the sight of her bound and gagged, and in those seashells.

"Yes?" He asked, still smiling.

"Urrgg ghmmmm! Mmmph!" Tanya heaved in her seat, her breasts bouncing as she did.

"Oh yes, seat belt." Brad laughed and reached across her again to grab her seatbelt.

"Mnnoo! Ummm mmmno!" Tanya cried, watching wide eyed as Brad grabbed the seat belt, pulled it across her nearly nude body, and locked it in place.

"There, that's better." He turned back to the street.

"Ummm mmmoo! Mmmpph ggmm!" Tanya continued to cry as Brad rolled up the window and pulled away from the curb.

She continued protesting as he drove down the street towards their houses. Originally he was just going to sulk back to his room, but the sight of Tanya tied up like this invigorated him. He was rock hard under his jeans, and the sounds of her cries under the gag only added to his arousal.

“Ummphh gggmmp!” She grumbled, watching as her home came into view.

And Brad drove past it.

“Wummf!” She cried, turning to look at her house, Brad, and then back again.

“You know, you caught me at a good time, going for a late night drive, clearing my head.” Brad explained to the gagged woman in the passenger seat.

“Ummph mmmph! Gmmmmh!”

“The quiet helps, so thank you.” He turned and smiled at her.

“Grrrrmmph!” She glared back at him.

They reached the cul-de-sac at the end of their street, and Brad did a circle and headed back the way they had come.

“Grrhhmm mmmh hmmm!” Tanya pleaded with him through the gag and turned to watch her home as he passed it again.

“I’m in a rut, a tough place here.” Brad explained as he reached the end of their street and turned.

“Offf frmm...” Tanya rolled her eyes.

“I may have to leave.” Brad laid it on as he drove, finding it hard to keep his eyes on the road as they kept straying to Tanya’s nearly nude body in the passenger seat.

“Hummmph?” Her eyes widened.

“Oh yes, Shelly may be sending me away.” Brad made another turn. Thankfully the spot he was headed to wasn’t far.

He didn't know how long he could focus with her like that, squirming and struggling in the passenger seat. Once again he turned to admire her large, breasts and the seatbelt cutting across them, and then to the seashell between her legs.

"Uffff bfff!" Tanya cursed.

"I agree, but it seems that she wants me gone." Brad shrugged as he drove.

"Urrggg ggll mmmrrl! Ulllummm glllmmph! Mmmph!" Tanya grumbled into her gag.

Brad once again looked over at her as she continued to prattle on through her gag.

"Mmmm ggmmmm ummph mmmbbb umm..."

"Seems like you have something to say." He added.

"Ummm hmm! Ummm hmm!" She nodded.

"Well then alright." Brad sighed, reached over, and pulled down her gag.

"Shelly that bitch tried to kill me tonight! Can you believe it! You're mom-" Tanya went on before Brad cut her off.

"-Ex-Step-Mom." Brad corrected.

"Ex-Step-Mom and her big-titted friend sold me out to Ace, and then that new big-breasted She-ULLUMMPH!" Tanya was cut off by Brad reaching over and pulling up her gag again.

She continued her muffled rants as he drove on and finally put the car into park on small, secluded overlook. The waves crashing on the beach below would have been the only sound if not for Tanya's muffled cries.

"Ummm ggmmph! Mmm! Mmmph! She beckoned, never taking her eyes off of him as he killed the engine and looked out the front window at the dark ocean beyond.

The overlook was a popular spot for kids to come fool around, but it was deserted at this time of night. Brad and Tanya had the entire area to themselves. Part of him wanted to put his hands on Tanya's bare breasts, to feel her soft skin beneath his touch, but the other part of him was planning, thinking...

Shelly tried to get rid of Tanya? He mulled it over in his head. That might explain her good spirits that night then.

But if she had tried to get rid of Tanya, and then him, then that could mean only one thing. She was up to something.

Brad chewed his lip. Something had to be done about Shelly, and fast.

“Ummfff...” He was brought out of his musing by Tanya nuzzling him with her head.

“Tanya, not now. I’m thinking.” Brad pushed her away.

“Mmmph!” Tanya nuzzled him again.

“Tanya!” Brad grumbled.

“Grrmmph!” She glared at him.

Brad glared back, nostrils flaring, and undid his seat belt.

“Wumfff?” Tanya’s brow furrowed in confusion as he opened his door and stormed out of the car.

“Ump-” He cries were cut off by him slamming the door, and stepping around to the passenger side.

“Ummfff mmmph!” She continued as he opened the passenger, door, reached in, and unbuckled her seat belt.

“Come on.” He grumbled and grabbed her by the arm.

“Wumfff? Whfff?” She asked as he pulled her from the car.

Brad slammed the door shut and pressed Tanya against the vehicle, digging his hands into her biceps as he glared at her.

“Ummm...” She whimpered, eyes wide and helpless.

He looked down over her, at her breasts rising and falling with each breath, of her huffing through her gag. Brad’s erect penis pressed against his pants, longing for her, urging him.

Then he leaned forward, pressing her body against his, holding her with one hand while pulling down the gag with the other.

“Brad, I-ummm...” He cut her off with a kiss, tasting her as their bodies pressed against each others, the feeling of Tanya’s bare breasts against his chest sent sparks of arousal through him.

They continued the kiss for a moment longer, and then he broke off, pulling the gag back up before she could speak.

“Ummfff...” Tanya grunted, and then he spun her around, pressing his body against hers from behind.

Her buttocks pressed against his waist, sending a fresh throb of longing through his penis, but Brad didn’t act yet. His hands reached from behind and clutched at her bare breasts, the hard plastic of the seashells pressing against his bare palms.

Well something has to be done about these. He thought, and clutched at them, his fingers digging under the seams, and ripping them off of her nipples.

“Offff!” Tanya cried.

Brad tossed the shells aside and pressed his hands against her breasts, feeling her nipples go erect against his palms.

“Ummfff... mmfff... mm...” Tanya cooed into her gag. It was a sound that Brad was all too familiar with, and never got tired of.

“Mmm hmm...” She sighed and wiggled her ass against his waist, her bound hands gently caressing the front of his pants.

Brad sighed and pressed himself against her. He was throbbing, ready to burst...

“Gmmm...” He continued to grasp at her breasts, each movement of his hands accompanied by a moan through her gag.

Finally, Brad couldn’t restrain himself anymore, and stepped back, one hand working at the waistband of his pants, the other at the flimsy string separating Tanya from total nudity. He tugged at

the string, peeling another pang of desire in him as the flimsy garment snapped and fell away. At the same time, he pushed down his pants and underwear, and his hard, throbbing cock pointed directly at Tanya's backside.

Brad stepped forward and grabbed her by the waist, feeling his penis press between the soft, gentle flesh of her wonderful buttocks. He shifted her slightly and Tanya got the hint, bending over the hood of the car and sticking her waist out towards him.

"Urrrrmm.... Mmph!" Tanya moaned as Brad pressed forward and slid inside of her.

She was soaked, and he met with minimal resistance as he pressed himself deeper inside of her.

"Urrmmm gmmmph!" She cried again, and now fully inserted, Brad thrust back and forth.

He wasn't taking his time or exerting any control. All that he knew is that he wanted her.

"Urrggmmm mmmmmph! Mmurrmm!" Tanya continued, her breasts slapping up and down on the hood with every thrust Brad made.

He savored every movement, enjoying the warmth of feeling inside of her.

At the back of his head, another thought formed, a quiet voice that somehow broke through the animal part of his brain, reminding him that if Shelly had her way, he wouldn't be here, fucking Tanya right now.

This could be the last they do meet up, he realized.

Worse off, Shelly had tried to get rid of Tanya once already, and once she realized that her plan had failed, she would try again.

All of this passed through his head and more as he thrust back and forth inside of her, every moan of pleasure bringing him closer and closer to climax.

Shelly had to be dealt with, but how? Ace wanted an eye kept on her until...

Until what? Until she became a problem? She certainly was becoming one now.

Then an idea came to him. It popped into his head like someone had switched on a light bulb. Suddenly he knew how to take Shelly out of the picture.

Brad came, not stopping to pull out. He groaned and leaned over Tanya, cupping a hand over her gagged mouth as he finished inside.

“Ummmpph mmmm! Mmmm!” She moaned, her pelvis quivering against his as she felt his orgasm.

Brad kept one hand still clamped over her mouth and the other over her breast as he felt the last tremors of the orgasm pass, a slow sigh escaping his lips as he now knew what to do.

And Tanya would be all too pleased to help.

12.

The sun was rising on a new day in Marston's Pointe, and so it would be too on Gina's new life as Lotus' prisoner. Lotus smiled as she drove into the new day, imagining what it would be like to watch both Rossy and Gina, bound and gagged together, squirming and struggling for their freedom. Of course, Gina would need some time in the training room to ease into her new role. There would be no such mercy for Rossy, who would soon rue ever making an enemy of Lotus.

Instead of driving directly to the parlor after tying up Gina and stuffing her in the trunk of the car, Lotus decided to go for a victory lap. After all, she deserved it after not only kidnapping the only woman who could stop her, but the added bonus of Gina too. As she drove the darkened streets of Marston's Pointe, every now and then she heard Gina kicking at the trunk and it sent a chill down her spine. There was no one to save Gina. The tall, busty woman was completely at Lotus' mercy.

Gradually, she noticed the veil of darkness was lifting, and couldn't believe that she had been up all night. She really must have been intoxicated off of the sense of victory from abducting the two women. More so, Gina's kicking had stopped too. Had she fallen asleep? Lotus guessed that was most likely, seeing how Gina probably tired herself out from her struggles. At that point, she was on the outskirts of town, and turned to head back to the parlor, planning to hand Gina off the girls and get some rest herself knowing that she would have all evening to play with her new toys.

The golden rays of the sunrise now lit up the sky as Lotus made her way back through Marston's Pointe towards the boardwalk. All around her were signs that the town was waking up: people jogging or walking their dogs, more cars on the road, and businesses opening. Lotus took a circuitous route back to the parlor, trying to avoid the main roads and most traffic, and always drove the speed limit. Extra care was always needed when there was a bound and gagged woman in the trunk.

Despite her care, Lotus also knew that she had to be somewhat fast getting back to the parlor. There was a secluded alley behind it with a loading dock where she could usher Gina inside, but the boardwalk got busier as the day went on, and every moment she wasted meant the possibility of being spotted. It looked like she would make good time though, and would be able to unload Gina without any issues.

Lotus turned onto a residential road not unlike the one where Rossy had her rented home. Much like that road, it was lined with beach houses, most of them multi-story rentals for tourists. She paused at an intersection, making sure to come to a complete stop at the sign, and pressed the gas to proceed through when the bus came blasting through. Thankfully Lotus heard it before she saw it, the loud party music, and the horn blaring. Her head whipped around and saw the grill bearing down on her and she slammed the brakes just in time.

The car skidded to a sudden halt, and she heard a loud thump as her prisoner was thrown in the trunk, and Lotus cursed herself, hoping that Gina wasn't hurt.

Fools! Lotus fumed. She was so close, and now this driver goes and endangers everything.

She glared at the vehicle parked just a few inches in front of her. It was once a school bus, but now painted neon blue. The windows were tinted but she could see the glow of fluorescent lighting inside. Her anger getting the better of her, she undid her seatbelt, put the car in park, and stormed out to confront whoever this was that had almost ruined everything.

As she got out of her vehicle, she noticed several of the buses occupants also getting out. They were all young men, college aged, and their red, bleary eyes told her that they were most likely heading home after a night of partying. As she marched towards them, she could smell the stale alcohol on them as well. Their drunken eyes turned to her and widened, taking in the sight of the Asian woman in the skin tight, black catsuit.

Lotus realized that a few of these boys looked familiar, but Marston's Pointe was a small town. It was quite possible she had seen them around the boardwalk.

“Hey, get off the road you morons!” She screamed, watching as they blinked at her through a drunken haze.

Then another boy got off the bus, and Lotus stopped, suddenly realizing where she knew these boys from.

The Brothel!

The boy getting off the bus had a messy mop of blond hair, and she realized that he was the leader of the group that had chased Gina and her friends into the brothel on that fateful day. He had been given the nickname “Blondie” by the girls in the brothel.

Now Blondie stood with the rest of his pack of wolves, staring her down. Lotus quickly lifted her chin, hoping to not give away that she recognized this boy.

“Now, will you please move your party bus? I have places to be.” She said in calm, authoritative tone.

Blondie continued to look at her through a drunken haze and took a step forward, his group of friends flanking him.

“Hey, don’t I...” He stammered.

“I apologize, I’m in a bit of a hurry.” Lotus stood her ground, but watched as the group advanced on her. She thought of Gina running from this pack, and then of Delilah, telling her of how aggressive Blondie had been.

“Wait, we know you!” Blondie exclaimed and pointed at her.

His boys all murmured in agreement.

“It’s a small town, everyone knows everyone.” Lotus back towards the car. Every muscle tensed, and she prepared herself for a quick getaway.

“Wait, you’re the massage parlor lady!” Blondie wagged a finger at her.

Lotus felt herself flush, but quickly regained her composure. If she betrayed any emotion, she was dead.

“Well yes,” She smiled, deciding to lean into it. “I hope you boys had a pleasurable time. Please stop by again.” Lotus took another step back, and felt herself hit against the thickly muscled chest of one of Blondie’s cronies.

Damn! He must have snuck behind her while she was distracted by the others.

“You know,” Blondie inched closer. “We did have a great time.”

“Good.” She smiled.

“But then,” Blondie rubbed his chin. “We started seeing some strange charges on our cards, and some of us had our accounts completely drained.”

He glared at her, the venom in his tone apparent.

“Oh, how unfortunate.” She swallowed.

Then she felt Blondie’s breath on her, he smelled of beer and weed. The young man stood only a few centimeters away. She looked around and saw that she was completely surrounded by his pack of hyenas, all of them salivating at the sight of her.

“Odd, isn’t it?” Blondie reached out. Lotus tensed, her instinct to grab his arm and twist, but she was outnumbered. They would pounce on her in seconds.

Looking down, she saw him grab the zipper to the catsuit around her collar and pull, exposing her neck, chest...

And down, rewarding him with the sight of her cleavage under a black bra. It took all of Lotus’ self control to suppress a shiver.

“Well, I’m sure it’s just a coincidence...” She smiled at him.

These boys were drunk or hungover, and she was an attractive woman. There was definitely a way she could charm her way out of this. She just had to be careful.

Then she froze, hearing a tell tale THUNK coming from her car. Blondie sensed it too, and let go of her zipper.

There was another thud, and another.

Gina was kicking inside of the trunk.

Damn!

Lotus clenched her fists and tensed, prepared to run. She could make it back to the parlor, empty her assets, and run, find a new town.

Then she felt strong arms grasp her shoulders from behind as Blondie stepped away.

“Well, what is this?” He focused on the car, and more of his boys closed in around her.

They were like a hive-mind, all of them bending to Blondie’s will.

“Oh nothing, I think a part came loose when I stopped.” Lotus stammered.

But the kicking continued.

Poor Gina thinks she’ll be rescued, but she’s really going out of the frying pan and into the furnace!

Still gripping her shoulders, they turned her face the car as Blondie stood by the trunk, listening to the kicking.

“Something you want to tell us?” He smiled at Lotus.

Suddenly she saw her way out. It was simple, staring her in the face the whole time. Part of her hated it, what she had to do, but it was a sacrifice she would have to make.

Besides, she still had Rossy, so either way, victory was hers.

“Actually, something I want to show you.” She smiled, turned to look up at the young brute holding her, and then back to Blondie.

“May I?” Her eyes flicked to the driver’s side.

But Blondie evidently did not trust her, and motioned to one of his boys, who reached in and released the trunk. It popped open, and with the enthusiasm of a child on Christmas, Blondie grabbed it and opened the rest of the way.

“Mmmphh hllp!” Gina cried from within.

Blondie's eyes widened, first in shock, then recognition, and finally arousal at the sight of the bound and gagged Gina in her seashells.

"Ummmph! Mmmoo!" Gina cried, also realizing that her apparent rescuer was the exact opposite.

"She's yours, if you want her." Lotus offered, using her gentle, seductive, saleswoman voice.

"Is that so?" Blondie raised an eyebrow at her.

"Oh yes, no questions asked. You take her and we go our separate ways."

"Urrrggg mmmph!" Gina protested from the trunk.

Blondie stepped away, rubbing his chin, and then motioned to the goon holding Lotus, who let go of her shoulders and pushed her forward. Lotus stumbled but caught herself and stood straight and proud as Blondie stepped forward.

"Ummph! Hllffff!" Gina cried, and Lotus looked on as two of Blondie's boys pulled the bound and gagged woman from the trunk.

"What if that's not all I want?" Blondie's eyes settled on her cleavage.

"Oh..." Lotus whispered.

"Ummm bffff! Ufff gmmmp!" Gina grumbled at Lotus as she was carried towards the party bus. A moment later her muffled cries faded away as she was dragged on board.

"That's a nice little costume you got there. Wonder what you would look like without it."

Blondie smiled and stroked his chin.

Once again, his boys closed in around her. Lotus' gaze shifted between all of them, and then knowing she had no choice, she pulled the zipper down, past her cleavage and lower. It stopped just below her navel, and she shrugged out of it, exposing her shoulders as she pulled her arms out and then pushed down.

She could feel their hungry eyes on her as she pushed the suit down, and their lustful murmurs as she bent over and pushed it down, exposing her thin black g-string underwear. Lotus stopped at her boots and squatted down to untie them, feeling hungry eyes on her backside as she did.

Normally anyone who humiliated her like this would pay dearly, but she was outnumbered.

Later, later she would find a way to destroy them. Now she just had to survive.

Once her boots were untied, she kicked them off and shuffled out of the catsuit, leaving it laying on the road in a pile, and stood in the center of the circle of hungry boys clad in nothing but her bra and g-string.

Blondie's eyes traced her half naked body, and she shivered again.

"Is that all?" She crossed her arms.

"Hey, check it out." One of the boys called. They had been searching the car while she had been undressing, and now he held up a set of handcuffs.

Lotus tried not to look at the handcuffs as she stared down Blondie.

"Hmm, what about the bra?" He asked.

"What?" She blurted.

"The bra, lose it." Blondie's crony handed him the handcuffs and he twirled them on his finger as he spoke.

A chuckle of approval went through the pack of college aged boys surrounding her, and Lotus lowered her head, reached behind her back, and unclasped her bra. She slid it forward along her arms, covered her bare breasts with one hand, and dropped the bra in the pile with her catsuit and boots.

She stood again, trying to look defiant, keeping her arm across her breasts and the other on her hip.

"There..." She swallowed.

Blondie took a step forward, still twirling the handcuffs.

"How about the panties?" He smiled.

“What!” She cried, losing all composure.

That was it. Once she got out of this, she would destroy him. Him and all of his friends.

“Lose them.” He said through gritted teeth, walking towards her with the handcuffs.

“Fine!” She grumbled, eyes filling with fire as she grabbed her panties and pushed them down, baring her full ass to the goon behind her.

Then they sprang. No sooner had her g-string fallen past her knees than she felt a hand clamp over her mouth and wrap around her mid-section.

“Mmmph! Mmmm ggmm!” She kicked and fought.

Her arms flailed, but strong hands grabbed them and twisted them behind her back. She felt other hands grab her panties and pull them off her legs entirely and discard them on the street next to the rest of her clothes.

“Urrrggg mmp!” She cried, and felt the cold metal of the cuffs lock around one of her wrists, and then the other.

“Mmmoo! Lllfff mmmff mmno!” She cried as they carried her towards the bus.

Her struggles were futile though, as the muscle bound young men easily shuffled her forward and onto the waiting vehicle.

“Mmmfff ggmm!” She tried to kick and elbow her attacker, but it was no use as she was pushed up the small set of stairs and into the center aisle of the neon lit party bus.

Several other boys all sat in various seats, drinking or smoking, but stopped to gawk at her. Music blared from a sound system, further drowning her muffled cries.

“Ummmm mmp!” Lotus heard another muffled cry, and looked up to see Gina in a circular, lounge seat type arrangement at the back of the bus.

She was surrounded by frat boys, one of which held her on his lap while clutching her giant breasts.

“Mmmno! Stttt!” Gina kicked her long legs, much to the amusement of her captors.

“Well boys, we have another guest joining us.” Blondie shuffled forward and gestured towards Lotus, who kicked at him. He deftly dodged it and chuckled at her.

“Please, let’s make sure our new guests feel at him.” He turned to leer at her, and she glared back at him.

“Ummmmfff fmmmm mmp!” She spat into the hand clamped over her mouth.

Blondie only laughed, leaned forward, and pressed his clammy hands over her bare breasts.

“Mmmmmnoo!” She cried as he pressed his body against her.

“Oh we’re gonna have such a fun time.” He hissed into her ear.

Then she felt the bus lurch to life and move as Blondie’s hands moved to her bare buttocks.

13.

I am way too young and too hot to deal with this. Melanie grumbled as she adjusted her cleavage in the leopard print top while checking herself in the mirror. It was a favorite outfit of hers, and never failed to draw attention from the men when they came in. The gratuitous amount of glitter that she sprinkled over her breasts didn't hurt either, and coupled with her wavy, blond locks, made it seem like she was glowing.

She turned to admire herself in the mirror. In addition to the top, she wore matching leopard print shorts that bared most of her tanned ass cheeks. Her cleavage drew most of the attention but Melanie was rather proud of her firm, toned behind as well.

Not that anyone will enjoy it, since I'm always stuck behind a desk. She thought.

Her proficiency as a hacker made her useful to Lotus, who often kept her away from the patrons in favor of using her as the receptionist to lure them in and then steal their information while the other girls worked them over. There were times when Melanie didn't mind that, especially after seeing some of the men that came through the parlor and the things that they did to the girls, but there were other times when she couldn't help but feel overlooked.

After all, what was the point of being hot and having a great body if it couldn't be admired?

That was part of her charm though as a hacker. Her marks didn't take her seriously because of her looks, meaning she could lift their credit cards without them suspecting, or they would share secrets with her thinking that she was just an airhead, not knowing that she would be using this information to get into their accounts later. It was this skill that first drew Lotus to recruit her for her services.

Now Melanie was regretting that choice.

After a final inspection in the mirror, she was satisfied with her cleavage and the amount of butt cheek she was showing and stepped out into the lobby to take her place behind the reception desk. She

half expected to find Lotus waiting out there, chiding her for leaving the front desk unattended, but it was empty. Melanie sighed, brushed her hair away from her breasts, and took a seat.

It had been one thing, being asked to join a seedy brothel/massage parlor whose entire purpose was to defraud the clientele, but things had gotten out of hand. Lotus purposefully had kept details about herself private, and Melanie assumed that Lotus thought she wouldn't ask questions if she was getting paid enough, which was fair. At first Melanie didn't, which was a mistake. She now vowed to in the future look up anyone else that she got into business with. After some digging on the deep web, and breaking into a few international databases, she had discovered that Lotus had quite the rap sheet and was topping several most wanted lists.

Not only that, but she found out that Interpol agents were in Marston's Pointe looking for Lotus.

Melanie had debated on telling Lotus because that would mean admitting that she had been snooping, but there was no way she was going to go down for something Lotus had done, so she told her boss what she had discovered. Lotus didn't seem surprised at all, in fact, it was like she already knew. Then she eventually told Melanie and Delilah of the plan to abduct the female agent from her home.

At first Melanie protested, saying that kidnapping an agent was too big and would draw too much attention, but Lotus said it was fine, that she had a plan and everything was worked out.

That was three days ago, and Lotus hadn't been seen since.

Melanie tightened her fists in frustration just thinking about it.

Plan my ass!

Maybe there was a plan, but the one thing that hadn't been part of the plan was that big-breasted bitch Gina. They should have just left, gone with the plan as they wanted to, but Lotus had gone off script. Melanie shouldn't have been surprised, ever since Gina had popped into their parlor Lotus hadn't shut up about her and what a "singular woman" she was. Lotus had kidnapped Gina's muscular bimbo friend, but that wasn't enough, she wanted Gina too.

Now they were here, with a kidnapped Interpol agent, and Lotus and Gina were nowhere to be found.

She's probably off playing with her new toy by herself while we do all the work.

Melanie crossed her arms and sighed.

Lotus had specifically instructed that Rossy, the agent, not be put through the training room and instead be made available to customers immediately. One thing that Melanie had to give Rossy credit for was that she had proven quite popular over the past few days, which would please Lotus, if she ever came back.

If not then Melanie knew that it would be down to her to figure out what to do, because none of these other girls would be able to do it.

The front door opened and Melanie snapped to attention, uncrossing her arms, flashing a smile, and leaning over so that the customer would have an excellent view of her tits as he entered.

And he did, his eyes immediately falling on her cleavage as he closed the door behind him. He looked to be a trucker type, with a loose, white beater on. Evidently he hadn't changed his hairstyle since the 80s, and still had a mullet.

"Well, hey..." He flashed her a crooked smile and pulled up his tight jeans. Melanie had to give him credit, despite looking like a blast from the past, he had a decent body.

"Hello there," She smiled. "What brings you in today?"

"Well I uh..." He looked around nervously. "I'm passing through town and I hear you guys can uhh, help pass the time, so to say." The Man took a step towards the desk.

"Oh of course sweetie, what kind of past time are you looking for?" She stood straight, still smiling.

"Well I..." He looked around again. "I hear you have a girl that's uh, the quiet type... if you know what I mean."

Word travels fast. Melanie thought, realizing that she wasn't sure if they should be alarmed or not at how popular Agent Rossy was turning out to be.

"Well of course doll," She smiled, batted her eyes at him, and stood. "Just follow me."

"Would you be "the quiet type?" He asked with a hint of hope in his voice.

"Oh no," She giggled. "That's not my style, but don't worry, you'll like her."

Lotus drew back the curtain leading into the depths of the parlor and gestured for him to enter. He flashed her a crooked grin and stepped into the velvet lined hallway. Once he was in, she followed, letting the curtain drop, and took the lead.

As they walked, she could feel his eyes on her butt cheeks and allowed herself a little smile.

"So how much do we gotta pay to have some fun with you?" He chuckled.

"Oh honey," She turned and winked at him, catching him staring at her ass as he did. "You can't afford me. Especially for the kind of fun you want."

"I'll make it worth your while." He added.

"Maybe another time," She stopped by a door. "We're here anyway."

The man stopped and his eyes widened at the door, no doubt his imagination racing at what was behind it. Melanie smiled, gave him a moment, and then reached out, turned the knob, and pushed it open.

The door drifted open to reveal an ornately decorated room, and lying on a bed against a wall was Agent Rossy.

Well, tied to a bed was more accurate.

The Interpol agent was lying on her back, arms above her and strapped tightly to the bed post. Her legs were spread and tied to each post, and a thick, black cloth was tied securely between her lips, gagging her. The agent was dressed in a red, kimono style skirt that stopped mid thigh. She turned her head as the door opened and her eyes widened at Melanie showing the trucker in.

"Here she is." Melanie gestured to the bound and gagged agent on the bed.

“Urrrr! Hmffff hlllp!” Rossy mumbled into her gag.

“Ohh, ohh yeah...” The Trucker chuckled, taking a step towards her.

“Please enjoy, and if you need anything, I’ll right outside.” Melanie offered, but the trucker had already climbed on top of the helpless Rossy.

“Mmmmp! Mmmm nnnoo!” Rossy squirmed under him as he slid his hand up the flimsy skirt.

As she struggled, the small garment slid up, exposing her white, thong panties as she struggled under the Trucker.

“Oh yeah...” He nuzzled her neck.

“Ummfff mmm!” She cried, and focused her gaze on Melanie, who just shrugged.

The Trucker grabbed the front of the kimono and pulled it open, revealing Rossy’s large breasts and her slightly too small bra.

“Ullmm bbmm! Mmmno!” Rossy continued to moan as his rough hands, darkened by motor oil, clutched at the bra and pulled it down.

“Hurrmmph hmmm ggm!” Rossy cried, but her muffled moans were soon silenced when Melanie stepped out and closed the door, leaving the agent alone with the trucker.

As she walked back to reception, she pondered the situation. Rossy was proving to be a cash cow, but what if she brought the wrong attention? It was clear that Lotus wanted this, Rossy put on display for the customers as a sort of punishment, but what if Lotus never came back? What if she had encountered some sort of trouble when she went after Gina? After all, they knew almost nothing about this Gina. Melanie had done a search for her at Lotus’ request and found out that Gina had been a fairly popular model and successful bikini designer, but had practically fallen off the map two years ago. Then all of a sudden she shows up here in Marston’s Pointe.

There was something else about her, something she was hiding. Thankfully Melanie knew where to get answers.

As she made her way down the hall, Delilah stepped out of one of the rooms, clad in white lingerie, a stark contrast to her dark skin.

“Another one for the agent?” She asked.

“Yup.” Melanie replied.

“She’s drawing a lot of attention.” Delilah seemed worried.

“We’ll deal with it as it comes. Have someone watch the trucker and grab his wallet as soon as his pants come off, and have someone else bring the big girl to the computer room.” Melanie kept walking.

“Wait, she’s still in training?” Daphne called after her.

“I know, I have some questions for her. You can come too.” Melanie stepped out into the lobby, locked the front door, and stepped into the computer room.

On one of the monitors, she saw the trucker on top of Rossy. His flimsy shirt had already been discarded, and he had pulled her bra completely down and was aggressively fondling her large breasts. The agent was squirming and moaning into her gag, but she was tied down too securely to do much more.

A few moments later he peeled off his tight jeans and tossed them in a corner. He was too distracted with the bound and gagged agent to notice a small panel open in the wall, a slender hand reach out and lift his wallet.

A few moments later one of the girls stepped into the computer room and handed the wallet to Melanie, who turned away from the monitors, pulled his ID and several bank cards from the wallet, and went to work. Her neatly manicured fingers danced over the keys as she accessed his bank account, drained enough funds where he wouldn’t notice for several days, and then onto his credit cards. It was over in a matter of moments. One thing Melanie had learned was that it was deceptively simple to steal someone’s livelihood.

Just as she handed the wallet back to be replaced, the door opened and Delilah dragged in the bound and gagged Caitlyn. The muscular woman was naked except for a small black thong, and Melanie stood to greet her new guest.

“Have a seat.” She gestured to a chair in the corner.

“Mnoo thnks.” Caitlyn barked into the black cloth pulled tightly between her lips.

Melanie didn’t ask again, and gestured to the chair. Delilah threw the muscular, dark haired girl into the seat, grabbed a length of rope, and pulled it tight against Caitlyn’s massive, bare breast to secure her. As she did that, Melanie used a small length of rope to tie Caitlyn’s feet together.

“Urrrrmm stpp!” Caitlyn squirmed and protested they finished tying her.

Melanie stood and looked down at her, the ropes running above and below Caitlyn’s breasts, framing them quite nicely.

“Well, how are you enjoying your stay with us?” Melanie paced around the helpless girl as Delilah stood back, awaiting further orders.

“Ummmfff mmm! Gmmm!” Caitlyn grumbled into her gag.

“I think you’ll find that if you cooperate we can be quite... agreeable.” Melanie caressed Caitlyn’s shoulder to accentuate, causing the bound and gagged girl to recoil.

“Mmmmm!”

“Oh yes. You can have quite the life of luxury with us.” Melanie stepped back in front and smiled.

Caitlyn glared at her, but Melanie noticed her eyes briefly settle on her cleavage.

“Oh, they’re nice aren’t they?” Melanie leaned over and pushed up on her top. “Want a closer look?”

“Mmmmo...” Caitlyn turned away.

“Oh come on honey, you know you want to.” Melanie stepped forward and straddled Caitlyn, pressing her cleavage into the gagged girl’s face.

Her breasts were nothing like Caitlyn's large, heaving bosoms, but they were still impressive none the less, but Caitlyn lifted her head and stared directly into Melanie's eyes with stubborn defiance.

"Come on baby, want to have some fun." Melanie lowered her top, baring a nipple at Caitlyn.

"Mmmmm ggmmm!" Caitlyn glared at her.

"Want to play with them?" Melanie pulled down the other side of her top, both of her bare breasts now eye level with Caitlyn. "You only have to answer a few questions."

"Ummm hmmm!" Caitlyn shook her head.

"What about someone playing with yours." Melanie's hands clutched Caitlyn's bare breasts.

"Mmnoo!" Caitlyn whined and stiffened.

"Is this what you want?" Her hands traced the curve of the muscular girl's breasts .

"Ummm hmmm! Umm hmm!" Caitlyn kept shaking her head.

"We can make your every fantasy come true here, you just have to answer a few questions for us." Melanie locked her arms around Caitlyn's neck and gave her a sultry smile.

"Ugggmm!" Caitlyn responded.

"What's that?" Melanie leaned in and put her ear next to Caitlyn's gagged mouth.

"Uffffmmm hmm!" Caitlyn mumbled.

"Here, let me help you with that." Melanie smiled and pulled the gag out.

"I said HELLL-MMMMPH!" Melanie clamped a hand over Caitlyn's mouth, cutting off her cry.

"Oh shhh, there's no need for that." Melanie whispered over Caitlyn screaming into her hand.

"Hmmpmph! Hhhlllp!" Caitlyn continued to cry.

"I think we'll need a little extra for that mouth of yours." Melanie motioned to Delilah as she spoke.

"Hrrrmp! Mmmp!" Caitlyn continued.

"Here, suck on this." Melanie removed her hand from Caitlyn's mouth for the briefest moment.

“HEEE-UMMMFF!” Once again her cry was cut off, but this time by Melanie shoving her bare breast, nipple first, into Caitlyn’s gaping mouth.

“Ummm bbmmm!” Caitlyn blubbered. Melanie kept her hands locked around Caitlyn’s chin, keeping her head held in a place.

A moment later, Delilah crouched by the struggling girl’s waist with a small knife, pulled at one of the straps to Caitlyn’s thong and cut it, then did the same to the other side.

“Hmmm bbmm!” Caitlyn blubbered into Melanie’s breast.

Delilah stepped forward, Caitlyn’s worn panties in hand, and Melanie moved back.

“Hell-ummmph!” Once again Caitlyn was cut off, this time by her own panties being shoved into her mouth, and Melanie pulled her gag back up as Melanie tightened it at the back of Caitlyn’s neck.

“Urrrgg ummmfff mmmfff…” Caitlyn huffed as her gag was re-secured.

“See, we can be angels or devils,” Melanie stood and pulled her top back up over her breast.

“How do those panties taste?”

“Ummfff mmmph! Gllummp!” Caitlyn responded.

Melanie paced around the bound and gagged girl, who struggled, twisting her neck in an effort to shake off her well secured gag.

“I wanted to do this nicely. You just had to tell me about your friend Gina.” Melanie crossed her arms and looked down at the bound and gagged girl, who glared up at her.

“Ummm hmm!” Caitlyn shook her head.

“Fine, I’ll have to let my friend Delilah here take care of it then.” Melanie gestured to Delilah, who was already prepared with a roll of white tape in one hand and a small electronic device in another.

The device had a small, white cylinder attached to a wire that ran to a small remote. By all accounts it was a normal vibrator, but a vibrator was a powerful tool in the right hands.

“Umm hmm! Umm hmm!” Caitlyn shook her head, seeing Delilah approaching with the vibrator in hand.

“Sorry, its too late now,” Melanie shrugged. “A shame because I would have shown you a real good time.”

“Mmmmmph! Grrrgg hmmm!” Caitlyn squirmed and struggled, every muscle in her impressive body flexing and straining in an effort to free herself, but it was no use.

All those muscles, and she was completely helpless.

Delilah tore a strip from the tape, placed the cylinder directly between Caitlyn’s legs, and used the tape to secure it, adding a few more strips as well.

“Urrmmm mmmurff mmmmp!” Caitlyn cried, still trying to twist out of the chair somehow.

Then Delilah mounted Caitlyn wrapping one arm around her neck and holding the control in the other.

“Last chance,” Melanie offered. “Tell us all about Gina, or Delilah works her magic on you.”

Caitlyn ceased her struggling, looked directly at Delilah, and then to Melanie.

Both women watched their captive and waited.

“Mmmnoo!” She shook her head.

“Fine, have it your way.” Melanie nodded at at Delilah.

Delilah’s finger pressed a control on the vibrator, turning it to it’s highest, most intense setting.

“MMMMURRRRRFFF!” Caitlyn cried and stiffened, almost immediately breaking out into a sweat.

With her free hand, Delilah grabbed a handful of Caitlyn’s hair, pulled tight, and buried the helpless girl’s face between the twin mounds of her mocha breasts.

“Ummm bbmmmmfff mmm!” Caitlyn cried, her body tensed and writhing while trying to twist her face out of Delilah’s breasts.

Delilah leaned back and wiggled her chest, her large, natural breasts heaving back and forth, smacking Caitlyn repeatedly in the face.

“Ummm bbmmm mmm ggmmm bbmmm!” Caitlyn blubbered, her face being hammered by Delilah’s chest while the vibrator worked on her between her legs.

Melanie wished she could have watched it all, but she noticed on the monitors that the trucker had finished with Rossy, had gotten dressed, and was making his way to the front desk to pay, none the wiser that they had already taken a good bit of his money.

Melanie gave a final look at Delilah motor-boating Caitlyn, and stepped out in the lobby, closing the door behind her. The trucker made awkward chit-chat, and a few passes at her, as he paid, but once he paid then she sent him on his way but still kept the parlor closed.

Melanie wanted to leave Delilah alone with Caitlyn for a little longer, really let her work the girl over, and made her way down the hall to Rossy’s room.

When she opened the door, she saw that the agent was still tied to the bed, though her white panties were down around her ankles, and her bra lying discarded on the floor next to her skirt. The trucker must have pulled her gag down as well, and Rossy was trying to use her teeth to undo one of the knots securing her hands.

Melanie sighed and stepped forward. She would have to make a rule that Rossy was to always remained gagged.

Rossy froze when she saw Melanie step in and close the door behind her.

“Get your screaming in now, that gag’s going back in your mouth.” Melanie sighed as she approached the almost naked agent.

“Where’s Lotus, she sent her lackeys to take care of me?” Rossy glared at Melanie.

Melanie sighed again. This bitch was trying to play mind games with her!

“That’s about enough out of you.” She leaned over and grabbed the cloth hanging around Rossy’s neck.

“You’re a cute one, she’ll get a good price for you too.” Rossy added as Melanie pulled the gag up.

“What?” Melanie stammered.

“You, when she sells you, someone will pay a high price.” Rossy’s tone was calm, almost mocking.

“She isn’t selling me, she needs me.” Melanie went to life the gag again.

“That’s what they all think, but then she sells off all of her girls and moves onto the next town.” Rossy continued.

“Alright, it’s quiet time.” Melanie pulled up the gag.

“Just wait and se-ummmph!” Rossy was cut off by Melanie pulled the gag up into her mouth.

“Ullmmmm mmph!” Rossy protested and squirmed as Melanie tightened it, maybe a little too tight, and stood back up.

“There, that will keep you quiet,” Melanie glared down at the helpless agent. “I’ll leave you here, squirming naked. The next customer will love it!”

“Mmmmmph!” Rossy’s eyes widened and she pulled on her bindings.

For good measure Melanie checked the ropes, but they were secure, and stepped out of the room, leaving the agent to her futile struggles.

She was just messing with you. Melanie told herself as she made her way back to the lobby.

Yeah, that was it. Rossy just wanted to cause discord and confusion, maybe use it to her advantage. Lotus wouldn’t sell them.

But she had seen Lotus’ rap sheet, seen how she ran similar operations all over the world, and never seemed to work with the same people twice.

The agent’s words echoed in Melanie’s mind as she reached the lobby, and for the rest of the day.

Under normal circumstances, Lotus wouldn't mind lying in bed with her naked body pressed against Gina's while the other woman squirmed, bound and gagged, but she would have preferred it if she also wasn't bound and gagged with a frat boy's penis pressed against her bare buttocks.

To be fair, Gina was in the same situation as her, with a burly, half dressed frat boy fast asleep in the bed next to the buxom woman, his bear-like arms wrapped around her wriggling form.

"Ummff mmmff" Gina moaned into the white micro-foam tape sealing her lips.

As she moved, her gigantic breasts rubbed against Lotus' face

"Urrrrfff!" Lotus grunted, her mouth also sealed with the same white micro-foam.

She recoiled, feeling her buttocks rub against the frat boy behind her, but he didn't stir. His penis, completely erect moments earlier, had all but completely deflated.

Was he finally asleep? Lotus wondered, and lifted her head to look over the cramped bedroom that stank of beer and weed.

They were quite literally in a den of wolves. The darkened room with filled with sleeping male forms sprawled out over every flat surface and stuffed in every corner. Bottles and cans littered the empty spaces of the room that weren't filled with sleeping bodies, along with articles of discarded clothes. She and Gina had been at the mercy of this pack of wolves for several days now, subjected to all sorts of humiliations. For her, the frat boys saw it as punishment for scamming them out of their money.

Little do they know, as soon as I get out of here, I'm having Melanie clean out every account of theirs. They won't have a cent left.

Broke, they wouldn't be able to come after her because they wouldn't be able to afford the multi-room rented house they were holding her and Gina in. These brats would have to crawl on home to Daddy to beg for more money.

“Mmm ummm...”Gina wiggled again. The large frat boy who slept next to her seemed fast asleep, though his arms still clutched her like she was a stuffed animal.

Then again all of the boys treated Gina like a prize over the course of these few days. They had displayed her during meal times and played drinking games with the winners earning a night with Gina, whereas with Lotus, they simply did as they wished with her. Not that Lotus could blame them for how they saw Gina, after all she was a goddess.

One that Lotus would soon have to herself.

She waited another moment, watching as Gina once again tried to wriggle free from her sleeping captor’s grasp. A tingle went through Lotus’ body as Gina’s bare nipples brushed against hers, and despite her best efforts, a shiver ran down her spine.

“Huurrm...” Lotus sighed.

Gina stopped, stared at her with those wide, doe eyes, and renewed her struggles, involuntarily burying Lotus’ head between her bosoms as she did.

“Ummm... mmmm...” Lotus sighed again.

“Gmm...” Gina stared down at the gagged woman sighing between her breasts, and went back to struggling.

Gina’s strategy had shifted to trying to shimmy out from under the frat boy’s arms, and she was sliding down now, and for a moment was face to gagged face with Lotus, who winked at her as she lid down.

“Mmm!” Gina hissed, coming across a set back: Her breasts.

Her greatest strength was now her weakness, as they were so large Gina was finding that she had trouble squeezing them out from under the sleeping frat boy’s crossed arms.

“Mmmfff... ummm...” Gina grunted, wiggling her nude form against her sleeping captor. Her movements were slow, some what methodical, as she didn’t want to wake the passed out boy, but that

made Gina's struggles even more appealing to Lotus, who would have licked her lips if she wasn't gagged.

Lotus knew that Gina shouldn't have to be so careful. All of the frat boys had been close to black out drunk earlier. They would all sleep like the dead. Still, that didn't make Gina's struggles any less appealing.

As Lotus leered at the bound woman trying to suck in her giant breasts in, she heard the frat boy softly start to snore behind her.

It was time.

"Ufff mmmm..." Gina grunted, doing her best to wriggle out of her captor's grasp. The large breasted woman was so wrapped up in her own struggles she didn't notice Lotus' own subtle movements across from her.

A few subtle shifts and twists of her wrist and Lotus sat up, bringing her hands out in front of her. The rope, which once bound her hands together, dangled uselessly around her wrists now.

"Wmmff?" Gina squealed, staring at Lotus in wonder.

Lotus wanted to smile down at her fellow captive, but realized that she was still gagged, but instead held a finger to her gagged lips and winked.

Silly girl, did she really think that I would run a kidnapping operation and not know how to get out of ropes? Lotus giggled under her gag.

Granted, it had taken much longer for her to escape than she originally intended. Her captors kept her close, and it was hard to find a time when they all had their guards down at the same time. Thankfully, with them all in a drunken stupor, she finally had an opportunity.

But not only that, but when she made her escape, she was determined to take Gina with her. She had gone through too much trouble to leave such a woman with these jackals. Evidently Gina wanted Lotus to bring her along too, judging from the pleading looks and the way she was beckoning with her head.

“Ummmmfff mmmno! Hllpp!” Gina hissed into her gag.

Lotus ignored her though, and reached up, grabbed the edge of the tape over her mouth, and peeled. Inch by inch she felt the sticky adhesive coming away from her skin, taking her time not to hurt herself as she pulled. Once the tape was completely off, Lotus let out a small sigh of relief, tossed it aside, and quickly undid the ropes around her ankles.

Gina never took her eyes off of Lotus as the other woman untied her ankles, and once completely free, she turned to her helpless cohort and smiled.

Time to get us out of here. Lotus thought as she shifted her nude body across the bed towards the bound Gina.

But then she noticed something catch Gina’s eye behind her. The buxom woman lifted her head, her large brown eyes going wider, and turned to Lotus.

“Ummmphh mmmph! Mmmllkk!” Gina was gesturing with her head.

Before Lotus could turn, she felt a strong hand grab her by the wrist.

“Going somewhere?” Blondie, the leader of the frat boys, hissed in her ear.

Lotus cried out and swung her other hand, hoping to catch him off guard. She mentally cursed herself for letting her own guard down.

Where was he? How did he sneak up on me? She assumed he had been in the pile of sleeping frat boys somewhere, but had he been secretly watching her? Or had he simply woken up to catch her trying to escape.

As he other hand swung to him, she felt another set of hands grab it by the wrist. Lotus swung her head to see another frat boy next to her.

“Ugh! Let me go!”

“Mmmmph!” Gina cried, trying to kick and struggle. The frat boy sleeping against her had awoken, and his eyes blinked rapidly, trying to take in the scene around him.

“You aren’t leaving yet? The party’s just getting started.” Blondie taunted.

“Oh just wait until I get out of this. You all will pay!” Lotus grunted and pulled, but the frat boys had twisted her arms behind her back.

“Someone get the cuffs, and some masks!” Blondie ordered.

Masks? Lotus looked around to see frat boys scurrying to answer their leader’s command.

“Wumfff?” Gina flopped on the bed. The frat boy behind her had sat up, but kept his hands around her shoulders.

Lotus felt the cold metal of handcuffs around her wrists, and turned to glare at Blondie, then a smell hit her...

A very familiar smell, something she herself had used quite often...

Chloroform!

No sooner had she smelled the noxious substance than one of the frat boys bent her head back. She cried out in alarm as one of them lowered what looked like a white medical mask towards her face.

“No, no! No-ummmph!” She cried as the medical mask was placed over her mouth and nose and the overpowering smell of chloroform overtook her. As soon as she had a whiff of the substance, the room started spinning.

There was a chloroform soaked rag stuffed inside of the mask, the smell was overpowering. A heavy fog instantly settled over her brain.

“Mmmm...” She cried, feeling the elastic band of the mask snap in place.

Suddenly she felt like she barely had the strength hold her head up, let alone struggle against her captors. Looking up, she saw one of the chloroform soaked masks placed over the already gagged Gina as well. Gina’s eyes instantly fluttered and her head lowered as she too struggled to stay conscious.

The sight of Gina’s wonderful breasts slumping as the other woman passed out was the last thing Lotus saw before she too lost consciousness.

14.

You always have to keep The Queen satisfied. Thought The King as he watched, the regal, dominant woman make her way across the pool deck towards him, flanked by her personal guard of concubines. He had pulled out all of the stops for her visit as he always did. A Queen deserved a good time, even a show, like the one he had planned for her tonight.

The pool parties at The Lady Luck Casino were legendary, but the private events were myth. Only the select made it to these, and even then, half of the guests were not there voluntarily, much like Jessica Lannon, their “guest of of honor.” King was particularly proud of how she was arranged. Jessica’s body was a work of art, and now it was displayed as such.

Most of the other guests were members of Ace’s organization or clients, there to enjoy the “sights” for themselves. Security was even tighter at these events, with men posted at every entrance to the pool area, even though the doors were locked too. All invited guests got escorts up, except The Queen, who went where she wanted.

Now The Queen marched towards him, standing out among the sea of half-dressed bodies. Some wore swimwear, others wore leather, and some wore nothing at all. The Queen though wore a tight fitting spandex skirt that clung to her like it was painted on, stopping high on her thigh to show off her firm, shapely legs. Her equally impressive cleavage was pushed high up as well but her breasts stayed firm as she walked, showing that The Queen truly controlled every aspect of her body. To complete the look, her dirty blond hair was pulled tight into a bun.

Walking in step behind her was The Queen’s head concubine, the loyal Vera. Thickly muscled with porcelain skin decorated with tattoos, Vera had piercing blue eyes and even more striking red hair, pulled back tightly in a bun to match her master.

The King stood waiting for the approaching ensemble, hands clasped in front him. He couldn't help but run his fingers over the cast on his wrist, and seethed with rage as he felt it. One week later and his broken wrist still throbbed. The doctors had given him a prescription for medication for the pain but King had never filled it. Pills dulled the senses, and King needed all of his focus. Besides, the pain kept him angry.

"How's your booboo King? Shall I kiss it and make it better?" The Queen stopped and raised her eyebrow at his cast.

"Your exquisite touch can heal any wound." King smiled as the The Queen held out her own hand. He gently kissed it and motioned to the private cabana he had behind them.

"Please, make yourself comfortable. Can I get you some water?"

"I think I can get my own." The Queen's lit up as they settled on his water fountain.

Jessica had always enjoyed displaying her body, now here she was, a work of art to be admired for all to see.

"Ullluggg...gmmm..." Jessica protested as The Queen grabbed a glass from a nearby table.

"I must say King, you've outdone yourself with this one." The Queen lifted the glass towards the flowing arc of crystal clear water spouting from Jessica's mouth.

"Thank you, I hoped it would make you proud."

"Ummmf! Mmm!" Jessica's eyes widened, watching as The Queen filled the glass and then took a long sip while eying the helpless human water fountain.

Jessica wore seashells over over her breasts much like Gina and Tanya had that night. Though Jessica's breasts were not as sizable as either of those women, they still looked rather appetizing under the shell pasties. Instead of the g-string bottom that went with that outfit, her lower half was a rather impressive, and lifelike (and expensive) mermaid tail. Underneath the the tail, both of Jessica's toned and tanned legs had been secured together. Her hands were bound to a ceramic pillar behind her, and she sat on a mound of stones in a cement pool.

It was her head though, that King was most proud of. Jessica had been gagged with a ring gag, which had been secured to the pillar, keeping her neck back and straight, and a hose had been run up behind her, along her neck, and secured to the end of the ring, spouting a jet of fresh water from her mouth.

“Glubbb...bmmff...” Jessica blubbered as King grabbed a glass and filled it with the water arching from her gagged mouth.

“Shall we?” King motioned to the cushioned seats under the cabana, giving them an excellent view of the pool area, and of the show King was about to put on for The Queen.

“Of course.” The Queen smiled and nodded at him, and then strolled over to one of the chairs and sunk into it, Vera taking her usual position behind her while the other concubines spread out, some helping themselves to drinks from the Jessica fountain.

King took a seat next to The Queen.

“Jack joining us?” He asked, though he already knew the answer.

“He said he had something else to attend to.” The Queen answered.

“I don’t like it,” The King furrowed his brow. “He’s been too distant lately.”

“I fear he’s hiding something.” The Queen looked out over the pool.

“Should we be worried?” King asked.

“No,” The Queen turned back to him. “Jack is loyal. Whatever it is, it’s harmless.” She leaned back and smiled.

King knew about The Queen and Jack’s “relationship.” Jack tended to the dominant type, but he submitted to The Queen like a little puppy. He fancied himself independent but was completely loyal to her.

“So, Ace has concerns.” The Queen sipped her water.

King snapped his fingers to one of the lifeguards patrolling the pool, who nodded at him. It was time for the show.

Most of the lifeguards were students or locals, people who had no knowledge of Ace or of the casino's true purpose. They knew that they had to wear skimpy uniforms as part of the "brand" of Lady Luck Casino but they didn't think it went deeper than that. But there were a few other lifeguards, who were privy to the secret goings on about the casino, and they were the ones working the secret parties.

"I share Ace's concerns." King answered The Queen.

"This situation has gotten out of control, two of the women got away, aided by an unknown party, you get attacked. A new Sheriff in town too, this is bringing too much attention."

"We've discovered that the one who did this," He motioned to his wrist. "Also helped the new Sheriff escape."

The Queen raised an eyebrow at that and opened her mouth to answer but was cut off by a cry close by the pool.

"Hey! Get off of me! Help!" Naomi cried as she was dragged out of a door towards the pool by her fellow lifeguards, all female. There were those wading in the pool who turned to watch as the young, dark skinned girl was dragging kicking and struggling towards the water. She was still clad in her red one-piece thong swimsuit that all lifeguards wore.

All of the lifeguards simultaneously blew their whistles, signaling for everyone to get out of the water. The party guests obeyed, though they never took their eyes off of Naomi, knowing they were in store for a show.

"Here's an employee who was insubordinate to her employer," King gestured towards Naomi. "Though I believe in second chances. I just think she needs a refresher in training."

"Am I about to see your cute little lifeguards in action?" The Queen smiled and leaned back.

"You'll see why I trust them with everyone's life." The King smiled.

"Get off! Let me go!" Naomi grunted, trying to elbow her captors, and former co-workers.

They obliged, suddenly shoving her forward and into the deep end of the pool.

“Brad said that he’s keeping tabs on Tanya and that she shouldn’t be a problem.” The Queen added, taking a sip.

“This isn’t a game. Why do we still have that muscular bimbo Lisa running around with us?” The King sighed.

When Brad first told them of Shelly’s mole, King wanted her dealt with immediately, but Brad had convinced them not to act yet. King didn’t like the kid, too young and cocky, acted like he ran things already.

“Don’t worry, we just want to see what their game is. Let Brad have his fun.” The Queen placed a reassuring hand on his arm.

There was a volley of splashing in the pool as Naomi tried to swim for the opposite side, and in her mind, freedom, but two other lifeguards had dived in immediately after her, one with a small, white, circular lifesaver that looked a bit too small for Naomi. King and Queen watched as the guards darted toward the fleeing girl like sharks chasing prey.

They surfaced on either side of her, one grabbing Naomi and pinning her arms to her side while the other girl, a young, fit, all American type with flowing blond hair, held up the life-preserver and addressed the onlookers.

“Hello, we’re here to demonstrate some of the lifesaving techniques we lifeguards use every day to help people.” She smiled brilliantly at her audience.

“In this case, we have a someone one panicking while we try to save them, so the best course is always to restrain them...” She gestured to the other lifeguard pinning Naomi’s arms while the other girl still kicked and thrashed. “Until you can get the floatation on them.”

With that, she threw the life-preserver over Naomi’s head. The girl thrashed and struggled as the lifeguards pushed the small circular object down past her breasts, pinning her flailing arms to her side. Meanwhile, on the deck, several more lifeguards placed a stretcher down and stood at attention next to it.

“What about this Gina, the new Sheriff?” The Queen asked, a smile creeping across her lips as she watched the show.

“She’s seemingly gone to ground. Our man in the office says she hasn’t been in all week.”

“I don’t like it.” The Queen shook her head.

“Think maybe we scared her off?” King asked, though he himself didn’t believe that for a second.

“Not for a moment. No doubt she’s planning her next move with her new friend.”

In the pool, either lifeguard took a side of the life-preserver and were dragging Naomi, who was still kicking and screaming through the pool to the steps leading out to the deck.

“About that…” King asked holding up his wrist.

“Yes?” The Queen, raising her eyebrows.

“When we find who did this,” He gestured with his eyes to his broken wrist. “I want them. Both of them, the pickpocket and the other one. You and Ace can have Gina but these two are mine. They humiliated me in my own house.”

The Queen took a long drink, thinking it over. Typically no one made demands of her, but her and King had a good relationship, and he rarely asked for anything.

Meanwhile, the two lifeguards had dragged Naomi out of the pool and over to the stretcher next to the other guards.

“After you get them from the water, first-aid is essential, the faster the better.” The blond addressed the crowd, meanwhile, one guard held Naomi’s hands behind her back while two others pulled the tube from her.

“Stop it! Ow! Just wait until I get out of here! Do you hear me?”

The tube came off of her, and a guard grabbed her from under the arm pits while two others grabbed her shins.

“Ahh! What are you doing?” She cried as they lifted her off her feet and carried her towards the stretcher.

“The patient should also be restrained so that they don’t fall off until help arrives.”

“No!” Naomi cried.

“Fine.” The Queen agreed to King after thinking over his proposal.

Naomi was being held down in the stretcher, fighting valiantly as her hands and feet were secured in place by straps.

“Stop! Help!” Naomi screamed as a strap was pulled tight across her chest.

“Sometimes the patient may have a gaping wound that needs treatment...” The blond began, and was handed a small, white cloth and gauze by other guard.

The blond knelt by Naomi, who’s head was being strapped in place by the other guards.

“First, apply some padding.” The Blond held up the white cloth.

“Don-ummph!” Naomi was cut off by the blond shoving the small cloth in her mouth.

“And apply pressure...” The Blond continued, and used both hands to hold the cloth in place over Naomi’s mouth.

“Ummmfff! Mmmm! Ggmmffff!” Naomi wriggled helplessly, her head held in place by the restraints on the stretcher.

“Until you can use gauze to hold the padding in place.” The Blond motioned to another guard, who was unraveling the gauze.

“What about these two?” King motioned to Jessica, who watched, wide-eyed, as the gauze was wrapped around Naomi’s mouth.

“Mmmmfff! Mmmm! Gmmmm!” Naomi moaned, twisting her head as layer after layer was wrapped around her mouth, securing the padding in place.

“Why King, are you throwing your leftovers at me?” The Queen gasped.

“Not at all, come.” The King rose, gesturing for The Queen to join him.

He stepped towards Jessica, his human fountain, and gestured at her rock solid body, glistening with moisture.

“Look at this specimen! Wouldn’t you love to have her as your own private slave?”

“Uluggg... bbbllrrggg...” Jessica pleaded with her eyes, unable to shake her head.

“Now, sometimes you may have to treat a wound, but those pesky clothes are in the way.” The Blond called from the pool deck as she was handed a pair of scissors.

“I don’t doubt that.” The Queen agreed.

“And here...” The King lead her over to the stretcher where Naomi was secured.

“In that case,” The Blond inserted the scissors at the bottom of Naomi’s one piece, above the thigh. “Just cut it away.”

“Nnrrrrmmm! Mmmphh!” Naomi pleaded, twisting and writhing as the Blond moved the scissors up, slicing through the red swimsuit as she did.

“Urrgggg gmmmm hmmmph!” Naomi wriggled and struggled.

With a fluid movement, the blond cut a tear up the middle of Naomi’s swimsuit, set down the scissors, and pulled the tattered swimsuit apart, exposing Naomi’s small, but perky breasts and bare mid-section.

“Ummm! Mmm! Gmm!”

King and Queen stopped, hovering over the bound and gagged girl, leering at her nude, writhing form.

“Look, fresh, all for you. I kept her away from my men so no one has touched her yet.” King gestured to Naomi’s naked form.

“Uggg gmm! Hlllp!” Naomi cried, her wide, brown eyes staring up at the Queen in quivering anticipation.

The Queen knelt down next to the bound and gagged girl, studying her like a scientist would study an animal in a trap. After her hungry eyes took in the sight of Naomi's struggling form, The Queen reached out a hand and caressed one of her bare breasts.

"Gina seemed protective of this one. She could be useful in luring the Sheriff out of hiding." King paced around Naomi.

The Queen still ran a hand over Naomi's breast, her eyes now looked like they belonged to a great cat watching its prey.

"Frrrm murrmm... ugggg..." Naomi struggled.

"Yes, I do like this one." The Queen withdrew, her hand, stood, and motioned to two of her concubines.

"And as you can see, now the patient is ready for transport!" The Blond exclaimed, motioning to the stretcher with the bound and gagged Naomi as one concubine grabbed the end by her feet and the other one grabbed the side with her head.

"Thank you my Queen." The King bowed his head in thanks.

"Mmmph! Mmmm gmm! Ummmph!" Naomi cried as she was carried off by the concubines.

The Queen turned to look at Jessica as the lifeguards all blew their whistles, signaling that the guests were good to get back in the water.

"Shall I have her packed up for you?" The King asked, noticing the familiar glint of lust in The Queen's eye.

"Oh yes, I think I'm getting ideas." She sighed.

He signaled to some of his men to get Jessica ready for shipment, smiling as he did.

15.

Focus on Gina's breasts. Lotus told herself as she tried to keep her attention on the steady rise and fall of her fellow captive's mesmerizing bosoms through the haze of her own chloroform induced stupor.

Just keep focusing. The thought drifted through her head like a wisp of smoke before vanishing. Lotus felt her head lull again and her eyes fluttered as she fought to maintain semi-consciousness. She had to keep awake, had to keep focus if she wanted to make it through this ordeal.

On the bed across from her, Gina seemed to be having worse luck faring against the chloroform. Like Lotus, Gina was completely naked, bound hand and foot, and also like Lotus, she was fitted with a medical mask that had a chloroform soaked rag stuffed inside. The masks effectively gagged both women while also keeping them in a state of semi-consciousness, though now it looked like Gina would be going under again any second. Her eyes were rolling up in her head and she was making soft moaning sounds into her mask.

"Ummm...hmmphhh..." Gina moaned as she lied prone on her side. Her struggles had been more fierce than Lotus, which meant she was breathing in more of the chloroform, so it was hitting her harder.

Lotus was attempting the opposite, and was lying perfectly still, attempting a meditation technique where she breathed little as possible and when she did, took very shallow breaths. She was using Gina's bare breasts as her point of focus and to keep her centered.

Still, the smell of the chloroform was overpowering, and every time she took a small breath, it felt like her head was swimming in a raging ocean. Part of her body wanted to cry out, to take in a breath, but she knew that if she did, then she would drift off in helplessness like Gina, and Lotus had sworn that she wouldn't endure another day at the mercy of the frat boys.

Since they had applied the chloro-masks to her and Gina, Lotus' time as a captive had been a haze of humiliation at the hands of her drunken captors. It felt like a dream, where she was moving from one scenario to another with the barest of connecting thread. Every now and then they would remove her mask and Lotus would have a moment of lucidity as she experienced another debasement at the hands of the frat boys, but always at night, they would put the masks back on her and Gina.

At least tonight she and the big-breasted woman had the bed to themselves, as the frat boys all slept off the events of their debaucherous night on the floor around them. It was another reason why Lotus was so determined to get free, because she didn't have to worry about scurrying out from under a frat boy sharing the bed with her.

Lotus took another shallow breath, feeling the whiff of chloroform. Her head, already in a fog and swimming, suddenly felt like it was under water.

"Mmm..." She moaned, struggling to cling to consciousness.

Don't fall asleep, don't! She gritted her teeth, another mistake, since once again the chloroform hit her.

"Ummm..." Lotus felt her muscles relax, her body rebelling against her mind, trying to obey the hold that the chloroform had over her.

Lotus rested her head and held her breath, which steadied her a little bit, but she still felt like she was on a boat adrift on choppy waters. She wasn't sure how much longer she could hold out against the chloroform before it eventually put her under, and then she would awake to another day as a bondage slave.

No, no more!

She shifted her wrists against the ropes, slowly, deliberately, trying to use as little energy as possible. Lotus knew it was delicate balance because she had to take her time getting free but also every moment she wasted meant the chloroform was one step closer to doing its job.

Her wrists and fingers moved delicately along the ropes binding her, and she was grateful that the frat boys had traded out handcuffs for ropes again, no doubt they thought that the chloro-mask would keep Lotus from escaping again.

But like everyone else, they had underestimated her.

It took all of her focus and concentration to make shallow breathes and work away at her knots, but she felt the bindings loosen around her wrists and had to restrain herself from letting out a cry of excitement. After a few more moments, her wrists were free. There was a rush of lightheadedness as she sat up and reached to pull off her mask, causing her to pause and hold her breath again.

Stupid, don't get carried away! She chided herself. The last thing Lotus wanted was to get so close to freedom only to be her own undoing.

After sitting a moment, she slowly lifted her arms, held her breath, and pulled off the mask. There was a rush of fresh air to her lungs and Lotus let out a long, relieved sigh. At this point she didn't care that the room smelled like sweat and beer, it just felt good to take in a breath that wasn't filled with chloroform.

She sat there on the bed, gasping and taking in air, and after a few moments felt her muscles starting to wake up. As much as she wanted to savor this moment and her freedom, she also knew that she couldn't waste time if she wanted to get out of there with Gina. Lotus took another breath, and then looked down at the half conscious other woman, whose eyes were still fluttering as she attempted to cling to consciousness.

Lotus set her tiptoes down on the bare carpet and stood straight, stretching and arching her back. It felt good to use her muscles after being bound and helpless for so long, though she knew she wasn't in the clear yet. She would have to find a way of getting Gina out of her quickly and quietly, but first, she needed clothes. Still on her tiptoes, she stepped nimbly among the sleeping frat boys, moving like a shadow through the room. It was a dance, a ballet as she twirled and twisted her nude body, each

movement graceful and deliberate. Every muscle and sinew in her body moved with purpose as she straddled a sleeping body, arched her body, and retrieved a pair of sweatpants with two fingers.

They were a bit big but they would work in a pinch. After all, she wasn't trying to look good, she just had to wear something until she got back to the parlor. Lotus pranced over to a bare spot of carpet and stepped into the over sized sweats, pulling the drawstring as tight as she could. Once the pants were on, she stayed rooted in place, bent over, and lifted a t-shirt off the ground. Much like the pants, it was far too big for her, but she shrugged it on, leaving it hanging off one shoulder. To complete the ensemble, she slipped into a nearby pair of flip-flops.

Lotus could only imagine what she looked like at the moment. No doubt like some beach ruffian that had just rolled out of bed, but she didn't care. There was plenty of time to be glamorous later, right now escape, and time, were of the essence.

She turned back to Gina, seeing her still lying naked and barely conscious. That was the next part, getting Gina out of this den of animals.

Lotus' eyes scanned the room, having become well adjusted to the darkness, and they fell on something large and rectangular propped in a corner...

A luggage case.

Despite the early hour, there was already a decent size crowd on the boardwalk. It was the peak of the summer season, and everyone wanted to soak up all of the summer sun they could. The bright morning sun was well along its steady journey over the beach. As she walked, Lotus could feel the eyes of several beach goers on her as she strolled along, head held high. She imagined that she must present quite the image, a woman of exquisite and exotic beauty, dressed as if she had pulled her clothes from a dumpster.

I may as well. Lotus thought. The oversized shirt she had on smelled like it hadn't been washed in weeks, which it probably hadn't. It was no matter though, since she was discarding it as soon as she got to the parlor.

With her attire and the luggage case she was pulling behind her, she probably just looked like another tourist. A traveler weary from a long night's journey on her way to lodgings. In a way she was, as it had taken her the rest of the night to get from the frat house to the boardwalk, lugging her uncooperative luggage the entire way.

As she walked down the boardwalk, she ignored the glances the from men (and occasional women) as she carried on. Just as long as their attention was on her, and not her luggage, then everything would be fine. If they looked close enough at the case dragging behind her, they may have noticed it twitch or move on occasion, of how Lotus would tighten and strain her wrist to keep it from tipping over, and if anyone got real close, they would hear the muffled cries of Gina, bound and gagged inside of the case.

No doubt the buxom captive was uncomfortable. Not only was she probably hot inside of the case, but the tall woman had been contorted rather tightly to fit in the case, but Lotus was resolute that she wasn't leaving her prize with those alcoholic jackals. After getting dressed, Lotus had carried the luggage case into the hallway outside of the bedroom and left it open, both sides of it gaping like a hungry mouth. Then Lotus had snuck back into the room, slung the still bound and gagged woman over her shoulder, and carried her out. Gina's protests had been minimal thanks to the chloro-mask, but Lotus had removed the mask once she had Gina tucked away in the case, figuring that after being doused with the substance for so long that Gina would most likely behave during transportation.

It had taken some effort to shove Gina into the case, and her long, shapely legs were shoved up against her gagged mouth, and before she could protest, Lotus had closed and zipped the case shut. Then there was the ordeal of carrying the luggage with the struggling Gina down the stairs, out the door, and down the stairs of the front porch.

Lotus ignored the aching pain in her muscles as she continued down the boardwalk, a combination of her days of captivity and transporting the captive Gina.

Maybe once I get back to the parlor I'll get Delilah to give me a massage. Lotus thought. That was an appealing idea. She could use one.

Her sore legs protested as she quickened her pace. Lotus could feel the temperature rising, and she wanted to get Gina safely to the parlor before the heat in the case became unbearable. It also took all of her self control not to look over her shoulder to see if the frat boys had followed, but she felt like that would draw even more attention to her if she kept looking behind her. Plus, she assumed that most of them wouldn't wake from their drunken slumber until well into the afternoon, and even then, probably too hung over to come chase her.

Still, she felt herself hurrying. She was so close now, she couldn't falter.

Then she felt the luggage case heave to the side, rocked by a fresh struggle from its bound and gagged contents. Lotus looked behind her to see the case teetering, about to fall over, and clutched the handle with both hands to steady it. She could feel the handle shaking as Gina rocked her bound form inside, and Lotus grunted and twisted. Her hands were slick with sweat, and she felt her grip slipping. With another grunt and surge of effort, she steadied the case and flipped it back on its two wheels. Gina was proving to be more stubborn than she thought, and not for the first time, Lotus found herself wishing that she would have left the chloro-mask on Gina.

"Do you need help with that?" Someone asked, and Lotus broke out in a fresh sweat, spinning to see a young man in his thirties, a business type with a neatly cropped head of hair and a white polo shirt and shorts.

"Oh, no thank you." She smiled, making sure to quiver her voice to feign nervousness and embarrassment, which wasn't hard given the situation.

"It's not a problem, here." He reached for the handle.

“Please, I got it. Thank you though. It’s just overpacked.” She giggled and kept going down the boardwalk, dragging the case behind her.

“If you want to take some stuff out I can carry-” He began, keeping pace with her.

“It’s alright, I’m almost there anyway.” She waved and kept going, both of her hands clutching the handle for dear life.

“Almost where?” He asked, still following.

“I’m... meeting someone.” She smiled.

Can’t he take a hint? Get lost. She was growing impatient.

“Just let me help you the rest of the way.” He reached for the handle once again.

God, he’s tenacious. Lotus pulled the case away, deciding to go with a different tactic.

“Hey, just leave me alone you creep!” She called, projecting her voice so that everyone in earshot could hear.

“Hey what?” The man stepped back, hands up. Lotus noticed several onlookers gathering around them.

“I said stop following me!” She said in a pleading tone. Her eyes were wild and desperate.

It did the trick, they were attracting an audience.

“Hey, are you bothering this lady?” A middle aged man with a beer belly sauntered over to the man.

“No, I was just-” The business man explained.

“Get away from her you pervert!” A young woman in her early 20s jabbed a finger at the man.

The man desperately tried to plead his case, but Lotus wasn’t around to hear it. As more people gathered to defend her honor, she pressed on past the crowd and down the boardwalk. After a few more yards, the uproar was safely behind her. Once she reached the turn where the parlor was, Lotus risked a look over her shoulder to see if anyone was watching, and then strolled up to the parlor door.

She breathed a sigh of relief to find the front door unlocked, and turned the knob and stepped in, dragging the case in behind her.

“Hello, can I...” Delilah began from behind the desk, her draw dropping when she saw Lotus stepping in, wearing ill-fitting clothing and lugging a massive case behind her.

“Well don’t just stand there, close the door.” Lotus motioned with her head to the parlor door as she pulled the case into the center of the room.

Delilah obediently jumped up from behind the desk and hurried over to shut the door behind Lotus as the Asian woman dragged her case towards the curtain leading to the back area.

“What’s going-” Melanie stepped out of the computer room, stopping to gawk at Lotus and her oversized luggage.

Lotus would explain later, for now she had to get Gina out of the case and somewhere away from prying eyes. She pulled aside the curtain, strolled into the main hallway of the parlor. She was about to step into the first door she found when Melanie blocked her, crossed her arms, and glared at Lotus.

“What the hell?” She spat.

“Get out of my way.” Lotus glared back.

“Oh no, you don’t get to disappear for days and then come back and act like nothing happened!” Melanie’s golden breasts heaved with anger as she screamed at Lotus.

“Don’t you speak to me like that or I’ll-” Lotus stepped forward, jabbing a finger at the blond.

“Or what? You need me a hell of a lot more than I need you. Gonna find someone else to do your dirty work.” Melanie smiled and placed her hands on her hips, knowing she had a point.

Lotus fumed, quaking with anger. She balled her fists and wished that she could have destroyed the blond with a single glance in that moment.

“Delilah would you be a doll and take this case to one of the empty rooms, open it, and make sure it’s contents are secure?” Lotus rolled the luggage case forward and Delilah took the handle.

Delilah was not expecting the case to be as heavy, or to feel Gina struggling inside, and soon was grunting and dragging it with both hands down the hall. The whole time, Melanie continued to glare at Lotus.

“What?” Lotus raised an eyebrow.

“Not gonna tell us what happened?” Melanie arched an eyebrow in return.

“I was delayed, that’s all you need to know.”

Melanie crossed her arms but didn’t say anything.

“Is that clear?” Lotus sneered.

“Fine.” Melanie spat out the word like old gum.

“Fine, now if you’ll excuse me, I need a long bath. Send Delilah up to my room for a massage after she’s finished with our new guest.”

Lotus turned and didn’t give Melanie a second look as she made her way down the hall. The blond was turning into a problem.

No matter. Lotus had an idea of how to deal with this particular problem.

16.

If there was one thing that Felicia Fetters missed during her time as a captive of Jack, it was being outside, the feeling of a warm beach breeze on her bare backside while she reclined in a small bikini. Now, she could hear the ocean waves lulling in the distance, and once again felt the familiar blast of cool sea air on her thonged buttocks. Instead of feeling relaxed, or relieved, now she felt exposed, helpless. Despite the warm, late summer night, she felt her skin raise into goosebumps under the ultra thin, see through nightie that she wore. The blindfold prevented her from telling where they actually were, but she could only guess one thing:

This was the end of the line.

After weeks (months?) as a prisoner, it seemed that Jack was finally going to get rid of her.

“Mmmurrrm...” She whined into the red silk cloth pulled between her lips, gagging her.

The silk gag, along with her skimpy attire, seemed to contradict her assumption that Jack was finally going to dispose of her, but why else would he blindfold her, pack her into the trunk of the car, and drive her out to the ocean? After all, he was supposed to blow her up in the bar on that night that seemed so long ago now. Was she finally becoming a liability, or had he finally grown bored of having Felicia as his personal plaything?

Or maybe he had one final torment in mind before he made her disappear. Felicia wore white, lacy thong panties and a small, skimpy, white lacy bra under a thin, see through nightie. After Jack had forced her into the outfit, he had tied her hands behind her with a length of silk, gagged her with more silk, and then blindfolded her with it. Then he stuffed her into the trunk of his car and they were off. It was hard for her to tell how long they had been driving. She had lost track of all sense of time during her captivity with him, but it seemed like a long drive.

Then the car came to a park, Jack pulled Felicia from the trunk and stepped away, leaving her standing there, smelling the salty sea air. She took a step, half expecting him to jump forward and grab her, but he didn't. Felicia took another step and listened.

“Urrm grrmm...” She asked, tilting her head.

“Oh honey don't worry, I'm here.” She felt Jack press against her from behind, wrapping his powerful arms around her waist.

“Mmmmp!” She cringed, feeling him pressing his body against hers, and the familiar bulge in the front of his pants.

“You feel that, the ocean breeze.” His hands moved up, caressing her arms.

“Ulllmm...” She shivered as she felt him rubbing her biceps.

“Oh honey, are you cold? Here, I'll warm you.” He pulled her tighter, wrapping his arms around her chest, conveniently cupping her breasts with each hand.

“Ummm mmnnoo!” She wriggled, trying to pull free from his grasp.

“Oh I can feel it, you're cold!” He laughed, rubbing his palms over her bra to feel her erect nipples underneath.

“Ufff mmnno! Gtttt offtt!” She grunted, trying to elbow him but he held her too tight against him.

“Isn't it romantic, just you, me, and the ocean?” His hands continued to feel the curve of her breasts through the nightie.

“Offf fffmmm gggdss skk...”

And then his hands moved, up to her bare cleavage, his fingers down along the top of her breasts. A shiver went through Felicia, but not from the cold, and once again she twisted futilely in his grasp.

“Urrmm ggmm!”

“Shhh, just listen to the waves, to the rise and fall...” He whispered in her ear, and his fingers slid under the top of her bra.

“Mmmm mmno!”

And then his bare hands were pushing her bra down, and his thumb and forefinger lightly pinching her still rock hard nipples.

“Urrmm!” She grunted.

Can he just hurry up and kill me so I don't have to deal with this anymore?

Once again his hands cupped her breasts from the bottom and held her tight against him. She could feel his fully erect cock pressing against her thonged ass through his jeans.

“Ufff mmmn...” She sighed.

“Remember that first night we met, you in those tiny little panties, on the docks.”

“Grrmmm...” She grunted, biting down on the gag.

She felt one of his hands move, and a moment later the blindfold was pulled away, revealing the inky black waves of the ocean under the moonlight. Felicia blinked for a moment, even though it was the middle of the night she still wasn't used to the light after being blindfolded for so long, and then realized where they were.

The abandoned warehouse district, more notably, the docks, and not just any dock, it was the dock from that fateful night.

The night she met Jack.

It was her first night on the job. She had been cocky and thought that she could bust an arms deal by herself, but had been caught, forced to strip, and then bound and gagged and shoved into a crate until Randy showed up to save her.

Now they were back. Unlike last time, Jack's goons were nowhere to be found, just him and her. Similar to last time, she was still clad in lingerie.

“Ummmfff mmmmpfh.” She moaned, twisting to look around. The only light was coming from the dim yellow street lights and the moonlight.

Was this it? The spot where he was going to kill her and dump the body? The spot where it all began.

With one hand still wrapped around her waist, Felicia felt Jack fumbling in his pants pocket and stiffened, fearing the worst.

“This past month and a half with you has been the best time of my life.” Jack nuzzled her neck as he spoke.

“Wufffm?”

A month and a half? Was that all it had been? A month and a half!

“And I’ve been thinking about things, about us...” Jack continued, softly kissing her neck as he spoke.

“And I think it’s time to take things to the next level.” He said, and brought his hand up.

Felicia looked down to see him holding a diamond ring directly in front of her.

“Wummmff?” She asked, eyes wide.

“Felicia Fetters...” Jack began, still keeping his arm wrapped around her waist.

“Mmmmmnnoo!”

“Will you make me the luckiest man in the world...”

“Mmmnnfff! Mnnooo!”

“...And do me the honor of being my prisoner for life?”

“Mmmnoo! Mmmnno!” She was shaking her head with every muffled word, though she knew it was no use.

“Oh my God, really?” Jack exclaimed.

“Mmmnno! Urrrm mmfff ggddd mnnno!” Felicia twisted and kicked. She tried to pull away, maybe if she was fast enough she jump off into the ocean, be carried off somewhere...

But Jack's massive hands clutched her by the wrists. She balled her fists, determined to not let him put that ring on her finger.

"Oh it's okay, I'm nervous too." He laughed, and twisted her wrists slightly.

"GRRMM!" She cried, feeling her fingers spread out in response to the slight pressure.

Jack took the opportunity to slide the ring on her finger and once it was on he pulled her tight by the waist.

"There, perfect fit." He pressed against her.

"Mmmnno! Mmmph!" She flailed her fingers, trying to shake off the ring.

Felicia could feel the weight of the diamond around her finger. It somehow felt impossibly heavy, and Jack was right. It fit perfectly. Despite her struggles, it refused to budge from her finger.

"Now," Jack's hand slid up under the nightie. "Let's celebrate."

"Mmmmphh mmnoo! Sttpp!"

But it was no use as he grabbed the waistband of her tiny, white thong panties and pulled down them down her thighs.

Lotus couldn't help but suppress a small cool of pleasure as she dug her hands into the supple flesh of Gina's bare buttocks. The woman's skin was already soft and pleasing to the touch, but now glistened in under the warm glow of the overhead lights thanks to the oil that Lotus was gently rubbing over Gina's naked body.

"I can see why so many people coveted your body. You are an excellent woman." Lotus smiled and leaned forward, running her hands up along the small of Gina's back.

She hand wanted this for so long, to be alone with her new acquisition, to taste Gina before the others. Lotus didn't often want first run at one of her girls, but she was making a special exception for

Gina. Once she put Gina on the market, there would be men lining up around the block to be with her. Right now, she was determined to savor this quiet moment with her new prisoner.

The feeling of her body pressed against Gina's was intoxicating, overwhelming. Lotus sighed again, the warm tingle of arousal in full bloom between her legs. Like Gina, she too was naked, sitting mounted on the other woman's thighs, feeling Gina's struggles under her weight. Her hands moved up along Gina's sides, and she watched as the bound woman shifted under her touch, exposing the side of one of her excellent breasts.

"Many have desired to dominate you Gina, but to the victor go the spoils." Lotus ran her finger up Gina's side and caressed the side of her exposed breast.

"Mmmfff..." Gina huffed into her muzzle, turning to glare at her captor.

Gina lay on her stomach on a massage table, her arms above her head and secured to a headboard, while her feet were bound and tied to a bar below her. A leather muzzle kept her quiet, and her muffled cries were as sweet to Lotus as her helpless struggles.

"Oh don't worry, you'll find that I can be a good mistress if you behave." She leaned forward and cupped Gina's breasts with both hands, feeling the other woman stiffen under her touch.

"Ummfff mmon! Gfft off!" Gina protested, her naked body writhing against Lotus as she did.

Lotus let out another sigh. Gina's struggles were so delicious.

"Your friend learned that I can be kind, and so will you."

"Cmmffllnn?" Gina perked up, looking directly at her.

"Oh yes. You two will be quite the pair. Much like this pair." She gave Gina's breasts another squeeze.

"Urrr gggmm! Wmmfff Isss shss?" Gina grunted, pulling on her manacles with all of her might.

“Oh don’t worry,” Lotus pressed her naked body flat against Gina’s, clutching her breasts tightly. “You’ll see her soon.”

Lotus hovered there, pressing her body against Gina’s, feeling the other woman’s back moving up and down with each breath she took, of how soft her oiled skin felt against her own breasts. She sighed, feeling her erect nipples pressing against Gina’s back, and shifted her body up and down. Another sigh, and Lotus rubbed her pelvis along the curve of Gina’s buttocks.

“Oh we’re going to have such a time together.” She whispered into Gina’s ear.

“Mmmno!” Gina tugged again in another futile effort to slip out from under Lotus.

Lotus shivered, savoring Gina’s struggles, and keeping one hand wrapped around the captive woman’s breasts, slid her other hand between her own legs, emitting another moan as she did.

From the stand next to the massage table, Lotus heard her phone go off, alerting her of a text message. Her hand paused on it’s journey along her body, her finger tips hovering above her moist vagina, and she considered checking to see who had messaged her, but decided it could wait.

Another moan as her index and middle finger traced the delicate outline of her lips, sending a tremor through her body. Lotus sat up, placing her free hand on the small of Gina’s back again.

Another ding from her phone, and once again Lotus stiffened.

It could wait.

Her free hand clutched her own breasts as she rubbed her thighs against Gina’s, her fingers pressing inward on herself, the spark of arousal coursing through. The sheen of sweat on her body almost matched Gina’s glistening, oiled form.

Another ping from the phone, and Lotus’ arousal turned to red hot frustration in the blink of an eye.

“Oh my God!” She cried through gritted teeth, and dismounted from her helpless captive.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be back.” She called over her shoulder to her naked captive.

“Mmm ggmm! Mmmph!” Gina called back.

Lotus retrieved her phone and glanced at the trio of messages that were waiting for her. As soon as she read them, any traces of arousal evaporated from her body.

Shit!

She sighed, placed her phone down, and grabbed a red satin robe from a nearby hook.

He has the worst timing!

The robe was a bit small as she pulled it over her naked body, barely reaching her thighs, but she didn't have time to get fully dressed.

"I'm sorry, we'll have to continue this later." She turned to smile at Gina as she tied the robe. It still bare her rather impressive cleavage.

"Ummmm gggmmmm..." Gina rolled her eyes.

Lotus grabbed her phone, annoyed that her alone time with her prize had been cut short, but that was alright. She could return to Gina later.

She crossed the room and opened the door into the hallway, craning her neck both ways in search of either Delilah or Melanie, who were nowhere to be seen. With another sigh, she closed the door and stalked out to the front lobby, where Delilah was sitting scrolling her phone while Melanie leaned over the counter, scrutinizing her nails.

"Am I interrupting?" Lotus huffed, prompting an eye-roll from Melanie.

It took all of Lotus' self control not to sneer at the blond, but if all went to plan, she wouldn't have to deal with her sass for much longer.

"What if you are?" Melanie followed up her eye-roll, exasperated.

"Look alive, he's on his way." Lotus stepped forward.

"What?" Delilah perked up.

"Just make sure he doesn't wander," Lotus pointed at both women. "He's greedy, and if he sees our new guest, he's gonna want her for himself too. Gina will be a prime earner."

"So you want us to keep an eye on her?" Melanie asked.

“Yes, no one in or out of that room but me, understand?”

Delilah nodded obediently and Melanie tilted her head, indicating that she too was on board.

“Good, now-” Lotus began, but was cut off by the front door opening.

She stiffened and watched as the other two women stood straight, ready to greet the customer.

Agent Kincaid stepped in, his eyes shifting over the three women standing at attention and shifting to admire each of their cleavage in turn, settling longer on Melanie’s before turning to admire Lotus’ breasts under her flimsy robe. An uncomfortable moment passed, and then he shut the door behind him, narrowing his eyes at the three women.

“Well, where is she? Where’s Rossi?” His voice was loud and firm, and both Delilah and Melanie turned to Lotus for her advice.

“I said, where is-”

“Will you relax, don’t worry. She’s all safe and sound.” Lotus sighed and crossed her arms.

“Show me.” He commanded.

Lotus nodded and pulled back the curtain leading into the bowels of the parlor, indicating for Kincaid to step through. He gave one final look at both Delilah and Melanie and then stepped past Lotus. She flashed a final look at the two women, nodded, and then followed Kincaid, who stood waiting for her. He gestured impatiently and Lotus lead him on down the hallway.

“I swear, if even a hair is out of place on her head...” He grumbled.

“I assure you, we took good care of her.” Lotus reassured.

“Somehow, I don’t full trust you.”

Lotus only smiled and continued leading him on, finally stopping at one of the many doors, produced a key from her robe, and unlocked it. Kincaid could barely contain himself and shoved forward, pushing the door the rest of the way open to see Rossi, still lying bound and gagged on her bed.

“Hlllp! Kmmmkffff! Hllp!” She cried, eyes wide, beckoning her partner over to free her from her bonds.

She was still lying on her back, hands tied above her head and feet below, clad in the short, red dress, and gagged with the thick, white cloth. Kincaid rushed to the side of his bound partner as she pleaded with him through the gag.

“Ummm mmmph! Glluumm mmmph!” She cried, wiggling and arching her body.

Instead of helping Rossi, Kincaid stood and looked down at her bound, wriggling form with hungry eyes, and then sat next to her.

“Well Rossi, look at you, all tied up and no place to go.” He smiled.

“Frrmmmm mmff! Hlllp!” She lifted her head and pulled on her bound hands.

As she kicked and struggled, the already short dress rode up, exposing more and more of Rossi’s thigh as she struggled. Kincaid reached out and caressed her leg as she did.

“I bet you would love for me to untie you.” He smiled again, his hand moving up as she kicked.

“Ummm ggmmmf! Mmmph!” She glared at him, willing with all of her might for her bonds to break.

“Well that’s just too bad.” He stood, running his hands up along her thighs and pushing her dress up the rest of the way, exposing the small red thong she had on.

“Mnnooo! Mmmfff!” Rossi cried and wiggled, her eyes shifting from Kincaid to Lotus, who only smiled back at her.

Oh yes, she’s putting it all together now.

“Come on, how do you think Lotus knew where to find you?” Kincaid motioned with his head to the other woman, still smiling as Kincaid leaned over his struggling former partner.

“Wmmmf! Wrrry mnnoo dryy...” She grumbled, glaring at both of them.

“What? You think that you can sit there and insult and belittle me and that I would just take it?” Kincaid’s voice trembled with anger as his eyes darkened, meanwhile, his hands continued moving up under Rossi’s skirt.

“Mmmno! Mmmfff mmmno! Mmm!” She twisted and struggled, and Lotus could see the outline of Kincaid’s hands under her dress, greedily clutching at the helpless woman’s large breasts.

“And I kept up my end of the bargain” Lotus stepped forward, looking down at Rossi trying to twist away from Kincaid’s prying grasp.

“You know,” He withdrew his hands and leaned back, looking up at her. “Word is that the new Sheriff has already gone missing. Shame, I would love to have a go with her too.” He smiled at Lotus.

“Hmmp?” Rossi sat up, her gaze shifting between both of them.

“Strange,” Lotus leaned against the wall. “But then again, she was making a lot of enemies in a short amount of time.”

“So you don’t know anything about that?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Of course not.” Lotus sat on the opposite of the bed, near Rossi’s head.

“Gmmf!” The captive agent spat at her, and Lotus reached out to brush Rossi’s hair out of her face.

“Those two out front weren’t bad on the eyes either.” Kincaid stroked Rossi’s thigh as he spoke.

“Well yes, that’s something that I wanted to speak with you about. A way of continuing our “special” relationship.” Lotus leaned back, gently brushing Rossi’s chest with her fingernails.

“Ummm gmmmm...” Rossy moaned.

“Oh?” Kincaid continued to stroke Rossi’s thigh.

“Melanie, the blond, is becoming a bit of a problem. I would be willing to let you have her as a plaything, in addition to Rossi, in exchange for certain... services.” Lotus raised an eyebrow.

“Let me guess, you want me to run the personal info on your marks?” His fingers drifted up, caressing the top of Rossi’s thighs near the edge of her panties.

“Ummmm!”

“Yes, in exchange you get a share of the profits, and Melanie and Rossi as your own... pets...”

Lotus smiled and leaned forward, feeling Kincaid’s eyes drift to her cleavage.

He chewed his lip, thinking her proposal over.

“I’ll think about it. Here’s the thing though,” He leaned forward. “If I find out that you were holding out on me, like say, if you had certain other captives here, then we may have to renegotiate the terms of our deal.”

Lotus leaned back, narrowing her gaze at the agent across from her.

“I assure you that I’m not, but also I can’t let you have the run of our business. Boundaries must be set.”

“Of course.” His fingers slid under the edge of Rossi’s panties.

“Mmmmmppp! Emmm ggmm!” She writhed on the bed.

“Tell you what,” Lotus rose. “I’ll leave you two alone and you can think it over. Either you get Melanie or she gets sold, but either way, she’s gone.”

“Uggggh!” Rossi stiffened as Kincaid inserted a finger inside of her.

“I’ll think long and hard about it.” He smiled at Lotus.

“Fine,” She strolled towards the door. “Find me when your done.”

Lotus gave a final nod to Kincaid and Rossi, and then stepped out, closing the door behind her. She knew that he would probably be in there for a while, enjoying his new prize, and Lotus found her thoughts drifting back to Gina, still bound, gagged, and oiled up, waiting for her.

I suppose I could go back and finish what we started. Lotus bit her lip. It was too risky though, with Kincaid here. Keeping Gina a secret from him would be tough, but she knew that eventually she might have to come clean about having the big-breasted woman as a hostage.

Well I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it. She thought. Her arrangement with Kincaid would no doubt be a difficult one. The man was greedy, but he could be useful, and Lotus knew how to

control a man like him. As long as he had Rossi and Melanie he would be happy. Still, she hoped that he hurried up and left because she wanted to get back to her quality time with Gina. Just thinking about her naked body pressed against Gina's was enough to send a fresh wave of arousal through her body.

No, it's too risky! She told herself, realizing that she was balling her fists. Still, she couldn't just stand here, a ball of arousal, waiting for Kincaid to finish.

A massage! That was it! She could have Delilah give her one of her amazing massages. That would help calm her.

Lotus perked up and bounced down the hallway towards the front lobby, pulling aside the curtain to find Melanie leaning over the counter saying something to Delilah. Both of them hushed when they saw Lotus pull aside the curtain.

"Delilah?" Lotus called, holding the curtain parted with one hand.

"Yes?" The exotic looking woman regarded her with her wide, brown eyes.

"Would you mind treating me to one of your massages? Dealings with that man have me feeling a bit tense." Lotus batted her eyes at Delilah, giving the illusion that she was asking when she was really telling.

"Umm," Delilah exchanged a look with Melanie. "Sure."

"Thanks," Lotus flashed a smile at the dark skinned woman. "Melanie, watch the front."

"Sure." Melanie sighed and stepped behind the counter.

Lotus held the curtain for Delilah and let the other woman lead the way down the hall, choosing a room at the very end. Like the loyal, well trained employee that she was, Delilah opened the door and held it for Lotus. Once Lotus was in, she didn't waste any time in stripping off her robe and lying face down on the table.

"Thank you for this, I need really needed one." Lotus sighed, watching as Delilah stepped over to a stand and retrieved a bottle of oil.

A moment later she felt Delilah's oil soaked hands on her bare buttocks, gently rubbing the sweet smelling substance over her behind. Lotus closed her eyes and let out a small sigh of pleasure. There were many reasons why she kept Delilah around, her exotic looks and large breasts were certainly some of them, but another reason was the woman's immaculate hands. Delilah could do so many wonderful things with those soft hands of hers. When she touched someone, they became putty to be molded by her. At least they could, if Delilah was smart enough to use her talents like that. Thankfully she wasn't so Lotus used Delilah's hands as her own weapons when needed while also reaping the benefits.

Delilah's beautiful hands now moved down past Lotus' bare butt to her upper thighs, each of her fingers caressing and digging like they had a mind of their own. All the while, Delilah continued to apply oil to Lotus' naked body, and soon the soothing scent of lavender filled the room. With each passing moment, Lotus calmed, allowing Delilah's sweet hands to lull her into a state of perfect relaxation.

Then her hands moved up to the small of Lotus' back, applying their wondrous gift to her muscles. Lotus didn't realize how tight she was until she felt Delilah's fingers working at the knots that had built up under her skin. Another sigh escaped her lips, and though the massage was easing some of the tension she had built while talking to Kincaid, there was still one problem.

Lotus was still turned on. In fact, the massage was only exacerbating that. With each movement, Delilah's hand only deepened Lotus' desire and want, but that was alright. Delilah's hands could do more than just massage her, after all.

Now her shoulders, digging probing, applying the sweet, lavender scented oil. Lotus cooed and sighed with each movement, allowing Delilah's hands to have complete control her body.

"When I roll over, I'm going to need you to apply your hands in another way, if you know what I mean." Lotus sighed.

"Sure." Delilah replied.

The deep, soothing relaxation that Lotus was feeling was at odds with the tingling, yearning lust within her. Thankfully, her muscles were in such a relaxed state that she didn't want to have to lift her hand to pleasure herself.

Plus why would she deny herself the chance at letting Delilah pleasure her with those talented fingers of hers?

Another moan escaped her lips, and then she heard the door to the room open and quickly close. Delilah's hands kept working at her shoulders, which meant that someone had entered. A sigh of annoyance escaped her lips, and she felt herself tense up again.

Melanie.

"Melanie, whatever it is, it can wait. If it's Kincaid just tell him I'll contact him later." Lotus mumbled, not bothering to lift her head or open her eyes.

Then there was another smell, a quick scent, piercing the veil of lavender around her. It took a moment for Lotus to register what it was but by then it was too late.

"Wai-ummph!" She lifted her head and felt the chloroform soaked cloth press over her mouth and nose.

"Mmmph! Gmmm!" She cried, trying to sit but feeling those hands of Delilah's, those talented, dexterous hands, holding her down.

Her muscles, once in a state of perfect relaxation, groaned as they tried to roar back to life upon realizing she was being attacked.

"Mmmm... ggmpff..." Lotus moaned.

The smell of the chloroform was overpowering. Her eyes were fluttering, and every muscle in her body, already in a state of relaxation, was giving up, shutting down.

"Ufff..." She sighed, her eyelids drifting shut as she plunged into darkness.

17.

If you come at the queen, you best not miss. Thought Melanie as she stared down at the nude, bound and gagged form of Lotus. Her former employer, now her prisoner, was still unconscious, no doubt sleeping off the effects of the facefull of chloroform Melanie had given her, but Melanie would wait as long as it took. She wanted to be there when Lotus woke up, wanted to see the realization in her eyes that she was helpless.

Much like every woman that they had kidnapped, Lotus was stretched out on her back, arms tied over her head and secured to the top frame of a bed, while her legs were tied below her, and her mouth was tightly gagged with a black cloth tied tightly between her lips. Nothing gave Melanie more pleasure than tying that knot at the back of Lotus's neck, she only wish that the woman would have been awake to experience being silenced. Though Melanie knew that she would most likely hear Lotus' muffled talking through the gag, which would make up for that.

Melanie sat in a chair on the other side of the room, legs crossed, filing her nails, waiting patiently for consciousness to return to Lotus so she could flaunt her victory to helpless woman.

Then she noticed the other woman stirring, her naked form wriggle slightly on the bed, and the gentle rise and fall of Lotus' breasts quicken.

"Hmmm..." The other woman mumbled.

Melanie set her nail file down and stood, looking down as Lotus' eyes fluttered as she fought to regain consciousness.

"Mmmrrrrmm..." Lotus bit down on her gag and tugged on her bound hands.

Melanie leaned against the wall and watched with a smile on her face as Lotus slowly realized the situation she was in. Her eyes flew open and went wide with shock, then she pulled on her bound hands again, and then on her feet.

“Mmmrrrrm!” She mumbled, biting down on her gag again, and looked down over her naked body, shock registering on her face once again. It seemed that realizing that she was completely nude was the last thing to occur to Lotus.

“Well, well, well. How did you end up in this situation?” Melanie smiled and stepped forward.

“Hrrrrmmpp mmmmp!” Lotus cried, and beckoned Melanie over with her head.

Melanie laughed, apparently Lotus had not figured it all out yet.

“Looking a little tied up there?” Melanie caressed Lotus’ bare leg, still with the smile on her face. She wanted to see the moment when Lotus realized what had happened.

“Ummm gggmm! Mmmph!” Lotus struggled and pulled, once again beckoning Melanie over with her head.

“How does it feel,” Melanie ran her fingers up the outside of Lotus’ leg to her side. “To be bound, gagged, and completely helpless?”

“Urrmmm mmmph!” Lotus worked on the manacles binding her hands to the headboard. Melanie knew that Lotus could get out of most knots, but these manacles were secure around the other woman’s wrists.

“You see,” Melanie’s fingers continued up Lotus’ side. She noticed the other woman’s bare flesh raise as her nails gently traced her skin, and a small, involuntary shiver overtook the helpless captive. “I heard your conversation with Agent Kincaid.”

“Wummmff?” Lotus froze and glared at Melanie, wide-eyed.

Melanie waited a moment, letting it sink in, and then Lotus looked up at her bound hands again, gave another futile tug, and then down at her own, bare breasts. Finally, she realized why she was in this situation.

“Mmmm nnnmmoo! Mmmfff! Mmmm ggmm!” Lotus pleaded with Melanie, tugging on her bonds and leaning.

“Oh, got something to say?” Melanie crossed her arms.

“Ummm hmm!” Lotus nodded.

“Like if I took out that gag, you could explain?” She smiled.

“Umm hmm!” Lotus nodded, doing her best to keep her eyes wide and innocent.

“Well too bad.” Melanie leaned forward and grabbed Lotus by the chin.

“Ummff!”

“That gag is staying right where it is.” Melanie clutched Lotus’ jaw and looked her square in the eye. She wanted the other woman to see the cold, expressionless void behind her own hazel eyes.

“Mmmmpf pffsss!” Lotus begged, once again tugging on the manacles holding her in place.

“You thought you could get rid of me,” Melanie ran her finger down along Lotus’ chin. “I have to give you credit for calling my bluff that you never would because you needed me.”

Then Melanie’s hand continued down, the tip of her finger tracing the outline of Lotus’ nipple.

“Ummff!” Lotus moaned.

“What, don’t like that?” Melanie smiled and grasped both of Lotus’ breasts with her hands.

“Mmmfff mmmno!”

“These are some nice tits you got here, I’m sure our clients will appreciate them.” Melanie smiled, rubbing her hands over Lotus’ chest while the other woman squirmed.

“Wmmff?” Lotus’ eyes went wide.

“Oh yes, I’ll let a few paying customers play with you. You’ll be like your pal Rossi, or Gina, a bound and gagged prisoner, helpless to watch as I run this business better than you ever could.”

“Wrrrgg ggmmff bbmmf!” Lotus spat, leaning forward and tugging on her bonds yet again.

Melanie laughed and stepped back.

“Then after a bit I’ll do like what you were going to do to me, sell you. Who knows, maybe your friend Kincaid will take you as a pair with his old partner.”

“Ummmm mmnoo!” Lotus grumbled, and once again turned her attention back to the manacles that kept her bound.

Melanie laughed again and stepped back, watching as her former boss twisted and struggled.

“Well, you can struggle until you tire yourself out. I have a business to go run.” Melanie headed for the door, turning her back on the naked, struggling Lotus.

“Mmmnnnoo wmmff!” Lotus called as Melanie opened the door and gave a final look at Lotus, who was twisting and struggling, giving the blond a perfect view of her ass as she did.

Melanie smiled again and stepped into the hallway, closing the door behind her, and made her way back to the lobby. Ideas were already forming of what to change now that Lotus was no longer in charge. First off, she would stop stealing people’s cards, that was bound to draw too much attention.

Second, gotta get rid of Lotus and Rossi. She chewed her lip as she walked. Having Rossi, an Interpol agent, as a prisoner was too big of a risk, and also Kincaid didn’t know that Lotus wasn’t in charge anymore. Melanie supposed that she would have to work out a deal with him to keep him playing along, which should be easy. There was a lot to do, but things were going to change, and Lotus was going to regret ever trying to go behind Melanie’s back.

When she stepped out into the lobby, she found Delilah behind the register, talking with a client. Melanie paused for a moment, but then quickly recovered and smiled.

It was a female client.

It was rare but they did have women coming in from time to time, but this particular woman was... interesting.

She wore a black, sleeveless skin tight jumpsuit, that almost looked like workout attire. It was low cut as well, showing off the woman’s ample, very ample, bosom.

Melanie tried not to stare at the woman’s gigantic breasts as she stepped into the room, but it was proving to be a challenge. Her breasts were enormous, putting Gina’s to shame, and it was very obvious that this woman’s breasts were surgically enhanced as well. She was also extremely fit, and the way the jumpsuit hugged her body accentuated her curves and thick muscles as well. The woman’s skin

was deeply tanned as well and she looked to have naturally dark hair that had been dyed to have red highlights.

“Oh Melanie, you’re just in time. We have a new client.” Delilah smiled at Melanie, and then to the woman.

“Hi,” The woman held out her hand. “I’m Lisa, I hear that your establishment can... take care of me.” Her smile was dazzling, and brilliant.

Melanie took the woman’s hand. Her grip was, unsurprisingly, strong.

“Oh yes we can, whatever your needs are. Are you new in town?” Melanie asked.

“I’m just passing through, on vacation.” Lisa answered.

“Perfect, we can certainly make your vacation worthwhile.”

Melanie made sure to maintain eye contact as they spoke. Knowing Lotus, she would have probably chloroformed this Lisa and made her a prisoner, but Melanie was doing things differently.

Though there were men who would pay handsomely to touch those breasts of hers.

“Well if you want to step back, I can show you some of our fine ladies and you can decide what your pleasure will be.” Melanie took Lisa by the shoulder and led her towards the curtain.

“Great.” Lisa smiled, following the blond woman.

As Melanie parted the curtain she heard the door open and turned her head slightly to see the incoming client.

Then she froze when she saw the messy mop of blond hair on the young man that entered, trailed closely by his ever present posse of college aged young men.

Oh no...

It was Blondie and his gang, filling into the lobby like a swarm of ants. Lotus had told her how she and Gina had been prisoners of the group, but also had instructed Melanie to completely wipe out their bank accounts so they would have no place to go.

Apparently that only made them angrier, and they all fanned out, Blondie at the center of the group. Melanie stepped away from the curtain and turned towards the young man. Even though there was a smile on her face, underneath she was fuming.

Another of Lotus' messes I need to clean up!

Delilah's eyes shifted from the group of young men surrounding them to Melanie, who stood straight, never breaking eye contact.

"Well, welcome back to our establishment." She decided to play it cool.

"I want to talk to your boss." Blondie barked, cutting right to the chase.

"I'm the one in charge." Melanie kept her head high as she spoke.

"No you aren't," Blondie laughed, causing Melanie to ball her fists. "The Asian one, with the eyes. She's running the show."

"Not anymore," Melanie let a little of the ice out in her voice as she spoke. "Now, can I help you?"

Blondie looked at his boys, and then took a step towards her.

"Your boss took something of ours, we want it back." He hissed.

"I told you, I'm the boss, and if it's regarding your money, we can-"

Blondie laughed, and soon all of his boys joined in too.

"The money? You think this is about the money? Please, one phone call to my father fixed that. I'm talking about the girl with the tits."

"From what I understand, her and the former manager of this establishment were... guests of yours." Melanie kept her tone cool, but noticed that the circle was closing in around her, like wolves going in for a kill.

"That's right," Blondie pressed up against her so close that she could smell his sunblock. "And they left without saying goodbye."

“Well,” Melanie swallowed and looked into his eye. “Since this place is under new management, its my responsibility to make sure every client is happy. If I give her to you, will back off?”

Blondie turned to his boys and laughed, they all joined in on command, a deep, mocking laugh.

“Really, after all you did to us, that’s it, that’s the deal?”

“You get the girl, and everything that we stole from you goes back into your accounts, tonight.”

Melanie turned to address the group.

“Ummm hmm!” Delilah cried, and Melanie turned to see one of the boys clamp a hand over her mouth, pull her tight, and grab her breast through the thin bra she had on.

“Hey!” Melanie charged forward, and then felt strong hands grab her by the biceps and pull her back.

“Hey, stop!” Melanie screamed, watching as the man kept his hand over Delilah’s mouth as he felt up her breast.

“What’s it gonna be?” Blondie smiled at her.

“Fine,” Melanie hissed and glared at him. “Gina, the money we stole, and complimentary service here...”

Blondie lifted an eyebrow at this.

“... for life...” Melanie sighed, defeated.

“Cool!” Blondie smiled and high-fived one of his friends.

“If you’ll follow me, I’ll show you where she is.” Melanie motioned to the curtain.

Blondie turned to his friend, still groping Delilah.

“Keep a grip on her until we get back, for insurance.” He laughed at his friend.

“Mmmno!” Delilah tried to wriggle free, but the young boy holding her kept a tight grip.

“Sure thing.” The boy smiled, squeezing Delilah’s large breast with gusto.

Melanie tried her best to give Delilah a reassuring look, to tell her that all would be alright, and pushed aside the curtain and lead Blondie and several of his goons down the hall. She could feel their eyes on her body as they walked, undressing her, imagining what they would do if they had the chance.

Too bad they never would.

Eventually she stopped, motioning to a door behind which was Gina, bound, gagged, and naked.

At least this is the start of cleaning up Lotus' mess. She thought, gripped the handle, pushed open the door, and motioned in.

"She's in there." Melanie stepped back, gesturing for Blondie and his crew to inspect their prize.

Blondie peeked into the room, and then turned to Melanie with a look of white hot rage on his face.

"Is this some kind of joke?" He barked.

"What? Its the girl you wanted." Melanie turned to motion into the room...

... which was empty.

She stammered, her jaw dropping. There was the bed, which had previously held the bound and gagged Gina, but no one was on it.

"No, I swear, she was in here..." Melanie stuttered, staring at the empty bed, willing Gina to materialize there.

Caitlyn! They still had Caitlyn, Gina's friend, maybe they could offer her in place of...

Melanie backed up, bumping into the thickly muscled chest of one of Blondie's goons.

"You think we're idiots or something?" Blondie leered at her.

"No, listen, it's just-MMMMMPH!" The goon behind her pressed his hand over her mouth and clutched her mid-section with the other.

"Oh, you're really going to regret this now." Blondie glared at her as she tried to wriggle free from the goon holding her.

“Mmmmp! Mmmmm! Mmmno!”

“Spread out boys!” Blondie turned to address his crew. “We’re taking over this place now.”

“Mnnoo! Mmmph!” Melanie pleaded through the strong hand squeezing her mouth shut.

Damn you Lotus! Damn you!

Blondie turned back to face her.

“We’re turning this into our own private playground.”

“Grrmm!” She glared at him and kicked, but he stepped back.

“And you and every girl here are our new toys.”

“Mmrrmmgg mmmrrfff!” Melanie cried as the goon lifted her off her feet and dragged her deeper into the parlor.

If there was one thing that Lisa had learned from being an extremely fit woman with an incredibly large chest, it was that as soon as a group of frat boys walked into anywhere, it meant trouble. Typically, as soon as they saw her massive, heaving breasts, they started salivating and circling like a pack of wild dogs, and the fact that she clearly wasn’t interested in them (or men in general) only further drove them wild. Another problem was that it made being inconspicuous almost impossible, as her breasts drew attention to her almost everywhere she went.

In this case though, she realized that the frat boys could work to her benefit, as they would prove to be a useful distraction for her to do what she came to the massage parlor for: to snoop around. She could tell that the frat boys had come to the parlor for something other than a massage or female companionship from the looks they had on their faces. They were the cold, angry faces of rich kids who weren’t getting their way. Lisa could also sense the tension in the room from the two women who worked at the parlor when they saw the boys, and could tell that there was clearly bad blood between these groups.

This place is making a lot of enemies. Lisa thought as she used the temporary distraction to slip behind the curtain into the hallway beyond, and thankfully was fast enough that the frat boys didn't notice her. She knew that she didn't have that much time, since the frat boys would only distract the two women at the front for so long, so she had to be fast. Most curious was that she hadn't seen the Asian woman who had stolen King's wallet or the one who had broken his wrist and rescued the other women yet.

There were still a lot of questions to be answered, which was why she was at the parlor now. King had been able to use his contacts and resources to track the woman who had stolen his wallet this small parlor on the boardwalk, and it didn't take much longer to figure out that the parlor was giving out much more than just massages. One thing that concerned both King and Jack though was that they still couldn't determine the identity of the second woman, the one who broke King's wrist and then later rescued Gina and Tanya. They were both worried that she might be a government agent of some kind, and those fears were compounded by the fact that Gina and Tanya had both gone off the map since their rescue. Their worry was that the two women might be in some protective custody of some kind, and Jack cooked up the plan to send someone to the parlor for recon, a duty which fell on Lisa's shoulders.

Lisa had no illusions about why they had sent her, not only was she the low person on the totem pole, but she was a potential pawn to be sacrificed. If she went into that parlor and didn't come out, it would confirm Jack and King's concerns about the place and give them an excuse to go in, guns blazing. Of course, she had every intention of walking out of that parlor with as much information as she could get, not only for King, but for Shelly too, who was just as concerned about the new Sheriff's absence as Ace's people were.

Granted, Shelly was a little less concerned about Tanya's absence since she enjoyed not having her nosy neighbor around, but she still wanted to know as much as she could.

As Lisa made her way down the hallway, she heard raised voices behind her in the lobby, and realized that if she wasn't pressed for time it would probably be a wise move to listen. Sadly, she knew she had to hurry.

She opened the first door on her left to find an empty room, and then moved onto the door on her right. It was locked, though on the other side she could hear moans and sighs, telling her that one of the women was with a client. That at least confirmed the theories that this place was more than a massage parlor.

Lisa moved onto the next door, gripped the knob, and turned it. Since it was unlocked, she was expecting to find an empty room. Much to her surprise the room was indeed occupied, but it was the person occupying it that shocked her so much.

"Mmmphh! Hlllp!" Gina cried, turning to face Lisa as she stepped into the room.

It took both women a moment to realize who they were looking at, and Lisa felt her heart kick into overdrive and her jaw drop. She was hoping to find something useful, maybe some clues, but not Gina, bound, gagged, naked, and tied to a bed.

Gina too, realized that her potential rescuer was anything but that, and her eyes went wide as well and she shook her head.

"Mmmmnnoo... mmmmnnoo... ummm gggddd..." She moaned and turned her head to focus on her manacled hands, twisting and writhing her nude body in an attempt to escape.

Lisa continued to stare at the naked woman, her mind whirling with possibilities.

Did they rescue Gina and Tanya because they wanted the two women for themselves? Was Tanya also behind one of these doors, bound and gagged?

One thing Lisa knew, Ace would not take this lightly.

She was about to back out of the room and close the door behind her when another thought occurred to her.

Why not take Gina with her?

Lisa bit her lip. It was a risky maneuver. As she considered this, Gina continued her struggling and writhing on the bed.

“Urrrrff ggmm! Mmmmp!”

Lisa realized though that if she left, Gina could maybe let her captors know about Lisa, which would put them on guard, but the same would happen if Lisa took Gina. She knew she couldn’t deliver Gina to Ace, too risky, as Gina could reveal that Lisa was working with Shelly.

But Gina could be useful as a prisoner for Shelly.

Lisa smiled. They could make Gina talk, tell them about this parlor, meanwhile she could tell King and Jack what she had seen at the parlor, minus finding Gina.

Outside the voices got louder, and Lisa peeked out into the hallway, and closed the door behind her, noticing that there was no lock but a keyhole.

Damn!

She knew she would have to move fast, and darted around the room, looking for something, anything that would be useful.

“Ummmpph mmmpph! Mmm!” Gina continued to moan.

There was a small stand with drawers next to the bed Gina was tied to, and Lisa opened it to find a black, unmarked bottle sitting on a shelf. She twisted open the cap, sniffed, and recoiled, the smell hitting her like a first.

Chloroform!

Slowly, a plan started to form, but she needed an escape, knowing that she couldn’t just carry Gina out past those frat boys and the other woman. Lisa set the chloroform down on the table, stood up, and started running her fingers along the walls, looking for seams.

Come on, come on...

It was a hunch, but it seems like an establishment like this would have secret doors built into each room...

Yes!

She pressed on a panel and it budged. Lisa gave a shove and the wall pushed back, revealing a long, dark passageway.

“Wummmfff?” Gina watched, eyes wide.

Lisa turned back to the naked, captive woman and smiled.

“Well,” She said, lowering the strap to her top. “Looks like we’re going on a little trip.”

“Wummmfff?” Gina looked at Lisa, the secret passage, and the closed door.

Lisa lowered her other strap, and then pushed down her top, revealing her large, tanned breasts.

“Like them? Jealous? I would be if I was you.” Lisa took a moment to gloat, running her hands along the curve of her massive breasts.

“Ummmm hmmmfff?” Gina furrowed her brow.

“Maybe you could use a closer look.” Lisa smiled, and cupped one hand under her breasts, pressing them together, and with the other hand unscrewed the top to the chloroform, lifted it, and poured the smelling substance over her breasts.

“Mmmmmfff mmmmo!” Gina’s eyes widened, watching as Lisa’s chloroform soaked breasts glistened under the light.

Lisa held her breath, even from this distance the smell was overpowering, and set the bottle down and approached the bound and helpless Gina, gripping her breasts with both hands.

“Don’t you want to just stick your face in this chest of mine?” She smiled, leaning forward.

“Mmmmo! Nnnmmoo! Mmmfff!” Gina shook her head, trying futilely to wriggle away.

It was no use though, as Lisa leaned forward and pressed her massive mammaries into Gina’s face.

“Bmmffff! Bbmmm!” Gina blubbered, and Lisa used one powerful hand to hold Gina’s face in place and the other to keep her breasts pressed tightly against Gina.

“Shh, just breath them in.” Lisa smiled, feeling as Gina twisted and struggled.

“Mmmm...fffmmm...” Gina mumbled, her struggles slowing.

Lisa now used both hands to hold Gina’s face planted directly in her massive chest, Gina was slowing, her mumbles becoming low whimpers.

“Mmm... gmmm... mmmfff...” Gina moaned, and then went still.

Lisa held her in place for another few seconds, and then pulled back, letting Gina’s head fall limply to the bed. She didn’t waste another moment, and pulled back up her shirt, which somewhat dampened the still overpowering smell of chloroform. As she worked, Lisa felt herself feeling a bit lightheaded from the smell, but took shallow breaths and ignored it. In retrospect, there was probably another way of knocking Gina out, but Lisa couldn’t resist having a little fun.

She removed Gina’s bonds from the bed, and then re-secured the unconscious woman, tying her hands behind her back, and rolled her limp form up in the bedsheets.

Outside, she heard voices coming down the hall.

Lisa stood, feeling herself wobble. Her head felt like it was swimming from the chloroform, and stooped over, grabbed the wrapped up Gina, and slung the unconscious woman over her shoulder.

The voices were directly outside the door now. Lisa felt a surge of adrenaline and broke out in a sweat, which helped counteract the effect of the chloroform. She scurried towards the secret passageway and saw the doorknob turning.

With Gina slung over her shoulder, she stepped into the passageway and closed the secret door behind her just as the main door opened. Lisa didn’t stop to overhear what was being said as she shuffled down the dark corridor with Gina over her shoulder.

18.

Shelly Arnold sighed as she leaned back in her hot tub, feeling the massaging jets blasting warm water against her half naked body, relieving all of the tension she had been building up for the past few weeks. After all of that uncertainty, it seemed as if things were finally turning a corner for her.

Part of her resisted wanting to check her phone again, she felt like she had looked at the picture message from Lisa over a dozen times already, but it was such a perfect photo, and such good news, that she couldn't resist but reach for her phone sitting on the edge of the tub and open up the message from Lisa once again.

It was a photo of Gina, unconscious, bound, gagged with a leather muzzle, and naked wrapped in a blanket in the trunk of Lisa's car. The blanket was falling somewhat, exposing Gina's generous cleavage, and the message from Lisa read: FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING AT THE MESSAGE PARLOR TODAY.

Shelly cooed again at the image and shifted in the tub. The combination of the sight of Gina bound and gagged along with the hot tub was proving to be overpowering for her, and she felt the twinges of arousal between her legs.

Soon, wait... you can celebrate this victory with Lisa later.

Still, Shelly found herself stroking the side of her breast as she stared at the image. The parlor wasn't far from her house, and she knew that Lisa would be there soon, but it would feel like hours. She imagined Lisa coming in, carrying the helpless Gina, and finding her waiting there in her favorite, tiny, black thong bikini.

Plus we won't have to worry about Brad anymore. Shelly smiled, set the phone down, and leaned back again.

Her plan had worked swingingly, and Brad had left for school the previous week. It felt like a weight had been lifted at the house, and she enjoyed being able to recline in the hot tub or walk around in her bikini without feeling his eyes on her, and it was even better being able to watch Lisa walk around wearing barely nothing.

Still, there was a tension in the air after hearing about Gina and Tanya's apparent rescue, made even worse that there was no sign of either woman after that night at the casino. Shelly had kept an eye on Tanya's place but there was no sign of her nosy, red-headed neighbor, and what made her even more suspicious was how she noticed Tanya's son still going in and out like nothing was wrong. It made her think that perhaps Tanya was hiding?

But there was word that Gina had been missing since that night too, and according to Lisa, Ace's organization was just as concerned about these mysterious rescuers since the woman, a curvy Asian, had snapped King's wrist. There had been a fear that whoever had opened fire on them that night were either from a rival organization or cops of some kind. Seeing how Lisa had just found Gina bound and gagged in seedy massage parlor, it seemed that the rival organization theory was the winner.

Perhaps a turf war will work to my benefit. Shelly smiled at the thought.

Once Lisa got Gina back to her house, they would use every technique at their disposal to get Gina to talk, and maybe Shelly could use that information to pit Ace and this new group against each other, then she could swoop in and pick up the pieces when the dust settled.

Still, that didn't answer what had happened to Tanya. Shelly assumed that her son wouldn't be acting like it was business as usual if his mother was missing, unless of course he was enjoying not having her around. Maybe Gina would bring some illumination to these questions.

Shelly leaned back and closed her eyes, letting the warm jets work over her bikini clad body, a smile slowly crept over her face as she imagined what she and Lisa would do to Gina once they got her back there. A few moments passed and Shelly started to feel like she was being watched.

It's just your imagination. She told herself, not wanting to disturb her perfect state of arousal and relaxation by sitting up and opening her eyes.

Still, she couldn't shake the feeling of hungry eyes on her body. Once again she was reminded of all the times Brad would make an excuse to come in while she was in the jacuzzi to leer at her, or when he was younger and just stared at her while she lounged by the pool

But no, Brad was gone. She was alone.

But she thought she heard a sound just over the rumble of the bubbles...

Breathing...

Shelly shot up, her eyes opening, and gasped.

Brad was leaning against the wall at the far side of the room, watching her with a smile on his face.

How long had he been there?

Why was he there?

Shelly glared, and felt the instinct to cover up her cleavage in the small bikini top, but decided against it. This was her house, not his, and she would dress as she pleased. She knew that Brad was just trying to get into her head like he always did.

Little shit and his mind games. She fumed, and decided to play right back at him.

She stood up, feeling the water cascade off of her body, and watched as his eyes moved up and down her half naked, wet form.

"Hey mom." He smiled at her.

"Like what you see?" She folded her arms under her breasts, making sure to push them up and together as she did.

He only smiled back at her and bit his lip.

"I thought you were at school?" Shelly turned to step out of the tub, giving Brad a view of her ass in the black thong as she did.

“Well I was, but I have a little present for you so I came back for a few days.”

“A present?” Shelly asked, now out of the tub and toweling off.

“Oh yes. Call it a peace offering. I think you’ll quite like it.”

Shelly finished drying off and set the towel down, her body still glistening from the moisture.

“So what is it?” She asked.

“Oh, you’ll have to follow me.” He smirked and motioned up the basement stairs.

Shelly bit her lip, alarm bells sounding in her head.

“After you.” She gestured to the steps.

“Ladies first.” Brad gestured.

“I insist.” Shelly smiled again.

Brad smiled, tipped his head, and turned to head for the stairs. Shelly followed a good distance behind, feeling naked, but not because she was clad in just a thong bikini.

Where’s Lisa when I need her? She balled her fists as she followed Brad. There was something fishy here, but her muscle was nowhere to be found.

With any luck Lisa would arrive just as they stepped outside, and then Shelly could have some back up for whatever Brad had planned.

But there was no Lisa as they moved upstairs and Brad lead Shelly out the front door, stopping to hold it for her. She stopped for a moment at the threshold and peered out, but realized that she didn’t know what to expect.

It’s just Brad, he’s harmless. She told herself. He was just a horny college student, if anything he just had a prank in store to get back at her for sending him away.

“What’s wrong? Still don’t trust me?” He asked.

“It always pays to be cautious.” Shelly folded her arms. Part of her thought that maybe Brad just wanted her to walk in front so he could admire her ass.

That’s the most likely scenario. She thought, realizing that she was probably being silly.

“I swear I have nothing up my sleeve. I told you, consider this a peace offering.” He gestured out the door again.

Shelly looked up and down the street again, but there was no sign of Lisa pulling up with Gina in tow. With no other recourse, Shelly stepped outside. Behind her, she heard Brad close the door, taking a little too long to do so.

He is looking at my ass. She rolled her eyes and turned around, catching Brad staring directly at her thonged behind. His eyes shot up and he smiled and stepped in front of her.

“Here, follow me.” He lead the way across the street...

...To Tanya’s place.

Shelly furrowed her brow, now more intrigued than anything. What did Brad have for her at Tanya’s?

A peace offering? She found herself coming back to that phrase again.

Instead of leading her up to the house, Brad stepped around to the back, Shelly followed, but stayed a good distance behind in case of a surprise. After all, she had been the one to sabotage Brad and Tanya’s little affair, it was possible they could be out for revenge, especially since she had tried to sell Tanya out to Ace.

As she followed, she risked a look over her shoulder at the street, but there were still no cars.

Come on Lisa. Shelly gritted her teeth. Knowing Lisa, she was probably driving the speed limit, being hyper-careful since she had a bound and gagged woman in her trunk. Usually Shelly admired just how careful Lisa could be, but in this case she wanted the muscular woman by her side.

Brad opened the gate to Tanya’s back patio and motioned for Shelly to follow. She gave another look over her shoulder and stepped through.

Shelly’s jaw dropped as she stepped onto the patio and saw what was waiting for her.

Tanya Donnelly was not only Shelly's neighbor, but had been thorn in her side. Knowing that, Shelly had watched the buxom woman, had studied her habits, and she knew how Tanya loved to recline by her pool in that little white thong that she thought she looked so hot in.

Now here was Tanya, reclining by her pool in that thong bikini, bound and gagged, wrapped up like a present for Shelly.

"Mmmph! Ummm hlllp!" Tanya sat up and moaned through the white cloth wrapped tightly around her mouth. Her hands were bound behind her back and her ankles secured together as well.

"You like it?" Brad gloated in Shelly's ear as he passed.

"Ufff fffmm mmp!" Tanya wriggled, flashing death glares at Brad while she did.

Shelly's eyes shifted from the bound Tanya to Brad and then back again.

"Surprised? Shocked?" Brad asked and stepped towards the struggling woman.

"Ummm hmm!" Tanya shook her head, her massive breasts heaving with every struggle.

"Confused." Shelly elaborated.

"Isn't she a nice little package?" Brad sat down on the beach chair behind Tanya, reached around, and clasped both of his hands over her breasts.

"Mmmnnoo! Grrmmph!" Tanya cried, trying to pulling away from Brad, who pulled her closer to him, hands still clasped over her breasts.

Shelly watched as her ex-step-son groped her rivals massive breasts, his hands moving up and down over their perfect curves.

"Funny, since you two were an item just a few weeks ago." Shelly took a step forward.

"She was a piece of ass, nothing more, nothing less." Brad's hands slipped under her bikini top as he spoke.

"Wummfff!" Tanya's eyes flamed and she glared at him.

"See, I'm not an idiot. I see what you're trying to do here in Marston's Pointe, and I want in."

Brad moved Tanya's bikini top aside, pulling out her breasts and cupping them with each hand.

“Ummm rggggg gggmm!” She cringed and kicked her bound feet.

“Tanya here,” Brad moved one of his hands down and caressed Tanya’s butt cheek. “Was going to be a problem either way. I figured what other sign to show you that I’m serious?”

He dug his fingers into the struggling woman’s butt cheek while gripping her breast with the other.

“Ummmm mmmggg!” Tanya tried to pull away.

Shelly stepped forward, looking down at the bound and helpless Tanya. Was this where she had been this whole time, a prisoner of Brad’s? Or had he snatched her from somewhere? She had so many questions..

“What do you say? Now we can do whatever we want with her?” Brad smiled and moved his arm up so that it wrapped around her shoulders.

Shelly looked down at her helpless rival and bit her lip.

First Gina, now Tanya... This was shaping up to be quite a day.

“Ummm hmmmf!” Tanya cried, jumping and trying to roll away as Brad grasped at her round buttocks.

The way she struggled was delicious to Shelly. She had enjoyed catching her at the party, of hearing her muffled cries. Her only regret that night was that she had to leave and couldn’t fully savor Tanya’s helplessness.

But now, now she could take all the time she wanted with Tanya.

“You want to play?” Brad smiled and stood up, motioning to the bound and gagged Tanya.

Shelly licked her lips. For so long this woman had been an annoyance, that annoying fly she couldn’t swat, but not anymore...

She stepped forward and crossed her arms, looking down at the helpless, struggling redhead.

“Well Tanya, I bet that if we took that gag out that you would have all sorts of nasty things to say to me.” Shelly smiled.

“Grrrrmm...” Tanya glared up at her.

“I’m sorry I can’t hear you.” Shelly cupped a hand to her ear and leaned in.

“Itfff ummfff trrffp...” Tanya mumbled into her gag.

“Oh Tanya, I’m so sorry dear but you have to speak up.” Shelly leaned closer.

“Httsffff ummm ttrrrffpp...” Tanya mumbled louder.

“Oh dear, one more time...” Shelly leaned closer.

“She said,” Brad said from behind, and Shelly felt his hand lock around her bicep. “It’s a trap.”

Shelly gasped, turning to see Tanya standing up, the ropes around her ankles falling away. Her arms were moving up in front of her, ropes dangling from her wrists, they had been tied just loose enough to give the appearance of bonds.

Shelly tried to run but felt Brad grab her wrists and pull them behind her back. As Tanya stood, she pulled her gag down, revealing a smaller, white cloth had been stuffed in her mouth.

Lisa where are you? Shelly wondered as Brad held her hands behind her back and Tanya approached.

Maybe Lisa had just arrived, pulled up in the driveway, expecting Shelly to be home and waiting. She wouldn’t know that Shelly had just fallen for a trap across the street.

Wouldn’t know unless Shelly drew attention.

“Hee-UMMMPH!” Shelly called out, but was cut off by Tanya leaning forward and pressing her mouth against Shelly’s in a twisted version of kiss.

“Heeeummph! Mmmmmpph!” Shelly tried to pull away, but Tanya grabbed Shelly’s neck with both hands, holding her in place for the prolonged kiss.

As Tanya’s lips met her, Shelly felt something being forced into her mouth. She had been kissed many times before where someone had slipped their tongue into her mouth, but this was different. Tanya was using her own tongue to push the cloth that had previously been gagging her into Shelly’s mouth!

“Ulllmmm mmmmm gggmmmp! Mmmnnoo!” Shelly’s eyes widened and she tried to shake her head as she felt her mouth being filled with the already soaked stuffing that had previously been shoved into Tanya’s mouth.

“Ahh!” Tanya stretched her jaw and smiled as she pulled away, leaving the stuffing wadded in Shelly’s mouth.

“Ummm hmmph! Mmmph!” Shelly cried, and before she could spit out the wadded cloth, Tanya had pulled the other cloth from around her neck, pressed it over Shelly’s mouth, and tied it at the back of her neck.

“Urrggg gllubbb... mmmm!” Shelly moaned, twisting her head in an effort to shake off the gag, but it was no use.

Once Tanya finished gagging Shelly, she moved behind her, and Shelly felt ropes being wrapped around her wrists.

“Mmmnnoo! Sfffpp!” She cried, trying to pull away as she felt her wrists being bound.

How did this happen? How did she fall for this? It was such an obvious trap!

This couldn’t happen to her! There was no way she was going to be outsmarted by Brad and Tanya.

“Ummmpph! Mmmmm gggrrrgg!” She grunted and tried to pull away, but instead felt the final knot being secured around her wrists.

“Mmmph!”

Then Brad grabbed her ankles and force them together. More ropes were looped around her ankles and securely tied, all the while Shelly wobbled to keep her balance while trying to work her hands free.

“Urrmmmmfff mmmmmrrrmmm...” Shelly wiggled and struggled as the bonds were secured around her ankles.

Despite her struggles, the ropes were holding fast around her wrists as well, and her gag was tied tightly and securely over her mouth.

How long were they planning this? She fumed as she tugged on her bound hands again. Had Tanya been laying low this whole time just to get Shelly to drop her guard? If so, then had Brad been with her, allowing Shelly to think he had been away?

How? How had this happened? How could she fall for it?

“Ummmmfff!” She cried as Brad grabbed her from under the armpits and leaned her back. A moment later, Tanya grabbed Shelly’s bound ankles and lifted.

“Mmmno!” She cried as she was lifted and carried across the patio and out the side gate where they had entered.

They’re taking me out onto the street! Someone is bound to see this! Shelly thought, and increased her struggles.

“Ummmmfff mmfff! Mmmmmph! Hhhllp! Hllpp mfff!” She cried, kicking and twisting as her captors carried up the side of the yard to the front of the house.

Lisa! Lisa please hurry! Any second Lisa would pull up in front of the house and see Brad and Tanya carrying the bound and gagged Shelly.

Any second now.

Brad’s car was parked out front in the driveway, and once they reached the car, Tanya set Shelly’s feet down, rushed to the rear passenger side, opened the door, and rushed back to lift Shelly’s feet again. Then Brad backed into the car, carrying Shelly in with him, while Tanya helped load the helpless woman onto the back seat.

“Mmm! Ummm ggmmmm!” Shelly moaned as they stretched her bound form out on the back seat. Then Brad let himself out of the driver’s side rear passenger door while Tanya closed the passenger side.

“Ummmfff... mmmpph...” Shelly rolled onto her side as Brad jumped into the driver’s side and started the engine and Tanya hurried into the passengers seat.

Brad turned his head to back out, stopping to lean down at his bound and gagged ex-step-mom.

“Better fasten your seat belt, it’s gonna be quite a ride.” He winked.

“Urrrr wrrryyy mmmrrro bbbrrtt!” Shelly grumbled.

But Brad only smiled, backed out, and drove off down the street, with one hand on the wheel and the other on Tanya’s thigh.

Lisa could barely contain her excitement at presenting her bound and gagged prize to Shelly, as evidenced by her erect nipples pressing against the thin fabric of her shirt as she drove. With every moment that brought her closer to Shelly’s house, she grew more and more exhilarated at the thought of opening the trunk to reveal the helpless and naked Gina. She couldn’t help but daydream at the possibilities of what the two of them would do to Gina once they had her secured in Shelly’s home...

And the thought of what they would do to each other.

She risked a look down at her nipples doing their best to cut through her top, and imagined Shelly pulling down the thin fabric to touch her breast, to stroke it, run her tongue over it...

A car horn blared and Lisa slammed on the brakes, cursing herself for being so careless.

Damn it Lisa, don’t lose focus now!

She had been so careful on the way back, driving the speed limit, keeping an eye out for cops, but now that she was close to Shelly’s, she had gotten complacent...arrogant.

She looked up at the car that had beeped at her. It had pulled out from the cul de sac where Shelly lived going at a high speed and didn’t even stop for her after blaring it’s horn. As Lisa collected herself and looked at the vehicle, she realized that the driver looked familiar.

Brad? She watched as the car turned, realizing that was Brad behind the wheel. What was he doing? Shelly had sent him away to college.

Unless he had stopped back to pick up some things?

He had also been fooling around with Tanya, but she hadn't been seen since that night at the casino.

All of these thoughts passed through her head in an instant, and as the car turned, she saw a flash of red hair in the passenger side.

Tanya?

Finally, as the car completed its turn, Lisa saw someone sit up in the backseat and look out the rear window.

Her heart thudded in her chest and Lisa felt every muscle in her considerable physique stiffen as she looked at who was in the back seat of the car.

It was Shelly, Lisa would recognize that brilliant blond head of hair anywhere.

As she watched, Shelly leaned towards the glass, and Lisa now saw the white cloth wrapped around her mouth, gagging her. Shelly's eyes were wide, pleading, and even though Lisa couldn't hear her, she knew that Shelly was calling to her through the gag. She didn't know if Shelly knew that was her or if Shelly just saw a passing car and tried to get their attention, and if Brad or Tanya noticed Lisa behind the wheel they didn't give any indication as they finished turning off of the cul de sac and sped off down the road.

Lisa's jaw dropped. It all felt like it had transpired in slow motion, but in reality, had only taken a few seconds.

She tried to gather her thoughts as the car containing the kidnapped Shelly grew smaller in the distance.

Brad was back? And he and Tanya had kidnapped Shelly? But why? Revenge for what happened at the casino?

One thing Lisa did know, she couldn't just let them get away.

She hit the gas and took off after them, wrapping her hands around the wheel and focusing dead ahead, hoping to quickly make up the distance between her and the kidnappers. Lisa was so focused on catching up to Brad and Tanya that she didn't notice another car turning onto the road in front of her.

The horn blared. Lisa's heart skipped a beat and she swerved, narrowly avoiding the turning car but almost slamming into one in the next lane.

She was sweating now as she steadied the car and pulled ahead, and noticed that her arms were shaking.

Calm down Lisa, calm down. Don't let your emotions get the better of you. She took a deep breath, realizing that she wouldn't do Shelly any good if she got into an accident trying to save her or arrested because she got pulled over and the cops found out that she had the sheriff bound and gagged in her trunk.

Lisa slowed, looking ahead to see Brad's car turning onto a residential road. She stayed a few cars back. He was clearly avoiding busy roads so no one would notice that he had a woman tied up in his backseat.

Amateur, that's why you put them in the trunk. Lisa shook her head, but knew she couldn't get cocky.

She had to be careful, not just for her, but for Shelly.

Just follow, see where they're headed, and figure out a plan from there.

She gripped the steering wheel for dear life as she followed, doing her best to look calm and collected. Every instinct in her body wanted to ram that car and pull Shelly free, but she knew that Shelly would want her to be smart about this.

Instead, she stayed a good distance back, following as Brad turned onto a two lane highway on the outskirts of town. Lisa let other cars pass her and cut her off, but always kept Brad's vehicle in sight

as she followed. All the while she followed, Lisa couldn't help but wonder what was going through Shelly's head at the time.

Just hold on. I will save you, just hang in there!

As Lisa wrapped her hands around the wheel, she imagined it was Brad's neck. Oh the things she would do to him once she got Shelly free.

And Tanya, on that big-titted bitch was gonna pay.

Brad's car turned off the highway and Lisa followed, still keeping a good distance behind him. It was a lonely, wooded road, though the presence of mailboxes told her that there were homes set further back off the road, large, expensive houses with owners who didn't like being disturbed.

Further down the road, and Lisa suddenly realized that this road was familiar.

Oh no...

She broke out into a cold sweat all over again.

No...no...no...

He couldn't be bringing her here, could he? How could he know?

But her worst fears were confirmed when Brad pulled his car into a long, paved drive leading up through the trees. The estate was too far up to see, but Lisa knew it.

The Auction House.

It took all of her self control to not turn and look as she passed. A part of her brain wanted to speed up that long, winding driveway and rescue Shelly, but if Lisa did that neither she nor Shelly would ever leave that place.

So she kept driving, her whole body shaking now.

She had worked security a few times for Ace, riding along as trucks filled with captive women brought them to the sprawling, expensive mansion at the end of that long drive. Those captive women would be paraded in front of a group of prospective buyers and be sold to the highest bidders.

Brad intended to do that with Shelly, sell her like a piece of meat.

There was no way Lisa was letting him do that.

But how? If she tried to rescue Shelly then she would blow her cover in Ace's organization. Furthermore, the place was so well protected that there was no way she could sneak in and sneak out with Shelly.

How did Brad know about it though? Was he trying to get in good with Ace and his people? Or Tanya for that matter. Lisa knew that Tanya had it out for Ace just as much as Shelly did.

Maybe she would take Tanya alive for questioning before getting rid of her.

Once she was safely past the auction house, Lisa pulled to the side of the road and let out a long sigh. It didn't help, and she was still shaking and fuming. She had to save Shelly somehow, she couldn't just let her be sold to some rich guy as his bondage pet, but she couldn't do it alone.

She didn't know how long she sat there in the car, biting on her knuckles as she tried to think, but at some point Gina must have woken up because Shelly heard the other woman kick at the trunk of the car.

Thud.

Great, Lisa had to figure out a place to stash Gina too while she rescued Shelly.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

More kicking and Lisa sighed, wishing she had chloroform to knock Gina out while she thought.

Then an idea occurred to her...

No... it would never work.

She shook her head. It was a crazy thought, and would never work out.

But the idea stayed fixed in her head, refusing to leave. A thought so crazy it just might work.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Lisa thought about it some more and realized that she didn't have any better ideas. Worse off, nothing would change if it didn't work out.

Might as well get this over with. She thought, got out of the car, and popped the trunk. She stepped to the back of the vehicle, and lifted the hood the rest of the way. In all of her struggling, Gina had shrugged off the sheet Lisa had wrapped her in, and now lay completely naked, her breasts heaving up and down with every angry breath she took.

“Mmmrrrrr gggght! Lffftt mmfff ggmmno!” Gina barked at her through the muzzle.

“Hello Gina, have a nice ride?” Lisa asked, smiling down at her captive.

“Ufff whrrrnn uhh gfftt mnno!” Gina responded.

“Look Gina,” Lisa sighed. “I’m not really in the mood. There’s something I want to talk with you about. If I take off that gag will you behave?”

“Fmmmmfff mmno!” Gina barked.

“Fine,” Lisa shrugged. “I’ll just go anyway. I know that I just kidnapped you, but things have changed recently and I would like to propose a truce.”

“Urrrrmm gmddd...” Gina rolled her eyes.

“If you help me,” Lisa continued. “I promise that not only will I let you go, but that I will share everything that I know about Ace and his organization with you, along with any future intel that I gather.”

“Wmmff?” Gina looked up at her in confusion.

“You see,” Lisa hesitated. “They have Shelly.”

“Uffff hffff hfff...” Gina made a sound through her gag that seemed like she was... laughing?

“Are you laughing?” Lisa asked.

“Uffff hffff mmfff...” Gina continued.

“It’s not funny!” Lisa cried, shaking again.

“Ysss uffftt msss!” Gina nodded.

“Fine, then enjoy being a prisoner.” Lisa grabbed the trunk with full intent on slamming it.

“Wmffff!” Gina cried, and Lisa hesitated.

Lisa stopped, her hands on the trunk, and glared down at Gina, hoping that her look communicated that she meant business.

“You will help me rescue Shelly from Ace’s auction house. In exchange, I will let you go, and we will share whatever intel we have with you, deal?”

Gina seemed to consider it for a minute, and then looked up at Lisa and nodded.

“Good, I’m going to take your gag off now. Will you be good?”

“Umm hmm...” Gina nodded.

Lisa leaned over, undid the buckle at the back of the leather muzzle, and pulled it away from Gina’s mouth. The other woman gasped and flexed her jaw.

“Make a noise and it goes back on. Don’t tempt me, because in the mood I’m in I might just go and drop you in the middle of the ocean and not give it a second thought.” Lisa warned.

“Fine, I said I would help you,” Gina looked up at her. “But I’m going to need a few things first.”

“Like what?” Lisa cocked her head.

“Well,” Gina looked down at her bare breasts. “Clothes, for one.”

18.

If someone would have told Gina a few weeks prior that she would be working with the woman who helped kidnap her and kick off her prolonged imprisonment, she would have called them crazy, delusional, unrealistic, but strange times called for strange bedfellows. Indeed, Gina also realized that if someone told her that she would be letting this woman bind and gag her again, this time voluntarily, she would have scoffed again at them.

But here we are. Gina sighed and appreciated the absurdity of the situation as Lisa bound her hands behind her back. At least she was fully clothed this time.

“Ow, do you have to make it so tight?” Gina cried as Lisa tightened the knot.

“It has to look convincing.” Lisa grunted and finished tying her wrists.

“Right.” Gina sighed.

On the opposite side of the van, Randy watched, wide-eyed, his beady eyes shifting between Gina and the big-breasted woman tying her hands. It almost made Gina regret bringing him along on this mission, but they needed back up, and Randy was the only help they could get. The deputy didn't seem aware of Gina's eyes on him, and she watched as his gaze shifted from Lisa's cleavage, of which he had an excellent view thanks to her having to bend over in the back of the van, and up to Gina's breasts, exposed thanks to the top few buttons of her shirt being undone.

She was clad in her tan Sheriff's Department shirt, which was a bit too small and hugged her body in all the right places, and was tucked into her tight, black jeans, which in turn tucked into black boots.

“Randy...” Gina raised her eyebrows at him.

“Oh...” His eyes snapped up to her.

“The knife,” Gina motioned to the small switchblade sitting on a shelf in the surveillance van.
“And the earpiece.”

The earpiece was small and flesh colored, which hopefully meant that her captors wouldn't notice it. Not that she would be able to communicate much at first since she would be gagged... again.

Gina shook her head. These past few weeks she had bounced from captor to captor like a hot potato, having narrowly avoided a death trap thanks to being rescued by Agent Rossi, only to get kidnapped by Lotus at Rossi's home.

Rossi...

Gina felt a pang of guilt about the agent. She knew Lotus had kidnapped the INTERPOL agent, and no doubt had her held at her parlor along with Caitlyn.

Once this is over, I'll ride back there, arrest Lotus and the others, and free the girls they're holding hostage.

Lotus and Gina had been captured by Blondie and his crew, where they were prisoners for a few days before Lotus got free and spirited Gina to her parlor, where she had been prisoner until Lisa discovered her and meant to present her as a prize to her boss/lover Shelly Arnold. Of course, Brad and Tanya kidnapping Shelly threw a wrench in those plans.

Lisa had shared a lot with Gina on the ride to her house to get clothes, and then to the police station... almost too much. At one point Gina realized why Lisa was oversharing, because she was nervous. The big-breasted enforcer actually cared about Shelly and was scared for the other woman. A part of Gina still distrusted the woman and was preparing for a double cross, but Lisa had assured Gina, many times, that she would keep her word and that Shelly would too.

“Shelly likes having useful people around.” Lisa smiled.

Lisa and Shelly's relationship seemed...intimate, and it was clear from the way Lisa spoke of the other woman that she thought extremely highly of Shelly. In her eyes, the older, blond woman

could do no wrong. As Gina listened to Lisa prattle on about Shelly, Gina couldn't help but feel a pang of remorse for the muscular woman. She, like many others, was being manipulated by Shelly.

Makes me wonder what Shelly will do to Lisa when she's no longer useful. Gina wondered.

If this rescue was successful though, that meant Shelly would be in her debt, something Gina had a feeling the blond woman didn't like. Lisa insisted that Shelly would be cooperative in sharing all she knew about Ace and his organization with Gina, but Gina was still skeptical about that. She had no other choice though, and in a weird way, owed her freedom to Lisa. Plus once Shelly shared what she knew with Gina, they were even.

For the moment...

Gina had a feeling that Shelly was going to want immunity, or some sort of agreement that Gina wouldn't come after her. It was a promise that Gina didn't want to make, but at the moment, Ace was the bigger fish. Then again she was also aware that in the best case scenario, if she was able to take down Ace, Shelly would swoop in.

Gina could very well be the person who put Shelly in power.

She decided to deal with that as it happened. Right now the plan was to rescue Shelly.

After taking Gina to her place and letting her get dressed, they had brainstormed plans on how to get into the auction house and rescue Shelly. It had been a delicate process since Gina had to get in and get out with Shelly but also Lisa's cover couldn't be blown either. Eventually, after coming up with a somewhat decent plan, they headed to the police station to get help. Gina wasn't sure what surprised Randy more, her walking in after being missing for several weeks, or see a big-breasted woman like Lisa with Gina.

From that moment, Randy had been mesmerized, barely able to take his eyes off of Lisa's cleavage in the tight black tank top. Gina had to repeat the plan to him several times and then eventually make him recite it back to her because of the way he kept gawking at Lisa. Lisa noticed it too, and it was clear that she was uncomfortable from the way Randy was drooling over her. There was

something funny to Gina about how Lisa evidently had no problem committing terrible acts in the name of Shelly or Ace, but still felt uncomfortable under a man's gaze, but Gina could also relate to the muscular woman on that front.

Maybe we're more alike than I thought. Gina shuddered at the thought.

They called Frank to watch the station while they were out, who also gave Gina and Lisa odd looks, and then took the surveillance van and headed out, Gina and Randy in the van while Lisa followed in her car (Randy had offered to drive with Lisa, which both her and Gina balked at) and once they got close to the mansion, both vehicles pulled to the side of the road to get ready. Randy's eyes lit up when Lisa stepped into the back of the van and started binding Gina.

"Do you want gagged now or later?" Lisa held up the black cloth meant to silence Gina.

"Can it wait? I've been gagged enough over the past few weeks." Gina stared at the cloth with apprehension.

Lisa seemed somewhat disappointed but nodded and took the switchblade and ear piece from Randy.

"I got it." Her tone was curt with him.

"Sure," He risked a look at her breasts and retreated to the other side of the van.

Lisa sighed, having caught Randy peeking at her chest, and pressed the small listening device into Gina's ear.

"Ow!" Gina cried as the uncomfortable piece of electronics was pressed in place.

"Stop whining or I'll gag you now." Lisa warned, checking to make sure the piece was well hidden.

"Make sure you pull my hair over it too." Gina reminded.

"I've spent years as a mole, I know how to do this." Lisa patted Gina's arm reassuringly.

"We're going into the lion's den, forgive me for wanting to be careful." Gina chided.

"You know, that's it." Lisa raised the gag to Gina's mouth.

“Wait, let’s-urrgggmmmp!” Gina was cut off by Lisa pressing the black cloth between her lips.

“Hey uhhh... should we do that?” Randy stammered from the other side of the van.

“Nmnmno!” Gina glared at him and motioned with her head to Lisa, who was tying the gag at the back of Gina’s neck.

“Oh she’s fine, and we’re almost ready anyway.” Lisa finished tying the gag and knelt down next to Gina.

“Urrgg fr ggddnss sffsskk...” Gina rolled her eyes.

She felt Lisa slide the knife down her boot, and caress her calf along the way.

“Hrryy!” Gina pulled away.

“Oh just having some fun.” Lisa laughed, stood, and patted Gina on the arm.

“Umm hrrmm...” Gina nodded and glared at her.

“You better be listening well, as soon as everything goes down, Gina and Shelly are going to need you to be johnny on the spot.” Lisa warned Randy.

“Don’t worry... I won’t... I won’t let you down.” Randy looked directly at her when he spoke.

“Ummm mfff?” Gina angled her head at him.

“You too.” Randy nodded.

Once Gina had Shelly, the plan was to flee out through the woods behind the property. There was a backroad where Randy would be waiting with the van, and Lisa would rendezvous with them later at the station.

If everything went according to plan. Gina thought, and realized that it had to go according to plan. She shuddered to think what would happen if it didn’t.

“Well,” Lisa looked at Gina. “Ready?”

“Umm hmm.” Gina nodded, and then nodded at Randy, who nodded back.

It was go time. Lisa grabbed Gina by the bicep and lead her to the rear doors of the van, Randy following close behind. On the way, Lisa stopped to grab a small, black bag and slung it over her shoulder.

She doesn't have to lead me, I'm not her prisoner... yet. Gina sighed.

Lisa's car was parked behind the van, and she lead Gina over, opened the back door, and motioned inside.

"My lady." She smiled at the gagged sheriff and Gina rolled her eyes.

She seems to be enjoying this a little too much. Gina thought as she sat in the back seat. Lisa closed the door, got in the driver's side, setting her bag on the floor on the passenger's side, and they were off. The road was dark, with the only light coming from Lisa's headlights as they made their way to the mansion that was being called "The Auction House."

They rode in silence, partially because Gina was gagged and couldn't hold a conversation if she wanted to. She also knew though that Lisa was probably doing what she was doing: focusing, mentally preparing for what was to come.

The ride was short, but seemed like an eternity to both women. Lisa turned onto the winding, private road leading up to the mansion.

"Better get into character." She said over her shoulder to Gina, who only nodded.

At the end of the drive was a large gate, along with two armed guards in suits, each holding what looked like an AR-15 in their gloved hands. The mansion loomed behind him, a large, sprawling estate with even more expansive property around it. Lisa told Gina there was several acres of woods around it that was technically part of the property but hadn't been maintained, as well as a small pond in the back.

Lisa stopped the car and Gina went into damsel mode, kicking, struggling, and moaning into her gag, hoping that her attempt to look like a helpless prisoner was effective.

It should be, I've had plenty of practice. Gina grumbled as she kicked Lisa's seat.

“Hey,” Lisa turned around. “Cut it out, you’re getting too into it.”

“Ohmmm rrlly?” Gina rolled her eyes at the other woman.

Just the one of the guards tapped on the window, and Lisa about jumped halfway out of her skin. She spun around and lowered the driver’s side window as the second guard took up a position on the passenger side. Gina’s head spun between the two and given what Lisa had told her about security, she wondered if there were other guards she didn’t see, watching from the shadows.

“Hey there.” Lisa smiled at the stone faced guard peering in at her.

“What brings you out tonight?” He asked.

“Ummmg gmmmm mmmpphh rrrh!” Gina cried from the backseat.

Lisa used that moment to lower the passenger side window, giving the guard a better view of the bound and gagged Gina in the backseat.

“Mmmmp! Bblllmm mmp! Hmmmpph!” Gina leaned out the window, pleading at the guard.

“I caught the new Sheriff, think I could fetch a good price for her at the auction.” Lisa laughed.

“Gmmmggg!” Gina barked and kicked her seat.

“Have you brought in merchandise before?” The guard asked.

“Of course.” Lisa smiled back.

“Mmnno! Ohmm mmno!” Gina shook her head tried to increase her struggles.

“Carry on then, you can put her in holding with the others.” The guard waved her forward and stepped away.

“Thank you!” Lisa smiled, rolling up both windows. As she did, the gates opened and Lisa pulled on through.

“Okay, now’s the hard part.” Lisa sighed.

“Grrrrttt...” Gina responded.

As they pulled through the gate, Gina noticed another car pulling up behind them. She watched in the rearview mirror as the car stopped for the guards and they took their positions on either side. This

time though, it looked like the driver's side window lowered and not a word was spoken, as the guard quickly nodded and waved it through.

That can't be good. Gina thought, watching as the other car followed them up the drive to the house. If the guards knew whoever was in that car by sight, that meant they were someone important. Her mind raced at the possibilities, could it maybe be Ace himself?

That would be too good of an opportunity, to catch Ace during this operation. She tried to lower her expectations though, most likely it was just a high ranking organization member, or an important buyer here for auction.

There was a large, circular drive outside the mansion with a stone fountain at the center of it. Waiting outside the mansion was a man dressed in the traditional butler attire. He even looked like a butler, thin, middle-aged, and slightly balding. Standing next to him though were two muscular women clad in skintight leather bras and thongs. One woman had blond, curly hair down to her shoulders, while the other was dark skinned with close cropped hair.

"Oh no..." Lisa looked at the other car in the rearview.

"Whtt?" Gina asked.

"They have the welcoming committee, that means someone big is visiting."

"Ohfff..." Gina nodded.

Lisa parked and the butler stepped over and opened the driver's side door for her.

"Hello Lisa, and welcome back."

"Mmmph! Hllp! Ummm gggmmf!" Gina went back to feigning struggling.

"Hello Nigel." Lisa took his hand and stepped out.

"Will you need assistance with your things?" He asked, motioning to the bound and gagged Gina.

"No thank you Nigel, I can handle this one." Lisa stepped to the rear passenger door.

“Very well, you can place her in holding and then help yourself to refreshments with the other sellers while you wait.” Nigel nodded and approached the second car with the other two women in tow.

“Nnnmm stpp!” Gina cried and struggled as Lisa grabbed her by the upper arm and pulled her out of the backseat.

“Come on Sheriff, time to find you a new master.” Lisa taunted as she yanked Gina out.

Gina stumbled out of the vehicle and glared at Lisa.

I know it has to look convincing but damn! Her arm was hurting from how hard the other woman was gripping it.

“Urmm ggmm!” Gina cried and nodded at her arm, trying to signal Lisa that she was hurting, but Lisa either didn’t notice or didn’t care.

“My Queen, we are graced by your presence.” Gina heard Nigel say, and turned her head to see the butler holding the passenger side door open of the other car.

A middle aged, regal looking woman with dirty blond hair was stepping out, clad in a form fitting, black leather dress accentuating her heavy cleavage. As Gina eyed the woman, she noticed Lisa too watching. Meanwhile, getting out of the driver’s side door was a woman whose muscular physique put Lisa’s to shame. She wore a tight black sleeveless jumpsuit like Lisa, but her breasts were considerably smaller (and natural), and her pale skin was decorated with ornate tattoos that seemed to run all over her body. The woman’s short, striking red hair was pulled back tight in a bun, and her piercing blue eyes seemed to take everything in as she closed the door.

“Thank you Nigel.” Said the woman he referred to as The Queen, who looked up towards Lisa and Gina.

“Oh, look at this catch.” She smiled with glee, her eyes falling onto Gina’s cleavage as she spoke.

“Mmmnno!” Gina grunted and pulled, but Lisa dragged the struggling Sheriff over.

“Our new Sheriff got too nosy.” Lisa said, tugging on Gina as she walked.

“Oh dear, she’s exquisite, isn’t she, Vera?” The Queen asked of the muscular red-head.

“She truly is.” Vera eyed them, but not with lust like The Queen was, but more suspicion than anything.

“Whrryy mnnoo gggmmm...” Gina grumbled and glared at them.

The Queen stepped forward and reached out towards Gina.

“I’ve heard about our buxom new Sheriff. It’s a shame I didn’t get a chance to catch her, I would have kept her all for myself.” She reached out towards Gina’s heaving breasts.

“Mmmno!” Gina shot a leg out and Lisa let out a cry and pulled her back.

Simultaneously Vera was there in a flash, pulling The Queen back out of the range of Gina’s long legs.

“Urggh!” Gina cried, lunging forward. Lisa restrained her with both hands as Gina grunted at The Queen.

“Keep your prize on a tighter leash!” Vera’s face was as red as her hair as she scolded Lisa.

“That’s alright Vera,” The Queen placed a reassuring hand on Vera’s chest and stepped away from the tattooed woman. “I like her, she has spirit.”

“Ummm hhheea?” Gina glared at the other woman.

“I just may have to snatch you up at the auction.” The Queen licked her lips while eyeing up Gina.

“Well,” Lisa’s tone was apologetic. “I better get her into holding before she causes any more trouble.”

“Right, I look forward to the bidding.” The Queen never took her eyes off of Gina as Lisa dragged the struggling Sheriff towards the mansion.

“Are you crazy, do you know who that is?” Lisa whispered in Gina’s ear once they were a good distance away from The Queen.

“Urrmm dmmnn mmmnkkknnoo...” Gina shrugged.

“That’s The Queen, the highest in the organization after Ace, and someone you do not want to make angry. Do you know how many women have gone into her dungeon and not come out?” There was something in Lisa’s voice, a tremble, a reverence...

Fear...

“Wuff?” Gina looked back over her shoulder as Lisa continued shuffling her towards the house at both women, watching with hungry eyes as Lisa pulled open the door to the mansion.

Felicia Fetters was far from a blushing bride, but she was a bound and gagged one, and for Jack, that was just as good. He had always thought that the gardens at the auction house, with their meticulously kept shrubbery and picturesque ponds would be perfect for a wedding, and now here he was, having his dream wedding to a captive bride.

He couldn’t take his eyes off of her, she looked stunning in her white lingerie, and the way her breasts heaved up and down in that white bra! Jack got hard as soon as he saw her standing there, and his dress pants could barely contain his raging penis as he eyed her up.

They stood just in front of the pond, framed by the string lighting running through the gardens. Jack had a few of his most loyal, including Carl, as witnesses to his nuptials to Felicia. For the officiant, it was Judge Reichenbacher, an older, stooped man with thick, coke bottle glasses. Though Reichenbacher was firmly in Ace’s pocket, Jack had to compensate the elderly Judge well to not only preside over the marriage, but ensure that he kept his mouth shut about it.

Jack realized now that he probably should have paid Reichenbacher to make it a quick ceremony, as right now the Judge was rambling on about the sanctity of matrimony or something.

“Marriage is a union, a bond, a sacred...” The dottering old Judge rambled, reading from a black notebook in his hand.

Jack though was able to tune him out, as Felicia had not stopped moaning into her gag since he started.

“Mmmmmpph! Mmmmm! Mnooo sttp!” She pleaded, trying to pull away as the judge went on, but Jack held her firm by her manacled wrists.

“Ummfff!” She grunted, her breasts rising up and down even faster in anger. The white, lacy bra looked amazing against her tanned skin, and a healthy dose of glitter made her cleavage even more enticing. Jack’s eyes zeroed in on her heaving bosom, and he could hardly wait to rip that bra off.

His muzzled bride wore a white corset under the bra, and her wedding attire was rounded out with a white g-string. As much as Jack loved admiring Felicia’s cleavage in the white bra, he loved her ass in those panties even more. Just the way those two perfect ass cheeks of hers devoured that tiny white string running between them! The thought of it made his blood pump even harder than her breasts did.

Rounding out her wedding attire was white manacles around her wrists and a length of chain which ran from them to manacles around her ankles. Her gag though, her gag was a work of art. In Jack’s mind, it was his finest work yet. Felicia’s mouth was filled with a large, perfectly shaped diamond. It had taken him quite some time and a large chunk of cash to find a diamond that size, and then to find someone to place it in the center of a ring with straps on either side. It was essentially a ball-gag, but replace the ball at the center with a diamond.

“Urrmm bmmff!” Felicia cried through her diamond gag, once again trying to pull away but Jack kept a firm grip on her wrists.

“Do you Jack, take Felicia Fetters to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?” Reichenbacher asked Jack, finally getting to the good part of the ceremony.

“Mmmnnnoo! Mnnooo!” Felicia shook her head.

“I do.” Jack beamed.

“And do you, Felicia Fetters,” Reichenbacher turned to the gagged bride. “Take Jack here to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?”

“Mmnno! Mmnno! Umm hmm!” Felicia shook her head, pleading with her eyes at the Judge.

“Then by the power vested in me...”

“MMMPPN!”

“I now pronounce you...”

“MMNNOOO!”

“Man and wife, you may kiss the bride!”

“MMMMNO! UMMM GGMMMDDD MMNNO!”

Jack could barely contain himself, and leaned in, placing one hand behind Felicia’s back to grasp her ass. Just touching her there sent another jolt of longing through his body, feeling those thick ass cheeks of hers in his hand. His fingers pressed in, feeling the thin g-string bisecting her buns, and her felt her stiffen under his touch.

“Ummmggg ggmm!” She cried, cringing as he leaned in.

With his other hand, he reached behind her neck and loosened the strap for the gag, as soon as he did, she leaned her head back and spit out the uncomfortable diamond that had been lodged in her mouth.

“No, he-UMMMPH!” She was cut off by Jack planting his lips against hers.

“Mmmph! Mmm!” She cried, Jack keeping his mouth pressed on her.

His hands grasped the bottom of both of her ass cheeks as their lips embraced, grasping at the supple flesh of her backside, digging so hard it felt like he might leave permanent hand prints in either cheek. It felt like his lips were locked to hers, following her pulling and struggling wherever she went, and then he slipped his tongue into her mouth.

“MUUURGGH!” She cried, trying to pull back as Jack’s intruding tongue probed as deep as it could inside of Felicia’s mouth.

“Urrggmmm mmmfff!” Felicia cried.

Jack could have kept the kiss going forever, to feel his lips locked against hers, but the night was young and there was plenty more to do. He broke off the kiss and lifted his hands from her beautiful, perfectly formed ass.

“You’re disgusting, just wait-mmmph!” He protests, which were music to Jack’s ears, were cut off by him shoving the diamond gag back into her mouth.

“Ummm ggmmfff! Hhmmph!” She moaned as he tightened it, securing it at the back of her neck.

Once Felicia was gagged again, Jack lifted her off her feet, carrying her cradled in his arms towards the mansion.

“Ummm mmno! Mmmfff! Stppp! Ummm gddd!” Felicia cried, moaning and wiggling as he carried her up towards the brightly lit mansion.

Despite his bride’s struggling and kicking, he was able to carry her up to the back entrance and in through the door to the dining room. Elsewhere in the house was a flurry of activity as there was an auction scheduled later that evening, but that afforded him a bit of invisibility as well. He knew that the guests would all be congregating in the living room, which was where most of the staff would be focused as well, and later the study before moving to the basement to bid on merchandise.

Jack and Felicia would have the second floor all to themselves.

There was a rear staircase meant for servants that he took up to the second floor, and judging by Felicia’s increased struggles, Jack figured that she had a feeling of what was coming.

“Ummm mnno! Gmmm! Mmmph! Sttp!” She twisted in his arms as he carried her down the hallway, stopping at a bedroom that had long been reserved for his use.

Jack nudged the door open with his foot and carried his lingerie clad bride into a luxurious bedroom with it’s own private bathroom and a kingsized, four poster bed at the far end.

“Mmmph! Mmmno! Gghmm mmmuum!” Felicia twisted and writhed as he carried her towards the bed.

With every step closer he felt himself wanting her more and more. His anticipation was building, and he risked a look down at her wonderful, heaving breasts as he did. God, she looked amazing.

And he got all night to play with her.

He thought his dick was going to rip through his pants, her struggles, her moans, the way she looked in the lingerie, it was perfect.

Jack's dream wedding.

The walk to the bed only took a few seconds but to Jack felt like hours, and once he reached it he deposited his struggling bride down, kicked off his dress shoes, and jumped in next to her.

"Mmmno!" She cried and turned away, giving him a perfect look at that ass of hers as she tried to squirm off the bed.

"Come here." Jack pulled her close, pressing himself against her.

"Mmmrrg!" She cried as he pressed his waist against her ass, his erect pressing against those tanned buttocks of hers.

Jack's hands clutched at her breasts, tracing the outline of the bra against her smooth skin.

"Mmmm ggmmm!" Felicia continued to squirm and struggle as he pushed the bra down, reached under, and pulled out her breasts, keeping his hands pressed over them as he did.

"Urrgg ggmmm! Mmmm!" Her struggles were delicious to him, the way her butt rubbed against his pants, every movement sent a fresh wave of need through him.

Then there was a knock at the door. Jack ignored it and continued to grope Felicia's breasts.

"Hlllp! Hrrrrmmph! Hrrry!" She called towards the door.

Jack licked his lips. No one here was going to help her.

Another knock, but Jack tried to ignore it as he nuzzled Felicia's neck.

The knocking continued, more urgent this time.

"Jack!" It was Carl, calling his name while knocking.

With frustrated snarl, he pulled away from Felicia, not bothering to hide the tent in his pants from his erection as he charged towards the door. Behind him, Felicia continued to call through her gag under the false hope that whoever was at the door was there to help her.

“What?” Jack barked as he pulled the door open.

“Uh...” Carl looked down at Jack’s erection, at Felicia bound and gagged on the bed, and then up at Jack. “The Queen is here.”

Jack swallowed and immediately felt himself going soft.

The Queen.

Shit...

“Oh?” Jack asked, trying to look calm.

He and The Queen enjoyed a “special” relationship, but she still outranked him. He couldn’t refuse her, worse off, to make her angry was not something he ever wanted.

“She’s asking for you.” Carl’s tone was apologetic, knowing he was just the messenger here.

“Can you... say that I’m not here?” Jack fumbled.

“She knows you’re here,” Carl answered. “The Queen requested your presence immediately.”

Jack grimaced. This night had been going so perfectly! Of course there had to be something. He bit his lip, looked back at Felicia, and then to Carl.

“Does she know about...” Jack nodded at Felicia.

“I’m not sure.” Carl shrugged.

Jack looked back at Felicia. He could only shudder at The Queen’s wrath if she discovered Felicia here. Worse, after punishing him, The Queen would probably take Felicia for herself, and he couldn’t have that. Felicia was his, and his alone.

“Alright,” Jack straightened his pants as he spoke. “Look, get Felicia out of here, without The Queen or her people knowing it’s her. I’ll head down and see her.” He began to step out of the room but Carl stopped him.

“Uhh... shouldn’t you change.” Carl referred to the tux Jack was currently wearing.

“Right.” Jack nodded. If he went to see her dressed like this, she would definitely be suspicious.

Thankfully he kept some clothes in this room, and quickly changed out of his tux and into jeans, a t-shirt, and his trademark leather jacket, and then left Carl alone to spirit his bound and gagged bride away as he rushed down to meet The Queen.

He found her in the foyer, her loyal lapdog and head concubine Vera standing dutifully behind her as always. They turned to greet him as he came down the winding, grand staircase towards them. AT the far end of the foyer was a large oak desk, where a blond haired secretary in a tight fitting, white blouse, unbuttoned to show her red bra and heaving cleavage, was checking in clients and new merchandise.

As Jack came down the stairs, his jaw dropped at what he saw. Lisa approached the desk, dragging along a bound and gagged Gina with her.

Was this what The Queen wanted? He wondered, to show them their new prize.

Jack had so many questions. He knew Lisa couldn’t be trusted and was a mole for Shelly Arnold, which was why he enjoyed toying with her so much. Lisa seemingly would debase and degrade herself to any length to prove her loyalty to him, and he took full advantage of that. Was this her new plan, to earn trust by bringing them Gina?

There had been many questions and concerns since Gina’s rescue that night at the casino, and if there had been any connection between the Asian woman who rescued her and the one who broke King’s wrist. They had discovered that the wrist-breaker was apparently operating a brothel disguised as a massage parlor on the boardwalk and had sent Lisa to investigate. Now she turned up with Gina.

Interesting...

“Lisa,” Jack clapped his hands. “What a find!”

“You have no idea.” She smiled at him, stepped up to the desk, and shoved Gina over it.

“Mmmmpph!” Gina grunted as Lisa bent her over the table and spoke to the secretary.

“Checking in.” Lisa’s tone was cordial, like she was at a business meeting.

The secretary filled out a form without even looking at the bound and gagged Gina.

“Lot 669, here ya go.” She tore off a sheet from a pad, handed it to Lisa, and snapped her fingers.

“You can wait in the study. The asset will go into holding with the others.” The secretary sounded bored as she spoke, like it was another day at the office to her.

Two large men in suits appeared out of the shadows and each grabbed one of Gina’s arms.

“Urrrrrrrr mmmrrr!” Gina grunted as they pulled her up and dragged her towards a door behind the secretary.

“Mmmph! Mmmppoo! Sttpp!” Gina kicked and struggled but the large men didn’t seem fazed as they pushed open a heavy wooden door and dragged the struggling Sheriff inside.

“I want to know everything.” Jack stepped towards Lisa and rubbed her bicep. She looked amazing in a black, skintight jumpsuit that showed off her incredibly large, round, tits.

He couldn’t wait until Ace or The Queen gave the go ahead to stop the charade with Lisa so he could truly have some fun with her.

“A lady never reveals all of her secrets.” Lisa smiled at him.

“Lisa,” The Queen stepped forward. “As impressed as we all are, could you wait in the study. I need to have a word with Jack.”

Jack and Lisa exchanged a look and he rubbed her shoulder again.

“Go, we’ll grab a drink later and you can tell me all about it.” He gestured towards the study.

Lisa nodded obediently and headed off. As Jack watched her go, he couldn’t help but be disappointed that her obedience was to someone else. It would be so useful if she truly was one of their own.

Maybe one day after some training it could be.

“It’s rude to stare, Jack.” The Queen chided, and he turned to face his mistress.

“Apologies my Queen. Just thinking of what a fun subject Lisa could be.”

“You may yet get your chance.” She motioned with her head over to a nearby bench and Jack followed her.

Vera followed a few steps behind.

Wherever The Queen goes, her little pitbull is not far off. Jack rolled his eyes. Vera was very nice to look at but her dedication to The Queen was tiresome, but Jack knew that was exactly what The Queen wanted from Vera.

“So what’s the occasion, bidding on a certain subject?” Jack asked as The Queen took a seat.

“I have few assets being sold tonight, but there’s something else that I wish to discuss with you.” The Queen patted the bench next to her.

Against his better judgement, Jack hesitated. The Queen wasn’t one to refuse, but something about her voice put him on edge.

“Is that so?” He asked.

“Why don’t you sit?” She smiled and patted the bench again.

“Is this something I should be sitting for?” He suddenly became aware of Vera looming behind him.

Did they know?

“There is a matter that has been brought to my attention that we need to discuss.” The Queen’s face didn’t betray anything as she spoke, but Jack felt a chill go down his spine.

Did she know? Did someone talk?

He cursed himself for getting sloppy. One of his men must have gone and blabbed to The Queen, no doubt trying to curry favor with her.

Jack balled his fists, wishing he could crush whoever it was that talked, but he knew that after The Queen got finished punishing him, he wouldn’t be doing much of anything.

Beads of sweat started collecting on his forehead, and Jack tensed, realizing that he could run, book for the door, maybe disappear in the woods.

“What’s this?” The Queen looked behind Jack, and he spun, almost expecting to see Vera sneaking up to restrain him.

Instead, he saw a man in flowing, regal robes and a turban descending the stairs. The man’s face was covered except for his eyes, and he had a woman next to him. Like him, the woman was clad in flowing, loose fitting robes and a turban with her face covered, except for her eyes. The woman’s body was so fit and exquisite that the loose fitting robes did little to hide her figure.

Carl and Felicia! Jack’s eyes widened, realizing that the man with his face covered was Carl, attempting to pass himself off as sheik or something, and he must have done the same to Felicia in order to hide that she was bound and gagged under the turban and face covering.

Felicia’s eyes though gave it away, they were wide, desperate, and afraid, searching the room for any avenue of escape or a potential savior. Her frenzied eyes fell on Jack for a moment, and then on The Queen sitting on the bench.

“Oh... the sheik and his wife were just leaving.” Jack turned to The Queen, hoping to distract her from the disguised Carl and Felicia.

“Sheik?” The Queen asked.

“We had a business meeting...it was quite fruitful.” Jack turned back to see Carl ushering Felicia towards the front door.

She was kicking and shuffling as he hurried her along, Jack could only guess that they would hear Felicia’s muffled moans if they moved closer.

“Perhaps they should stay for the auction, get a little souvenir of their trip.” The Queen stood up.

“They’re actually in quite a hurry, but were impressed with our operation and promised to visit again.” Jack smiled and stepped in front of her, hoping to delay her enough for Carl to get Felicia out.

Fool, why didn't he use the back stairs! Jack cursed, then realized that Carl may not even have known about them.

There was an opening of a door, and Jack turned to see the disguised Carl shoving the disguised Felicia outside.

“Plus,” Jack motioned with his eyes towards them. “I think they’re having a little bit of a spat.”

“The sheik does seem forceful with her.” The Queen watched Carl close the door behind him.

“So, the matter you wanted to discuss.” Jack changed the subject, even though he was not looking forward to hearing what The Queen had to say.

“Oh yes...” The Queen extended a hand towards Vera.

Jack jumped as he heard Vera step forward from behind him, and turned to see Vera handing a phone over to The Queen.

“Jumpy Jack?” The Queen raised an eyebrow at him.

“Sorry, things were tense in the meeting with the Sheik and his wife.” Jack continued with the lie.

“I’m afraid,” The Queen scrolled through her phone. “The night is about to get more tense.”

She held the phone out to Jack. He exchanged a look of confusion between her and Vera and then took it.

When he looked at the screen he almost breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully, what brought The Queen to the auction house was not related to Felicia Fetters, so that secret was safe... for the moment. This matter though required immediate attention.

Jack looked over the phone several times, and then handed it back to The Queen. Already he was formulating how to handle this little problem. He met The Queen’s gaze to see that she too had been giving it some thought, and both of them cracked a smile at each other.

This was turning out to be quite the wedding night.

19.

Gina did her best to play damsel as the goons escorted her down the long, ornate hallway towards “holding,” which wasn’t hard as she found the thought of being bought and sold like cattle utterly revolting. Even though there was a plan to prevent that, she still shuddered at the thought.

“Mmmph! Hrrrrmmp! Ummm ggmm!” Gina bit into her gag and stamped her feet as the muscular thugs dragged her down the hallway without breaking a sweat.

“I don’t know who you think is gonna help you, you’re all alone out here.” One guard chuckled.

“Grrrr...” She grunted and glared up at him.

“Yeah, technically you girls don’t even need to be gagged, but the boss likes you quiet.” The other one laughed.

“Plus imagine how annoying they would be if they weren’t muzzled?” The first guard added.

“Ummm gmmmmfff...” Gina sighed.

At the end of the hall, a girl stepped out of a room and smiled at the two large men and their struggling cargo.

“Is this the new one?” She asked.

“Oh yeah Dawn, all yours.” One of the guards said.

The girl was striking, had to be early 20s, with vibrant brown hair, matching doe eyes accentuated by black rim glasses, and large, heaving breasts. She was clad in frilly, blue one piece lingerie outfit that bared most of her cleavage. The back of the suit was a small thong, accentuating the girls round, buoyant ass cheeks, and around her waist she wore a belt from which hung a nightstick, handcuffs, ropes, keys, and several cloths that Gina took to be gags.

“I like her, she’ll ignite quite the bidding war.” Dawn smiled at Gina as the guards dragged the bound and gagged Sheriff up to her.

The girl looked Gina up and down, batting her wide brown eyes at her, and then opened the door she had come out of.

“In here, I have a cell ready for her and everything.”

“Wummf! Whhtt! Sttmph!” Gina kicked and protested, pleading at the girl as she was pushed inside.

Dawn only smiled and giggled and followed the two men and their prisoner inside.

The room reminded Gina almost exactly like the holding cells at the Sheriff’s station. It was a long corridor lined with cells on either side, and inside each of those cells was a bound and gagged

woman. Some were fully clothed like Gina, but most were clad in lingerie or bikinis of some sort. All of the captive woman turned as Gina was dragged inside and many of them started moaning through their gags at their captors as the newest prisoner was dragged down the corridor.

“Oh shut up, you’ll all get your turn.” Dawn rolled her eyes at the chorus of muffled cries, unclipped her night stick from the belt and ran it along the bars of the cells as they passed like a lingerie clad prison guard.

Gina spun her head from side to side as she was shoved forward, trying to see if she could locate Shelly in this long hall of bound and gagged women.

There’s dozens, how will I ever be able to find her? Gina wondered, and only hoped that Lisa’s diversion could buy her lots of time.

“Grrremma!” She heard someone cry, and Gina spun her head to see Jessica, clad in a gold thong bikini and tightly gagged with a thick white cloth, press against the bars of a cell.

“Jmmssshhkkka!” Gina mumbled back as she was pushed forward towards the nearest empty cell.

She was a few cells up and diagonal from Jessica, and when Gina looked around she saw another familiar face in the cell directly across from her.

“Nrrryummi!” She cried, eyes wide with excitement.

“Mrrryynnaa!” Naomi jumped forward, equally excited.

The girl was bound and gagged with a thick white cloth pulled between her lips, and dressed in a red bra and a small, red thong.

“Alright, in you go.” Dawn opened the door to the cell across from Naomi and motioned inside.

“Wummf?” Gina turned to the girl.

“Get in there.” The guards shoved her forward.

“Umppff! Stpp!” Gina bit down on her gag and pushed back as the grunts shoved her forward.

Despite her struggles, she stumbled forward into the cell and a moment later heard the metal door slammed closed behind her.

“Mmmfff! Ummm mmno!” Gina spun, hearing the jingle of keys, and saw Dawn locking the door.

“Mmmpph! Mmmm ummm!” Gina ran forward and pressed against the bars.

Dawn only laughed and stepped away, and then pointed to Jessica’s cell.

“Take that one next. The Queen thinks she’ll fetch a good price.”

“Ummm wmmmtt!” Jessica’s eyes went wide and she back into the corner of her cell.

Jessica! Gina broke out into a sweat.

“Stttt! Mmmoo!” Gina pressed against the bars to her cell and implored her captors.

Jessica was like a trapped animal, cornered and whimpering into her gag as Dawn unlocked the older woman’s cell and motioned the guards inside.

“Stpp psss!” Gina begged and kicked at her cell.

Dawn turned to her and laughed.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get your turn soon enough.”

“Ummm mmnno... mmph... uulllum gggdd” Jessica pleaded, still in the corner and shaking her head as the two men advanced on her.

“Nrrrmoo!” Gina cried, only able to watch helplessly as the guards grabbed Jessica by either arm and dragged her, kicking and moaning, out of her cell.

“Umm ggddd mmmnph! Hlllp! Hlllp!” Jessica screamed, twisting and writhing as the guards carried her off to be auctioned to the highest bidder.

“Grrrrmm...” Gina grunted, and turned to look at Naomi, standing in her cell, her wide, terrified eyes on Gina, knowing that one of them could be next.

Not if I can help it. Gina bit onto her gag, deciding then and there that she was not only going to get Shelly out, but all of these other girls as well.

Even Jessica... if Gina acted fast enough, she could probably stop her from being carted off as someone's bondage slave.

She just needed Lisa to make that diversion happen, and fast.

Come on Lisa, where are you?

Gina pressed against the bars and looked down the corridor, willing Lisa to get to work.

Once again, Lisa found herself all too aware of how she stood out in the crowd of potential bidders, thanks to her giant breasts. Her breasts weren't the only problem though, as everyone waiting in the study to go and bid on the women was dressed in formal wear of some kind. The potential buyers were made up of a healthy mix of men and women of various ages and races, and they all turned their heads to gawk at Lisa as she stepped in, clad in just her tight, cleavage baring bodysuit.

She smiled and kept her head high as she walked, keeping the bag slung over her shoulder and scanned the area, knowing that Brad and Tanya were somewhere in this group. If they spotted her, the whole operation could be endangered.

Thankfully, Brad and Tanya stuck out as much as she did, and Lisa spied them loitering in a hallway talking with an impeccably dressed middle-aged couple. Brad was clad in his customary board shorts and t-shirt while Tanya was in a low cut dress baring plenty of cleavage. Neither of them spotted Lisa as she peeked into the hall, saw them, and stepped back out.

"May I offer you some refreshments?" Lisa almost collided with a woman clad in a skimpy maid outfit, the skirt way too small and exposing most of her buttocks.

The woman was holding a tray filled with bottles of water and soda.

"Oh no thank you," Lisa smiled. "But could you direct me to a rest room?"

"Down this corridor on your left." The maid gestured over her shoulder, smiled, and stepped away to offer drinks to another potential buyer.

Lisa smiled at the woman and headed towards the bathroom, unslinging her bag from her shoulder as she did.

“Ladies and gentleman,” She heard Nigel call from the study. “Bidding is about to begin, if you will all follow me into the theater.”

Lisa had been in the theater before. It was exactly as Nigel described, a large room with aisles filled with seats and a stage where the women were paraded out on stage where the buyers would bid on them.

Potential bidders all moved in the opposite direction of Lisa as she marched towards the rest room, and she noticed several of the leather clad concubines following, herding the buyers in the direction of the theater.

“Ma’am, the bidding is that way.” A young, blond haired concubine gave Lisa an empty smile and pointed to the opposite end of the hall.

“I know, I have to use the rest room first.” Lisa smiled and kept moving.

“Of course.” The Concubine smiled and stepped back.

The end of the hallway where the bathrooms were was empty, and Lisa was unzipping her bag and stepping into the room marked “Ladies” when she heard a voice behind her.

“There you are, been looking all over the place for you.” Jack chortled, and Lisa turned to see him flashing his trademark grin as he came down the hall towards her.

“Hello Jack.” She smiled and slung her bag over her shoulder.

“That was quite an impressive catch, getting the Sheriff like that,” He stepped close and leaned against a wall. “I’d love to hear all about it.”

“Well I’d love to tell you the story once I go to the bathroom.” Lisa motioned to the door and stepped towards it.

“You know,” Jack moved closer, blocking her way. “The Queen is absolutely dying to know as well. You really impressed her tonight.”

Lisa paused, part of her beaming at impressing The Queen. A thousand thoughts ran through her head of the things she could learn about Ace's organization if she got close to the second highest person in it.

Shelly would be so proud.

But first she had to free Shelly.

"Really? I mean, I'm pleased that The Queen is pleased, but I really..." Lisa pressed towards the door again.

"In fact," Jack stepped in front of her, entirely blocking her. "She was requesting your presence."

Lisa bit her lip, cursing the timing of it all. This would almost be too perfect if not for the fact that she was working Gina to rescue Shelly.

"I would be delighted to meet with The Queen at some point." Lisa smiled, trying to inch past Jack.

"Now." Jack sidestepped, still blocking her way.

"I... if you can just give me a moment." Lisa nodded towards the door.

"The Queen isn't one to be kept waiting." Jack's tone told her that she didn't have any choice here.

Lisa twisted the bag handle, and just then felt a presence behind her. She turned her head to see Vera standing a few feet behind her. Alarm bells started going off in her head as she realized that there was something else going on here.

Still, she was trapped.

"Sure, lead the way." Lisa stepped back and motioned for Jack to go first.

"This way." Jack smiled and turned down the hallway. Vera waited behind Lisa until she started after Jack and then followed.

As they moved, Lisa's hands tightened on her bag. If they were onto her, she would have to act fast. Her cover would be blown, but it would be better than the alternative. Vera was keeping in step behind her, and Lisa could feel the head concubine's eyes on her.

Stay calm, don't do anything rash...

For all she knew, they could just be taking to see The Queen, but still, that put a wrench in their plans. For every wasted moment, that meant Shelly or Gina could be sold.

Jack sped up and opened a door at the end of the hall, holding it for both Lisa and Vera.

"After you ladies." He flashed his puckish grin and motioned inside.

Lisa stopped, hearing Vera stop behind her, and Jack motioned in once again.

"I know The Queen can be intimidating but she's quite eager to meet you."

"You can come on, I don't bite... hard." Someone answered from inside.

Lisa took a step forward, looking into a small lounge. Bookshelves lined the walls from floor to ceiling, and a fireplace roared in the corner.

The Queen sat in a high-backed chair in the center of the room, legs crossed, waiting.

"You seem quite shy for the woman that caught the mysterious new Sheriff... twice." The Queen smiled at her.

"I apologize my Queen... I just never expected an audience with you." Lisa bowed her head as she spoke.

"Well, come in." The Queen beckoned her.

Lisa shared a look with Jack, who only nodded inside. Then she turned to face Vera, who's face was stoic, a mask that betrayed no emotion.

"Lisa, I'm not in the habit of repeating myself." The Queen called.

Lisa took a breath, knowing that if she hesitated any more then they would get suspicious. She bowed her head and stepped inside of the room.

“Jack’s told me much about you.” The Queen took in the sight of Lisa as she entered, her eyes stopping on her heaving bosoms several times.

“I’m flattered.” Lisa kept her head low.

Behind her, she heard the door close and Jack and Vera stepped in, each taking a position on either side of her.

“You are, quite a unique woman,” The Queen’s eyes continued to dissect Lisa as she stood. “I want to see you.”

Lisa stepped forward, still keeping her head low in respect.

“No, no, no. I can see you just fine. I mean I want to see *you...your body.*” The Queen smiled, her eyes falling on Lisa’s cleavage.

Lisa’s gaze shifted from Jack to Vera, and Jack only smiled.

“Jack says you are loyal, let’s see how loyal. Show me.” The Queen ordered.

“Yes... yes... My Queen.” Lisa nodded, and then reached over to lower the strap to her shirt, still keeping the bag slung over her shoulder.

“Your bag, set it down.” The Queen commanded.

Lisa opened her mouth to object, but stopped. They would definitely think something was up if she refused to put her bag down.

Instead she only nodded, set the bag down, and then stood back up. She lowered the strap to one shoulder, and then the other, and then pushed her top down. Her giant breasts could hardly wait to be free, and both jumped out of her top to greet their new audience. The Queen’s eyes lit up as Lisa lowered her shirt and bared her breasts for her.

Lisa stood, naked to the waist, and let The Queen admire her.

“Take it all off.” The Queen’s eyes narrowed.

Lisa couldn’t tell if the woman was enjoying this or not. She felt like she was being studied, under a microscope.

That's what this is, a test. She's testing my loyalty.

Lisa squatted down, untied her boots, and kicked them off, and then stood and pushed down the rest of her body suit. She pushed the suit down to her thighs, exposing the small, white thong she wore underneath, and then bent over, allowing Jack and Vera a view of her sculpted glutes as she pushed her bodysuit down the rest of her legs. Her ass was not a new sight to Jack but she knew he never got tired of seeing it, nonetheless.

The rest of her bodysuit fell around her ankles, and then she stepped out of it and kicked it aside, and stood straight, allowing The Queen to see her in her full, almost nude glory.

The Queen sat there, studying her, eyes narrowing. After focusing on her massive breasts, she shifted up to look Lisa in the eye.

“You would make such a perfect soldier if you truly were loyal to us. It's sad that you'll go to such lengths to convince us when in reality your allegiance lies elsewhere.”

Lisa's eyes widened and her heart kicked into overdrive.

They know!

The bag!

Suddenly she didn't that she was half-naked, all she could think of was getting to the bag, if she could use that to distract them, she could escape.

Every muscle in her body tensed, and she prepared to spring...

A powerful hand wrapped around her waist, simultaneously pinning her arms to her side as well. At the same time, she felt a hand clamp over her mouth and squeeze like a vice.

“Ummmm hmf! Mmmno!” Lisa cried, trying to pull as she was held in place.

Vera!

The concubine's powerful arms were constricting around Lisa like a snake, holding her helpless like prey about to be devoured.

“Mmmfff! Gmmfff!” Lisa flexed a pulled, but Vera just held her in place.

The Queen rose from her seat, watching as Lisa squirmed in the other woman's arms.

Meanwhile, Jack crossed the room and picked up the bag that Lisa had kicked away.

"Mmmrroo! Ummmff!" Lisa tried to elbow Vera, but it felt like she was hitting solid rock.

What is she made of? Lisa's eyes widened. She thought she was tough, but Vera was something else.

"Urrgghh ggmmff!" Lisa had broken out into a sweat trying to break free from Vera, who didn't seem fazed at all by her struggles. The woman's hand felt like it was vacuum sealed to Lisa's mouth.

"My, my, you really were going to start some trouble." Jack held the bag in one hand, retrieving a smoke grenade with the other.

"Ummm mmno!" Lisa twisted and pulled.

The plan had been to set off the smoke grenades in the bathroom, giving the appearance of a fire, and causing enough distraction and confusion for Gina to get free and get out with Shelly.

"Shame, you would have made such a nice addition to our team." The Queen leaned forward and cupped Lisa's breasts with her palms.

"Ummmff!" Lisa grunted, turning to the dominatrix with her hands pressed over her breasts.

"We could have done such great things with you." The Queen squeezed, hard, sending a burst of pain through Lisa's enhanced breasts.

"Mmmrrrggh!" Lisa cried, glaring at the woman feeling her up.

"You see, we've known for a while that you were working for Shelly." Jack stood behind The Queen and folded his arms.

"Wummf!" Lisa's eyes widened as Jack smiled.

"Oh it was fun, watching how low you would go to convince us that you were loyal to us. Everything that you found out and reported to her was what we wanted you to know."

"Hmmmph," Lisa's eye shifted between Jack and The Queen. "Nmmopph!"

The Queen laughed and let go of Lisa's breasts, stepping back to join Jack.

"The thing is, we have other people loyal to us." The Queen smiled.

"Like Deputy Frank, who told us about a little plot between you and Gina to rescue Shelly tonight." Jack gloated, narrowing his eyes at Lisa, watching for a reaction.

Frank! Her heart fluttered, the other cop at the Sheriff's station. He was in Ace's pocket!

"Urrmmm hrrmmm mmmff!" Lisa strained, giving a final burst of strength in an effort to get free.

It was no use, Vera held tight, like a statue wrapped around Lisa.

"Normally, I would enjoy breaking you." The Queen stepped forward again, running her eyes over Lisa's half naked body.

"Urrmmm hrrmmph!" Lisa flashed her a defiant glare.

"But in this case," The Queen turned away dismissively. "You will see how we treat those who aren't loyal to us. Take her out back and fit her with some cement shoes then toss her in the lake."

"UMMMMMPH!" Lisa screamed, renewing her struggles against Vera.

The Queen didn't turn back to face Lisa, apparently having made up her mind on the big-breasted henchwoman.

Vera pulled Lisa back like she weighed nothing, dragging her towards the door.

"Ummmmfff! Mmmmm mmno!" Lisa kicked and fought as Jack followed, leering at her naked body as she attempted to resist the muscular concubine holding her.

But it was no use, and soon Vera was dragging Lisa into the hallway and towards the back of the mansion.

Where is she? Gina paced in her cell, waiting for the signal from Lisa. Once the smoke bombs went off she imagined there would be tons of running and panicking, but right now everything still seemed normal... well relatively normal for an auction for captive women.

She moved towards the door and looked down the corridor, seeing their jailer Dawn strutting up and down, running her nightstick along the bars of a few cells and smiling at the muffled cries of the women inside.

Come on Lisa, come on... Gina tapped her foot, telling herself that any minute now the mansion would erupt into pandemonium.

But there was another part of her that was convinced that something had gone wrong, that Lisa had run into some trouble. After all, they were in the lion's den, maybe Lisa had made a mistake.

It's okay Gina, she's going to set off the bombs and then you'll have your distraction.

But the minutes kept ticking by with no sign that the smoke bombs had gone off, and Gina watched as their buxom jailer Dawn started bouncing on down the corridor towards her.

"Okay, who's next?" Dawn asked in a sing-song voice as she skipped closer.

"Mmmrrrrrh mmm!"

"Mnnnoo!"

"Gmmmph!"

A chorus of muffled cries went up as Dawn passed, eyeing up each imprisoned woman as she did. Finally, Dawn stopped just outside Gina's cell, her eyes tracing the bound sheriff up and down.

"Urrmmm gmmm..." Gina grumbled, tensing herself. If Dawn picked her then she would have to be ready for a fight.

Then Dawn turned to Naomi, who retreated back, shaking her head.

"Ummm mmnoo... pssfff... mmnoo pssss..." Naomi pleaded.

"Hrryy stpp!" Gina pressed against the bars, trying to get Dawn's attention.

Not Naomi!

“Hrrrrmm! Hrruummph mmph!” Gina kicked the bars, trying to be as loud and as distracting as possible.

But Dawn ignored her, continuing to advance on Naomi’s cell. The younger, dark skinned girl was backed against the wall and shaking her head.

“Mmmnrrroo... ummm gggddd...”

Dawn hovered outside the bars, leering in at Naomi, she seemed to be relishing watching her squirm.

Then Dawn turned, stepping towards the cell next to Naomi’s containing a striking black woman with dyed red hair in a cheetah print bikini.

“Wummmf! Mmmno! Ohhhmmm mnnono!” The woman cried, her head twisting as if looking for a hidden escape from her cell.

Dawn unlocked the cell, then turned, winked at Gina, and looked at Naomi.

“Don’t worry, she’ll be next.” Dawn smiled and stepped into the other woman’s cell.

“Wrrryy mmmrrroo...” Gina grumbled, glaring at Dawn.

Dawn grabbed the black woman out of her cell. The woman kicked, screamed, and fought as Dawn dragged her out into the corridor and down to be auctioned.

“Mrrooo! Ummm gmmff mmnooo!” The woman’s cries echoed throughout the cell block as Dawn carried her off to an unknown fate.

Gina and Naomi looked at each other through the bars of their own cells, the younger girl’s eyes wide and terrified. Her almond cleavage was slick with sweat and heaving up and down as the realization that she was next dawned on her.

Not if I have anything to do with it. Gina bit down on her gag. She had been waiting for Lisa long enough. It was time to create her own diversion.

She knelt down, stuck her bound hands into her boot, and fumbled around until she retrieved the knife from it. Looking up, she saw Naomi's wide eyes on her, the look on her face changing from one of fear to another emotion...

Hope.

Gina nodded, held the knife behind her back, and used her bound hands to open the blade. She kept her eyes on the far end of the corridor as she cut through her bonds, watching for Dawn's return. As Gina cut through her bonds, she became more certain with every passing second that something had gone wrong on Lisa's end. If so, Gina would have to rescue her now as well as every other woman in this jail.

As she felt the bonds loosen around her wrists, Gina heard the tell-tale rattle of the nightstick against the bars that told her that Dawn was making her way back down the corridor towards them.

"Ullmm..." Naomi mumbled, and turned to face Gina.

With her hands now free, Gina tossed the knife through the bars into Naomi's cell. It landed on the cement in the other girl's cell with a clatter and Naomi squatted down and cupped it in her bound hands. Meanwhile, the rattling of the nightstick was getting louder, and Gina looked down to see Dawn prancing closer. Across from her, Naomi had opened the knife and was slicing through her ropes. Gina stood, keeping her hands crossed behind her to maintain the illusion that she was still bound, and pressed herself against the bars.

"Okay girl, it's your turn." Dawn taunted as she reached their cells.

"Mmmnnoo!" Naomi backed up, trying to hide the knife in her hands.

"Hrrryy stmmpph!" Gina kicked at the bars to her cell, hoping to distract Dawn.

Dawn turned to Gina and smiled.

"Oh you're a feisty one. They'll like that." She smiled at the caged Sheriff. Behind the doe-eyed girl, Naomi had gone back to cutting through her bonds.

"Urrrm whnnn ummm ggggtt offff hhhff hmrr..." Gina grumbled and glared at Dawn.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be next.” She laughed and turned her back on Gina.

Big mistake.

Gina reached through the bars, pressing one hand over Dawn’s mouth and using her other arm to wrap around the girl’s waist and pull her back.

“MMMMNOO!” Dawn cried, taken by surprise as Gina pulled the lingerie clad jailor back against her cell.

“Ummmfff mmmfff hfff…” Gina laughed into her gag, keeping her hand pressed firmly over Dawn’s mouth.

“Mmmmpph! Sttpp!” Dawn grasped at Gina’s arm, trying to pull it away from her mouth.

Gina’s other hand fumbled around Dawn’s belt, her fingers running over the collection of handcuffs and gags until she found the jailor’s set of keys.

“Ummm mmmno!” Dawn increased her struggles when she felt Gina grab at her keys.

Across from them, Naomi had cut her hands free, pulled out her gag, and stepped to the edge of her cell, waiting for the next step.

“Mmmmm sttp!” Dawn whined and twisted as Gina unlatched her keys and tossed them across the hall to Naomi, who caught them and unlocked her cell.

“Gggllbbb!” Dawn cried, twisting and writhing in Gina’s grasp as Naomi rushed over and pulled a thick, white cloth from the lingerie clad jailor’s belt.

“Mmmmmeeep!” Dawn moaned as Naomi pressed the gag over her mouth.

Gina and Naomi worked fast without speaking. Naomi grabbed Dawn’s flailing hands as Gina grabbed the back of the gag and pulled the brown-haired girl’s head back against a bar of the cell and knotted the gag around the metal bar.

“Ummm mmmnnn!” Dawn twisted, trying to work free of the gag.

Then Gina grabbed Dawn’s hands and pulled them behind her as Naomi removed a set of handcuffs from Dawn’s belt and handed them to Gina.

“Mmmnnono pssfff stpp!” Dawn kicked and whined as Gina cuffed her hands together around one of the bars.

With their jailor secured and gagged, Gina pulled her own gag out as Naomi unlocked her cell.

“Okay, now what?” Naomi asked as Gina stepped out of her cell.

“Start letting these other girls out and run. I need to look for someone.” Gina looked up and down the aisle as she spoke, searching for a sign of Shelly.

“Mmmfff! Mmmm!” Dawn protested as they spoke.

“Then what?” Naomi asked.

“Just run. I’ll find you after.” Gina nodded to Naomi to start unlocking cells, and turned to walk down the cell block, eyes shifting from cell to cell as she did.

“Randy, if you’re still listening, I’m free but I think Lisa may have run into trouble. Get into position and be ready to gun it out of here when I get out.” Gina said into her ear-piece. It was one way so Randy couldn’t respond but she hoped he heard and was getting ready.

Behind her, there was the sound of the opening of dozens of cell doors. Naomi had untied a few of the prisoners but then moved on to unlocking cell doors and instructing the free women to untie the other ones.

In a lonely cell at the end of the corridor, Gina found what she was looking for: Shelly Arnold, bound, gagged, and in a bikini. Shelly’s eyes went wide with shock, and then fear, as she realized it was Gina looking in at her.

“Well, well, well. Isn’t this quite the reversal?” Gina smiled and crossed her arms as she looked in at the helpless women.

“Wumfff? Ummm mmmnoo!” Shelly cried and shook her head.

“Naomi, down here.” Gina called to the younger girl. Most of the cells were empty now.

“Mmmnnphh! Mmmm mmmnoo!” Shelly shook her head, retreating back into the cell.

“You remember the last time we crossed paths, right?” Gina smiled, enjoying watching the other woman squirm.

Naomi rushed over with the keys, looked in at the occupant of the cell, and then to Gina.

“Her, really?” Naomi asked.

“Just trust me.” Gina didn’t have time to explain more.

Naomi sighed and unlocked the door.

“Okay, now get everyone out of here.” Gina motioned to the end of the corridor. Most of the girls were already fleeing.

“What about you?” Naomi looked down at the end of the hall and then to Gina.

“I have one more person to find, so go!” Gina nodded for Naomi to run, and then opened the door and stepped in to face the bound and gagged Shelly.

“Wuffff... wmmmttt...” Shelly tried to reason through the gag.

“Don’t worry Shelly, this is a rescue believe it or not. I’m here with Lisa.”

“Hmmm?” Shelly cocked her head.

“Yes, Lisa.” Gina grabbed Shelly by the bicep and dragged her out of the cell.

“Hrryy! Ummm mmmph!” Shelly waved her bound hands at Gina as she pulled the bikini clad woman out of her cell.

“Oh no,” Gina smiled. “Just because this is a rescue doesn’t mean that I’m untying you. You stay bound and gagged until I say so.”

“Wumfff!” Shelly protested as Gina dragged her down the hall, past the still struggling Dawn, and out into the mansion hall.

Outside of the cell block, it was chaos. Half naked women ran back and forth, chased by burly, suited security guards. Gina and Shelly stopped to take in the sight of the recently released prisoners scattering throughout the expansive property as the goons tried to run after them like cartoon characters.

“What’s going on?”

“No, don’t hurt them!”

“Does The Queen know?”

“We need back up!”

Gina pulled Shelly in the opposite direction of the chaos, looking for a rear exit or something.

What about Lisa? Presumably she was somewhere on the ground, but where? Gina knew that she couldn’t waste too much time looking for Lisa, but she couldn’t just abandon her either.

“Burn it!” Gina heard a female voice call, and spun to see a woman in small white panties, a recently freed captive, grabbing a log out of a fireplace and tossing it towards a set of curtains.

A moment later several security guards tackled the woman, but the curtains were starting to go up, and more rushed to put them out. Gina dragged Shelly away and down a corridor. Several people in suits and women in evening dresses rushed by them, buyers looking to flee and save their own skins.

“Ummm cmmmn mmn!” Shelly whined as Gina dragged her along. The rational part of Gina’s brain told her that this would be easier if Shelly wasn’t bound and gagged, but the petty part of Gina enjoyed keeping Shelly tied up.

“Oh shut up!” Gina sighed, turning into a wide, open hallway.

A couple ran past them, dragging a bound and gagged middle eastern woman between them, clearly two buyers trying to get away with their merchandise. Gina ignored them and dragged Shelly down the hall, noticing more well dressed people running past them. They all seemed to be filling out of a door at the far end of the hall, and as they got closer, Gina saw inside the room was a stage surrounded by wooden chairs.

So that’s where the girls are sold. Gina realized, stopping to see the sea of buyers pushing out the door. They were rats fleeing a sinking ship, trying to escape as to not be implemented in whatever was going wrong.

Then two familiar forms stepped out. Gina immediately recognized Tanya from her heaving cleavage and bright red head of hair, and Brad stood out from the well dressed crowd in his board shorts.

“Mmnno! Shelly cried, and Gina felt her stiffen.

Both Tanya and Brad froze in the doorway, their eyes going wide at the sight of the Sheriff with Shelly. Time seemed to stand still for a moment as both couples stared at each other from across the room, and then an older, large man in a poorly fitting suit pushed past Tanya and Brad, and Gina used that moment to pull Shelly down a corridor and away from her former captors.

“Cmmmn mmnn!” Shelly urged as they moved down the hallway, both looking over their shoulders for Brad and Tanya.

Instead, at the end of the corridor, Gina saw a group of burly security guards all gathered in a circle, clearly discussing a game plan together. Not bothering to stop, Gina jerked Shelly to the side and pushed open the nearest door.

“Urrrrmm!” Shelly protested as they emerged into the dining room.

The doors leading to a veranda outside were wide open, and Gina lead Shelly around the table and out into the night, hoping that being out of the house would give them a moment to collect themselves and figure out their plan. They ran across the veranda and down a set of stone steps to the yard below.

Outside was a stark contrast from the inside, it was quiet, almost serene. Even the lake behind them was almost completely still. Gina paused and looked up at the house, finding it almost hard to believe that it was almost pure chaos on the inside. Then a moment later she heard voices echoing through the night, cries of freedom from women running away from the house, angry male voices, and the static voices coming from radios. She looked around but they seemed to be alone in the back of the house, most of the action seemed to be coming from the front.

“Come on.” Gina pulled Shelly along, occasionally looking over her shoulder as she made her way along the outside of the house as she debated her next move.

They could run right now, make their way through the woods to the back of the property and find Randy waiting, but Gina didn’t want to abandon Lisa.

She also didn’t know where Lisa was, and going back into the house was too risky.

“Mmmmp! Gmmmp!” Shelly cried as Gina continued leading her around the house.

“Oh stop it Shelly. Let me think.” Gina sighed.

“Mmrrro! Lkkk!” Shelly nudged her.

“Ugh, what?” Gina sighed and turned to the other woman.

“Lmmkk!” Shelly motioned with her head towards the house.

Gina turned, keeping a tight grip on Shelly. Part of her didn’t put it past the other woman to try and distract her so she could run. But when Gina saw what Shelly had been motioning to, she loosened her grip on Shelly slightly, realizing the woman wasn’t tricking her.

Lisa!

They were looking through a large, full length window that gave both women a perfect view into a bare room in the mansion. Inside the room, Lisa was tied to a post, naked except for a thong. Her bare breasts heaved up and down with anger as she pulled on her bonds. A large piece of white micro-foam tape was pressed over Lisa’s mouth so tightly that Gina could see her lips sealed together under the tape.

Lisa’s bound feet were in a bucket, and a large goon poured a grey substance into the bucket while another goon stirred with a wooden rod.

Cement mix!

Suddenly, Gina’s blood froze and she turned to look at the still waters of the lake behind them.

That was where they disposed of the women who misbehaved.

Gina shuddered at the thought of what the bottom of that lake must look like.

“Mmmph! Mmmm ggmm!” Shelly cried as Gina turned to look back at Lisa.

“Okay, give me a minute...” Gina bit her lip.

“Mmmnnoo! Lffkk!”

“I see, I just need to think of a plan!” Gina barked.

“Nmmff!” Shelly started, and then Gina felt the other woman get pulled back.

“Hey!” Gina cried, and turned to see Tanya pulling the bound and gagged Shelly towards her.

“Hey Sheriff.” Gina heard Brad say behind her.

She spun around and felt two powerful arms wrap around her waist. Gina cried out and kicked and twisted, looking down to see two thickly muscled, pale, tattooed biceps holding her, pinning her arms to her side.

“Ugh! No!” Gina grunted, trying to pull out of Vera’s grasp, but the woman had her in a bear hug.

“Well, well, are you the one causing all this trouble?” A female voice called from the darkness, and Gina looked up to see The Queen stepping towards her, Brad standing next to her, a smile on his face.

Gina glared, doing her best to look defiant.

Come on Randy!

“Randy, help I’ve bee-ummmph!” Vera’s hand clamped over Gina’s mouth like a vice, squeezing her lips shut.

“What do we have here?” The Queen stepped forward.

“Mmmph ummm gggm!” Gina spat, glaring at the woman approaching her.

“Ummfff!” Vera twisted Gina’s head to the side, and The Queen reached out and plucked the small earpiece from Gina’s ear.

“Tsk, ts.” The Queen inspected the device, then dropped it and smashed it under her boot.

“Urrggh!” Gina’s eyes widened, watching as The Queen ground the small earpiece into shards.

“Take her away. I’ll deal with her later.”

“Mmmpph! Gmmmp!” Gina grunted as Vera dragged her back towards the mansion.

19.

For Brad, the sight of Gina and Shelly bound and gagged back to back should have been an appealing sight. Despite all that had gone wrong, he found that he couldn't take his eyes off of the two naked women struggling against each other, mumbling into the large, red ball gags in their mouth. As he watched their naked bodies rubbing up against each other, he wished that he could truly savor this moment, but the trouble they had caused was overshadowing how appealing the sight of their helplessness was. Not only that, but the spout hanging over their heads was an ominous sign as well.

It would be a shame to waste such fine women. He thought as he reached out to Tanya, who was seated next to him, and ran his hand along her thigh. She jumped, clearly tense over what had just transpired, and offered him a weak smile. Brad tried to give her a reassuring look, but in reality he had no idea what was going to happen either. For all he knew, in a moment The Queen would walk in, flick a switch, and that spout would open up and cover both Gina and Shelly in cement before they were dumped in the lake.

Brad was determined not to let that happen.

“Ummm mmph!” Gina grunted, pulling on her bonds.

“Mmmmm! Mmmfff!” Shelly retorted.

Brad found his gaze falling on both women's bare asses, pressed tight together, their buttocks rubbing as they struggled, and he tightened his grip on Tanya's thigh.

Both Shelly and Gina were seated in the middle of the room, legs manacled together and their arms manacled behind their backs. Their gazes kept shifting to the yawning spout above them, and then over their shoulders to each other as they struggled.

“Mmmm gggmm bbbmm!”

“Mmmph!”

As he watched them struggle, he couldn't help but hope that The Queen would be merciful.

Maybe she got it all of her system with Lisa? He wondered. It would be a waste to get rid of Lisa too, but Lisa was always just a pawn, and sometimes pawns needed to be sacrificed.

Part of him didn't even know Lisa had it in her, but apparently her loyalty to Shelly knew no bounds. What was even crazier was that Gina and Lisa's plan almost worked, and by doing so, had almost ruined Brad and Tanya's plan.

It hadn't taken as much convincing as Brad thought, getting Tanya to go along with it. As it turns out, Tanya was quite pliable after orgasming. That night after he had picked her up walking along the road, bound and gagged, Brad had laid out his plan. He had told Tanya that she could keep trying to chip away at Ace's organization from the outside on the remote chance she might get lucky, but she wouldn't be able to do it alone, or worse, Ace would finally get rid of her. Brad explained to her that the best way to beat them was to join them, to seemingly make amends with Ace's people and convince them she was a friend, while she would be secretly gathering intel to bust them.

At least that was what he had told her, he didn't really care if she busted them or not, but he did have plans for Tanya. If he was to move up in Ace's organization, he needed people on his side, and Tanya could be useful thanks to how easily manipulated she was. It didn't take the buxom red head long to think over his plan, and Tanya decided to go along with it, telling him it was all to bring down Ace, and Brad would let her believe that, for a time. After tentatively getting Tanya on board, he just had to convince her that that selling out Shelly to Ace would be her first step to gaining his favor since Shelly was a rival. Once again, Tanya bought that with very little convincing, in fact, she relished the idea of kidnapping Shelly.

Brad and Tanya had been sitting in the theater, enjoying the auction, when suddenly they heard a commotion outside. No sooner had that happened than several barely dressed women came running out from behind the stage. The word spread quickly that there had been a jailbreak. Of course the

clientele started fleeing, not wanting to be implicated in the shitshow that was about to go down. Both he and Tanya had been in the middle of getting out when they spotted Gina and Shelly.

Brad knew that he had to stop them, not only to make him and Tanya look better to Queen and Ace's people, but also because if Shelly got free she could destroy them. Thankfully, The Queen and Vera were nearby, and when they caught Gina and Shelly, it looked like they were about to free Lisa as well.

Brad wasn't sure where Lisa was now. If she wasn't at the bottom of the lake, she would be soon. Either way, it was too late for Lisa, but maybe Brad could convince The Queen to keep Gina and Shelly around.

It was also concerning that they had he and Tanya waiting in the room alone with the two captured women. Occasionally both women would cease their struggling to glare at them, before going back to trying to wriggle free of their bonds.

Does the Queen blame us for this? He wondered.

Granted, it was sort of indirectly their fault for bringing Shelly to the auction house, but it wasn't like he knew that Lisa and Gina would team up to rescue her. Brad looked over at Tanya as he pondered this and saw the look of worry on her face. He cracked a smile and patted her thigh in an attempt to let her know it would be alright, but even he didn't know if that was true or not.

"Ummm stpph!"

"Urrggh cmmmn mnn!"

He turned his attention back to the struggling women in the center of the room and once again felt himself getting hard, both from the sight of them and at his own nervousness.

If they take any longer then things might get a little hot in here. He smiled, his hand sliding further up Tanya's thigh, pushing her skirt up...

Just then the door open, and The Queen, Vera, and Jack all came marching in, single file like a funeral procession. Naturally, The Queen lead the group, with Jack following, and the concubine Vera taking the rear. Brad stood and patted Tanya on the shoulder to signal that she should do the same.

“My Queen.” He bowed his head, and turned to see Tanya following.

“Mmmmf!” Shelly cried, glaring at him.

The Queen eyed him and Tanya up, and then turned to Shelly and Gina.

“Well, you made a fine mess of things.” The Queen strolled, glaring at Gina as she spoke.

Gina glared up at her defiantly. Brad had to give her credit, she had spirit.

“Not only have you freed most of our prisoners, but now we have to abandon this location. Most of our clients will sever ties with us. We’ll have to rebuild a new customer base or regain their trust.”

The Queen leaned over and grabbed Gina by the jaw.

“Urrrggh!” Gina cried, glaring at her.

“Never have I been humiliated, like I have been this night.” The Queen sneered at Gina, let go of her, and stood back up.

“You might almost have gotten away with it too, but thankfully, Deputy Frank is a loyal soldier and warned us about your plan.” The Queen paced around the naked captives again.

“Wummmf!” Gina cried and perked up.

Frank! So there was a mole at the Sheriff’s station. Brad didn’t know that. It made him wonder what else he didn’t know.

“It would almost be impressive if I wasn’t so angry,” The Queen stopped, glaring at both of them. “As we speak, Lisa, the other one, is being carried out to the lake with a new set of cement shoes. A similar fate will await you two for such insolence.”

“Mmmphh mmno!”

“Urrggh gghmm!”

“My Queen!” Brad found himself stepping forward.

The dominatrix turned to glare at him. Her look, so full of venom and anger, almost made him feel like he wanted to shrivel back up.

“Ah Brad, our hero of the hour who caught these two.” The Queen stepped towards him.

“Offf frrr ggds ssffkkk...” Shelly mumbled.

“You need to learn not to speak out of turn.” She stood directly in front of him, and he suddenly felt like he was alone, face to face with a bear, armed with nothing but his wits and bare hands.

“Well, I... If I could make a suggestion.” Brad fumbled, suddenly hating himself. He had never been this nervous around a woman before.

“A suggestion?” The Queen hissed.

“Yes...” Brad mumbled.

“You know, I was told that you were proving useful, but that you liked playing with your food.”

The Queen’s tone was icy now, controlled. It scared him.

“Yes, my Queen.” Brad muttered.

“What?” She barked.

“I said yes.” He looked up, meeting her in the eye.

The Queen turned, her gaze falling on Tanya.

“What if I had a little taste of your food Brad?” She asked, stepping around Tanya, appraising her.

“I...” He fumbled.

“Well?” The Queen gripped Tanya’s arm, and Brad saw the red-head stiffen and squeeze her eyes shut.

“She’ll... she’ll be useful. That’s why I kept her around.” He met The Queen’s gaze as he spoke.

“Really? I fail to see how, other than being your little hole.” The Queen stepped behind Tanya and leered over her shoulder at her cleavage. Tanya kept her eyes closed but Brad saw her shiver.

“She’s part of the local press, she’s plugged in. She can help throw people off our trail.”

“But she was a problem just a few months ago.” The Queen circled behind Brad.

“Well,” Brad fumbled. “You’d be surprised how much a woman will compromise her beliefs in exchange for a good lay.”

Tanya gasped and glared him. Brad caught Jack crack a smile, and The Queen stepped around and glared at him.

“Are you saying you can control her with your amazing penis?” The Queen hissed in his ear.

“Yes my Queen.” He answered.

“And if she’s a problem, you’ll be responsible.” The Queen stepped in front of him now, eyes boring holes into his soul.

“Yes my Queen.” Brad held his head high as he answered.

“And what was your suggestion? That you could do the same with these two?” The Queen stepped back and motioned to Shelly and Gina.

Brad fumbled for words. It would be hard to make a case for Shelly, but Gina, maybe...

“The Sheriff could be useful too.”

“Ummmf!” Gina cried.

“Hrryy!” Shelly chimed in.

“Oh could she?” The Queen stood next to Gina, leering down at her heaving breasts.

“If I may, my Queen.” Jack stepped forward, head bowed obediently.

“Yes, Jack?” The Queen nodded at him.

“I agree with Brad,” Jack began, and Brad noticed The Queen tense with shock. “If we get rid of Gina, it would be the third Sheriff to go missing. It might bring some... unwanted attention.”

“Then what would you suggest, that she can be controlled?” The Queen sighed.

Brad turned to Jack, clearly curious to his plan. One thing he didn't anticipate was Jack having his side in this.

"Ummmm mnnno! Mmmmmnoph!" Gina protested, clearly not enjoying where this conversation was going.

"Actually, yes." Jack turned towards the door and snapped his finger.

On cue, two of the leather clad concubines came in, dragging a bound and gagged Jessica between them.

"Mmmmph! Ummm mmph!" She cried, twisting and struggling in their grasp.

"Mmmmmph! Mmm gggmm!" Gina cried, increasing her struggles when she saw Jessica.

"You see, someone had purchased Jessica here earlier tonight." Jack stepped towards the bound fitness model and squeezed her cheek.

"Urrggg ghmm!" She cried, pulling away.

"But when things got ugly, they abandoned their property before paying, so technically, Jessica is still ours." Jack turned to The Queen.

"Ummm mmmmph!" Jessica pleaded.

"And if Gina wants to make sure that no harm befalls Jessica," Jack looked down at the bound Sheriff. "She'll agree to play ball with us."

"Wrry mnnoo ddrtyy mmmff!" Gina grunted through her gag.

The Queen paced, rubbing her chin, eyeing both Jessica and Gina. Brad turned and met Jack's gaze, seeing that it was obvious that Jack too was nervous about The Queen's answer. He thought about chiming in again but decided not to, knowing that The Queen would only tolerate so many outbursts.

"I guess it would be useful to have the Sheriff in our pocket." She rubbed her chin.

Jack perked up, so did Brad.

"Fine, take Jessica away, put her someplace secure." The Queen gestured to the concubines, who turned, dragging Jessica with them.

“Mmmmo! Mmm gggm!” Jessica cried, looking over her shoulder as she was dragged out of the room.

“Her too,” The Queen gestured to Gina. “Take her somewhere where we can explain to her the finer points of her new position.”

“Wummmff! Mnnoo!” Gina cried, but already Jack and Vera were on her.

Both of them unhooked her manacles from Shelly, then pulled Gina to her feet and dragged her towards the door, her manacled feet kicking and stamping the entire time.

“Mmmnno! Ummm ggmmm mmnph!” Gina grunted, but soon was carried out the door.

That left Brad, Tanya, The Queen, and the bound and gagged Shelly.

“Umm hmmph...” Shelly went back to struggling.

“Well, Brad, is there anything else?” The Queen asked, eyeing both him and Tanya up.

“Shelly, will she be...” Brad stammered.

“Oh yes.” The Queen said, almost like an afterthought, and walked over to the wall and flicked a switch.

“Mmmmmmeep!” Shelly cried and looked up.

The chute above her opened, and several pounds of wet concrete came spilling out, pouring over Shelly’s head. Her muffled cries were cut off in seconds as the wet, sludge-like substance poured over her. Brad and Tanya stood frozen, their jaws slack as Shelly was completely covered in wet cement. After a few seconds, The Queen flicked the switch again and the stream of cement stopped.

It was hard to even tell that there was a woman under the layers of gray, dripping concrete. It was just a lump of cement in the vague shape of a bound person.

“Well, let’s leave that to dry, and then she can join her friend Lisa at the bottom of the lake.”

The Queen stepped towards them and motioned to the door.

“I trust that you will behave yourself.” She looked directly at Tanya as she spoke.

Tanya swallowed and nodded as Brad took her hand in his.

“Good, after you.” The Queen gestured towards the door.

Brad bowed his head, took a final look at the mound of cement that Shelly was buried under, and lead Tanya towards the door, The Queen following. He was glad that the dominatrix was behind him so that she didn’t see that dark, glowering look on his face.

Soon though, soon she would regret humiliating him like that in front of Tanya. It would take some time for him to calm Tanya, to tell her that he didn’t mean what he said, that he was just doing it to save her. He would have to reassure her that this was still the best way to take down Ace’s organization, from within.

They would both have to play ball a bit, to earn their trust. Earning The Queen’s trust would be hardest of all, but Brad could do it. It would just take a little bit of effort. Tonight was just the first, small step out of many.

Then, once The Queen’s guard was down, she would be next.

For Lisa, the only thing prolonging her fate was also the thing that would be her undoing: her cement boots, which were right now proving to be an added strain on the two women dragging her towards the dock leading out to the lake.

“Mmmp! Ummm mnnoo!” Lisa kicked and strained, doing her part to make their jobs twice as hard.

“Come on, can’t you go any faster?” The blond holding Lisa under the armpits whined.

“You know, why don’t you come over here and lift these damn things?” The younger woman with bright, dyed purple hair sighed, and to accentuate, dropped Lisa’s cement trapped feet.

“Ummff!” Lisa grunted, feeling herself pulled down by the weight.

Everything from Lisa’s ankles down was trapped in rock hard cement that had taken a circular form after the bucket it had been poured in. Despite her impressive strength, Lisa couldn’t move her

legs at all but could feel the hard, solid cement wrapped around her skin and between her toes. Her legs burned from the effort of straining against her bonds and the sheer weight of the hardened concrete designed to pull her to the bottom of the lake.

Right now though, the cement boots that had been designed to weigh her down was doing so in a different way, by weighing down her two would be executioners.

“Dammit, why do we keep all those big guards around if they aren’t doing the heavy lifting” The blond grunted and resumed dragging Lisa across the dock.

“Urrrgg ghmmm!” Lisa cried, resuming her struggles.

“They’re all out trying to round up the girls who escaped.” The Purple-haired woman sighed and lifted Lisa’s cement trapped feet again.

“Ummm mnno! Cmmmnn oonnmm! Pssff!” Lisa pleaded and struggled. She didn’t have a plan beyond delay the inevitable and wear out the two concubines, which was somewhat working. Both women were huffing and puffing and sweating profusely from their journey to the lake.

After a few agonizing moments of carrying Lisa across the lawn, they reached the dock and the purple-haired girl stopped and set down Lisa’s weighted feet again.

“Hey, wait... let’s... I need a breather again.” She gasped, leaning over to catch her breath.

“Ummm hmmm...” Lisa nodded in agreement as the other one continued to hold her under the armpits.

“Come on, we’re almost there.” The blond gestured with her chin towards the end of the dock.

It actually seemed like quite a long stretch to the end of the dock, which lead out to the middle of the lake where it was at its deepest.

“Why don’t we just dump her here.” Purple-Hair stood and stretched.

“Mmmnnoo!” Lisa shook her head.

“Because it’s not deep enough. The bosses will come out tomorrow morning and have to look at Tits McGee here floating a few feet under the surface until the fish finally finish dining on her.”

“Hrrrumph!” Lisa shuddered at the image.

“These tits of her might just help her stay buoyant.” Purple-Hair smiled, leaned over, and rubbed Lisa’s breasts.

“Mmmmmpph!” She cried. Even in her final moments, she wasn’t allowed any dignity.

“Come on, let’s just get her to the edge and dump her.” The blond urged.

“How do the other guys do this? There has to be an easier way.” Purple-Hair stood and wiped sweat from her brow.

“I think they have a cart or something.” Blondie shrugged, obviously impatient with Lisa, and started dragging her across the dock, her cement encased feet thudding over the wooden slabs of the dock.

“Wait, a cart?” Purple-Hair cried out.

“Yeah, they just wheel the girl down and…” The Blond tipped Lisa to simulate dumping her.

“Mmmnno!” Lisa protested.

“Why aren’t we doing that?” There was genuine annoyance in Purple-Hair’s voice.

“I don’t know… The Queen and Jack seemed really angry, I didn’t want to ask where-”

“I am not lugging this hunk of cement any farther! Go get that cart and we’ll use that for the rest of the dock!” Purple-Hair kicked at the cement around Lisa’s feet for emphasis.

“We’re almost there, let’s just-” The Blond pleaded

“Get the cart! Ask!” Purple-Hair was screaming and pointing at the house.

“Fine, come here and hold her.” The Blond gestured with her chin at Lisa.

“She’s not going anywhere, set her down!” Purple-Hair wasn’t bothering to hide her annoyance now.

“Fine!” The Blond shouted and set Lisa down on the dock.

“Urrggh!” she grunted as she hit the solid wood below her. Normally, she would see this as an opportunity to possibly escape, but the cement on her feet kept her rooted in place. All she could do

was lie there and wait for the Blond to return with the cart which would speed along Lisa's journey to the bottom of the lake.

The Blond stepped off the dock, followed by the Purple-Haired one.

"Hey, wait with her!" The blond gestured to Lisa.

"Why? She isn't going anywhere?" Purple-Hair sighed and motioned for The Blond to follow.

"I... fine..." The Blond looked at the bound and gagged Lisa, and then turned to follow Purple-Hair towards the mansion.

Lisa had no choice but to lay there and listen to them bicker as they moved further and further away in the night. Soon, she was alone, with the sounds of the lake lapping against the dock as a reminder of what to come.

"Uff..." She wriggled and tested her bonds again but they were manacled tight. Even then if she did get free, there was still the matter of her cement shoes to think of.

"Murrnggh!" She screamed and whipped her head around in frustration. All she could do was wait here.

Lisa wasn't sure how much time passed as she lay there looking up at the night sky, waiting for the two women to return, but at some point she heard the rustle of grass that told her someone was walking nearby.

"Ummmpfh mmmph! Mmmnoo!" She lamented and lifted her head, expecting to see the two women returning with the cart.

Instead she saw a silhouette of a man stalking by the edge of the lake, gun in hand. It took Lisa a moment to recognize him, but when he stepped forward, she got a closer look at his face in the light from the mansion.

It was Randy! The cop that had come with them and couldn't stop staring at her cleavage.

"Mmmmmphh! Mmmm ggmmm!" Lisa cried and sat up, wishing she could stamp her feet to get his attention.

Randy seemed to tilt his head, as if listening, and turned towards the house.

“Mmmno! Hllpp! Hffff mmmee!” Lisa cried, hoping he could hear her muffled cries.

Randy turned and looked out towards the lake, his eyes widening of the sight of the bare-breasted Lisa bound and gagged on the dock.

“Hhrrrrpp! Hhffff mmmee!” She pleaded through the gag.

Randy stared at her for what felt like eons, his eyes never moving from her naked breasts.

“Hrrryy! Hllpp!” Lisa pleaded.

Randy shook his head and ran forward, stopping to kneel next to her.

“Oh my god, are you okay?” What happened?” He asked, now noticing the cement block around her legs.

“Urrggg ggmmm hmmmph! Mmmmurrgh!” Lisa cried and shifted her legs to accentuate her predicament.

“Where’s Gina? Do you know where they took her?” He asked.

“Wufff? Ummm ddnntt mnnnow!” She barked, hoping her annoyance came through.

“I... uh... well I gotta figure out how to get you out of this,” He looked at her cement shoes and then up at her. “Hang on, I’m going to see if I can find a hammer or-”

“Hey, who are you?” A woman called from behind, and Lisa looked over Randy’s shoulder to see the two women returning, pushing a small cart between them.

Randy turned, stared at them for a moment, and then once he put two and two together, drew his gun.

“Freeze! Hands up!” He shouted.

“Oh my god, security!” The Blond screamed, throwing her hands up.

“Hey, quiet!” Randy warned.

“Intruder!” The Blond shouted.

“Ummm mnno!” Lisa rolled her eyes.

This is some rescue.

Randy's eyes shifted from the women to Lisa, and they both took that opportunity to run off towards the house.

"Help!"

"Intruder!"

They both shouted as they fled, and Randy stood, looked at the house and down at Lisa. He kicked at the cement encasing her feet and realized how solid it was, and then at the gun in his hand.

"I... uh... you might want to brace yourself."

Lisa grimaced, as much as she didn't want this man opening fire on her feet, there was no other choice.

"Ummm hmmm..." She nodded and closed her eyes.

There was a series of deafening bangs from the gun, with each one she felt the cement loosen, and finally split open like an eggshell. Her ears were ringing from the gunfire, and she opened her eyes to see that her legs were free, though coated with grey dust. There was a trickle of blood from one of her upper calves, like a bullet or bit of cement had ricocheted and cut her.

"Come on, let's go." Randy grabbed her by the bicep and pulled.

Lisa's legs cried out, sore from their cement prison, but she pushed past it and stood. There was a chorus of voices, and looking ahead at the house she saw several people rushing out.

"Hummmph!" She cried.

"Come on!" Randy pulled and they were both running off of the dock.

"This way!" He lead her around the lake and towards the dark woods behind the house.

Lisa looked over her shoulder to see a mix of suit clad security guards and leather clad concubines rushing after them.

"Mmmurrrm!" She cried, and both of them increased their speed.

Part of Lisa worried about Shelly and Gina, what would happen to them? Were they still prisoner in the house? But she knew that she wouldn't do Shelly any good if she got captured again, most likely they would drop both her and Randy to the bottom of the lake.

Lisa's chest burned as they ran along the well manicured lawn towards the woods beyond, and her breath came out in ragged gasps through the gag. She could hear Randy starting to pant as well next to her. Behind them, the voices of the concubines and security guards were getting louder, and they could hear their boots slapping against the soft ground, gaining on them. The dark border of trees at the edge of the property was inching closer, but not fast enough. Even then, Lisa knew that the woods would only provide a small measure of safety, just cover for them to hopefully sneak to the waiting van.

Randy looked over his shoulder, let out a cry, and pushed on, wheezing as he did. Lisa too felt herself tiring and wishing that Randy would have at least taken off her gag, at least then it would be easier to breath.

The woods still seemed impossibly far away, and their pursuers were gaining on them like a pack of hounds chasing down a fox.

Then Randy pulled his sidearm, turned, and fired blindly over his shoulder. Evidently none of their pursuers were armed, apparently just hoping that they could gang up on Randy and Lisa and overpower them, because after the Deputy let off a few shots, Lisa heard several shouts of surprise and fear come from behind them. She risked a look over her shoulder and saw a few of the concubines scatter, several of them running back to the house. The security guards all ducked, their eyes wild and panicked.

Randy and Lisa slowed down slightly but kept moving at a brisk pace. She attempted to catch her breath through the gag, which was proving difficult, and Randy fired a few more shots in the air. There were more cries from their pursuers, who further fell back, giving the fleeing Deputy and topless woman even more of a lead.

Finally, Randy lead her off of the well maintained lawn and into the cover of the woods. There were shouts in the distance as their pursuers attempted to regroup and follow them. The Deputy kept his grip on her upper arm and continued to lead her through the darkened forest.

“Urrrrmm!” Lisa cried as she stepped through the brush. Running along the mansion lawn on bare feet wasn’t bad, but it was proving to be quite painful here in the woods.

Plus she still wished he would take off her gag.

“Ummmm mmp! Mmmph!” She cried and nudged Randy, hoping he would get the hint. He kept pressing forward.

“Offffmm!” She cried, stepping on a twig or something sharp.

“What?” Randy huffed, and looked to see her lifting her foot.

“Mmmmm gggm!” She gestured down and rolled her eyes.

“Oh, here.” He said, bent over, and lifted her over his shoulder.

“Wummmm! Wmmmtt?” Her eyes went wide as Randy slung her over his shoulder and continued forward.

“Mmmmnnoo! Sttpp! Pfffttt nneee mmnnwwwn!” She protested and kicked her feet as he carried her through the woods.

“Oh calm down, we should almost be there.” Randy grunted and adjusted one of his hands to grip her just below her buttocks.

“Hrrryy!” She protested and swatted at him.

“Ugh, I can tell you work out.” He huffed.

“Offff fffrrr...” She rolled her eyes and grumbled.

It’s very obvious that you don’t!

Randy carried her deeper and deeper into the woods, and the sounds of their pursuers dwindled in the distance. Lisa didn’t feel any more relaxed though as they continued on, as Randy’s breathing

grew more and more labored under the strain of carrying her, and she began to wonder if he had gotten lost. Worse off, both of Randy's hands were now clamped on either of her ass cheeks.

"Mmmurfg sttpp!" She grunted and swatted at his hands.

"Hey, please stop or I'll drop you." Randy wheezed.

"Urrmmm!" She grumbled.

Lisa was losing faith in getting safety with each passing moment. She hadn't ruled out that they may be going in a big circle and that Randy would accidentally wander back onto the mansion grounds.

The trees began to thin out though, and Lisa looked over her shoulder to see the lonely backroad, and the white van waiting. She was surprised that Ace's people hadn't figured out that was where they were heading and would have goons waiting for them.

Don't let you guard down yet. She thought, knowing that plenty could still go wrong.

"Pffft mmmee ddnmm!" She grunted, wiggling over Randy's shoulder.

"Hey, calm down, we're almost there!" He protested.

"ccmmn mmnn pffft mmfff dddmmn!"

Just then Randy started stumbling down a small slope leading towards the road, and both of his hands dug into her ass cheeks as he did.

"Mmmmmph!" She cried, now afraid he would drop her.

But Randy kept his footing, stumbled down the slope and to the back of the van.

"Mmmmmph! Ummm mmmpph! Gllmm!" Lisa kicked and protested, but Randy still didn't put her down.

Instead, he walked up to the back of the van, opened both doors, and deposited the bound and gagged Lisa on the floor inside.

"Hrrry! Wummttt! Ummmph!" She grunted and kicked at him as he set her down and then closed both doors again.

Is this fucking perv kidnapping me now?

She sighed into her gag, not sure if Randy was abducting her or just an idiot.

A moment later he got into the front seat, started the van, and drove off. Still in the back, Lisa sat up and glared at the driver's seat.

“Hrrry! Hurrmmph mmmff!”

“Hey look, I'll untie you in a minute, I just want to get as far away from that place as we can first.”

“Uffff ggmmpph!” She sighed and sat against the wall.

Randy was driving like a madman though, clearly in a hurry to put as much distance between him and the mansion as possible, and with every curve and turn he made, Lisa found herself sliding back and forth in the rear of the van.

“Hrrmmmp!”

“Mmmph!”

“Ggggmmff!”

This is the longest night of my life!

Finally, Randy seemed satisfied that the mansion was safely behind them, and slowed to driving at regular speeds. Lisa decided to use this opportunity to remind him that she was still bound and gagged.

“Hrrry! Sttpp! Ummm ggmm!” She cried and kicked the side of the van.

“Oh, right.” Randy turned to look at her, and then turned back to the road. A moment later, he slowed, pulled to the side of the road, and parked.

“Ummm gdddd cmmm mmnnn!” Lisa beckoned.

Randy got out of the driver's seat and stepped to the back, stopping to leer at her. Lisa felt his eyes lock onto her heaving breasts and she wished for a moment that she could stop breathing for a

moment so that her chest wouldn't have the hypnotic effect it had on him, but she was too angry and her breathing was already labored through the gag.

Lisa got all the more angry when she noticed something stirring in Randy's pants.

"Mmmph! Ummm gggmm!" She barked at him.

"Right, sorry." Randy bowed his head and shuffled forward.

"Umm hmmm mmm mmnn!" Lisa leaned her forward, indicating he should take off her gag.

She immediately regretted it. Randy reached out, grabbed a corner of the micro-foam, and pulled. The sticky substance ripped away from her lips and felt like it took most of her skin with it.

"Ow! Careful you idiot!" She screamed, the area around her mouth felt like it was on fire.

"Sorry..." Randy bowed his head and shuffled behind her to untie her hands.

"Jesus, this is some rescue. What about the others?" She asked.

"Gina's earpiece went dead, but it sounded like they caught her." Randy answered as he finished untying her hands.

"Great, what a mess." Lisa stood up as she felt the rope fall away from her wrists and rubbed them, grateful to be free.

Randy stepped around to in front of her, putting his hands in his pockets.

"So uhh... what now..." He stammered, trying and failing not to look at her breasts.

"Can you stop staring for five seconds?" Lisa sighed and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Right, sorry." He tried to look away, but she kept catching his eyes flicking to her chest.

"Oh my god, you fucking perv!" She shouted.

Lisa couldn't believe that of all the people to rescue her, it was the horniest guy on the police force.

"Hey I'm sorry, they're just..." He shrugged.

"Just what?" Lisa placed her hands on her hips, daring him to finish.

Randy didn't, but his eyes said it all.

“Just what?” She pushed.

“They’re just so... big.” He blurted.

That did it. Lisa’s eyes became balls of flame and she started slapping him on the shoulder.

“You fucking pervert! I could have died back there and you’re here eye-fucking me you little fucking pig!”

“Ow! Stop! Hey!” Randy protested, weakly swatting at her to protect himself.

“Then stop staring at my tits!” She cried through gritted teeth.

“What am I supposed to do, you’re naked!” His tone was petulant.

“WHAT!” If she was a dragon, she could have breathed fire then, and started hitting him harder.

“Ow! Ow! Stop you crazy bitch!” Randy shouted, his hurt turning to anger.

Lisa stopped, glaring at him, every vein in her impressive body bulging.

“That’s it you little fucking worm, give me your shirt!” She balled her fists for emphasis.

“... what...” Randy stammered, regretting his recent outburst.

“Your shirt, now!” Lisa screamed and started forward.

Randy jumped, threw up his hands in a defensive gesture, and started unbuttoning his uniform shirt. Lisa watched, fists balled and her jaw tight. In a few seconds he had his uniform shirt off, wearing just a white t-shirt underneath it. He held out the shirt to Lisa, who snatched it from his hands, pulled it over herself, and buttoned it up halfway, leaving plenty of her cleavage exposed.

Once she had the shirt on, Randy lowered his hands. Lisa turned and marched to the rear of the van.

“Hey, where are you going?” Randy hurried after her.

“Home.” Lisa didn’t bother to look over her shoulder as she addressed him.

“But... but...” Randy kept a few steps behind her.

“Don’t follow me.” She opened the rear doors of the van and stepped out into the warm summer night, slamming them behind her without a second look.

Barefoot and clad in nothing but an oversized shirt and thong, Lisa began marching along the road back towards Shelly's house. She considered maybe holding out her thumb to hitchhike, figuring passing motorists would be eager to give a half naked woman a ride, but she decided not to. After all that had happened that night, she wanted to maintain what was left of her dignity.

As she walked, she tried to think of her next move. They had Shelly and Gina, and Lisa had no idea what their plans were for them, more so, now her own cover was blown. She had no one to turn to, no allies in this fight. The safe bet would be to get out of town and go far, far away from Marston's Pointe.

But what about Shelly? She couldn't just leave her to Ace?

By now they knew that Lisa had escaped though, and would probably anticipate another rescue attempt, or were fanning out looking for her. She knew that going back to Shelly's was a risky move, but Lisa didn't know where else to go. Plus she had some things there, stuff she needed if she was going to skip town.

I'll scope out the place. If they're watching, I'll get out of there.

Walking half-naked along the side of the road would probably also draw undo attention to her, but Lisa didn't care. The only thing she knew was that she didn't want to be in that van with that perv Randy.

She fumed thinking of the way he looked at her, even when she was bound and helpless. Lisa lingered on that anger, not only at him, but at Ace, Brad, Tanya, and The Queen. Focusing on her anger and frustration distracted her from her feet, still sore from the cement.

The growing pain in her feet only got worse the more she walked, and as she got closer to Shelly's house, the thought of relaxing her sore muscles in the hot tub became enticing. Lisa tried to shake that thought from her mind, knowing that taking a nice dip in the tub would lower her guard while people were out looking for her.

Still, after the night she had, she deserved some time in the jacuzzi.

Maybe if the house looks safe. She promised herself, but even, she knew that she couldn't let her guard down, not until she was safely out of Marston's Pointe.

When she got closer to Shelly's house she turned off the road and took a trail down to the beach, planning to come up through Felicia Fetters' property. The former Sheriff's home had been empty since she disappeared, and Lisa figured that the yard would be a safe vantage point to watch Shelly's house for Ace's people.

The moon shining overhead and the light from the neighborhood lit Lisa's way as she made her way along the beach. She stiffened as she passed Tanya's place, half expecting Brad and the buxom red-head to be waiting in the back for her, but the house was completely dark. Perhaps those two were still dealing with Ace's people. Lisa thought briefly of breaking in and waiting for those two to come home, but she wasn't in any shape to ambush two people.

Next to Tanya's place was Felicia's house, still darkened, the yard getting overgrown. Lisa stepped gently off the beach, quietly opened the back gate, and into the yard. So far, the only sound was the ocean lapping at the beach behind her. She stayed low as she snuck across the yard and kept her head on a swivel, constantly looking back, forth, and over her shoulder, but she seemed alone.

Lisa pressed against the side of the house facing a grove of trees, the shadows giving her plenty of cover, and slunk forward, still staying low. Once she reached the edge of the darkened house she peeked around the corner at Shelly's house directly across the street.

The entire street was dark and quiet, with a few parked cars that Lisa recognized as belonging to various homeowners. There was a light on in Shelly's house, but Lisa couldn't be sure if it had already been on when Shelly was abducted. She focused on the outside of the house, looking for any movement or signs of someone lurking, waiting.

Lisa watched for several moments but no one moved, and there wasn't a sound. There was no movement inside either, but that wasn't an indicator that the house was safe. For all she knew, Brad could be waiting inside.

Lisa angled her head to take in the neighborhood, not seeing anyone waiting in a car or goons watching the house, but then she caught a familiar sight...

A white van, parked a ways down the road. Lisa almost didn't notice it at first. The van was very familiar...

Is that... She wondered, and then heard a footstep behind her.

A shadow fell over her, and before Lisa could react, she felt a gloved hand clamp over her mouth and the cold tip of a pistol press against the small of her back.

There were three things that Randy became aware of when he snapped awake: one, he was drenched in sweat; two, he was rock hard; and three: he wished more than anything that the dream he had the previous night was real.

He sat up in bed, the light from the early morning sun cutting through his window, and looked down at his erect, throbbing penis. It was so close, he felt like he could come any second.

That dream... that dream.

He laid back down and focused on the dream, trying to savor every moment of it before it slipped away. It had seemed so real, so vivid, and apparently his cock thought so too. The dream had given him a pleasant alternative to how things had actually turned out the night before.

He had rescued Lisa, that uptight, big-breasted bitch, and she had re-paid him by slapping him, taking his shirt, and storming off in the night. Randy remembered fuming there in the van watching her strut off down the road wearing his uniform shirt, the bottom half of her tanned ass cheeks sticking out from under the flaps of his tan button down. There was an urge within him to chase her down, to tell her that he was a cop and she was a criminal and she just didn't treat him like that, but instead he just sat in the van, pouting about it. How could she treat him like that after he risked life and limb to save her? After all, if not for him then she would be at the bottom of that lake, forgotten.

Instead Randy had driven home and nursed his bruised ego with a drink, maybe two. He must have had a lot because he didn't remember going to bed, but now that he thought of it, he didn't feel hungover either.

But the dream, it still stuck with him.

In the dream, he hadn't gone home. Instead he had followed Lisa, staying a good distance back so she didn't notice, keeping the van lights off too. He was smart like that. Once he realized that she was going to Shelly's place, he parked the van on the street and followed her on foot, staying to the shadows. Lisa must have thought that someone would be staking out Shelly's place, because she crept along the beach and up through the yard of the abandoned Fetters' place.

He watched from the shadows as she crouched down along the house, his stolen shirt riding up to expose her round, beautiful buttocks. She had a great ass, not as amazing as those giant tits of hers, but still great. When he saw her ass he couldn't contain himself anymore and made his move. Randy snuck up behind her, placed a hand over her mouth and pressed his gun to her back.

He knew that she was strong enough to overpower him, so he used the gun to keep her under control. With his hand over her mouth, he dragged her inside of Felicia's empty house, and keeping his gun on her, made her strip completely naked. Then he handcuffed her to a pipe in the basement and shoved those tiny thong panties into her mouth. After that he torn his uniform shirt into strips and wrapped them around her mouth to keep the panties in.

Then he went to town on her, grabbing and feeling up those giant, perfectly round breasts of hers, listening to her struggle and moan, feeling her sweat soaked skin. It felt like he had been at it for hours. He could still feel how soft her skin was, of those nipples cupped in the palm of his hand. Once he had finished he left there like that, naked, helpless, and gagged, promising that he would be back the next night for more fun.

But it was all a dream.

Yet the detail was so stark and vivid. Part of him was tempted to go back to the old Fetters' place to see if she was still there, bound and gagged in the basement, but he knew better, he knew it was just a dream. That's all it was.

Just a dream...

19.

Naomi didn't know how long she had been running, and she didn't care. She didn't care about the ache in her bare feet from running along pavement for hours, nor for how her lungs burned from the exhaustion, and she certainly didn't care that she was running along the side of the road in a skimpy red thong and bra. None of these things occurred to her as she pushed herself along, her only goal was to put as much distance between her and that house.

Once she and the other girls got out, they all scattered in every direction, the uniformed security guards and the leather clad concubines scattering after them. Naomi didn't look over her shoulder to see if any of the escapees were re-captured, she just sprinted forward, running as fast as she could and determined to get as far as she could.

It felt like she had been running for hours, and she had no way of knowing. It very well could have been the case, but once she noticed the darkness starting to lift around her, Naomi finally stopped. Only then did it hit her, the protesting in her muscles, the deep burning in her chest, all of it came rushing at her at once. She bent over to catch her breath, and realized this would probably be a good opportunity to get her bearings.

Dawn was coming, the once pitch darkness around her was getting lighter, like a veil was being slowly, slowly lifted. Had she really run all the way until sun-up? Once again, she realized that she had no way of knowing. Naomi had no sense of time while she was a prisoner.

What about Gina? She suddenly realized. Had Gina gotten out? Naomi felt a sudden pang of guilt if Gina had gone through all that trouble to save her but then gotten caught herself. Briefly, the thought occurred to her that she should look, but that would mean going back to the house, which Naomi had no intentions of doing. Plus, she had been in such a daze when she was running that she doubted that she could even find her way back if she wanted to.

After a few more moments catching her breath, Naomi stood up and took in her surroundings. She was on a residential street somewhere, all of the houses still dark in the early morning. The sound of waves in the distance told her the beach was near. Then again in Marston's Pointe one was never far from a beach.

Still, as a lifeguard, Naomi knew the beaches pretty well. She figured that if she could make it to the beach, she could figure out where exactly she was in town, and then...

Then what...

She realized that she had no idea what her next step was. Go home? Was home even still there? And if so, Ace would certainly have people watching it, at least she thought.

As Naomi considered this, and took in the growing brightness of the sky, it also occurred to her that she was still clad in red lingerie and that very soon people would be waking up to go about their day. At the very least, she had to get away from the public and find something to cover up with. In the movies, when characters were in situations like hers, they would always find clothes hanging in people's backyards that they would steal, but she didn't think that people really dried their clothes like that anymore.

She moved down the street, crossing her arms over her chest, which did nothing to help her feeling of being exposed, and started eying up the houses as she passed, in case someone did have something lying out that she could steal.

Maybe once I get to the beach I can grab a towel or bag from someone who isn't looking. She thought, realizing that there were many people who went for early morning swims.

Naomi increased her pace as she made her way towards the end of the street and the beach beyond, realizing a girl in a thong would be a less jarring sight there. Maybe she could relax even, lay down and plan her next move. She tried to tell herself that she was out of immediate danger for the moment, that even if Ace's people were looking for her, they probably were sticking close to the mansion she had fled from.

You're fine, you're safe. There's no one else to chase you.

Naomi ate those words though as she reached the end of the street. There was a small walkway leading to the beach, and just as she turned to go down it, a door opened on a large, two story beach home and a group of several young men, lead by one with a familiar shaggy mop of blond hair stepped out.

“Yo that Asian with the tits? Man I can't wait to play with them again!” Blondie was exclaiming to his friends as he turned to look down the porch.

His jaw dropped when he saw Naomi. She froze like a deer in headlights, watching as all of the frat boys followed their leader's gaze and saw her.

No... no... no...

Blondie narrowed his eyes at her, and then they went wide with recognition.

“Well, well, well. If it isn't our old friend.” Blondie smiled and started to descend the porch stairs.

Naomi's heart was pounding, but there was something else in her too: a weariness. She was tired of running, tired of being tied up. All she wanted was to relax.

The beach! She could still run for the beach, make it there and then...

Then what? It was open on the beach, there would be nowhere to hide.

Naomi backed away from the advancing group of college boys, noticing that some were already moving to block the path to the beach. Much like how they had on that day at the beach that felt like eons ago, they were surrounding her.

“You know, you slipped away last time,” Blondie salivated at her. “That massage parlor that helped you guys out last time under new management now. I think you'll fit in nicely.”

Naomi broke out in a cold sweat and continued backing away, opening her mouth to scream for help.

Someone has to be up right? Where are all of the people living on this street?

She looked around but the houses were all still dark, and if anyone saw, they weren't coming to her aid.

And the pack of rabid wolves were fanning out, closing in on the kill. She spun around, noticing the frat boys moving in as one. Turning back ahead, she saw Blondie sauntering over, his jaw slack, eyes filled with anger, contempt, and lust. Naomi drew in a breath, prepared to scream. There was no way she was escaping captivity just to fall into the hands of these jackals, she had come too far. If it came down to it, she would fight tooth and nail against her attackers.

Then there was the sound of an engine approaching. Naomi saw the eyes of several of the frat boys go wide and Blondie lunged, several of his boys following his lead, clearly hoping to subdue her before she could call for help.

"No wait!" One of the boys called, and several other joined in, some grabbing to stop Blondie, who gripped Naomi by the wrists.

"No! Get off of me!" She screamed and kicked as he pressed against her.

Then there was the sounds of tires screeching to a halt, and a WHOOP of a police siren, and then the pale darkness of early morning was lit up by red and blue flashing lights.

"Oh shit!" Some of the boys yelled, and took off.

Blondie stopped but kept his grip on Naomi, looking towards the source of the lights. Naomi too ceased her struggles and looked towards her savior.

A slender leg clad in black, skin-tight pants stepped out of a parked police car, followed by another, and then a moment later Gina, clad in her sheriff's uniform, emerged from the cruiser, starring daggers at Blondie. The frat boy eyed her in defiance and turned to look at his backup. Most of the frat boys had run off, but a loyal few remained to back up their leader.

"Where are you going you cowards! We've taken this chick before!" Blondie cried at his fleeing comrades, and then turned to face Gina.

“Oh, did you miss us huh? We already got your Asian friend plus that muscular bitch with the big tits, now let’s add you to the collection.” He sneered and let go of Naomi.

None of the other frat boys made a move to grab the free girl, all too focused on Blondie and Gina. The addition of her uniform seemed to scare them, as they probably didn’t know she was a cop before. Blondie seemingly didn’t care though, and stormed towards Gina, fire in his eyes.

“Just wait until I get my hands on those-” He began before being cut off by Gina drawing a can of something from a pouch on her belt, holding it out, and sending a jet of something directly into Blondie’s eyes.

Pepper spray!

Immediately, Blondie screamed in agony, clutched his eyes, and collapsed, crying out and clutching at his face, which was turning beat red. Gina stood tall, looking down at the frat boy who was curled up in a fetal position. It sounded like he was trying to say something but it was coming out as unintelligible screams.

Every one of the remaining frat boys stood frozen, their eyes shifting to one another for some sign of what to do next. Gina kept the can of pepper spray in her hand as she stepped forward to speak.

“This is your only warning,” She stepped over Blondie as she addressed them. “Pack up and leave Marston’s Pointe now, this minute, or else.”

She turned as she spoke, glaring at each of the frat boys, who avoided eye contact with her as she did.

“And pick that up.” She motioned to Blondie with her boot.

Suddenly it was a flurry of activity. Some of the frat boys scattered, all heading off in different directions, while a few remaining ones picked up the still blubbering blondie and carried him into the house. He may have been uttering threats or curses at Gina, but it still sounded like gibberish between his cries of pain. As Blondie was carried off, Naomi noticed how his face was still bright red, especially concentrated around his eyes.

Naomi and Gina stood, watching the frat boys fade away, and once they were sure they were finally alone, Naomi turned to her savior with a smile.

I knew Gina got out!

“Oh my god, I’m so glad to see that you-” Naomi started, before something she didn’t anticipate happened.

Gina took a step back and in a quick, fluid motion, drew her gun, leveling it at Naomi.

“Hands up!” Gina barked.

Naomi gasped and froze, her heart leaping in her chest.

“Gina it’s-” She stepped forward, but Gina drew back.

“I said hands up, now!” Gina ordered, suddenly her eyes blazing.

“Gina I don’t understand?” Naomi stammered, breaking out into a sweat.

What was going on here?

“Last warning, hands up!” Gina spat again.

With no other recourse, Naomi threw up her hands.

“Gina, what is this?”

“Step over to the car!” Gina motioned to her cruiser with her gun.

“Gina, it’s me!” Naomi pleaded, not sure what else to say or do.

“Car, hands on the hood, now!” Gina ordered, her eyes were filled with fire and fury.

Naomi nodded and stepped over to the police car.

A moment later Gina came up behind her, grabbed one of her arms, and twisted it behind her back.

“I’m arresting you.” Gina grunted, twisting Naomi’s other arm behind her back.

“Arresting me, what for?” Naomi asked, her shock and confusion rising.

“Public indecency.” Gina uttered, and Naomi felt the cold metal of handcuffs tighten around one wrist, and then the other.

“Indecency?” Naomi gasped.

“You’re here running around in your little underwear. This is a nice little beach town, we can’t have that.”

“Gina, I don’t know what’s gotten into you but I-ULLLUMM!” Naomi was cut off by a large red ball-gag being shoved into her mouth by Gina from behind.

“Ummm! Mmmmp!” Naomi protested, feeling the ball-gag tighten at the back of her neck.

“You have the right to remain silent.” Gina spat, finishing securing the ball-gag.

“Ulllummm hmmm mmmph! Ummm mmmno!” Naomi protested, trying to work her lips around the large red gag filling her mouth.

“Let’s get you back to the station.” Gina pulled Naomi away from the hood of the car and towards the back.

“Nnnmmoo! Hllpp! Hhhhummp!” Naomi cried as she was pushed towards the rear of the police car.

“Come on, stop struggling.” Gina grunted, pushing Naomi forward.

“Ohmm cmmnn umm! Nmmnno!” Naomi protested into the ball filling her mouth.

Gina opened the rear passenger door of the cruiser and shoved Naomi in.

“Come on, in you go.” Gina grunted, giving Naomi a final heave in before slamming the door shut.

“Ummm mmpph! Ummm mmnn gggmdd!” Naomi kicked at the door but it was securely shut.

Then a moment later Gina got in the front seat.

“Mmmph! Ummm mmmph!” Naomi protested, pressing close against the black caging separating her and Gina.

But Gina didn’t turn to give Naomi another look as she started the car up, turned around, and drove with the bound and gagged lingerie clad girl in the backseat.

“Hrrryy! Grrrummph! Mmmmph!” Naomi kicked at the cage, but still Gina never turned to face her.

As the police cruiser pulled out of the residential street, Gina put on the siren and lights and sped down the road, blowing through stop signs and lights. Naomi kept her eye out the window for possible aid. Occasionally they would pass other vehicles or people walking and Naomi would try and get their attention but Gina was speeding by too fast for them to notice the bound and gagged girl in the back.

“Hrrmmph! Hllpp!” Naomi was screaming out the window.

Part of her didn’t believe that she was here, calling for help from Gina, a person that she had trusted, that had saved her. What had happened? Somehow she had a feeling that she would find out soon.

The drive was short, but felt like ages to Naomi, and after a few minutes, Gina pulled into the Sheriff’s station parking lot and parked the cruiser in front of the building. For a moment, Naomi wondered if the woman had suffered some sort of mental break, or was maybe punishing Naomi for the trouble she caused.

“Wummmfff ifff thss? Hrrry!” Naomi muttered as Gina got out, opened the rear passenger door, and pulled Naomi out.

“Hrrry cccmn mmmn!” She protested as Gina pulled her towards the building.

The sheriff opened the door with one hand while keeping other locked around Naomi’s arm. Despite all of her struggling, it seemed that Gina wasn’t breaking a sweat dragging the lingerie clad captive around, and quickly pulled Naomi through one set of doors and then another. Once inside, Gina turned and locked the doors behind her, keeping one arm still on Naomi.

“Mmmphh mmmm.” Naomi grumbled, and then turned her head. She had expected to find the Sheriff’s office empty, instead, what she saw caused her blood to run cold and her skin to raise in goose bumps.

Jack was waiting, along with a heavyset Deputy with a mustache, and the woman who had been her jailor at the auction house, Dawn. There was a black, reclining chair of some sort waiting in the middle of the room, and Naomi recognized the chair. Though she had never been tattooed herself, she had gone along with a friend once for moral support while her friend had ink done. The chair was the type of chair someone sat in while getting a tattoo. As she took in the sight, Naomi noticed a tattoo gun and ink sitting on a nearby desk.

“Mmmm mnooo...” She mumbled.

Dawn was slipping on a pair of black latex gloves as Jack got up and approached.

“Ah, good work Gina. You found one of our escapees.” He said as he approached.

“Mmmph!” Naomi tried to pull away and turned to look at Gina, who refused to look at her.

“Gmmff mmmff!” Naomi protested as Jack took a hold of her and dragged her towards the waiting chair.

Gina followed a few steps behind, and Naomi turned briefly to see that the sheriff had a different expression on her face.

It looked like shame.

“Alright, get her ready.” Dawn motioned to the seat and stepped back.

“Ummph! Mmmph ggmm!” Naomi cried and tried to pull away, but Frank stepped up and helped Jack with pulling Naomi towards the waiting chair.

“Jack, is this really necessary?” Gina asked, speaking for the first time since she had abducted Naomi.

“Gina, don’t speak unless spoken to.” Jack responded, and much to Naomi’s surprise, Gina nodded and bowed her head.

“In fact, why don’t you make yourself more presentable while we take care of this.” Jack ordered.

To Naomi's surprise, Gina kept her head bowed and started to undo the buttons on her uniform shirt. As Gina undressed, Naomi was shoved forward onto the chair, her chest pressed against the back of it.

"Uffff!" She cried and felt the cuffs removed from her wrists.

A moment later her wrists were pulled forward and cuffed to the front of the chair. She felt restraints around the bottom of the chair secured to her ankles.

"Urrrggg gmmmm mmmff!" Naomi grunted, trying to struggle against the restraints but they held firm. She was secured to the chair with her ass facing out and back.

"Okay honey, you may not want to struggle all that much or this could get messy." She heard Dawn say, and a moment later felt her thong panties being pulled down.

"Mmmmmph!" Naomi turned to look over her shoulder and saw Dawn getting the tattoo gun ready.

There was movement next to her and she saw Gina stepping forward, now completely naked except for a small g-string. She had a far away look in her eye. As Naomi watched, Gina stepped towards Jack, who immediately leered at her large breasts, and then she turned and put her hands behind her back. Jack secured manacles around her wrists as Frank stepped forward with a large red ball-gag like the one in Naomi's mouth. Gina obediently opened her mouth for the gag and offered no resistance as Frank secured it at the back of her neck.

"Umm hmmph?" Naomi asked, putting the pieces together as she watched.

Behind her there was a click and then the loud, insect like buzzing of the tattoo gun.

Jack noticed Naomi watching and turned to her with amusement.

"Isn't it great? Gina has become our little pet." He gestured to the bound and gagged half naked woman with pride.

Gina sat down in a chair and Frank leered over her, practically salivating. Jack watched for a moment and then snapped his fingers. Like a dog receiving a command, Frank pounced, stepping behind the seated Gina and clutching at her breasts with his fat, clammy hands.

“Ummm ggmm...” Gina moaned and closed her eyes as Frank groped her.

At the same time, Naomi felt the sting of the tattoo gun hit her flesh.

“Mmmmuurrgh!” She cried and squeezed her eyes shut. It felt like a wasp was crawling along her skin, stinging her thousands of times in the same spot.

She tried to wriggle but Dawn put a hand on her back.

“Hold still, or this will be much worse.” She said, and then resumed tattooing.

“Ummmr...” Naomi muttered, biting down on her ball-gag.

“You see,” Jack stepped over to Gina and extended a hand. Frank moved one of his paws and Jack reached out and grabbed one of Gina’s breasts. “Gina here is working off a debt to us.”

“Ummm...” Gina moaned and stiffened as Jack touched one of her breasts and Frank the other.

“The noble Sheriff here got herself caught during her daring rescue. That said, instead of punishing her, we’re giving her the chance to pay back for all of the money she cost us. You’re the first of the escaped merchandise that she’s recaptured, but Gina here will track all of our former girls down and bring them in.”

Jack bent over and cupped a hand under Gina’s jaw. She tried to turn away as he did.

“Isn’t that right?” He pinched her cheek but Gina still refused to look at him.

“Here...” Jack motioned to Frank, who pulled Gina up as Jack sat in the seat once occupied by her.

“Urrrgg ggmm...” Naomi grunted, trying to block out the pain from the tattoo gun.

So that’s it? They have some sort of leverage over Gina and they’re using that to keep her under their thumbs?

As she tried to bear the discomfort of the tattoo gun, Naomi realized that was why Gina wasn't talking or making eye contact. She was being forced to do this under Jack.

As Jack sat, grabbed Gina from Frank, and bent her over his lap.

"Mmmph!" Gina grunted as Jack cupped a hand over one of her ass cheeks.

"After a good day of hunting down our escaped damsels, Gina here gets to be our little toy at night."

"Ummmff!" Gina moaned as Jack's fingers dug into her buttocks.

As Gina squirmed under his grasp, Naomi saw something on the woman's lower back.

A tattoo.

The ink was fresh, at least a few hours old, and it was under adhesive plastic to help it heal, her skin still red and inflamed around it. Naomi suspected that it was the same tattoo being etched onto her lower back at that very moment.

It was a brand, the words **PROPERTY OF ACE** in bold letters inside of a rectangle.

20.

Rossi had been subjected to countless humiliations and violations during her captivity at the massage parlor. Her bare breasts had been groped and felt up by horny frat boys more times than she could count while she felt their rock hard penises pressing against her firm buttocks. Of all the indignities she had suffered though, none of them measured to having to spend the night bound, gagged and naked face to face with Lotus, the woman she had dedicated her career to hunting down, and the woman responsible for her current captivity.

Judging from Lotus's muffled protests, she also was not thrilled about being tied to Rossi, and had spent most of the night struggling just as much as Rossi had.

"Urrrggh gmmmm." Lotus moaned, once again trying to wriggle off of Rossi.

"Ulll ggglubbb!" Rossi replied, trying to wriggle out from under Lotus. Unfortunately, the way both women were tied left them little room for escape.

Rossi was lying flat on a bed, her hands and feet cuffed together. A length of thin rope had been pulled tightly between her lips and then down her back and to the cuffs, forcing her neck backward. Likewise, Lotus was secured the same, but with a rope also running from her wrists and ankles to rings on the ceiling. Several lengths of rope had also been wrapped around both women, securing them to each other.

Thus both women had spent the evening, their nude, sweat soaked bodies wriggling against each other as they tried to struggle to freedom, or at least away from each other, but unfortunately their bonds had made it so that they were literally stuck that way. At some point Rossi had fallen asleep briefly, and so had Lotus, but now both women were up and struggling again.

"Ummmm ffmmm hmmmph!" Lotus whined and wriggled, her bare breast rubbing against Rossi's as she did.

“Umm!” Rossi shuttered, hating the feeling of Lotus’ bare flesh against hers. She tried to wriggle to the side, feeling her nipple brush Lotus’, which sent another shiver through her.

“Ummm!” She bit into the rope gagging her.

Rossi hated this, hated Lotus, and hated her captivity. She hoped that an opportunity for escape presented itself soon. For so long she had dreamed of bringing this woman into custody, but now the thought of her escaping and leaving Lotus to her fate as a prisoner of these frat boys was an enticing one.

“Ullugg gggghh...” Lotus replied, also shifting.

“Mmmm gggmmph!” Rossi protested again.

Neither woman had no idea what time it was, none of the rooms in the parlor had windows nor clocks. They told time by when the frat boys showed up to enact their daily torments on their prisoners, which seemed to last hours, and then when the frat boys left. Melanie and Delilah, the other two women who had usurped Lotus’ power, were also prisoners, and had been carted, bound and gagged, before Rossi and Lotus as well. Rossi surmised that both of those women were bound and gagged in another room, awaiting their captors as well.

Maybe today will be the day. Rossi found herself thinking. Maybe today would be the day that one of the frat boys made a mistake, some sort of oversight that she could use to slip away. At this point she didn’t care about taking Lotus in or helping Gina like she had promised, she just wanted to escape, leave Marston’s Pointe forever and forget about this town.

That was the hope that Rossi carried every day, that this would be day she got free.

But time wore on, and she and Lotus continued their struggles against each other. As the other woman’s nude form rubbed against hers, Rossi couldn’t help but think that the frat boys were running late this time. Of course she had no way of knowing, just her own internal clock, but typically she woke up, struggled for a bit against Lotus, and then the frat boys showed up, horny and looking for a good time.

It had seemed like hours now with her and Lotus struggling, and she knew from listening to the frat boys' conversations that they didn't want to leave their prisoners alone for long. After all, not only did they have Rossi, Lotus, Melanie, and Delilah tied up in her, but presumably all of the other women who worked for Lotus as well.

Maybe they're hungover? Rossi wondered. It was possible they had all partied too hard the previous night and were now sleeping it off. If so, then perhaps this was the opportunity she had been waiting for to escape?

"Ullrrggh gggmm..." She bit into the rope gagging her and tested her bonds. She was tied securely, and with every struggle, could feel the rope digging into her flesh, not enough to cut off circulation, but enough to be uncomfortable.

"Mmmm ggmmff!" Lotus replied, also unsuccessfully testing her own bonds. Rossi couldn't help but notice how Lotus' eyes kept shifting towards the door, perhaps she too was sensing a possible opportunity here.

"Mmmph!" Rossi pressed up against the suspended woman and increased her struggles. There was no way she was letting Lotus escape and leave her to be a prisoner.

"Gmmmf!" Lotus spat, and wriggled on top of her, twisting and writhing impudently against the ropes.

Both women were in a race now, a desperate contest to somehow get free of their bonds and leave the other behind in a life of captivity. Even here, naked, helpless, and humiliated, they were bitter enemies.

But despite their struggles and wriggling, neither woman was no closer to getting free, all they did was succeed in getting the rope to bit deeper into their flesh.

Then they heard a door open somewhere in the parlor.

"Mmm?" Lotus froze.

“Ggmm...” Rossi too ceased her struggling, listening. Usually there was a chorus of yelling and laughter as their college age captors returned.

Instead there was silence.

Both women turned to look at each other, and Rossi saw concern in Lotus’ eyes. Rossi’s bare skin broke out into goosebumps and she felt Lotus’ bare body shutter against hers. There was something unnerving about the silence.

Then they heard footsteps, the steady march of multiple sets of feet setting out through the parlor. It almost sounded like...

Heels... Lotus realized. Dozens of heels moving through the parlor.

“Ummm ggmmm...” Lotus looked at the door, and Rossi’s gaze followed.

There was the sound of doors opening and closing as the heels clacked up and down the hallway.

“Mmm...” Rossi shuttered. The footsteps were moving closer.

Both women kept their eyes on the door, suddenly dreading what was to come. This was something new, and the way these past few weeks had been going, new wasn’t good.

Now the footsteps were directly outside. Rossi stiffened, and felt Lotus stiffen as well. Neither woman took their eyes from the door. They watched as the knob twisted and turned, and then the door drifted open, pushed by a pale, muscular hand.

A woman stood in the doorway, striking, beautiful, and intimidating. She was thickly muscled, with pale skin and black tattoos, her eyes a pale blue and hair a stark red. She was clad in a leather corset, thong, and thigh high boots. Behind her, similarly attired women were opening and closing doors to the other room.

“Ummm mmph! Mmmph!” Lotus cried, motioning for the women to come over, but she just eyed up both captives.

Rossi's eyes moved from the woman to the room across the hall from them. One of the other women had opened the door, and inside were Melanie and Delilah, clad in a bras and thongs, their hands tied together and suspended above them and mouths gagged with white cloths. Both of them looked across the hall at Lotus and Rossi and then at each other.

"Cmmmn hmn! Hlllp!" Lotus implored, but the red-haired woman just stared blankly and then backed away.

A moment later a man appeared in the doorway, a man that Rossi recognized.

The King.

"Ullpm..." Rossi swallowed, tensing as the man leaned against the doorway and smiled at the bound women.

"Well, look who it is." He grinned.

"Ullmm mmnoo!" Lotus whined.

"The woman who robbed me and the woman who broke my wrist, together all wrapped up in a package." The King stepped into the room, cocking his head to admire the bound pair.

"Ummmm mmo!" Rossi moaned, thrashing against her bonds.

"Surprised to see me?" The King paced, never taking his eyes off of them.

"Glllmm gggff!" Lotus responded.

"You see," The King stopped and lifted Lotus' chin with his finger. "You made a lot of mistakes."

"Ummmf!" Lotus pulled her head away, prompting a laugh from The King.

"Obviously, your first mistake was stealing from me," The King went back to pacing. "But your biggest mistake was opening an operation like this on Ace's turf."

He clasped a hand on Lotus' buttocks, causing a fresh struggle from her.

"Ummmm gggm!" She twisted, but was helpless to go anywhere in her suspended state.

“You see, Ace doesn’t like competition.” King patted Lotus bare ass and then lowered his gaze to Rossi.

“And you, attacking me like that.”

“Urrrrmmm ggmmm...” Rossi bit her gag and glared at him.

“But, luckily this establishment is under new management.” King stepped back and smiled.

“Hhmmmp?” Lotus furrowed her brow.

“Due to recent circumstances, we find ourselves in need of a new facility. This parlor is small, but will do fine until we can find a bigger spot.”

King bent over and grabbed a fistful of Rossi’s bare breast.

“Mmmph mmmo!” She cried, trying unsuccessfully to wriggle away.

King laughed and stood back up.

“And what do you know, it even comes with it’s own stock.” King smiled, looking down at both women.

“Mmmoh! Ummm ggmm!” Lotus twisted again, swinging in the air above Rossi.

“Both of you women are now property of Ace, along with every other women in this parlor.

“Mmmmp!” Rossi felt herself go cold and tried to struggle, but the ropes didn’t give. She was bound securely.

She had jumped from being a prisoner of Lotus to a prisoner of the frat boys to now a prisoner of Ace. Of all of them, Ace scared her the most.

“Welcome to your new life.” King smiled, looking down at the helpless, bound Asian women.

Both Lotus and Rossi shared a look of fear and concern.

“Mmmmp!”

“Ummmm mmmooo!”

A future in captivity. A life as prisoners. That was all they had to look forward to now. Both women were helpless now, just property to be used and sold.

Not for the first time, Rossi found herself wishing that she had never come to Marston's Pointe. Her pursuit of Lotus had been her undoing, and this town was now her prison, as it had become to so many other women before her, and like those women, her future involved nothing but bondage and helplessness.

Epilogue

Two years later...

“Ullummph mmmph!” Rossi mumbled, her lips locked around Lotus’.

“Bmmmm bmmfff!” Her rival countered, no more pleased about the forced embrace than Rossi was.

The former INTERPOL agent had lost all sense of time during her captivity under Ace. She couldn’t be sure how long she had been a captive of the criminal organization, but she had to presume it had been over a year, maybe more. During that time, she also guessed that she had spent a good 8-10 hours each day bound to Lotus in some sort of humiliating fashion, but after all of that, her feelings towards the former international criminal had not softened in the slightest. In fact, during her prolonged captivity, Rossi had only come to detest Lotus even more, and she was sure that the feeling was mutual with Lotus.

“Ummm hmmph!” Rossi grumbled, her lips moving against Lotus’ as she struggled.

Just feeling the other woman’s lips move against hers caused a shiver to run down the former agent’s spine. Being bound, gagged, and having her half naked body pressed against Lotus was a situation that never ceased to disgust Rossi, but despite her struggles, there was nothing she could do to cease this torment. She was at the mercy of her captors, or in this case, the crowd of cheering onlookers.

“Mmm hmmph!” Lotus sighed and moved her eyes to look beyond Rossi. Both women were unable to move their heads and could only shift their eyes to take in the scene around them.

They were pressed together on a mattress in what could only be best described as a small arena. Salivating and cheering men stood in the stands cheering excitedly as the two women struggled against their bonds. Though to be fair, Rossi had spotted her fair share of women watching as well.

“Oh come on girls, you can do better than that!” A voice called over a microphone.

“Hmmmph!”

“Mmmphh!”

Both women turned their heads, a difficult maneuver, given their situation, and looked at the man pacing around their bed. He was overweight, unshaven, and balding, wearing jeans and open flannel shirt with a t-shirt underneath. This man seemed to be the ringmaster for the events going on in the arena, of which Rossi presumed that her and Lotus were only one show of many.

During her captivity, Rossi had learned a lot about Ace’s organization, to the point where if she ever got free then she would be in the perfect position to take it down. From what she had seen, this organization was small but possessed countless resources and influence, which was why she presumed that no one had found her yet. A missing INTERPOL agent would be something that drew attention, but during this time, to her knowledge, no rescue attempt had been made. She could only guess that Ace’s people had concocted quite a cover story for her disappearance, or were hiding her well.

Another thing she learned was that her captives were quite ingenious, of which her current predicament was proof. Both her and Lotus was gagged with large, ring-gags that propped their mouths open. When Rossi saw her captives approaching with the circular muzzles, she had feared the worst, knowing that ring-gags were meant to keep a captive’s mouth propped open while also keeping them silent.

But in this case, the rings that made up the gag were magnetized, which meant that Lotus and Rossi’s mouths were literally stuck together, the magnets keeping their lips pressed against each other’s. It was devious, and the crowd watching seemed to be eating it up.

Come on you two, turn lesbian for our paying customers!” The Ringmaster shouted, prompting an excited cheer from the crowd.

“Mmmph mmmoo!”

“Ggmmm!”

Both Lotus and Rossi's hands were tied behind their backs and their legs together at the thigh, shins, and ankles. Add in the magnetized ring gags and all they could do was struggle and rub their half naked bodies against each other.

"What do you guys think, should we give them a little push?" The Ringmaster addressed the crowd.

"Mmmpph!"

"Mnnooo!"

There was a roar from the crowd, and both women stiffened, knowing what was coming next. A moment later there was a vibrating between Rossi's legs that sent a warm tingle of arousal through her body.

"Urrff!"

"Murrgh!" Lotus grunted.

Both women vibrated against each other, moaning into their gags as the vibrators that were tied between their legs roared to life. The crowd watching also roared with approval.

Both women were clad in only small thong panties, Rossi wearing white and Lotus black, with large wand vibrators tied firmly between their legs.

"Urrff mmmm!"

"Mmmph!"

After a moment the vibrating ceased, but Rossi felt the growing wetness between her legs. Despite her best efforts, she found herself aroused.

"There, how did you ladies like that?" The Ringmaster cackled.

The crowd roared their approval, but Rossi tried to tune them out while also ignoring the yearning between her legs.

"Urrgg gmmmp!" She cried, trying to wriggle away from Lotus. Lotus too tried to pull back, but the magnetized gags kept their mouths pressed against each others.

“Let’s give them a little more.” The Ringmaster laughed, prompting yet another roar from the crowd.

“Urrrgg!” Rossi cried, feeling another rush of vibration between her legs.

“Mmmmm ggmmff!” Lotus joined in.

Both women writhed against each other, feeling the arousal building between their legs. Rossi could feel her lower body trembling from the large vibrator.

Resist... resist... She told herself that she would not give her onlookers what they wanted, that she would not “turn Lesbian.”

But then Lotus pressed her body against Rossi’s, and the agent felt the other woman’s erect nipple pressing against her breast. Lotus’ lips moved against her own, and a moment later she felt the former wanted criminal’s tongue press through the ring of her gag and into Rossi’s mouth.

“Ummm hmmm...” Lotus sighed, pressing her body against Rossi’s. Her moans were no longer moans of pleasure those of desire and lust.

Rossi kept her eyes pressed shut, trying to ignore how wet she was, of how she wanted that release that only an orgasm could bring.

Lotus’ tongue pressed into her mouth, probing, exploring while simultaneously her body arched against Rossi’s, her slender, bound legs rubbing against the helpless agent’s.

Rossi gave in, returning the gagged kiss in full, pressing her tongue against Lotus’ while arching her ass out.

The crowd roared in approval.

From her “Luxury box,” Gina tried to look away from the scene unfolding below her, of the agent who had once saved her life being forced to humiliate herself along with the woman who had

kidnapped her, but that would mean Gina's focus would be on the man who was currently pressed up her from behind squeezing both of her breasts.

"Hmmmfff..." She muttered into the micro-foam tape sealing her lips.

"Oh yeah, you like that, don't you." She heard him gasp, his hands groping under her shirt and tracing the curve of her breasts.

"Don't get too carried away dear Senator, you'll miss the show." The Queen smirked from the seat next to them.

Gina turned and glared at The Queen, who only winked at the bound Sheriff. After two years, Gina was used to this treatment, though that didn't mean she liked it.

They were in an enclosed viewing area which had an excellent view of the arena below, and the thong clad Asian women currently writhing against each other. As always, The Queen's stalwart concubine Vera stood at attention next to her, while Gina was strapped to a chair at The Queen's right hand. She was still clad in her Sheriff's uniform though, but her shirt had been unbuttoned and bra pushed down to expose her large breasts which were currently being fondled by a major senator.

"What a magnificent piece this one is. Honestly she should be the one performing." The Senator nuzzled Gina's neck.

"Urrgmmm!" Gina grunted and pulled her head away.

The Senator only chuckled and continued to feel up Gina's breasts.

"Oh Gina? She's too valuable. She proved herself by rounding up all of our escaped assets a few years ago. After that we decided to keep her in our employ. As Sheriff, she's very good at throwing people off our trail or bringing valuable ladies."

Gina glared at The Queen, who beamed at her with pride. This had been her life for the past two years, serve as Ace's henchwoman by day, and be a prisoner by night. In all that time, Gina had never seen the enigmatic crime-lord, instead dealing mostly with The Queen, King, or Jack. They made her their plaything at night, and Gina had to play along, knowing they would hurt Jessica or Caitlyn if she

didn't. At first they allowed Frank, the other deputy who was in Ace's employ, to play with Gina as well, but a few weeks after Gina was caught Frank suffered a coronary. She couldn't say that she was surprised or sad, in Gina's mind, that was one less person to grope and spank her at night.

"Of course Senator, if you were to make sure our little operation in this town continues to go unnoticed, we could arrange for you to have even more private time with our Sheriff here." The Queen smiled.

"Mmmmmph! Mmmno!" Gina glared at the dominatrix and pulled on her restraints, but they held firm.

"Oh, I think that could be arranged." The Senator huffed and squeezed Gina's breasts again.

"Urrrrggh!" She turned and glared up him, but his eyes were distant and lust filled.

"I'm glad we could work something out. Not many get to play with Gina here, she's reserved only for VIPs." The Queen never took her eyes off of Gina as she spoke.

The helpless and gagged Sheriff only glared at the woman, determined to one day slip out from under The Queen's control and make her regret all of the humiliations Gina had endured at her hands.

The crowd roared, and every eye in the box turned towards the arena below.

Rossi's entire body was quaking and she was moaning into her gag, apparently in the throes of a powerful orgasm. Her ass cheeks were mesmerizing as they shook up and down.

"It's a shame Jack couldn't be here to see, what a show it's turning out to be." The Queen smiled and sat back.

If there was one thing Jack never tired of, it was sunsets on the beach.

This is the spot where it all started. He smiled, looking at the brilliant golden sun hanging low over the ocean.

In the past two years, the abandoned warehouse area where he had first encountered Felicia Feters had fallen into further disrepair, the salty sea air and ocean spray were slowly destroying most of the buildings around them. They no longer conducted business at this dock due to its poor structural integrity, but Jack figured that this dock that held so many memories for him could handle on small, intimate event.

“Mmmmp mmmph! Hlllp! Ummm gmmff!” Felicia’s muffled cries brought Jack out of his reverie and he turned around to face a large wooden crate that was shaking back and forth.

“Ummmm ggmmmp!” The bound and gagged woman inside cried.

Two years and Felicia hadn’t lost any of her feistiness. Jack liked that.

He turned back to the small table he had set in the middle of the dock, which was covered with a white cloth and matching white plates. There were glasses set out complete with a bottle of champagne at the ready, along with tupper ware boxes containing food waiting to be handed out.

It was, after all, their anniversary. They had to celebrate in style.

“Hllpp mfff! Ummmp!” Felicia cried from the crate.

“I’m coming honey.” Jack smiled and picked up a crowbar.

Two years ago, he had sealed Felicia in such a crate, telling her that he was going to place her on a boat out of Marston’s Pointe, and that she should stay wherever she would end up being transported to. At the time, he saw that as mercy. Now, he was glad that Felicia came back for him, and the two years of kinky bliss that had resulted from it.

Though, he couldn’t resist sealing her inside of a box and transporting her again, this time though to a much closer destination.

Jack walked up to the shaking box, wedged the crowbar under the lid, and pried. In a few minutes, he tossed the top aside and smiled down at the bound and gagged woman in side.

“Ummm hmp!” Felicia glared up at him.

She was clad in a white bra and panties, her mouth sealed with white tape and her arms and legs secured with it as well. Jack smiled down at his captive bondage bride, and then in a moment leaned down to lift her from the crate.

“Come on, let’s go.” He grunted.

“Mmmn! Hrry! Umm ggmmph! Hllp!” Felicia kicked and struggled as Jack hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her towards the waiting table.

He cupped a hand over her thonged ass as he carried her. After all of this time, he never got tired of feeling up Felicia’s firm ass as she wriggled under him.

“Ummgggg ggmmph! Whrry mmmno uff mm!” She grunted into her gag.

Her chair had already been pulled out, and Jack set the bound and gagged woman down, and before she could struggle or hop away, he grabbed a length of white tape and used it to secure her to the chair.

“Ummfff! Mmmph!” She grunted, trying to pull away, but the tape kept her held in place.

Once Felicia was taped to the chair, Jack stepped away and smiled at the helpless woman.

“Remember this place? This is where it started.” Jack gestured to the dock around them.

Felicia turned and took it all in, her eyes going wide with recognition.

Jack stepped over to his side of the table and poured himself a glass of champagne.

“Our lives changed that night. Happy two year anniversary babe!” He smiled and lifted his glass.

“Mmmmo!” Felicia cried, her eyes going wide at the realization. Jack laughed, downed his champagne, and poured another.

“To many more years together!” He toasted and downed the second glass.

Damn, look at all of these ladies. Brad pulled up outside the main campus of the university, his eyes immediately locking on a young woman in a pair of extremely short, extremely tight, shorts.

Maybe I missed out on the college experience. He smiled, watching as the students milled about.

Many were carrying luggage bags, no doubt moving in for the semester, while others were milling about, either heading to class or hanging with friends.

The women! Brad couldn't take his eyes off of them. There were too many young, attractive women to count. Every time he thought they couldn't get any hotter, he saw another insanely attractive woman.

"Everything okay, Brad?" Ian asked from the passenger seat.

Brad turned to face Tanya's son, now 18 and about to be a freshman in college. The kid was bright eyed and had his entire future ahead of him.

And if Brad had taught him right, was about to have some of the best sexual experiences of his life.

"Everything's good buddy, how about you?" He smiled and placed a hand on Ian's shoulder.

"Yeah, I'm a bit nervous." He bit his lip and stared out the window.

"Listen, look at me." Brad rubbed Ian's shoulder, and the boy turned to look up at him. "Just remember what I taught you and you'll be fine."

Over these past two years, Brad had positioned himself as something of an older brother figure to Ian. He figured it would help soften things since Brad was still banging the kid's mom. At first Ian had been resistant, but eventually warmed up to Brad.

Which was good, Brad had big plans for the kid, almost as big as the plans he had for his mom. It was amazing how pliable the two were.

Being easily manipulated must run in the family. Brad smiled.

“Now, do you need help with your bags?” He motioned with his head to the luggage in the backseat.

“I think I’m good, but thanks!” Ian smiled.

“Good, knock ‘em dead!” Brad laughed and patted Ian’s shoulder.

Ian smiled again, stepped out of the passenger seat, and a moment later retrieved his bags from the backseat.

All the while he did, Brad watched the female college students mill about, sheep completely unaware of the wolf in their midst. He would have to find out the sorority party situation here as soon as he could.

Marston’s Pointe had proven to be a fertile hunting ground, but he worried that if women kept disappearing there then it would raise some eyebrows. It had taken some convincing, but Brad had eventually convinced the right people in Ace’s organization that they needed to expand.

Colleges. With a steady stream of new women every few months, colleges were the perfect spot to hunt new prey, and with Ian a freshman, Brad now had a man on the inside. He took a final look at the women milling about the campus, and at Ian carrying his luggage towards the dorms, and then started the engine and drove off, his mind flowing with possibilities.

The End...