

Bait

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

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Bright colors swirled against the back of his eyes as Thomas struggled to pull himself awake. His head throbbed almost painfully as his senses slowly woke up from the black fog that filled him. His tongue felt like it was rolled in kitty litter, swollen and listless. Sluggishly, he pushed his head back and forth until it began to move more freely on it's own.

Thomas tried to pull open his eyes, but dried tears caught on the eyelashes and he couldn't find enough mental energy to force himself to crack them open. Letting loose a wheezing sigh, he felt a pressure at the back of his nose; it seemed related to the fierce pounding in his temples but he couldn't figure out why.

With great effort, he willed his hand to move. It twitched for a second before he felt the pins and needles being to sparkle down his nerves. Breathing heavily, he focused on his toes and fingers, wiggling and moving them until they also began to wake up. When the pins and needles flashed in his mind, he rested and waited for his body to wake up.

It felt like forever, but the black cloud in his mind was finally beginning to fade away. His body was still sluggish and he tried to rub the dried tears from his eyes. His hand went barely a few inches before slamming to a stop; a thin strip of webbed rope, like a dog leash, dug into his wrist painfully.

A sudden fear gave him the energy to snap open his eyes. The bright colors faded slowly, giving him barely a few moments to see the slightly curved wall of a van's interior before movement caught the side of his vision. His body still moving sluggishly, he turned his head toward the movement to see a dark-haired girl looking at him

with a predatory expression. She was in the passenger seat; it was turned around to face him. The only illumination in the van was a map light, shining on her hair and casting her face into dark, cruel shadows. She was less than a few feet from him, but even that distance appears long to his fogged mind.

“Good morning, Bait.”

Her voice was almost a purr, filled both with malice and joy as she set down her book and leaned forward. She was wearing a leather jacket, half opened to expose a sheer top that did nothing to hide the curves of her cleavage. Below, a short, denim skirt teased her mid-thighs, except where the slit ran up to expose the curve of her hip.

Thomas didn't notice as he looked away from the strange and tried his other hand, to pull it from the wall. It moved only a few inches before it also stopped from a loop of webbing tied securely to it. His eyes glanced down to see his feet were strapped down to the floor of the van, bound together with four strips of webbing.

With a sinking sensation, Thomas realized he was trapped.

He looked up, fear growing inside him as the dark-haired girl leaned over briefly and tapped on the horn of the van. The noise cut through his hearing painfully and he shook his head to clear it.

Blinking back the sharp pain of dried tears, Thomas tried to force his tongue to move, to speak. The only noise that came out was a rasping croak before the girl frowned and knelt forward. Her hand reached out quickly and pressed her palm against his lips. Trembling slightly, Thomas felt his body shaking underneath the grip as her fingers curled around one side of his face and the soft skin pressed tightly against his mouth.

She continued to move forward until her breasts pressed against his chest and her lips brushed against his earlobe, “No, no. Bait doesn't speak. My job is to make sure that Bait stays silent... until we need it to speak. And I don't plan on failing.”

The hand on his mouth was soft but firm with the faint smell of perfume drifted past his clogged nostrils. He tried to turn his head away, but she easily kept her hand on his mouth, pulling his gaze back to her.

Thomas tried to speak, to tell her his name was Thomas, but all that came out was a muffled mumble. Anger briefly flashed in the

dark-haired girl's eyes and she used both hands to cover his mouth and nose, pressing down until he felt the air being cut off.

Her hiss was quiet, but he heard it clearly over his pounding ears, "Bait doesn't speak!"

He tried to push her away, but his trapped hands only slammed against the webbing helplessly. His head thrashed back and forth, but the dark-haired girl pressed down tighter as he felt the world spinning from lack of air. The hand on his mouth covered him tightly; when he tried to open his mouth, she held it shut easily.

After a few seconds, Thomas felt everything spinning and stopped moving. A moment later, the hand on his mouth relaxed its grip and he pulled in a shuddering gasp of air between her fingers. The taste of her perfume mixed with the air, but he was too desperate to breath to enjoy it.

The girl smiled, "Good, Bait."

Still holding both hands against his face, she lifted one legs over his and straddled him, pressing her hips against his thighs. He felt a wet heat soaking his thighs, but his heart was being too fast from fear to wonder if she was wearing anything under the skirt.

Suddenly feeling even more trapped, Thomas began to struggle violently, but the black fog still in his mind made his thrashing weak and helpless. His motions did nothing but bring a smile to the girl's lips as she rocked her hips against his thighs. The girl's eyes closed and she leaned against him, pressing her hands against his mouth and nose.

His breathing turned into a wheezing gasp, the cut off all together. With a panic, Thomas began to thrash harder, trying to break the bounds that pinned him to the wall. His legs kicked together, but the girl just ground her hips harder against him; in a matter of seconds, she was panting softly as her hips moved faster.

Black spots swirled in his vision as she shivered violently and let loose with a quiet moan. The heat on his thighs grew wetter as she leaned back, letting a few slips of cool air trail through her fingers. Thomas sucked at them, tasting her perfume again as the black spots slowly faded away.

The girl moaned and leaned against him, her hand just holding his mouth just as her breasts pressed tightly against his body.

"That was wonderful, Bait."

With a shock that stilled his body, Thomas realized she just used him to masturbate. The wet heat on his thighs was her own juices. Hurt and shame burned in his cheeks as he stared at her. The girl's eyes sparkled as she spoke.

"Thinking about yourself? Shame on you, Bait. This is not for you, it's for me. And I want to use you," she pressed tightly down on his mouth, cutting off his air once again, "I can do whatever I want."

Thomas thrashed again, trying to break his mouth free from the two hands pressed against it. Even as a blind panic raced through his mind, he could feel her hands squeezing his mouth as her hips began to rock against his thighs once again.

The girl's second orgasm was interrupted by the back of the van being thrown open. The girl looked over, relaxing her grip just enough for him to suck air through her fingers. He licked his lips, running his finger along her hand and she gave him a quick squeeze as a result.

Violent movement caught his eye and he looked toward the back of the van as Susan, his love and passion, was almost thrown into the van.

Susan was nineteen and a natural blond with brilliant yellow-gold hair and blue eyes. Tonight, to celebrate his birthday, she was wearing a tiny red dress that barely covered her knees and had two slits along the side that reached the bottom curves of her breasts; a red ribbon with a bow over her navel was the only thing holding it together. The cleavage was low-cut and covered with a fine red mesh, hinting at the firm breasts he begged to touch with every thought.

Even disheveled, Thomas stopped struggling to stare at her and the beauty she presented. Her hair was a mess, from struggling, but her clothes seemed intact. Thomas thanked every god he could think of that the kidnappers had not hurt or raped his love; she was saving herself for marriage, and was still a virgin for the year he knew her.

Susan glared back at the entrance to the van, where a dark, shadowed man stood outside the illumination of the dim map light. Then, as her eyes glance around in the van in panic, she spied Thomas. A gasp of concern and relief filled the van as she crawled over to him, on her hands and knees and giving him a view of the

two pert breasts half-hidden in her dress. He felt his manhood begin to respond slightly as Susan grabbed his shoulder.

“Thomas! Ar... are you okay? Did they hurt you?”

The hands tightened on his mouth, warning him of his speaking, and he glared briefly at the grinning dark-haired girl. Wondering briefly why Susan didn't even look at his captor, he started to nod, then stopped. His mouth tried to open to speak, but the girl straddling his legs rapped his head hard against the back of the van, using her mouth to cut off his breath.

“Bait doesn't speak!”

Thomas fought the throbbing in his head as he tried to nod and shake his head. The hand on his mouth relaxed slightly, allowing him the chance to suck in a few breaths of air.

Susan's face grew more serious, “Please don't speak, Thomas. They said it would make them angrier.”

He tried to answer, but the hand on his mouth tightened again and he found himself thrashing against his bounds in blind panic. He whipped his head back and forth, but the hand easily kept up with him, boring down tightly until his jaw ached from the pressure. In a dim part of his mind, he could feel the dark-haired girl grinding her hips against his thighs again as he tried to break free, to save his love.

After a few moments, his lungs were aching for air and his body spent from the helpless effort to escape. Tears of frustration began to form in his eyes as he slumped down against his webbing. Susan lifted one tender hand to his face and wiped away the tears, both the fresh ones and the dried ones from his eyes.

Her voice trembled with concern, “Do... you remember what happened?”

Thomas looked up at her, remembering the wonderful start to the evening. His father just gave him a new sports car, the color of her dress, and he was anxious to show it off. So, he picked her up at her house instead of taking the limousine instead. When she opened the door, his mouth dropped as he viewed her in the tight dress, teasing him with the tighter body underneath.

For over a year now, they were dating and Thomas knew he was in love. Even though she resisted every sexual advance, he felt his heart growing warmer just at the thought of her smile, her touch.

Susan sat back on her legs, kneeling in front of him, “Do you remember dinner?”

Dinner was planned down to the very last detail. He used some of his father’s money to reserve the entire restaurant and spent a pleasant three hours admiring his love. She kept promising a present, but the only thing he wanted was to open the ribbon around her waist and unwrap her dress. Her sensual smiles brought a faint hardness to his manhood, but only the dark-haired captor noticed.

His love pressed on, leaning forward on her hands as she questioned, “And afterwords?”

Afterwords, they took a bottle of champagne and drove out to the beach house, a few minutes north of Miami. His father had it built after his third million and Thomas used it to take Susan there every moment he could.

On the ride there, she drew his hand off the stick shift and onto her thigh, along the edge of the slit. His heart almost stopped as he felt her smooth skin. But, when he tried to push up, she gently stopped him. Later, she said with a smile.

At the beach house, he drew her into an embrace, then walked with her down to the beach. Pulling out two cut crystal glasses, he poured both of them a drink. Susan smiled and promised him his present, after the drink.

Thomas drained the glass in two gulps and waited impatiently for her to finish sipping her glass. As he watched, she never seemed to swallow but his heart was racing too fast to care.

With a start, both in memory and in remembering, Thomas saw color flashes suddenly burst in his vision. He was sliding to the ground as all the tension left his body with a rush.

Blinking back the tears, he saw the other kidnapper moving into the van. The man was a powerful looking man, not unlike many of the men on the beach. His arms and legs looked powerful, but the glare of pure malice shook Thomas as it washed over him. Susan caught his chin with her hand, turning his gaze back at her. Concern and fear trembled in her eyes as she spoke softly, sincerely.

“They... kidnapped us, Thomas. And he said they are holding you for random, for your father’s money.”

Fear, rage, and frustration burned at him as he thought furiously. His father would pay, of course, Thomas was his only son and the old man cherished him. But, fear also raced through his mind as he realized they were going to hurt him and maybe rape Susan.

The male kidnapper walked into the van, towering over Thomas. His head brushed against the top of the van, even when the dark man bent over to avoid hitting his head. His voice was a rich, almost guttural, sound as he spoke quickly, "You are going to make us rich... Thomas. And if you behave, you might even live through this."

Thomas tried to yell at the dark man, to scream at him to get away from his love, but the hand on his mouth suddenly bore down and cut off his breath. A dull mummer escaped his throat as the dark-haired girl hissed with annoyance and rapped his head against the side of the van.

"Bait doesn't speak!"

The man smiled, "Yes.... Bait doesn't speak."

Kneeling down, he draped one hand over Susan's back, his fingers curling around her ass.

"But, this is one fine piece of meat... Bait. How did you catch her, with a hook?"

With growing fear and aching lungs, Thomas watched as the male kidnapper curled his fingers around the smooth curve of Susan's ass and pushed up at her dress. It easily moved up, exposing a thin red line of a matching red thong underneath.

Thomas's eyes snapped at Susan's face, but she shrugged, "I'm sorry, Thomas. He said he's hurt me if I resisted."

And she didn't resist. Even when the kidnapper curled one finger underneath the thin strip of fabric and pulled it away. One meaty finger ran down and out of his sight, but Thomas knew the kidnapper was running it down the line of her perfect labia; lips he never saw himself, except in his fantasies.

To his horror, Susan let loose with a faint moan and her breath began to grow faster as the kidnapper pushed forward. In his mind's eye, Thomas could see him pushing his finger into her sex but he couldn't understand why she was moaning in this obvious rape.

Susan looked up with pleading eyes, the brilliant blue almost shining in the map light, "Oh, Thomas. He's fingering me. He's pushing inside me."

Her words burned into him like a brand and Thomas began to thrash, unable to break free of the bounds. Pressing both her hands tightly against his mouth and nose, the dark-haired girl began to grind her hips against his thighs as he struggled with blind panic and fury, even as the black spots began to form in his vision.

His love continued to speak softly, her eyes locked on his, "...he twisting them inside me, Thomas. And... oh god... he just pushed another finger in there... it feels so good... I'm... sorry... It's been so long, Thomas."

A sob escaped her throat before she turned her head to look at her kidnapper. When she spoke, all traces of fear, pleading, and even concern disappeared, "How long has it been, Steve?"

Thomas felt his entire body go numb at the sound of her voice. It was even and calm, not the frightened voice of a kidnapped woman. A tingling sensations ripped down his spine and he felt the rest of his body grow distant, as he listened to the response almost mechanically.

The male kidnapper grunted and rubbed his crotch, "Almost an hour now."

Susan looked back at him and he watched the mock concern and fear grow in her eyes. Steve already had two more fingers jammed between her legs when she finally spoke, "I'm... sorry, Thomas. I couldn't resist. He made me... it was horrible..."

A cruel smile crossed her face as Susan dropped her act. Thomas's body shook from shock as he stared at her uncomprehendingly. His blood felt icy as his mind refused to acknowledge it; a cold sweat formed on his forehead but he couldn't find the energy to move.

The sweet lips, ones he barely kisses, smiled broadly and pulled back. He could see her pushing herself on Steve's probing fingers and enjoying it. A faint slurping sound filled the van as Susan rocked back and forth, guiding Steve's fingers in and out with slow determination. The entire time, she stared into Thomas's eyes with the cruel smile.

Thomas felt a tear forming on his cheek and he gulped hard. The dark-haired girl, expecting him to call out, clamped down on his

mouth, pressing tightly against his lips until his teeth ached from the pressure. He felt his lungs begin to ache from the smothering, but he couldn't find the will to resist; instead, he found himself watching his love, his passion, rock back and forth on Steve's fingers, obviously pleasuring herself.

Biting back a surge of helplessness, Thomas turned away from the scene, to stare at the back of the van. To his surprise, he saw Jennifer, Susan's best friend, watching from the edge, her lips parted slightly. There was a hesitant look on her face, but it held none of the shock or anger he desperately wanted to see.

Jennifer was a few months younger than Susan. A quiet, almost passive girl, that did little more than follow Susan around. Her light brown hair was always hung loosely down her shoulders, but it was dark gray in the dim light of the van. His eyes trailed to her hands; they were larger than normal but still perfectly formed. Jennifer's hands always drew his attention, but Thomas could never figure out if it was attraction or disgust. She was wearing a simple white t-shirt, tied right above the navel. Below, a pair of skimpy shorts showed more of her skin than Thomas had ever seen. His brow creased for a moment as he tried to identify her as a kidnapper or friend.

His thoughts were interrupted by his sudden need to breathe. He tried to open his mouth, but he couldn't find the strength to lodge the soft hand holding it shut. He thrashed for a second, then remembering, stared back at the dark-haired girl with pleading eyes. His legs vibrated with his need to resist, but he managed to hold still until she finally smiled and relaxed her grip, allowing him another gasp of fresh air.

Susan giggled softly as his discomfort, then looked over to see Jennifer.

"Come on in, Jennifer."

The new girl hesitated for a second and Susan repeated her command, this time in a more serious voice. Jennifer gave her a brief look, she had a perfect view of Steve's fingers buried in her sex, before crawling in and toward Thomas. He whimpered softly as she arrived, but she ignored him as she looked back at Susan who was already thrusting on Steve's fingers again. With a flash of blue eyes, she nodded toward Thomas.

“Go ahead, I said you could have him.”

A shy smile cross Jennifer's face as she turned back to Thomas. Pulling herself on her knees, she gave the dark-haired girl a warmer smile before running her hands against Thomas's chest; up close, they felt hot but strong. He realized she had very large hands as she tweaked one of his nipples and giggled as he jumped with a minor yelp. He felt his air stop as the girl on his lap ground her bare sex against his thighs. She released him to gasp after a second.

“Watch her, Bait.” Jennifer seemed comfortable with calling him “Bait,” even though that wasn't his name. He tried to correct her but the hand on his mouth tightened as a warning. He stared at the dark-haired girl until Jennifer reached up and guided his chin to face Susan and her real lover.

Steve had his pants down at his knees and his cock already erect. It was larger than Thomas's, but not by much. But the position of helplessness send a wave of envy through him as he found himself forced to watch.

Susan turned around slowly, sensually wiggling her body until Thomas got his first glimpse of her perfect sex. It was pink and swollen and already glistening from her juices. With a sexy come-hither look, she pushed her shoulders down and spread her legs slightly.

The male kidnapper wasted no time in positioning his body above her, his hardness poised to enter the wet opening that beckoned. Thomas released a sob as he watched it brush against her, and at the moan that filled the van.

He tried to turn his head, to stare at anything else, but Jennifer's and the other girl's hands forced him to stare. Still fighting, he closed his eyes. The hand on his mouth tightened painfully, cutting of his oxygen until he was almost screaming with the need to inhale.

Another hand pressed against his mouth, wrapping over the dark-haired girl's two hands and pressing even tighter against him, smothering him into a blind panic. The second hand was larger and slender, elegant and strong, but this was lost as he thrashed against his bounds. He felt the dark-haired girl's crotch grind against him but he need to escape, to break free.

Black spots formed in his vision, but he closed his eyes tightly and strained against the webbing, buckling as hard as he could.

Then, his vision turned black with streaks of light. He realized he could no longer feel his lungs and he forced his blind eyes to open, hopefully staring at his captor.

Time slowed to a painful stop, his lungs screaming in frozen agony to breath as his vision swam with black streaks and spots. Then, mercifully, the three hands on his mouth pulled back slightly and he felt the first sip of cool air burst into his mouth. Almost insane with need, he sucked hard on the fingers but they closed as soon as he got a single gulp. Even as his vision cleared, he found himself looking with pleading eyes at Jennifer.

The brown-haired girl smiled and relaxed her hand, giving him another sip of air before closing it off. His vision cleared a little more and he surprised himself with the sensation of tears pouring down his cheeks.

Jennifer gave his nose a quick squeeze, “Watch her, Thomas. Watch Susan get fucked by her lover, the real man in her life. The only man.”

Despair welled up inside him, but he forced his eyes open. The two girls pinning him guided his vision to Susan and Steve. By now, Steve was already ramming his entire length into Susan’s tight sex, his grunts echoed against the walls of the van with each powerful thrust that pushed her up against the side. Her moans filled the air as she shoved back, trying to get more of the purple length buried inside as fast as possible.

Jennifer spoke softly, her eyes watching Susan and Steve’s fucking, “Do you know why she never made love to you?”

Thomas didn’t answer, his mind growing numb. After a moment, the hands on his mouth tightened and he shook his head frantically. Jennifer shifted her body, sitting down next to him with one arm wrapped around the back of his neck and her fingers teasing the back of the dark-haired girl’s hand.

“She and Steve have been together for five years now, Bait. Five years they have been sucking, fucking and mounting each other at every moment. Five years I’ve watched him take her in every hole, every position, every way.”

Tears burned down his cheeks as Thomas sobbed with despair. The girl who refused to let him see her undressed was a lie, the

sweet thing he wanted to marry was just a role she played, for his father's money.

Jennifer continued, "Those sleepover, when she went to my house? She was going back to Steve, who would use her... take her.. and fuck her through the entire weekend."

Each word rammed more ice in his throat and Thomas felt it hard to breath. The tears were still falling down his chest, but he could do anything but watch helplessly as Steve yanked his cock out of her body, grab Susan's hair tightly, and ram it in with a slap of flesh on flesh.

With a scream, Susan came on Steve's rough handling of her body and every muscle in her body spasmed. Thomas tried to look away, but the firm hands forced him to watch as Susan screamed again and again, her pleasure being vocalized for his humiliation.

Thomas tried to open his mouth, to relieve the pressure on his jaw, but the dark-haired girl bore down on him, locking his jaw shut. He looked at her with pleading eyes, but she just smiled and tightened her grip while grinding her crotch against his thighs.

When the dark-haired girl spoke, her voice was a purr, "Make me come again, Bait."

He started to shake his head, but Jennifer and her both put pressure on his mouth, smothering him until he felt his air being cut off again. Blind panic and need to breath inspired him to move and he started to thrash, partially from fear and partially to breath once more. The dark girl rode his thighs, moaning as her hips gyrated back and forth to grind her wet sex against his thighs. The air was growing thinner in his lungs and he felt his body weakening, but he closed his eyes and poured all of his energy into moving, to force his legs to bring the dark-haired torturer to orgasm.

His world was growing dim with the fingers relaxed, rewarding him with fresh air. He sucked in as hard as he could, pulling the air between the three layers of fingers and tasting the mixture of perfume on his tongue. When he opened his eyes, the dark-haired girl was gasping with a broad smile on her face. His thighs were soaked with her juices, but at least he could breath again.

His chest drew in a shuddering gasp and he could sight of Susan and Steve again. This time, she was on her hands and knees, her red lips wrapped around his hardness. With growing frustration, he

watched as she easily drew Steve's entire length into her mouth and pulled up on the shiny length. The smell of their sex was filling the van, but he could do nothing as she deep-throated Steve again, a soft moan of pleasure escaping both of their lips.

Jennifer drew herself closer, one hand on his mouth and the other sliding up the dark-haired girl's thigh, "Look at her. Look how much she enjoys that, Bait. Every night she begs to suck on him, to swallow his cum."

Thomas forced himself to watch, tears of frustration and helplessness pouring down his face. His legs twitched as his hands buckled against his bounds, but he continued to watch as Steve grabbed two handfuls of Susan's hair and began to shove her up and down on his cock.

Jennifer continued, her spare fingers slipping under the dark-haired girl's skirt, "She liked to be used, you know. But only by him. You could never please her with this," she pulled her hand out to briefly rest on his flaccid cock in his jeans, "Not with something so small."

He blinked and stared at her but Jennifer just smiled back, "Don't worry, Bait. When we're done with you, you'll never need this," she gave his manhood a playful squeeze, "again."

Bright bolts of fear raced through his body, but Steve's sudden grunt drew his attention. He rammed his length into Susan's mouth and she moaned with a slight gurgling sound. To his shock and fear, Thomas saw a few dribbles of white cum begin to drip from her lips. Susan just gave him a brief, cruel smile with the shaft still in her mouth before she swallowed hard.

Standing up, the blond pushed a few of the dribbles back into her mouth and made a point of licking her fingers clean. With a spiteful look, she smiled sweetly back at Thomas.

"Oh, Thomas. You'll never know how good he tastes or how wonderful Steve fucks me. He is everything you could never be."

Jennifer nodded, "She's right, Bait."

"And, except for your money, you have nothing I ever wanted."

Thomas whimpered with the betrayal as it cut into him like a knife. Susan ignored it as she kissed Steve passionately for a moment. Then, she looked back at him with a mere thought.

With deliberate movements, she laid herself back on the van, giving him an almost perfect look between her legs and up the tiny red dress. Her fingers fingered the bow around her waist.

“So, if you don’t mind, I think I want to give this present to Steve instead.”

Something snapped in Thomas’s mind and he screamed with all his rage and anger, trying to slay Susan down with his eyes. His muscles corded painfully against his bounds as he strained to reach her.

Susan didn’t even pretend to look worried.

Three hands pressed tightly against his mouth, Jennifer’s larger fingers curling up underneath his chin as she pulled him against her body. In his rage, he barely noticed anything as he screamed and rage helplessly. His body strained to its limits, but the bounds easily held him and he felt a pain in his chest growing.

His angry gaze glared at the dark-haired girl who was frantically fingering herself on his thrashing and he felt used, nothing more than a toy for her sick desire. His anger slid to the right, to glare at Jennifer, but the sweet girl was holding her hand over his mouth the hardest. Her other hand was buried in the dark-haired girl’s sex, moving as quickly as the other three fingers already there.

He continued to thrash against his bounds, barely seeing as Susan drew Steve’s hands to the bow and guided him to pull it open, exposing the trim body underneath. The tiny red dress almost slid off her body and he got a brief view of her sex, neatly trimmed and begging for Steve’s cock.

Not his.

The thought brought more need to fight to his veins and he slammed forward, his chest already screaming with the need to breath. The dark-haired girl was almost screaming as she rammed three fingers into her sex, using Jennifer’s fourth as a toy and holding Thomas’s mouth with tight fingers.

He slammed his head back and forth, but the two hands on his mouth prevented him from hitting anything but the back of the van wall. His muffled screams began to fade as the oxygen disappeared from his lungs and he felt his entire body began to spark with burning pains. With his will, he tried to yank against his bound

again, but nothing happened except his wrists screamed back in agony.

With a rush, the strength left his body and he slumped down. Tears rolled down his cheeks and even the struggle to breath couldn't force him to look up.

Jennifer's voice, next to his ear, whispered softly, "Lick her, Bait. Kiss her hand."

Even though his body felt distant, he moved each muscle in his mouth to kiss the soft hand pressed against his lips. His entire body screamed with burning pain, but he managed to give the perfumed hand a slight lick. Shame of surrender burned in his cheeks, but he did it again, to show his submission. The dark-haired girl moaned and ground her crotch against his thighs with the final waves of her own orgasm.

Jennifer whispered in his ear, "Good, Bait. Now open your eyes."

Still crying, he opened his eyes and looked into the van. Steve was on top of Susan, his cock disappearing in the pink folds and he pressed her ankles above her head. The girl he used to love was screaming in rapture, begging for more even as he drove her against the wall.

A pressure on his chin increased and he felt himself being guided to look at Jennifer. Blinking back the tears, he looked at her with a faint whimper in his throat.

"Do you know what I get?"

He shook his head.

"I get you, Bait. She said I could do whatever I want to you, until I'm done. Do you know what that means?"

The dark-haired girl spoke up, with malice in her voice, "I get you also, Bait. And I'm planning on making sure you earn every breath you take... for the rest of your life."

Fear grew in his chest and Thomas looked back and forth between the two girls who claimed his life. And, with growing realization, he realized he could do nothing to stop it.

A faint beeping interrupted everyone's movement and Steve growled sightly before pulling out of his girlfriend, not Thomas's. With a flip of his dark hair, he pawed through his pants for a second before pulling out Thomas's cell phone.

Giving Thomas a spiteful look, Steve sat back and pushed himself against the wall of the van. Dialing a number, he gave Susan a broad smile.

Feeling a growing fear, Thomas listened as the phone rang until someone picked it up. Steve spoke quickly, in a deep voice, "Listen without speaking and you might see your only son again."

There was a stunned silence on the phone. Susan silently crawled on her hands and knees over to Steve and nuzzled her way between his legs. Her mouth brushed against his sex-slick shaft and began to lick the juices off it. Steve's free hand dropped to the back of her head, teasing the hair as he spoke again.

"I know you are about to leave for a cash purchase of a rather large retail chain. And I also know you are holding a large suitcase full of money for that meeting. You have a choice, you can either purchase some moldy stores or your son's life in twenty minute at your beach house. If you don't show up, or if any cops bother us, I guarantee you'll only find parts of him floating in the ocean."

There was only silence and Thomas began to struggle, to call out to his father. But Jennifer pressed her hand against his mouth tightly, cutting off his breath once more as Steve continued to speak.

"And, if you don't hurt, I'll make sure his pretty little slut shares the same fate."

Susan looked up with a grin, then shoved his entire length into her mouth. Steve bit back a brief moan, then pushed Susan's head down harder until her red lips pressed against the base of his shaft. He held her there as he spoke curtly.

"Twenty minutes or you find pieces."

There was some frantic talking on the other end and Susan's fingers dug in tightly on Steve's thighs as she strained with the cock buried in her own throat. Stroking her head while pushing down on it, he grunted.

Holding out the phone to Jennifer, he nodded. The girl took the phone with her free hand and Steve immediately dropped his other hand to Susan's head and pulled up. The blond gasped for breath for a mere second before he shoved her down again on his shaft.

Thomas watched Susan with frustration, realizing he would never feel that and that she cared nothing for him. He didn't realize

the phone was pressed against his ear until he heard his father speaking.

“Thomas? Are you okay? Thomas?”

The hands released from his mouth and he gasped fresh air. Everything he planned on saying, telling him Susan did it and explaining the plot, was lost as he sobbed almost incoherently.

“Dad! Help! They... kidnapped... drugged... please, help? Sh-”

A hand, Jennifer’s, slapped against his mouth, rapping the back of his head against the side of the van. Her rings scraped against his cheek from the force of the blow. With a playful smile, Jennifer pressed her body against his, keeping her fingers tightly against his lips. Her smile grew wider as tears began to flow again. The hand on his mouth, Jennifer’s this time, felt cool and soft; even the rings seemed to press against him, cold strips of metal against his sweat-soaked flesh.

Jennifer guided his eyes back to Steve, holding his body still as she dropped her free hand between her own legs to stroke at her shorts. Thomas found himself staring at Susan’s ass and an almost perfect view of her struggling on Steve’s cock buried in her throat.

Caught in his bounds, he watched as Steve grunted and came hard in Susan’s mouth. He released her and the blond gasped for breath, her mouth still impaled on the dripping cock.

Jennifer held out the phone and the kidnapper took it; Susan panted for a second before bobbing down to clean up the cum-slicked shaft. Bringing the phone to his ear, Steve growled.

“Hurry up, or you’ll never see him again.”

Steve turned off the phone as Susan sat up, licking her lips. A faint trail of cum dripped out from the side of her mouth, but she used her finger to push it back into her mouth. Her smile to Thomas was filled with spite and malice and he felt an insane urge to do something; his hands and feet strained at his bondage, but could do nothing.

The four kidnappers watched him for a second, then Susan began to laugh. The others joined in after a moment, each one staring at him with a mixture of expression. Shame and humiliation raced through his veins as he felt the force of their looks pummeling him.

Turning red, he looked down, but the hand on his mouth tightened against his mouth and nose until he looked him. His eyes

caught onto Jennifer's and the girl stopped laughing, but there was still the strange hunger in her look.

After a moment, Susan stopped and began to gather the remains of her dress. Steve followed, grabbing his pants and shirt and crawling out of the van. Susan crawled out, giving Thomas one last look at her cum-soaked sex before she jumped to the ground.

Leaning in, she gave him a spiteful smile, "Goodbye, Thomas... or should I call you Bait. After tonight, I realize you never will be the man Steve is; and with your money, he's twice the man."

Thomas lurched at his bonds, but the blond girl laughed and shut the door. His muted scream strained against the hand on his mouth but Jennifer had no trouble tightening her grip until he realized she was cutting off his air.

Stopping, he looked back at her, his eyes full of pleading and begging. Jennifer nodded at the dark-haired girl who stood up and moved to the front of the van. With a careful movement, Jennifer straddled his hips and pressed herself against him; he could feel a hot wetness soaking his jeans as she snuggled closer, her hands still on his mouth.

"Don't worry, Bait. Susan said we could have you, if your father pays."

Shock burned through his body and he stared at Jennifer as the other girl started up the van. Jennifer smiled warmly, the hunger now burning in her eyes.

"If he doesn't, the only the sharks get you. If he does, I get to do whatever I want. And I want to do a lot of things to you, Bait."

Fear peaked inside him and he began to shake. Jennifer purred and ground her sex against his jeans, "That's right. You'll never see your father again. Either way, you are going to be Bait... forever."

He started to struggle as the hand on his mouth tightened, cutting off his air.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.