

Ransom

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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A Son's Ransom

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Jerry groaned as a headache of legendary proportions spiked through his mind. He lifted his hand to press against his temple, but his hand refused to move. Instead, a rattling sound filled the room, a harsh and unyielding metallic scraping that echoed into the pain-filled crevices of his mind.

“Oh... what hit me?”

He tried to rest his head in his palm again, but once again his hand refused to move. The rattling noise filled the room as he shook at it for a moment, trying to gather his senses. He tried again, this time just to pull his wrist up, but some sort of cuff prevented his hand from moving even a few inches. Groaning, he let his wrist down and felt it press against cold metal.

Metal?

Gasping, he yanked at his other hand, but it also was cuffed to the metal. He tried to crack his eyes open, but he couldn't seem to find the energy to force himself to look around. He found himself taking in a deep breath, trying to slow down a sudden pounding in his chest. It hurt to breath as he breathed in again. He could smell perfume. To his surprise, there was two of them, both of them familiar but in his dazed awakening, he couldn't identify either of them.

The room jerked around him and his head baned up against the metal. He felt the vibrations through the ground and realized it was in a van or a car of some sort. The engine was rough, in desperate need of a tuneup. With a start, he realized he knew the sound of the engine for most of his life.

It was his father's van.

“What the-?” He yelled out as he jerked at the cuffs around his wrists. With a groan, he tried to lift his legs, but let them slump when the feeling of cuffs around his ankle tugged him back down. He groaned as he finally focused on the sensations that drifted through the piercing pain of his headache.

From what he could, Jerry was sitting in the back of his father’s van. Some set of cuffs pinned his wrists to the side of the van, a few feet above his head. A second set was mounted near the center of the van, holding his legs straight out front of him. By stretching, he could feel the opposite side of the van.

“Is he-” A woman’s voice, vaguely familiar.

“Oh, he’s finally up.” That voice he knew, it was his best friend, Jason. Jason sounded cross and annoyed and more than impatient.

“Just hush, hon, I’m sure he has a splitting headache.” It was the first voice... his girlfriend, Mary.

Jason grunted, “Well, if you didn’t break your purse over his head, it wouldn’t have hurt as much.”

Memories came flooding back to Jerry, he remembered heading for the door of the house he shared with his father and step-mother. Mary was holding hands with him. She had to pause, to pick up her purse. Then, she surprised him as she spun around, bring her purse up over her head and then violently down on him. The large leather bag slammed into the side of his head and he was thrown against the front door in surprise. Still conscious, he tried to fend her off but she just stood over him, slamming her purse again and again until he blacked out.

Jerry shook his head, not wanting to believe the memories, “What is going on?”

He repeated himself, this time more frantically. He opened his eyes, trying to look around but there was some sort of cloth over his eyes, blinding him.

His friend, Jason, chuckled, “Dude, you can’t even remember getting knocked out by a girl?”

Jerry groaned and shook his head, thankful that it seemed like the headache was fading beneath the confusion of his situation.

“No, what... what is going on?”

Jason: “Can’t you-”

“Leave him alone!” His step-mother’s voice surprised Jerry even more than realizing he was in his father’s van. She didn’t sound upset, just annoyed.

“Jane! Mom! Please... let me free!”

He rattled at his chains violently, trying to escape. The van shook from his efforts as Mary gave a nervous-sounding giggle.

“Wow, he’s really shaking it.”

His father’s voice called up from the front seat.

“Damn it, keep him calmed down at least a little. Its only a mile to the exit!”

Jerry slumped against his chains at the sound of his father’s voice. Everyone seemed in the little conspiracy: his father, step-mother, best friend, and even girlfriend. He heard someone moving into the back of the van, then soft fingers wrapping around the cloth over his eyes. Then, the dim flashing light flooded over his vision.

The van was going down an interstate of some sort, the stuttering flashes of light from the streetlamps lighting up the contents of the van. He looked up at his step-mother, a striking woman about twenty years older than him. Her dark-brown hair was black in the dim light of the van, pulled back into a pony tail as she stood over him. He could see that she was wearing her sloppy clothes, a pair of paint-splattered jeans and an equally stained shirt.

“Jane? What is going-”

She interrupted him by leaning down and pressing her fingertips against his lips. He silenced at the soft feel of her fingers, her manicured fingernails just pressing down. He looked up with surprise and fear as she shook her head.

“Be quiet.” It was an order and he felt the sound in his throat dying. The van jerked as his father pulled off the interstate and stopped at a red light for a few seconds before taking a right.

His father spoke up as they headed down a highway, “How far?”

Jason spoke up, “Three miles, on your right. I cut the bolt just a few hours ago, cops won’t notice it.”

Her father grunted, “They better not.”

Jane released his lips with a warning look. Jerry swallowed at the sudden dryness in his throat and spoke softly.

“What... where are we going?”

Jason looked over from where he was sitting at a bench right behind the passenger seat.

“Forest preserve.” A curt response which hinted that Jerry shouldn’t ask more questions, but Jerry felt a burning need to know.

“What? Why?”

Everyone looked at his father for a moment as silence filled the van. Then, Jason shrugged.

“Might as well know, you know your mom just got a rather large amount of money.”

Jerry frowned, “Yeah, her promotion bonus. She was going to give me some of it.”

“You know how much it was?”

Jerry shook his head, “No, I figured I’d find out when we... when we left for college.”

Mary giggled from the passenger seat, “Fifty thousand dollars.”

“Fifty...?”

She repeated herself, “Fifty thousand dollars.”

Jerry shook his head, “No, wait. Why would that matter?”

Jason leaned over to him, “We’re going to ransom you, Jerry.”

“You have to be kidding, right?”

He looked at the four others, none of them answered him.

“Right?”

Still no answer. For a mere moment, the silence held.

Then Jerry panicked. He jerked violently at his cuffs, screaming out as loudly as he could. He could feel the van shaking from his efforts and he kept on screaming, bellowing out for anyone who would listen.

“God damn it! Someone shut him up!” It was his father’s voice. Jason started up from the bench, but his step-mother stepped over him, one foot on each side of his knees and pressed her fingers against his lips, trying to shush him.

For the barest of moments, he paused. Then he started to scream even louder than before. With violent jerks, he forced every muscle in his body to shake the van.

Mary’s sarcastic voice filled the van, “Yeah, that worked.”

Jane glared at his girlfriend and knelt down on his knees. It hurt from the pressure, but then she slapped her hand across his mouth. The startling pain interrupted him into silence, shaking from his

efforts. His face stung from where she slapped him, but he could also feel her palm across his lips. She had soft hand, with her fingers digging into the right side of his jaw. He could feel the sharp tips of her fingernails along his skin, but they didn't break the skin.

He tried to cry out, but it only came out as a muffled noise. He started to jerk, but she dug her nails into the side of his mouth, grinding her palm against his lips which pressed them painfully against his teeth. He froze, his body shaking with the shock, and she relaxed her grip just slightly. Around her fingers, he felt a cool whisper of air brushing against his lips.

Whimpering softly, he realized he was holding his breath and exhaled. When he brought in a fresh gulp of air, his senses were flooded by his step-mother's perfume and the faint hint of dried paint. He felt his step-mother's eyes watching him piercingly as her hand relaxed even more. When he didn't cry out, she gave him a warm smile that he didn't believe even for a moment.

"Are you going to behave?"

She started to release him and he inhaled for fresh air. He wasn't sure if he was going to yell out, but she just slapped her palm back across his mouth, almost suffocating him for a second before she arranged her hand to silence him once again.

"I guess not."

They drove in silence for a few moments before Mary sighed unhappily.

"How much longer?"

"Two miles?"

"Two miles, I can't wait."

Jerry heard her sigh again. Then Jason spoke up with a grin.

"Come here then."

Mary almost purred, "Now, that is what I want to hear."

Jerry could only watch as she unbuckled her seatbelt and swung out of the seat. Then, the world seemed to go in slow motion as she swung around the seat even further to smoothly side into Jason's lap. She slid and arm around his neck and finished her movement with a kiss.

Jason chuckled in the kiss, wrapping his arms around her thin waist and pulling her close. Jerry could see her smiling into the kiss, but his vision grew blurry as tears started to form. When she opened

her mouth, obviously French kissing him, he started to panic again, screaming out into the palm across mouth.

His struggles were even more violent as they shook the van. He scream out, despite the muffled noise.

From the front, his father swore, "Damn it, get him quiet, I think I see a cop!"

Jane tried grinding her palm across his mouth, clamping his jaw shut. Despite the feeling of her hand across his mouth, he continued to struggle. For a brief moment, he saw a hardness in her eyes then she reached up with her other hand to clamp her fingers over his nose. He struggled for a few moments later, but then a burning pain started to grow inside his lungs and he realized he couldn't breath.

His father was saying something, but he couldn't hear over his struggles and the pounding in his heart. He whimpered, trying to escape, but her hands bore down on him with a relentless fury. He could feel even her fingertips digging into his cheek, a faint hint of moisture as blood welled up from the shallow cut.

He froze, staring up into her eyes. The warm brown lit up with the flashes of streetlights as the van drove down the highway. She leaned forward, crouching over him as she rested her weight against him.

"You know you can't buck me off." Her voice was hard and a whisper. She ground her hand harder against him, crushing his lips and grinding his skull against the side of the van. She repeated herself and he gave a weakening attempt to shake her off. She grinned humorlessly and ground even harder against him, her mouth covering his lips as her lower finger wrapped around his lower jaw.

He slumped against the van as he felt the tears burning in his eyes.

She smiled in triumph, "You remember the last time I did this?"

He shook his head, but the memories were rushing back. It was six years before, when he was twelve. It was right after Jane married his father, Jonathan. The divorce between his mother and Jonathan was painful and even a year later, he could still remember the pain he felt every time Jane walked into the front door. One afternoon, he skipped out of school and was playing on his Playstation when she came into his room. It started with her ordering him to clean up

his room and he finally blew a fuse. Throwing down the controller, he stood up enough to scream back at her, calling her a “cunt” and a “whore” and a whole slew of other names.

Jane stood there, shocked for a long moment. Then, when he was running out of new things to call her, she snapped forward. One hand curled into a fist, giving him a short, hard jab in the stomach. The wind knocked out of his lungs, he couldn't resist as she dragged him from his bedroom and into the bathroom. She threw him on the floor before yanking the hot water on. Grabbing a bar of soap, she briskly rubbed it between her hands until soap bubbles rose up from her frothy hands. Taking a deep breath, she brandished the bar of soap at him as he tried to scramble into a sitting position. When she screamed, the high-pitched voice hurt his ears as much as the fury that exploded from her voice.

“Now, listen you little fuck! I don't give a crap about your little pissing fight with your father, but your mother broke up with him long before I ever came into the picture!”

Jerry had struggled trying to bat her away. He managed to cuff her once and she snarled. Grabbing the back of his head, she jammed the soap into his mouth. Soap bubbles splashed against his face as he felt the bar being forced past his teeth. Jerry started to choke on it, but she clamped her hand over his mouth, the overpowering smell of soap flooding his nostrils. Her slick fingers clutched his mouth as she ground her palm into his mouth, almost suffocating him as he managed to work the soap out of the back of his mouth.

He reached up to try prying away her hand, but his fingers skidded along her slicked fingers and he was helpless to prevent her smothering him. He tried to push away the soap, but the taste of soap was overpowering. He could feel it sliding down his throat, burning away as he struggled uselessly.

Jane wasn't done, she held him very tightly as she whispered in a tight, pissed-off voice.

“Now, listen you little shit. You don't have the right to call me ‘cunt,’ ‘whore,’ or any other little fucking names you just called me.”

Tears were streaming down his face as he tried to focus on anything. But his world was focused on the feeling of those slick

fingers against his mouth, the soap-tasting palm almost crushing his jaw as she forced his head against it.

She wasn't done screaming at him, "When you have been betrayed by some bitch like your father was, then you have the right to use those damn words."

He struggled for almost ten minutes until he finally stopped moving, slumped down on his knees in the middle of the bathroom. Steam rose up from the sink as he looked up with all the hatred he could muster in his eyes. Jane shook him once, then let everything go. Jerry spit out the soap and bubbles as his step-mother left the bathroom.

Now, six years later, he was in the same position before. Except it wasn't soap in his mouth, but the bitter bile of betrayal he felt in his heart. Like last time, he could still feel himself looking at her with all the hatred he could dredge up from his heart and she just looked away.

Jerry followed her gaze to the front of the van, where Mary was disgustingly making out with his friend Jason. She was straddling him now, their hands intertwined, lips moving in familiarity that told volumes about their relationship.

Jane sighed, shaking her hand, "I can't believe they've been lying to you all these years."

Jerry stared at her and she tightened her grip, twisting her palm over his lips for a moment just in case he would respond violently. When he didn't, she relaxed, giving him a chance to breath air back into his lungs, the smell of her perfume almost dizzying.

Mary and Jason were still making out as Jane spoke after a moment.

"Pathetic, all this fooling around. I was glad she and you never did anything beyond kissing, but they have been fucking before marriage years before you got involved."

She sighed, "I should have told you, Jerry, I know. It wasn't proper but..." her voice trailed off. Jerry was lost in thought, ignoring the sounds of kissing and making out, as he tried to handle the overwhelming sense of betrayal.

The van pulled into a rough gravel road. Everything in the van bounced around for about twenty minutes of unlit road before it

stopped next to some sort of structure. His father grunted as he shut off the engine.

“Time to make the call.”

Mary and Jason finally stopped making out, to Jerry’s relief, as all four people stopped and stared at Jerry. He made a noise, but it only came out as a muffled whimper. His father sighed.

“Fine, get his phone.”

Mary slipped off Jason’s lap and knelt down next to him. Jerry glared at her, his mouth still smothered by his step-mother’s palm. He felt her squeezing tighter on his mouth, pressing him tight against the back of the van. He wanted to reach out and strangle Mary, but his girlfriend, now former girlfriend, reached into his pocket and pulled out his cellphone.

Checking the signal, she paged through his address book until she found a number and pressed dial. It started to ring as she held it out to Jason. Jason grabbed it, covered the speaker end, and listened. Jerry’s mother must have answered because he started to speak in a deep voice.

“Listen carefully. We have your son. If you want to see him again, you have one hour to come up with a hundred thousand dollars.”

Mary gasped, but Jason just winked at her, “Yes, one hundred thousand. One hour. If you call the cops, I’ll be mailing pieces of your son to you over the next year.”

Jerry struggled against his bounds, but a sharp look by Jason and his step-mother stopped him. Straining, he could hear his mother’s voice, high-pitched and frantic screaming out of the tiny phone speaker. Jason clutched his hand over the speaker and continued to speak in his deep voice, with just a hint of threat in every word. Next to him, Mary was almost moaning as she leaned against the side of the van, watching him with rapt attention. She glanced down at Jerry and he looked up to see a flash of disdain for him before the gaze focused back on his former friend. He felt a sickening sensation in his stomach as he watched passion and lust now burning in her eyes.

Finally, Jason grunted, “Fine, but just a few seconds.”

He leaned over and held the phone toward Jerry. Jerry stared at it for a moment, confused, then his step-mother’s hand slipped away

from his lips, tugging on his bottom one for just a moment. Jerry sputtered, then started to speak loudly.

“Mom!?! Is that you? Mom, I was kidnapped by-”

He tried to scream out his father’s name, but Jane’s mouth slapped hard against his mouth, crushing his lips and smothering him. The back of his head rapped against the metal side of the van with a loud ringing noise and he saw stars sparkling across his vision. His mouth gaping open in shock and she ground her palm into it, half holding open his mouth as his step-mother pinned him.

Jason drew back the phone, growling into it but Jerry was lost in the pain that sparked in his head and the growing feeling of fear he felt. His lungs were starting to burn again and he looked back at his step-mother, pleading with his eyes.

She sighed and relaxed her hand, drumming her fingers against the side of his jaw as he took in a deep breath. Slowly, his attention was dragged back to Jason who was finishing up his call.

“... drop it into the garbage can on the far side of the street. Then you leave.”

Jerry’s mother said something and Jason shook his head violently.

“No, I know damn well you have the money. You were going to give it to him when he moved out.”

A pause, then Jason chuckled. Jerry was confused and surprised, his mother was going to give him that much money? Was that why she accepted the promotion that she always claimed she didn’t want.

“Well, you should haven’t mentioned it at the grocery store, now you have fifty minutes left, I suggest you hurry.”

Grinning like a jackal, Jason slapped the cellphone shut and tossed it on the ground next to Jerry. Jerry look at it helplessly, his bound wrists and legs refusing to reach a potential source of freedom.

His fathered grunted, “Well, I better get going.” He removed the keys from the ignition and shoved them into his pocket. Mary started to say something, but a hard look from Jerry’s father silenced her. Then, he opened the door and was gone.

A few moments later, another car engine revved up and Jerry heard it pulling away from the shelter. Jerry tried to call out, but his

step-mother's mouth over his hand only let a muffled whimper sound escape.

Mary sighed, twirling her hair in her fingers.

"How long?"

Shrugging, Jason said, "I don't know, baby, maybe about an hour."

Mary stepped forward, then straddled Jason's legs again.

"Well, I know how to pass the time."

They kissed, right in front of Jerry. He felt tears forming in his eyes with the utter helplessness of everything. His girlfriend of almost a year was moaning and writhing on his best friend's lap. Even as he watched, Jason worked the bottom of her shirt up and slide his hands along her naked skin, invoking a moan of passion.

Jane surprised him as she snapped at Mary and Jason, "Oh, for god's sake, at least move into the front seat. I don't want to watch this."

The tone of disgust and annoyance brimmed in her voice, leaving no room for argument. Mary and Jason stared at her for a moment, then they mutely crawled into the front seat. Their passion seemed slightly cooled by Jane's snapping, but soon the sounds of moaning were drifting into the back of the van.

When the sounds from the front grew more heated, with passionate whispers and wet sounds, Jerry could take no more. Even though he knew he would fail, he tried to turn his head away. To his surprise, Jane let him, replacing the hand over his mouth with her other one. The transition from the warmed hand to the cooler one was stunning as he stared toward the back of the van. He closed his eyes against the betraying sounds of his friends. This focused his world on the only points of contact with reality, his bound limbs and his step-mother's hand.

It was soft and delicate, but there was a firmness in that grip as she kept him silent. He shivered for a moment and she tightened her grip on him, fingers digging into his jaw and the side of the palm moving up toward his nose. He instantly stopped moving and she slid it down to give him a chance to breath again. Jerry drank in the fresh air, his head spinning from the aching need to breath and the powerful scent of her perfume that filled his lungs.

Below him, the van started to shake as the two in front started having sex. He could feel every shake like a spike through his heart. In an effort to escape it, he drew himself into the memory of when Jane shoved soap into his mouth, it felt the same but the situation was much different. It was hard, but he managed to focus on the feel of her hand, the same perfume that mixed in with the soap. Only the sharp taste was missing but he kept on focusing on it, dredging up the memories. Her hard eyes were still there, waiting for him to learn a lesson, both then and now.

His memories were almost enough to block out the shaking and sounds. He replayed the memories over and over again until the van's shaking stopped suddenly. Cracking open one eye, he focused his senses on the front, hoping they were done.

They weren't, but his father's voice filled the van with excitement and sarcasm.

"Oh please, can't you two fucking wait?"

Mary gave an inarticulate little shriek and it sounded like she was pulling her clothes on. Saul got into the van, rocking it, as he did.

"I got it. Only eighty thousand though."

Jason cheerful responded, "Thirty more than we were hoping for. Am I good or what?"

Mary giggled, "You are the best, baby."

Saul: "Yeah, whatever, that makes twenty thousand for each of us."

Mary shrieked, cheerfully this time and he could feel her hugging Jason even through the van. After a few moments of cheering between his father and former friends, they got down the serious job of counting out their spoils.

Twenty minutes later, the money from his mother was spread out in thick wads of hundreds: forty thousand to his father and step-mother, twenty for Mary, and twenty for Jason. Jerry's face was wet with tears, his heart pounding with the utter feeling of helplessness and despair he felt with every hundred bill being counted out. He whimpered softly against his step-mother's hand, trying to lose himself in the memories of soap, but this time they refused to come. She flexed her hand across his mouth, reminding him that he was the prisoner.

When the money was counted out, Jason opened his side of the van.

“Well, nice doing business with you, but I have an apartment to move into.”

Mary sighed, “Want some company, baby?”

“You know it.”

Moments later, the van was shut behind them and moments later the other car roared as it speed toward the exit of the forest preserve. Saul leaned over the seat toward the back. Jane forced Jerry’s head to turn to face him. His father grinned, his eyes only seeing his wife.

“We did it. Enough for the credit cards and even a bit to get ahead.”

Jerry saw a strange emotion in Jane’s eyes.

“Great...” she didn’t seem as excited as the others, “But what do we do with Jerry?”

Slow realization dawned on his father’s face, “Oh, shit, he wasn’t suppose to know it was us. If we let him go, he’ll tell the cops or, worse, his mother.”

His step-mother sighed, “So what do we do?”

Saul sounded frustrated, “I don’t know.”

“Neither do I...” Jane sighed heavily, resetting her hand across Jerry’s face. She slipped one off and placed the other on it quickly, not giving Jerry a chance to yell out.

Silence filled the room as Jerry looked with growing fear between his father and his step-mother. He tried to speak, but it only came out as a muffled voice before his step-mother clamped down harder. After a few minutes which felt like hours, his father cleared his throat.

“We can’t tell him tell.”

Jane gasped, “Don’t tell me you are even,” she spat out that word, “considering killing your son!”

Jerry’s heart froze as his father groaned, “I don’t know, I’m not going to jail and that bitch of his mother won’t let it go until all of us are in prison. And I won’t be taking one for the team!”

His words still echoing in the van, Jerry’s father slammed himself back into the seat, looking away from Jerry and Jane. Jerry’s eyes slowly went back to his step-mother, seeing her dancing on the edge

of a decision. The world seemed to slow down as she slowly slid her eyes to look at him, her fingers flexing against him, the palm of her hand pressing tightly up against his mouth.

Then, he saw the decision in her eyes. Her brown eyes filled with sadness as she whispered softly. She relaxed her hand just enough for him to whisper a word against her perfumed palm.

It was a word and it wasn't, but he knew it was the last thing he would say.

“Cunt.”

She clamped her hand hard against his mouth again, preventing him from speaking. There were tears in her eyes as she whispered back.

“I'm sorry.”

He wanted to scream out. He wanted to lash out at everyone in the van, but there was nothing as he felt her press her palm even tighter against his mouth, sealing his jaw shut as she pressed her other hand against his nose, squeezing it off between two fighters. Jerry tried to inhale, but it was too late.

His hands shook as he yanked at his chain. He kicked at his feet even as he felt his lungs burning. Tears seared at his eyes as he stared up into his step-mother's eyes, begging for her to save him. In them, he almost imagined that he saw a flicker of doubt, a shaking of her hand, but it was getting too hard to breath.

Jerry tried to retreat into his memories, like before. He focused on the day in the bathroom, the scent of the soap in his nose, the seriousness of her expression instead of the terrible sadness that filled them down.

Black streaks swam across his vision, burning bright as he focused harder and harder on his memories, trying to escape even as his hands cut themselves trying to free his physical form.

The world started to grow small, surrounded by a terrible darkness. And in that last fading light, he thought he tasted the bitter flavor of soap.

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.

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About the Publisher

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.