

Breaking and Entering

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

It's getting late, on a peaceful, Thursday night. Laura is lying on the couch; her tired limbs slumped over like noodles. Her head is tilted on the pillow, her eyes fixed on the T.V, as she throws potato chips in her mouth. She likes to take the edge off a hectic day with a fun, silly, horror flick. The T.V is the only source of light in the room, in the whole house, too. The crunch of the chips is interspersed with shocking screams, or terrifying growls, coming from the screen. In contrast to what is taking place there, it is a calm, peaceful night.

In other circumstances, the 23-year-old girl would be at work, tending the bar at a local pub, amongst rock music and lots of cigarette smoke. Not today, today she has taken a much deserved day off, after a hard string of non-stop work-days.

So, she now has gotten herself much comfortable than the cute, borderline skimpy outfits she wears there, rocking some pink boy-shorts, and a loose t-shirt, with a funny logo on the chest. She feels soooo great when she doesn't have to wear a bra! Her long, brown hair is caught on a ponytail with a scrunchie.

Meanwhile, Alan is lock picking his way into (yet another) empty home. Burglaries have proved much more rewarding than any job on the market. Alan was never a violent man in nature, so the worst he had done to his unsuspecting victims was surprise them, after they would return to a home more spacious and much less cash-heavy. A kitchen back-door is always a plus when scouting for a possible target, and this place fitted the criteria. He knows that whoever lives here, is absent at this time of night. The closed blinds and lack of any light coming from the kitchen window, ensured Alan he would not be interrupted, during his little "shopping" spree.

A couple of more turns of the pin later, the door is unlocked. "Better safe than sorry", is his motto, so he carefully pushes it open, and steps inside with silent steps. The all black clothes are ok, the black ski mask is tacky, but no one has invented a cool way to disguise your face, he thinks. "Maybe a batman mask..." he joked to himself.

The kitchen room is empty, as advertised. A couple of puns on the kitchen sink, not worth the man's trouble. Surely this place will have something juicier. He slowly makes his way out of the kitchen, into a narrow corridor. That is when he sees a very worrying sight. A flickering light, coming from somewhere on the other side of the corridor. "Damn!" The young man curses in his head. "That's not good". Even slower than before his tiptoes to the edge of the room. He can now hear faint sounds of chatter and munching. When he barely puts his head at the side of the wall, where the source of light is coming from, his worries are proven right. There is a person, a woman, inside the house!

She cannot spot him, with her facing the T.V, and the couch's back obscuring most of the view anyway. The man pauses, his eyes travelling on his waist-bag, his mind focused on its contents: A roll of tape and some zip-ties. He hoped with wouldn't resort to using them, but it seems like there is not any other way.

The girl continues blissfully snacking and enjoying her movie, unaware of the shadowy presence, approaching her. The movie is on the really fun gory part, where the monster kills a bunch of people. As she focuses on the action, she hears a faint swooping sound. Everything happened so fast, so suddenly, she couldn't tell which happened first. A firm hand smothers her over the mouth, simultaneously pushing her head against the back of the couch. Laura also feels a cold, sharp blade, resting on her neck, a feeling that instinctively, stops the incoming scream, in its tracks.

"Don't...move", she hears the man whisper in her ear. Her hands are clutching the arm that holds the switchblade, though not exerting any pulling force. Laura raises her eyes up at her assailant. Alan sees there is fear, and lots of it, in them. She wants to move veeeery much, her brain screaming all sorts of commands at her. Kick, pull, scream, too. But the knife against her throat, says otherwise. And last time she checked, that beats her, in the rock, paper, scissors of this situation.

If the fact that he is 60 pounds bigger than her isn't enough of a weakness, the way he stands behind the couch, gives him extra leverage. "Put your hands under your thighs", he commands her in the same soft, but low and firm voice. Laura obeys the strange order, moving slowly to essentially sit on her hands. Alan knows what he is doing, though. A hand within striking distance is a big no-no. With the knife still making its threatening presence known, the man removes his hand from the girl's mouth. She stays quiet for a couple of seconds, but when she spots a small, white rag, and the corner of her vision, she blurts out a pathetic "pleaseee", quietly enough to not agitate the man.

Alan uses this to wipe off any fingerprints he might leave, so it's not the cleanest thing in the world. He didn't have anything else handy, so it would do. Without any consideration, he shoves the thing in the girl's mouth. Laura lets out a muffled whine, as the rag is finally pushed whole, behind her teeth. Her

hands are aching and twitching to defend her, but a strong shoulder-grab by the masked man, puts them back "at ease".

The recognizable sound of tape, being uncoiled, put even more stress on the worried girl. He pulled it with his teeth, keeping the switchblade always in position. With the sound from the horror movie still a background to everything, the man started wrapping coil after coil of duct tape, around the girl's mouth, sealing the soundproofing rag inside. He completed a cool, 3 or 4 turns before he was 100% certain she wasn't getting this off.

As soon as he pressed the edge of the tape against her cheek, the man moved quickly with one leg over the couch. He pushed the girl down on her belly, straddling her at the same time, like a cowboy roping an innocent calf. Laura let out a moan of pain, which he ignored, as he was busy pulling her arms together behind her back. He then got the zip ties out. He quickly zipped a cable above the girl's shoulders, then another on her wrists, and a final smaller, fusing her thumbs together, for good measure. Laura was now actively trying to throw him off her, kicking her legs and twisting her body. The girl's desperation seemed to escalate, at the same speed at which her freedom was getting reduced. More and more.

Alan got up to finish securing the female occupant. He propped himself with one knee on her lower back, which is definitely a painful way of saying, "hold still", but an effective one, too. He turned to face her shapely legs, naked in all regards. His eyes fell on her nude feet. On a summer's day, there was no need for socks. The young guy always had a think for feet, even if he didn't want to admit it, even to himself. He got stuck marveling at her cute toes and soles, almost to a daze. It was only a couple of seconds, but it felt like much more to him. He was snapped back to the task at hand by Laura's lively struggling, which now also included screaming. Luckily, they were much fainter than they otherwise would be, thanks to some "mouth packing" and lots of tape.

Focused, again, Alan worked swiftly, zipping the girl's knees and ankles, snugly together. He also zip-tied the girl's big toes together, a decision he couldn't really explain to himself. In the history of mankind, no one had ever escaped by using their toes. Alan brushed it off as extra restraining measures. He used one last zip-tie, passing it through the one on the girl's ankles, then connecting it to the one on her wrists. He pulled the ratchet with yet another satisfying *zip* sound, until the girl's legs were folded, and her feet almost touched her bound hands.

With the girl in a pretty inescapable hogtie, the man pulled one more final length of duct tape with his teeth. A blinded captive is better than one who can see. Laura could do nothing but moan, as she saw the tape being brought towards her eyes. It took half a second for her field of vision to shrink from one of a healthy, young woman's, to nothing.

"Ok..." he sighed, with the unexpected extra work done. Checking that all the blinds were fully closed, he switched on the living room light. The girl could not see anymore, but he needed to, if he was to case this place. He left her struggling aimlessly on the couch. In that strict bondage, her body was mostly rocking side to side, like a small boat in a big storm. Whatever composure the girl might had earlier, was now out the window.

Alan removed his ski mask, no point in that at the moment. He quickly noted the expensive T.V, which was now showing the horror film's epilogue, with the sole protagonist survivor, having defeated the monster. His eyes then fell on the two stereo speakers, which could also fetch a nice price. He then moved towards the coat rack, retrieving a small, black backpack he had on. After shifting through all three of Laura's hand bags, he found her wallet, and threw it inside the bag, not bothering to look at its contents. The girl's phone was already in the backpack, taken from the table next to the couch.

"MMMffff... mmmm", the girl protested in darkness, her restraints becoming more uncomfortable with every passing minute, but Alan wasn't moved. As far as he knew, this girl was just unfortunate, in that he had stumbled upon her, at this night. If she was at work, like she was supposed to, none of this would have happened.

Despite his conviction regarding what was taking place, the man couldn't help sneaking glances at the damsel in distress, every so often. She was very pretty, to say the least. In addition with her helpless moans and futile struggles, not to mention that wiggling pair of feet, all proved a distraction from his "duties".

Alan scoffed at his inefficiency, and headed towards the bedroom. Usually there, you could find a drawer of stashed money, and jewellery of some worth. Without the pleasant, but time-wasting, distraction, he worked more diligently, searching through every drawer and every closet. He found a box in one of them, with some really old-looking earrings and bracelets. They were old gold and silver, a gift from Laura's grandma. He threw them in the bag, haphazardly. After snatching Laura's laptop, Alan found a little metal box in one of her desk drawers. On it, was a post it, with the words, "Europe vacation". He found a stash of about 700 dollars. It was apparent that Laura was saving up for a vacation trip. "Well, no holidays for you, i'm afraid", he threw the box as it was in the bag.

In the bottom drawer of her desk, Alan discovered another box, this one slim and long. He removed the top of it, it he smirked when he found a magic wand vibrator, neatly stored inside. Its cord was carefully wrapped right beside the device. Alan had no idea if this was of any great value, so he closed the drawer. Don't over-stack without a good reason.

As soon as he closed the drawer, he heard a soft thud, coming from the living room. He walked there, albeit in a slightly more urgent pace. The blinded, bound and gagged girl had fallen off the couch, during her attempts at escaping. She was now trapped by the hogtie to lie sideways, on the cold floor. The man spotted her belly-button, as her shirt had been raised in all the struggling. The girl breathed heavily through her nose, visibly tired.

The young man checked his watch. 01:20 A.M. By his calculations, he should be out of there in 10 minutes. But he couldn't resist the sight of the beautiful woman, lying so invitingly in front of him. "Is it inviting when someone is tied up and at your mercy?" he thought, but that question was quickly disregarded, as he kneeled next to Laura. "MMMMfff", the girl renewed her muffled protests, as soon as she felt his touch. With her eyes taped shut, she had no clue what would come next.

The man tilted her bound body, so that she was on her belly once more. Her toes were now pointing right at him, asking for him. He traced his fingers on the length of Laura's sole. "GGnnnn", she immediately flinched and tried to move her foot away, but the zip-ties held her soles not only right beside each other, but also secured, underneath her hands. He did it again, this time on the other foot. "HHHmmmmmmmmmm" Laura was signaling her discomfort as best as the circumstances allowed.

But the man was in his head now. He was doing what he felt like doing. Getting a better grab of the girl's naked feet, he started tickling them, first softly, and gradually more intensely. "Hmm hmm, nnnnnn plllllllhh, hmm hmm hmm", the girl could not prevent the torturous laughter from the sensation, despite how much she begged behind the gag. Alan only stopped so she wouldn't run out of breath, only to keep tickle torturing the poor woman more. He ran his fingers between her toes, pinched her big, bound toes and slapped her soles hard, with a wooden spatula he got from the kitchen. Laura's soles got the full treatment, whatever that treatment was for.

At the end of this ordeal, Laura was a wrapped up mess of a woman. She hated herself for being so ticklish, but she couldn't help it. Alan was certain he wanted her. He wanted to take her. He had been telling himself that it was some innocent insult to injury. But now he was at odds with himself. "Could I really do this?", he thought to himself, looking down at the recovering pile of nerve endings on the floor. "This is way more serious than a burglary...you can't do this..." he said to his brain, over and over, almost pacing in the living room, nervous.

He knew from his criminal circle, that a rape charge was much more serious than a simple B and E. He took pride in always being professional. Focused. Unwavering in the task at hand. It wasn't the first

time he had robbed an attractive female, hell, it wasn't even the first time he'd been in the awkward position to have to restrain them. But something about that girl, just laying bound, half-nude and squirming before him, made her so irresistible.

Finally, he said "fuck it" to himself and knelt next to the unsuspecting girl, snipping the zip tie that connected the hogtie. Laura was initially relieved at the relative freedom of movement, then that relief disappeared when she felt arms lift her bound form off the floor. "HmMMMM?", she inquired nervously, as to the nature of this transportation. Alan didn't answer, only moved towards the bedroom, with the girl in his arms, in a twist of the classic bride-and-groom carrying.

He laid her gently on the bed. Laura was not getting good vibes from this. Alan out the switchblade and put it to use, cutting through the middle of the girl's t-shirt, from bottom to neckline. Laura's moan was now a pleading one. He marveled at her gorgeous breasts. Big, small, sized and shapes, they didn't matter. They were perfect, at that moment. He used the blade again to cut the zip-tie around her knees, and then there was her underwear. The girl tried to kick the first time, but he reminded her of who was holding the knife. He then carefully sliced the cottoned panties off, from the sides of the girl's thighs. He pulled the wrecked item of clothing off to see her pussy. He needed it so bad. He needed to fuck her.

He took off his shirt, and lowered his pants and underpants, just enough. He raised the girl's legs up, so that he could bring himself in-between her and the zip ties on her ankles. Now, there was no way for her to kick him away. If anything, her restraints "bonded" the two together.

Alan spat on his hand and lubed his erect penis. He was rock hard. "No going back now", he thought, and guided his dick slowly into the bound woman's loins. "MMMMMMMMMMMM", the woman let out a moan, that could be interpreted as either firm objection, or intense pleasure. The young man didn't stop to contemplate, but started thrusting, progressively harder and deeper. Laura's legs were circled around his waist. Her arms behind her back. Her mouth stuffed with a dirty rag and taped shut. Her eyes suffering the same fate. At that moment, she was completely and utterly his. He wanted her and he had taken her.

"Mmm....mmm...mmm...mmm", the girl's moans were synced to the rhythm of the man's pounding. Whether she liked it or not, his cock was stimulating her sex. He placed his one hand around her throat, squeezing it surprisingly gently, considering the non-existent conversation regarding consent.

As he felt his hand grasp her throat, a not-so-discreet metaphor for how powerful he was over her, Alan started feeling the end of the tunnel.

On the other end, Laura appeared to squirm in his touch, at least as much as her nylon bonds allowed. Drops of sweat appeared between the two layers of tape on her face "Could she be actually enjoying this?" a fleeting thought passed his mind, but he realized he didn't care. Pumping faster, he climaxed with a groan inside the bound woman's pussy. Still panting, he removed his penis, cum dripping from it, as well as from the bound girl's insides.

He had done it. He had actually raped this strange girl, whose existence he was unaware of, an hour and a half ago. In for a penny, in for a pound. He wanted to feel her lips around his shaft. He got off Laura, who was still trying to recover from what was arguably a rough experience, her nostrils flaring from exhaustion, along with a difficulty to breathe.

He helped her with that, if only momentarily. Reaching at the edge of the tape, he pulled it off, before unwrapping it around her head. She let out a cute yelp, from the tape stuck on her hair. As soon as the saliva-soaked rag was free to move, she spitted it out, with some effort. "Pleaaaaase...let me goooo", she spoke, facing the general direction of her captor. Laura was a tough girl with a determined personality, but she looked utterly defeated at this point. If the tape wasn't keeping her eyelids closed, there might have been some tears, ready to go.

Alan shuffled to the top corner of the bed, next to where Laura's head was laying on. The pillows had all fallen off on the floor. Without responding at all to her polite "suggestions", he took her chin with his hand, and tilted it so that she faced his direction. Laura could feel how close he was to her, she let out one more "Pleaaaseggggguuh", before his cock, already semi-hard, shut her up. Alan held her head down with an open hand, as he practically fucked her mouth.

The girl could taste the residue of semen on the head of his prick, from their last "lovemaking" session. She also felt it expand in her mouth, with each progressing thrust. The man was soon fully erect, again.

Gagging by the invasion that was now reaching down her throat, the girl tried to shuffle away, to anywhere else. Alan put his hand on her neck, this time more violently, to signal to her she ought to stay there. She shifted her freed knees from side to side, and bucked her hips up and down, basically the range of motions she was allowed. How frantic was the nature of this struggling, was equivalent to how little oxygen Alan's dick was leaving her with.

Meanwhile, the man was simply experiencing how great her lips felt around his dick. He also loved when he kept it rammed down her throat for just that extra couple of seconds, because it would reflexively close down on his shaft.

Alan was rarely a "two-shot marksman", especially in such a short interval. But he knew he would soon orgasm again. As he kept abusing her mouth, he got a glimpse of those beautiful feet, the toes curling inwards from the girl's strain. He quickly popped his dick out and got off to the side of the bed, now jerking his dick, close to completion. He grabbed the cable connecting ankles and raised it up and towards him, along with the girl's bound legs. He gave 6-7 more strokes, with the head of his penis in full contact with the soles of her feet. That was it! He ejaculated hard, semen coating the ball of her left foot, drops running down her sole. He rubbed the last outgoing drops on the underside of her toes, making sure not to leave the zip-joined, big toes, dry. Truly drained, he dropped her legs to drop on the mattress with a soft bump. He never bothered cleaning the girl's feet.

The girl was now sobbing quietly, finding difficult to process her ordeal. Alan was almost certain the woman had not much spirit to call for help, anymore, but like he always said: "Better be safe than sorry". He didn't know what to use now for stuffing, so he took the girl's shredded underwear from the floor. She was a bit stubborn in opening up, but a light nose-pinch eventually granted him access past her lips. He wrapped a fresh roll of duct tape around her head, this time only a couple of coils.

He took one more zip tie from his waist-bag. He always had plenty of those. He passed it over her head, and around one of the metal bars, on the side of the bed post. He ratcheted it, just enough to be snug around her neck, without asphyxiating the woman. With a few pitiful moans heard behind his back, he left the restrained woman on the bed, and went to start loading the car.

After 10 minutes, everything was loaded. Everything worth a good price, at least. When he returned, he found Laura, unsurprisingly, where he'd left her. Unbeknownst to him, her shoulders were killing her, from the strict bondage. She was suffering in relative silence. He gave the room one final, quick scan. Nothing else was needed. It was time to go. Another job well done.

But Alan felt like something was missing. Ideally, he never wanted to leave this place. But he knew that wasn't possible. He just wanted one last image to remember, a parting gift. That's when he remembered the contents of her bottom drawer. With the clueless girl tethered to her bed-post, he went and got it from its box. He plugged it in, then turned to look at the woman, contemplating, his mind running wild.

It's Friday, the sun just passed its peak. 14:00 in the afternoon. It is hot outside, but also in Laura's bedroom, the AC closed. The girl is sweating bullets, despite only wearing a shirt that currently is only comprised of sleeves, a back, and some dangling pieces of cloth down either side. The comfy boy-short panties she liked so much are now drenched in saliva, having spent the night and subsequent morning and noon, resting on her tongue. No matter how hard she tried to push them out, she couldn't. Same went for the tape around her eyes. There is a reason duct tape is such a useful and reliable tool.

There are so many zip ties. The girl's arms are spread horizontally, secured on the two vertical bars of her bed post, the continuation of the bed's legs. The bondage forces her to kneel on the top part of the mattress, with her legs spread to its corners. Another pair of cable ties securing her knees to the lower part of the metal bars. Her bed post also has four horizontal metal bars, connecting the two corner ones. The top bar proved a great hitching post for the girl's neck, which is now also rendered immobile. The lowest bar was where her lower belly was secured to, by a zip tie hugging her ultra-lovingly. All the unrelenting zip ties around her knees, wrists, belly and neck make sure she doesn't get any slack.

But, uncomfortable as they are, which they definitely are, they are not the main reason for Laura's current misfortune. This lies between her legs, where her own vibrator is buzzing at an unrelenting, full speed, pressed firmly between her labia lips, its cord plugged in a socket on the wall. Two more zip ties, each holding the head of the vibrator in position, are tied around each of the girl's ass-cheeks, tracing her groin, like a crotch-less, plastic thong. Each zip tie is coiled around half of the thinner base of the vibrator's head, meaning the head is snugly trapped in place. Working in unison, by pulling in opposite directions, but also upwards towards the pelvis, the zip-ties keep the buzzing head right against the girl's most sensitive skin.

Another involuntary wave of shivering travels through her entire body, as yet another orgasm is forcefully bestowed upon her. She didn't care to count them, but even if she did, she would have last track long ago. She has been sucked dry by the machine, since last night. And yet, the sexual stimulation does not stop. Her mind has shut off, but her body regretfully keeps going.

Her phone has rang countless times, mainly from her boss, as she was supposed to cover the noon shift, but also from her family and friends. All calls led to a dead end, as her SIM card was now probably tossed in a garbage can somewhere, along with ID cards and other useless junk.

"Mmmmmmmmmnnngg", she exerts some defiance against her bonds, which don't seem touched by her proposal. These recurring bursts of energy come and go, mainly for the girl to let out some frustration for her sore genitalia, then back she goes to passive, miserable stimulation.

"Yeah, i can leave it to you for 180 \$", Alan said to his slimy customer, in the safety of a closed garage. "Deal!" he replied, taking the T.V in his arms, no packaging or anything fancy required. It is initial worth could be more than 300 \$, but business is business. "You want this laptop, too? I'll throw it in for an extra 150 \$", he said as they guy was walking outside. "Nah, i'm good on that", he said carrying off with the T.V.

Alan opened his phone, going on the video folder. He must have watched it 20 times already, but it always put a smile on his face. A bed-post bound girl, gagged and blinded with tape, shuddering in a powerful orgasm. Her moans of pleasure, sentenced to repeat indefinitely, rang so sweetly in his ears. He wondered if she had been discovered, yet. At least in his mind, she would never be.