

Truly Trapped

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I was a victim, just like millions of others. I don't know how they found me or why. All I know is that I want out and I'll do whatever is necessary to leave.

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Truly Trapped : Chapter 1

I walked home, alone as usual. It had been a busy day at work and I was tired. I let myself into my small, shabby apartment. It was late, past midnight, so I took a shower and went straight to bed. I hadn't bothered to put on pajamas, so I was just in my underwear, but the night was warm enough that I wouldn't be cold. I fell asleep relatively quickly.

I woke up when it was still dark. I noticed three things simultaneously:

1. The shower was running again.
2. There was someone in bed next to me.
3. I couldn't move, see, or scream because I was tied down, blindfolded, and gagged.

I was too terrified to try to break free from the restraints. I felt the person next to me shift weight and then felt fingers on the inside of my thigh, making me regret not putting on pajamas.

"I know you're awake," a deep voice said in my ear. His fingers slowly ran up the inside of my leg, over the top of my underwear, and up my stomach to my breasts, tracing a circle around my navel on the way. "Very nice," he said, fondling me. "How considerate of you to make this easier for me." I heard someone chuckling across the room, probably from the chair that sat next to my dresser. That meant that there were at least three of them, unless they had turned on the shower and left it running. That theory flew out the window when the shower turned off.

"Can't you keep your hands to yourself?" the showering man said as he walked in my bedroom.

"Can't you cover yourself up?" the man next to me said. The man in the chair chuckled again. Bed Man removed his hand. By the way his weight shifted, I guessed that he had sat up to lean against my headboard. Unexpectedly, he pulled off the blindfold. I looked around. There were four men in the room besides myself. Shower Man had pulled a towel around his waist and was digging through a backpack on the floor, pulling out clothes. His hair was still wet, so it was hard to tell what color it was exactly, but it was dark and short. Bed Man was wearing paint-splattered jeans and a grey t-shirt. He was bald with dark eyes. Chuckles was sitting in the chair, like I guessed. He had longer hair than Shower Man, and it was a light brown color. He was too far away for me to tell the color of his eyes, but he was wearing jeans and a plain white t-shirt. Standing next to him in the corner was a man with dark brown hair wearing grey sweatpants and a blue t-shirt. His hands were behind his back and he was staring at the ceiling.

Shower Man stood up and pulled on jeans and a faded red button-down shirt. Then he sat on the bed next to my right foot, which was tied to the bedpost.

"I'm sure you have a lot of questions," he said to me, stroking my calf. My muscles all seemed to tense up. "My name is Jake. That is Scott," he nodded at the other man on my bed, "and that is Sam and Kyle." He nodded first towards Chuckles and then towards the man standing next to him. "We are here for a very specific reason," Jake continued. "We have come to take you with us." My muscles tensed up even more than I thought was possible.

"Someone suggested that we might find youâentertaining," Scott said, leering at me.

"We will be doing things to you that you won't like, and you won't be able to stop us." Jake looked me right in the eye before he spoke again. "I promise you that." He stood up and turned to Scott. "Alright, let's take her and go. Sam, did you pack up enough of her things?"

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"Yeah, it's in the kitchen."

"Alright, I'll grab that and the food. Scott, you bring her and Sam, you make sure you watch Kyle. I doubt that he'll try anything again, but you never know." Jake left, grabbing the backpack on the way. Scott pulled out a pair of handcuffs from his jeans. He cuffed one of my wrists, untied that arm, pulled it over to cuff my other wrist, and untied that one as well. He untied my legs and pulled me off the bed. "Put your arms up," he told me. I did, and he pulled a sleeveless shirt of mine that I never wore over my head. He managed to feel me up twice while "fixing" it. Then he handed me a pair of sweatpants. I pulled them on wordlessly; I was still gagged. It felt like they had stuck a sock or something in my mouth before tying a bandanna around my head. Scott bent down and tied my ankles together, loosely enough that I could walk but tight enough that I couldn't run. Holding on to my elbow, he walked me outside to an RV, where he picked me up and walked inside.

Chapter 2: Travelling

"Lay her down on the floor," I heard Jake's voice say once we were in. "We don't want anyone recognizing her through any of the windows."

"Should we blindfold her again, so she can't see where we're going?" Sam asked.

"Nah, she's not getting away, there's no point," Scott said.

"Alright," Jake said, "Sam, get up there and start driving. Scott, go sleep so that you can take the next driving shift. I'll watch these two." He was referring to me, lying on the floor, and Kyle, who was sitting at my feet, staring at the floor.

After about twenty minutes, Jake took off the gag and pulled what I recognized as a pair of my underwear out of my mouth. "No one will be able to hear you if you scream." He sat back on the couch. "You can talk if you want, but try to keep it down. Scott gets very angry when he's woken up sometimes."

My mouth was dry, making my voice hoarse. "Why me?"

"Scott told you, someone suggested that we take you with us."

"Who?"

"Is that really important at this point?"

I decided that it wasn't. "What are you going to do to me?"

He smiled at me. "You'll find out soon enough."

I swallowed. Trying to distract myself, I asked, "Why is he here?" as I looked at Kyle.

"A friend of a friend. We were going to try to get ransom money, but it turns out that he didn't have any family. Stupid mistake on Sam's part. We decided that he might be useful at some point."

I closed my eyes. I was too tired to think of any more questions. I must have fallen asleep, because when I opened my eyes again Sam was watching a movie on the couch and Kyle was sleeping. The RV wasn't moving anymore. The door to the outside opened and Scott and Jake walked inside. Scott was carrying a bag, which he went to go put in the refrigerator, and Jake walked over to me.

"Come on, up you get," he said, pulling me up by my arm. I struggled to get up without using my arms and with my feet still tied together.

"Why, what's going on?" I asked.

"Remember when I told you that you'd find out later?" I nodded. "Well, it's later." He started taking me towards the back of the RV. "Scott, it's your turn to drive. Sam, come help for a second, then you can get back to your movie, if you want."

Jake lead me back to a bed. As soon as I saw it, I started pulling away from him. He threw me on the bed and straddled me. "If you scream, you'll be sorry," he told me. He used a second pair of handcuffs to handcuff me

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to a hole in the headboard. He pulled my shirt down past my waist and then held onto me by my chest as Sam pulled the shirt off me all the way. I could feel Sam untie the rope from my left leg and tied that end to something I couldn't see.

"There ya go," Sam said to Jake. I started to panic as Sam left the room. Jake moved so that he was straddling my hips instead of my chest. He looked down at me with hunger in his eyes as he unbuttoned his shirt and threw it on the floor.

He leaned down and kissed me, forcing his tongue into my mouth. I heard him unzipping his pants he got off the bed to pull them off and then straddled me again with his dick right above my face. "No biting," he told me. He lowered himself, forcing his way into my mouth. I tried not to gag as he thrust himself again and again, his dick hardening. He moaned and pulled himself off of me. "Don't want to do that there," he said, getting off the bed again.

He walked down and grabbed the waistband of my sweatpants, pulling them and my underwear off until they were hanging around my right ankle. He got back on the bed and positioned himself above me. He thrust himself into me without warning and I moaned in pain, trying not to scream. He started thrusting, slowly at first, then faster and faster. We realized at about the same time that I was getting wetter as he thrust even faster. I shut my eyes, trying to block it all out.

Suddenly, he pulled out. He grabbed my waist and flipped me onto my stomach, making me cry out with surprise. He slapped my ass. "Very nice," he said. "Someone works out." He pulled up on my waist and forced himself inside my ass. I gasped in pain. He pushed himself all the way into me, going slowly, as if to draw out the pain. He held me up with his left arm as he leaned down to grab my right breast and whisper in my ear, "You like that, slut? I hope so. I hope you are enjoying all of this, because we all sure as hell do. And we're all going to keep doing this for as long as we want, which could be for the rest of your life." I shut my eyes as tight as I could. "Do you understand that?" he asked, pulling out a little and thrusting in again quickly.

"Yes!" I cried out.

"Yes, what?" he asked, straightening up and slapping me again.

"Yes, I understand." I started crying.

"Good." He started raping me that way for a while. Then he pulled out and flipped me back over, pushing himself back inside me. He grabbed my hips and thrust harder than before. I orgasmed, and he smirked at me. "Good girl," he said, mocking me. He kept going and then pulled out to cum on my stomach. He got off, threw a towel on me, and undid the handcuffs attached to the headboard. "Clean yourself off, now," he told me, still mocking. Jake pulled on his jeans and shirt and walked out of the room, leaving me tied to the bed.

Chapter 3: Kyle Speaks

A/N: Hey, it's been a while since I've posted. I'm going to try to post more often than once every few months. Happy reading.

I wasn't alone for very long. I had enough time to clean Jake's cum off of me and pull my underwear and sweatpants back on. As I leaned down to try to untie the rope, Sam walked in.

He laughed at me. "I don't think so, princess." He threw my shirt at me, hitting me in the face. I pulled it on as he untied the rope from the bed and tied my legs back together. He led me to the table in the RV where Kyle was already sitting. "Breakfast," Sam said, putting a box of donuts on the table. Kyle reached out with handcuffed hands to grab one as Sam turned to go back to his movie.

"No drinks?" I asked. Sam turned to the refrigerator and pulled out two bottles from inside the bag Scott had placed in there earlier. He set one in front of each of us. They were both chocolate milk. I gave Sam a look that I hoped said, "Do I look like I'm three?" He ignored it and sat back on the couch. I opened my bottle with some difficulty and took a drink. I hadn't drunk anything since right after work the night before.

The rest of the day seemed to be like that: one guy "watching" me, the other two nowhere in sight, and Kyle ignoring me. I read an old magazine for a while, then sat and watched a movie with Scott when the drivers switched again. Or rather, I tried to watch a movie with him. It didn't really work out like that.

I had gotten tired of Kyle ignoring me and with flipping pages with handcuffed hands. I went over to sit by Scott while Sam went back to his bunk to sleep and Jake drove. Soon after I sat down, however, Scott unzipped his pants. He pulled out his dick and started rubbing it and my breast at the same time. Then, he grabbed me by my neck and forced my head down.

"Open up, sweet cheeks," he said, as he forced his erect member into my mouth and held my head down. To try to make him climax faster, I used all the tricks I knew: licking like it was an ice cream cone, swirling my tongue up and down his length, lightly using my teeth, sucking. It seemed to work, for he came relatively quickly, compared to my other experiences. After he zipped back up, he pulled me onto his lap and held onto me with his right arm as he played with my breasts with his left hand. I pretended to fall asleep, hoping he would lose interest. He didn't, but he stopped when the drivers switched again and he went back to go sleep while Sam drove and Jake came to take his turn babysitting me and Kyle.

Just like I had predicted, Jake took me back to the bed (the bunks where the guys slept were on the way to the back). But this time, he brought Kyle with.

"I knew you'd be good for something," he said to Kyle as he attached the handcuffs on my wrists to a hook on the ceiling. He locked the door and then took off Kyle's handcuffs completely, shoving them in his pocket. Then he walked over to me and untied my ankles. "All right, folks, we're going to play a game," Jake told us as he sat on a chair, facing my side. I glared at him and Kyle just looked at him, apparently uninterested. "I'm going to call the shots."

When he said that, something seemed to awaken in Kyle. He looked more alert than I had seen him yet. He looked like he was panicking, first looking at Jake, then to me, then back to Jake.

"Kyle, you aren't going to look at me anymore. Look at her. Good, now take off your shirt and throw it on the floor." Kyle did what he said, the panic in his eyes growing. We both knew what was going to come from this.

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"Go over and pull off her sweatpants, but make sure you leave her underwear on for now."

"Throw them away and then do the same with her shirt." So far, Kyle seemed to be okay.

"Now, suck on her right nipple while massaging her left breast." Kyle hesitated. "Do it." Jake watched Kyle do this for a few seconds before saying to me, "You aren't moaning like the whore you are." I just looked at him. "Moan! I want you to enjoy this."

I decided to get the most out of this. I closed my eyes and tried to forget about the situation, just feeling Kyle's mouth and hands caressing me. When I moaned, it wasn't forced.

"Good. Pull off her underwear." Kyle did, but nervously. I found myself wondering if he was a virgin.

"Hook your hand behind her left knee and bring it up to your waist. Yes, good. Now, take those first two fingers on your left hand and stick them up her cunt."

Before Kyle followed this order, he leaned in and whispered in my ear, "I'm sorry." He kissed my lips and then plunged his two fingers into me. I moaned into his mouth, kissing him back as he moved his fingers in and out.

Jake let this go on for a while before he made Kyle stop. "Alright, now, take off the rest of your pants." Kyle removed his fingers, put my leg down, and pulled his sweatpants off, leaving him completely naked. I took the opportunity to take in the sight of his muscled body.

"I think you know what to do now, Kyle," Jake's voice seemed mocking. I noticed that he had pulled out his dick and was stroking it.

Kyle *did* know what to do. He approached me hesitantly, as if to say "I don't really mean it, I have no choice." He wrapped his left arm around my back, pulling me towards him, as he lifted up my left leg again. Then he pushed himself into me. I moaned louder than before as he leant down to kiss my neck. He moved his right hand up my thigh and I wrapped both my legs around his torso, pulling him deeper inside me. He held me tighter to support more of my weight as he thrust.

"Kyle, continue that," Jake said, his voice hoarse, "but reach up and unhook her handcuffs and push her up against the wall behind her."

Before I knew it, my back was against the cold wall and my arms were wrapped around Kyle as much as possible with my handcuffs still on. I leant down and kissed his neck. I felt his teeth graze my shoulder, which sent me to orgasm.

Kyle made a move as if to stop, but Jake said, "No, keep going." He did, and a couple minutes later (or a long while later, I couldn't really tell) he made an unexpected noise. I looked over to see him cum. A few seconds later, I felt Kyle do the same. As he did, he put his right hand against the wall as if to steady himself. He stared straight ahead with an emotion I recognized but couldn't place and pulled out, still holding on to me with his left arm.

"Bitch, get over here and clean this up," Jake said to me. I unhooked my arms from around Kyle's neck, quickly kissed him, and ducked to my left under his right arm to walk over to Jake. He made me clean up his cum with my tongue. When he was satisfied that it was clean, he walked over to Kyle, who was still leaning on the wall, now with his head down. Jake handcuffed him again and walked out of the room, locking the door and leaving us alone.

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