

Prisoner

I was wanking.

I admit it. My pants were around my ankles and I was going for it in the bathroom. I have this thing you see, where I wank in front of a mirror. Sort of a turn on for me. I'm sure you do some things that would appear strange to others. Picking your nose while stopped at a traffic light, for example. Little things we do every day that most people would consider strange behaviour. Mine just happened to be watching myself wank in a mirror. And on this day I was going at it hammer and tong.

I guess I have an over-active sex drive. I can sleep with a woman and as soon as she leaves I'll be wanking. Sometimes I don't even bother to wait until she's gone, just do it right there in front of her. Some of them take it as an insult, watching me pleasure myself because they couldn't satisfy me, but that's their problem. To be honest, it gets me off, watching them watch me with that fake look of disgust on their face. I know they enjoy it as much as I do.

I remember one time, she (whatever her name was) kept storming around the bedroom yelling at me to stop. She called me every name under the sun, but that just made me hornier. And all the time her eyes remained glued to my hand, pumping up and down, faster and faster. I came and she left. It doesn't really matter what they think of me when I do that, the fact remains that I needed release, just like now.

Then I saw her.

In the mirror, I saw her move behind me from the lounge room. A girl, couldn't be older than 18. And she was a mess. Her face was covered in mud, her hair was matted, and her clothes looked old and tattered. She was the sort of person you purposely avoided when walking down the street. This is what happens when you leave the back door of your house unlocked. I swung around to face her, my dick still in my hand. Even in moments of stress I still keep things in perspective.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" She raised her hand towards me and that's when I saw it.

A gun.

I felt my formerly impressive erection beat a rapid retreat.

"What do you want?" You never feel more exposed than when you're facing a gun with your pants around your ankles. She was about to speak when I heard the sound of a helicopter in the distance. The girl must have heard it too because she turned to face the direction of the sound. The gun remained trained on me, so I decided that now was not the time for heroics.

The helicopter got closer and closer until it hovered directly above my cramped little home. The downdraft whipped the bushes and small trees in my garden. The girl looked around wildly, obviously beginning to panic. I could see the knuckles on her gun hand start to turn white as she gripped the weapon tighter. My vivid imagination already had the bullet tearing into my body.

The helicopter paused for a while then slowly flew off. The girl started to relax as the sounds became fainter. As the colour started to return to her hand I began to relax too.

"Are they looking for you?" I asked. She nodded to me and then her eyes started to drift down to my hand.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Umm, well, you see...”

“Why did you stop?”

“I thought that was standard procedure for hostage situations. You point the gun and I stop wanking.”

“Did I ask you to stop?” It was not a playful question. I actually felt quite threatened by the way she said it.

“Well no but...”

“Then you better get started again.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Start wanking.” She waved the gun for emphasis.

“But I...”

She levelled the gun at my head and I got the point real quick. I started to stroke again, knowing it would be futile. There was no way I could get hard under this sort of stress.

My dick, however, had other ideas. It was rock hard in a matter of seconds.

Bloody traitor.

“That’s it, lover boy, keep on stroking. I want to see some cum.”

She could not take her eyes off my efforts. She had a predatory look about her that I didn’t find the least bit erotic. My cock, on the other hand, loved all the attention. It was throbbing now and it wouldn’t be long before I came.

“Let’s hear some noise. I want to hear you enjoy it.”

I started to make some groans and heavy breathing sounds. I just wanted it to be over.

“That’s it, you’re doing real well there. Looks like you’re about to cum. Take your other hand and cup it under your cock. I want you to catch all your cum in that hand. And you better not spill any.”

I did as she said. After all, she had a gun and the only weapon I had was not much of a threat to her. That old familiar feeling began to rise up through my body. I groaned aloud, hoping to appease my tormenter, and spurted into my hand. It was surprisingly warm, almost hot. I had never done this before so I was in new territory. I wondered why she wanted me to catch it. Unfortunately, I soon found out.

“Oh that’s a lot of cum you have there. You better drink it before it spills through your fingers.”

I looked at her. I could not believe what she had ordered me to do. She just glared back at me.

“Drink it, do it now or I will put a bullet in you and leave you to bleed to death.”

What could I do? She had all the cards and I had nothing. Nothing but a hand full of freshly squeezed cum. I raised it up to my lips. Now, there are two possible ways to drink cum. You can slurp it up like slurping spilled coffee from a saucer, or you can just open wide and slam it down. I went for option number two. Get it over with quickly.

I was surprised at the taste. Not bitter like I thought it would be, though it had that thick gooey texture that makes you want to gag. Or maybe it was just the knowledge of what it was making me want to puke. Whatever it was I fought it off and swallowed.

“There, that wasn’t so bad now, was it? Daddy always said cum was good for me, so it should be good for you too. Now get the rest of your gear off.”

I kicked my pants into the corner and pulled my shirt off over my head.

“Look,” I said. “I have some cash in my wallet. It’s on the kitchen table. Just take it and go. I won’t tell anyone you were here.”

She was looking at my dick again. I moved my hands to cover it.

“Uh uh,” She waved my hands away with her gun. Let’s leave our little friend exposed for now, shall we?”

I put my hands to my side, feeling totally naked, which was exactly my situation.

“The cops or whoever it was are gone now. I’m sure it’s safe for you to leave.”

“Don’t worry, I will. Just not yet. Let’s go to the bedroom, shall we?”

Well I could tell where this was leading. And I know what you’re thinking. You have an 18-year-old blonde girl (did I mention she was blonde?) who wants to fuck your brains out. For Christ’s sake, stop whining and enjoy the ride.

But the fact is I had never felt less like having sex in my entire life. That gun seemed to take all the romance out of it. And let’s face it, the girl was a mess. She was absolutely filthy. And the smell. I don’t know where she had been but it smelled like she had crawled through raw sewage.

I led the way into my bedroom where she pointed to the bed.

“Lie down, on your back.”

I dutifully did as I was told. She was obviously serious about everything she wanted me to do. I lay back and watched her as she rummaged around in my dresser.

“These should do,” she said as she pulled out some old ties I never wore anymore, ever since I started my career in internet marketing. You might call it spam but I call it a nice little money earner. That lets me work from home, which means no more dress code, and I get to wank in front of the mirror whenever I want. Try doing that in your 9 to 5 job. Of course there are disadvantages to working at home. Such as being held captive and terrorised by a teenage girl. And terrified I was, this girl was armed and obviously disturbed. And things were getting worse.

The girl walked over to the bed and leaned over me so she could grab my hands. The smell hit me full force and I had to struggle not to gag. In a matter of seconds my wrists were securely bound to the bed head. She moved down to my ankles and soon had me spreadeagled on the bed.

“There. All comfy are we?” I could hear the sarcasm in that voice. I wish I knew what I had done to deserve this treatment. I had never met this person before in my life. And yet there was something about her, something dark and menacing, yet strangely arousing. I watched as she went back to the dresser. My breath caught as she opened the bottom drawer.

I kept some things in there, you see. I don’t want to brag but I never really lacked for female attention. I have the sort of eyes that make a woman want to get to know me better. And I am not above using those eyes to get them into my bed. To make their “stay” more enjoyable I keep some items in that bottom drawer, items that were now being pulled out one by one.

“Daddy used to have a drawer like this.” She paused for a moment, as if remembering something in her past. She shivered slightly, pulling herself together, then reached in and yanked out one of my toys.

“My my, what have we here? You must be quite the Casanova.” She held up a large vibrator and wagged it in front of me.

“Is this for personal use? I bet you get a lot of women into your bed, don’t you.”

I felt confident now, it was familiar territory for me. I never hid the fact that I was successful with women.

“Well I have some luck.” I said, trying to feign modesty.

She flew across the room and smashed me on the mouth with the barrel of the gun.

“SHUT UP! I am sick of fuckers like you. I bet you never called any of those women once you were finished with them. Fuck ‘em and forget ‘em. That’s how you work isn’t it?”

She thrust the gun into my face. She was out of control now, like a wild animal that’s been cornered.

“ISN’T IT?”

I couldn’t say anything. I was scared stiff. This girl was going to blow me away, splatter my brains over the wall behind me, maybe smoke a cigarette then leave.

I was going to die.

And then she backed off.

I watched as she paced around the room, mumbling to herself, turning to me occasionally to point the gun at me.

“All my life I’ve had to put up with fuckers like you. First my Dad, then my brothers, all of them treating me like a piece of meat. Do you have any idea what it’s like to be passed around like a whore by your own flesh and blood? My own family, the people I am supposed to trust, just using me as a fuck toy.”

She stormed out of the bedroom then, moving into the lounge room. I could hear her ransacking the place, opening drawers, overturning furniture. I was hoping she would find what little cash I kept here and then leave. I licked my throbbing upper lip and tasted blood.

The sounds from the living room stopped. I lay there and waited to see what was next. I didn't have to wait long. She came back into the bedroom and I was surprised to see she was naked. It was clear she was no longer carrying her gun.

"Hello again. I figured out what I am going to do with you. I am going to do what pricks like you have been doing to women their entire lives." She spat the words at me with a venom I had never seen before in my life. If her saliva had touched my naked flesh it would have scorched me.

She walked back over to the dresser and pulled out Big Bertha. That was what I named a 12-inch dildo I kept in there. Bertha was only used a few times but she was well received on those occasions.

The girl came back to the bed and untied one of my legs.

"Roll over," she ordered

I froze. Images of what she was about to do raced before my eyes, turning my limbs to lead.

"Roll over or I'll blow your fucking brains out. It will only take five seconds to go back out there and get my 'gentle persuader'. Want me to do that?" she snarled.

I rolled over the best I could. My arms were now crossed and my free leg slipped off the side of the bed. I knew what was coming and tried hard to relax. Tensing up now would just make it worse.

"You should be grateful I am going to use lubricant, lover boy."

I was. Very grateful.

"Are you ready? No? Stiff shit, cause here it comes."

I felt her press the end of BB against my arse, then bit my lip as she slowly forced it in.

"Am I going too slow? Well I can fix that."

She put all her weight behind BB and thrust it home.

Some people say that real men don't cry.

Bullshit.

I whimpered like a beaten dog.

That pain was everything, it was my world. Everything I was, everything I had achieved was nothing compared to that pain. As she thrust BB in and out of my arse I cried and yelled and screamed.

And then I felt no more.

When I came to I was lying on my back again. She had tied my free leg back in place and I could feel wet warmth under my battered arse. I guess I had bled a bit.

The girl was sitting at the end of the bed, smoking a cigarette. As she turned to me I saw her face and the realisation struck me.

“You came.” I was amazed that she had gotten off on the pain she had inflicted.

“Sure did, lover boy. Pretty good too. Almost as good as when I slit that molesting fuck’s throat. He thought he was going to get laid again, and he did in a way. I laid him out good and proper, slit his throat from ear to ear. Stupid old fuck should of checked me for knives before he got his dick out. I put it in him the same minute he put it in me.”

The girl chuckled at her little joke, then turned deadly serious as she leaned down and whispered stale tobacco smoke into my ear.

“You haven’t lived until you’ve watched your own father die in a pool of his own sick, perverted, blood. It was a long time coming but by God, it was worth the wait.”

It was the calm rational voice of a psychopath. And those awful words. Did she really mean she killed her father? I had to try to keep myself from falling apart. No question, I was close to losing it.

She rose slowly and looked down at my dick with a menacing smile.

“Ready for the second act?”

“Does it matter?” I had to show her no fear, try to take control of the situation. Not much of a chance trussed up like this. Well it was a good thought anyway.

“Not in the slightest.”

She stretched and it was then that I noticed the small brown marks on her arms. She saw me looking at her scars.

“Cigarette burns. A particular favourite of my dear departed father. They hurt like buggery the first couple of times.”

She leaned down and stubbed her cigarette out on my leg. My yell brought another smile to her lips.

“See?”

She was right. They really did hurt like buggery.

“It’s been so long since I had a decent fuck. Sure there were girls in the detention centre that could really lick pussy but nothing beats a nice hard cock.”

“Detention centre? How old are you?” I knew that a detention centre was like a jail for minors.

“Fifteen.” She reached down and started to stroke my dick, trying to get it up. I hate to admit it but it didn’t take much effort.

“Mmm, getting nice and hard there.”

“Are you sure we should be doing this? I mean you’re only fifteen and I’m...a lot older.” In fact I was 36, over twice her age. In normal circumstances it would be flattering to win the affection of a girl this young, but this was far from normal. I tried to use the age difference to reason with her, stop what must surely follow, but it was a futile attempt.

“We? Since when did you get a say in what happens?”

She was right. I was helpless. She could do whatever the hell she wanted to me.

“Do you think I should put a condom on you? It’s not like I am on the pill. But then, being pregnant might cut me some slack when they stick me back in that hole. What do you say, lover boy? Want to be a daddy?”

“Not especially.” But was that the truth? I honestly didn’t know. My mind was a storm of conflicting emotions, I just couldn’t think straight anymore. The way she was acting towards me was so familiar. Was this how I treated women? No, it wasn’t possible. Was it?

She laughed at my denial. It was as if she could see right through me, to the growing uncertainty beneath. Then she positioned herself above me, gently resting her pussy against the tip of my cock. She leaned forward and let her filthy hair fall in my face. Placing her mouth over one of my nipples she started to gently suck.

Oh god I wanted so much to be somewhere else. Anywhere but here, helpless under a fifteen-year-old girl who was doing things to me that a fifteen-year-old shouldn’t even know about.

The thing I hated most, though, was the fact that she was turning me on. My body was reacting to her, wanting her. She looked up at me and grinned, as if she knew what I was thinking. Then she bent down again to my nipple.

Sucking.

Nibbling.

Biting.

Oh Christ the pain. This was no playful love bite. She was drawing blood. I yelled and she stopped.

“Did that hurt?”

“Jesus fucking Christ, of course it hurt.”

“Good.” She moved to my other nipple and started again.

Biting again.

Drawing blood again.

And I yelled again.

And she smiled again.

If I could have gotten one hand free I would have hit her. Hell, I would have throttled her. As if she cared what I would do. She could do what she liked and she knew it. The girl looked up at me, showing me my blood trickling down her chin.

I was horrified.

I was mortified.

I was horny as hell.

My fear had turned into a burning rage. I thrust my hips up, trying to bury myself inside her, but she was expecting such a manoeuvre and easily moved out of the way.

“Not yet,” she gently chided. “we’re going to do it but only when I am ready.”

“You filthy little whore.”

“Tsk ts. Such harsh words. I’m a guest in your house remember? You should be nice to me.”

“Nice? You fucking bitch. I’ll beat the shit out of you when I get the chance.”

“No you won’t, I know what you really want to do to me.”

“I really want to beat the shit out of you.”

“No you don’t. Tell me what you really want to do to me.”

“I just told you. I want to thump the living daylights out of you.”

“Tell me what you really want. TELL ME!”

“I WANT TO FUCK YOU!” I screamed. Oh God, how I wanted to fuck this bitch.

“Now I’m ready.”

She slammed herself down onto my cock, driving it deeply into her. Oh God, she was tight. I could feel every part of her as she rode me.

She snarled like an animal as she fucked me, driving her hands onto my chest, digging her fingers into me.

Oh God, save me, I snarled back. We weren’t fucking. We were rutting, like animals in the wild.

When she came it was like she exploded on me. She threw back her head and howled. And then she started again, pounding down onto me, while I thrust up into her. I don’t know how many times she came like that. I didn’t care. All I cared about was fucking her as hard as I possibly could.

This was how I got back at her.

I was beating her with my cock.

I started to growl as I felt my body approach its climax.

She knew it too. She started to talk to me, encourage me.

“Oh yes, baby, do it. Fill me with your cum. Make me pregnant.”

And I wanted to do it too. Christ how I wanted to impregnate her. I came, spurting long and hard, filling her womb.

She fell on top of me then, our faces close together. She opened her lips and kissed me, a long, passionate kiss.

“Thanks, daddy. I’m pregnant, I can feel it.”

She rested her head on my chest and we slept.

And that’s how the police found us. The neighbours had heard the ruckus and called them.

They took her away from me.

They took my little girl.

That was the saddest part of this story. When they escorted her out of my home, a blanket draped around her shoulders, I tried hard not to cry but it was impossible. They told me she had been on the run for two days after crawling out of the detention centre through an old sewage pipe. I imagined two days of crawling through mud and bushes, evading dogs, helicopters, and police patrols. Two days of climbing through fences, hiding in abandoned shacks, crouching in long grass. Two days of running, hunting, searching. Searching for that one person who could truly love her the way she needed to be loved, the one person who could accept her love in return. Until she finally made it to my home.

It had to be fate that delivered her to me. She gave me something, showed me a side of life that I never knew existed. I wanted that life so badly, and when they took her away from me they took that life with them. That was what I was crying for. I had lost more than her. I had lost my chance at a life with her, a life of subjugation to her.

What I had left became little more than a pastiche of disjointed images.

They took me to the hospital.

Poked and prodded me.

Asked me questions about what happened.

I told them some of it, the bits they knew from the physical examinations. But not all of it.

I asked them what her name was.

Elissa.

My beautiful Elissa.

She had killed her father a little over a year ago, just the way she said. I had no reason to believe she’d lied about that but they had insisted on telling me what she had done. The trial had been a farce. Her father had been a man of power, well respected in the community, so it was really just a formality that they would find her guilty. Her lawyer tried to tell them about the abuse she had suffered but the prosecution had discounted it, claimed she was lying, that it

never happened. Then her lawyer had tried to explain that she was clinically insane, the fool. My little girl is the sanest person I know. The jury yelled guilty and the judge put her away for 30 years. I didn't care, I just wanted my little girl back. I made the mistake of telling them that.

More poking and prodding.

More questions.

And this time there were drugs. Drugs that make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. I called them my happy drugs.

Eventually they let me go home.

Home.

How could it be home without my little girl?

I decided to get her out, out of that place where they kept her. I spent every last penny on appeals and legal fees. But they said she was a danger to society. That she should be locked up forever. They were never going to let me be with my little girl.

And then they told me she was pregnant.

I sold my home and spent everything on legal fees again, but this time to get custody of our child.

And this time I won.

We are together now. My little girl's little girl and me.

We called her Aurora.

End.