The Plane Crash

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This story is from my own imagination and fantasies. If your not into this kind of story, go somewhere else. If you want to contact me, please email me at [kbwriter1002@yahoo.com](mailto:kbwriter1002@yahoo.com)

The plane Crash

She was struggling in the back of the van. She struggled to get a grip on what was happening. The girl, only 14 years old had been in a small plane with her father and her uncle. The plane suddenly flew into a violent thunderstorm and was struck by lightning. The next thing she knew they were going down in a mountainous region of eastern California.

She was knocked unconscious and when she awoke, the girl was lying outside the plane. When she struggled to her feet and checked on her relatives, they were dead. What after she got out of the plane again, the plane caught fire and then exploded in a huge fireball. So Alyssa Brown was now alone in an unforgiving wilderness without food or water.

The young redhead had grown up in the outdoors so she knew a little about how to survive in the wilds. Now as she prepared to walk out of the mountainous area, Alyssa would need all of her wiles to get out of this.

Alyssa was wearing a T-shirt, a pair of Daisy Duke shorts and flip-flops when she left the plane after saying goodbye to her dead father and uncle. She had bawled her eyes out for about an hour over their deaths but then reality hit her and she knew she had to get help. Alyssa’s father had taught her to always find water, a stream or a river, and follow it until it gets you to civilization.

For the next day Alyssa Brown did just that. She fell into the creek but despite her wet clothes, the young teen continued to travel on. Finally she came upon a small bridge and a highway. A sign said she was in a park area so Alyssa felt good about finding help. She stood along the rural highway praying that some driver would stop. Suddenly an old van drove by but fortunately for Alyssa, the driver stopped.

“What happened to you? Are you OK, kid?”

“Please, my name is Alyssa Brown. Our plane crashed up on the mountain. My dad and uncle are dead and I – I need to get some help.”

“Well, you look so cold. Get in and we need to get you to the store down the road. We can call the authorities.”

Alyssa is so weak that the woman in the van had to practically pick her young body up and put her in the van. She even buckled the exhausted, wet and disheveled girl in before she got back behind the wheel.”

“So how did you make it down this far. I mean that is some rugged terrain.”

“My father taught me some survival skills and I guess I was a good listener. Oh God, they are dead. They are dead.”

“Listen, just rest and you will soon be taken care of.”

Alyssa is so tired that she was practically asleep before they got a half mile down the road. She did drift in and out of sleep, She awoke once and thought she heard the woman talking to someone on her cellphone. Something about bringing her home. But she thought she was imagining it since the cellphone service was bad throughout these mountains. Besides the woman was nice and was taking her to the mountain station to get help. So Alyssa went back to sleep.

She must have been out for a long time but when she awoke, Alyssa could still feel the van moving. But that was impossible. After all the station was only a few miles down the road, wasn’t it?

Alyssa felt like she was lying down as she went in and out of sleep. Perhaps the nice woman had let her lie down in the back of the van. After a few more minutes, Alyssa goes to ask the woman where they are but suddenly all that comes out is muffled noise. That woke the 14-year-old up really fast. She goes to rub her eyes but can’t move her arms. They are behind her back and she jerks but can’t budge them. Suddenly she realizes that is bound and gagged lying on some old smelly rags in the back of the van. Alyssa screams for help but all she hears is the woman’s voice from the front.

“Oh I see that you are awake. Don’t even try and scream because we are further from civilization than before but you’ll be alright. Don't worry if you cooperate with us, you won't get hurt. Now we will be home in about ten minutes and then I will get you out of those nasty ropes.”

Alyssa struggles to free herself. How did this happen? Was she really going to survive a seemingly unsurvivable plane crash just to die at the hands of a good Samaritan who she thought was helping her.

The van turns left onto another road. Alyssa is able to lift herself up to an arm that is hurting badly. She sees nothing but trees on the side of the road. Is she still in the mountains and how far from the crash site is she being taken? This is all too scary for a 14-year-old who had just finished seventh grade even though she was more mature than her age.

Alyssa was a gorgeous young girl with a slender bodyeight and had a nicely developed chest. Her aunt commented once that she had to buy a size 34-C bra the last time she bought one. How much Alyssa wanted to hug her aunt and tell her about her dad.

The young girl, who had long red hair that she wore in a ponytail, started crying like the young teenager she was. What was this woman planning to do to her and with her?

The van slows and makes another sharp right hand turn and then stops. Alyssa strains to see where she has been taken. It is a nice looking house with another car in the driveway.

“OK, honey, we are home. I hope your trip wasn't too unpleasant. Now I need to get you inside and clean you up. I bet you are hungry and thirsty.”

The woman scoots her prisoner over to the edge of the van. Alyssa can't resist the woman. Her wrists have been tied together behind her back with a pair of zipties and she had a large white cloth tied tightly in her mouth to gag her. Alyssa had dried blood on her forehead and a huge black and blue contusion on the other side. Her legs were bruised and cut badly; all from the crash and subsequent trek down the mountain.

Her captor cuts the ziptie that went around Alyssa's ankles, then she sits her captive up and eases her off of the van. Alyssa is wobbly legged but manages to walk.

“”OK, I think you can walk inside on your own.”

The woman grabs Alyssa under her right arm and they start walking toward the house. Suddenly a young bare-chested man comes out the door. He looks like he is in his late teens or early twenties.

“Wow, mom, you weren't kidding. You got me another girl and she is quite young.”

He comes down and grabs Alyssa, who struggles to get away from his hands.

“What did you do, run her over? She is a mess.”

“Poor girl was in a plane crash up on Shuier Mountain. Came down to the road at the same time I was driving by. Her father and uncle are dead and as far as the authorities know, she is also.”

The young man has now picked a struggling Alyssa up and is carrying her into the house.

“So no one will be missing her.”

“Nope, the authorities won't be able to reach the crash site for several days so this poor girl will not be missed for quite a while.”

Alyssa looks around at the house once she has been carried in. It is a well-furnished home not the type you would expect from a kidnapper. But for 43-year-old Betsy Tinston and her 22 year-old son, Ryan, it was the only home they ever had Betsy's late husband had built it for her and their only son right before he died. The attractive woman was a well-known mystery writer who lived her in the middle of the Sierra Nevadas.

Her stories seemed so realistic and they were because her son was a psycho rapist and killer so when she wrote of gruesome murders she was writing first person. What was in store for poor, unfortunate Alyssa Brown.

“OK, son, we need to feed her and get her cleaned up. She has went through a lot and I want to make sure she is at full strength before we start.”

Alyssa has been dropped onto a sofa in the den while Ryan went out and retrieved some stuff out of the van. Betsy started fixing a meal and the smell made Alyssa momentarily think that this family was normal. But she was jarred back into reality moments later when Ryan came back into the den.

“Mom, what are we going to do about her wet, dirty clothes.”

Alyssa pokes her head in the room and tells her son what he wanted to hear.”

“Strip her out of them. I know you want to get to those tits of hers.”

Alyssa could see the gleam in Ryan's eyes as he approached the screaming, squirming teenager. Alyssa had never been naked in front of anyone, not even her parents. She was a virgin and was proud of it. It had been instilled in her by her mother that she should save herself for the man she loved. She knew that wasn't going to matter now.

“OK, girl, when I cut these ties, you will take all of those clothes off, understand.”

He goes over and after forcing Alyssa to her feet, he cuts the ziptie from around her wrists. Now perhaps Alyssa should have thought about her next move but the teen saw her only opportunity to get out of this. So she kicked Ryan in the leg and then ran out the door. She ran past Betsy in the kitchen and ran out the door, screaming as she ripped the gag out of her mouth.

Alyssa was shocked when she saw how desolate it was but she knew that she could run into the woods and somehow get back to a road. But she didn't make it past the porch before she was grabbed from behind by Ryan who was followed by Betsy.

” That was a stupid thing to do, bitch.”

Ryan has grabbed her, clasped one arm around her waist as he lifted her off of the ground while his other hand went over her mouth. Betsy had a butcher knife in her hand and when she got to Alyssa, she grabbed the teen and placed it across her neck.

“Get her inside, make her strip, and then we tie her up. She just blew her food and water for right now.”

Ryan drags Alyssa back into the house as Betsy follows.

“I will throw you some of the rope we have in the kitchen. Then after she is secure enough, go out to rhe garage and get the rest. She will pay.”

Ryan throws Alyssa onto the sofa and then holding the knife, orders his terrified hostage.

“STRIP!”

Alyssa tries to plead with him as she is no longer gagged for the moment.

“Please let me go. I won't tell anyone about any of this. I just want to give my dad and uncle a proper burial.”

Without saying a word, Ryan grabs the teen's arm and using the knife, rips the T-shirt down the front.

“STRIP or else the next swipe will be across your neck, understand.”

Alyssa had no choice but to do what was ordered. She removes the remainder of her T-shirt. She had a bra on so Alyssa wasn't too concerned yet. Next came her shorts and shoes. Finally she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Alyssa slid it off her shoulders and then let if fall to the ground.

Finally as she tried to cover her large for her age boobs, she slithered out of her panties. Now for the first time in her life, Alyssa Brown was naked in front of a man, a definite troubled guy.

“Ok, now that is a nice looking body for a young teenager. Let's get you tied up like my mom wants.”

“In the news tonight, searchers are looking frantically tonight for a small plane with three passengers that has apparently gone down somewhere in the rugged Sierra Nevada mountains just west of Reno. The plane, a Cessna 100, was on route from Las Vegas to Portland when the pilot reported mechanical problems around 3:00 p.m. local time.

Shortly after that the plane disappeared from radar and lost contact with Reno traffic control. On board the plane were three residents of Williams, Oregon. They are identified as 50 year old David Brown, a Portland attorney and the pilot, 42 year old Harrison Brown and David's 14 year old daughter, Alyssa. The three were returning from a trip to Miami, Florida where Harrison Brown had a flight rental company to their home. Authorities believe weather may have been a factor in the crash since there was lightning in the area at the time of the crash.

At this hour no one has been not be able to find the wreckage from the air and the area where they probably crashed is dense and steep so it may be days before a ground search can properly be conducted.”

“So no one is even looking for your plane let alone know that you survived. So we will be able to entertain you for a much longer time than most of our “guests”.

Betsy runs the cloth with peroxide over the cut on Alyssa's forehead. The young teen sobs as the first aid is completed with a nice clear BandAid being placed over the cut.

“There, now you are cleaned up and ready to go. Are you going to be good now so that you can eat. I am sure you are starving. Just one rule, no talking. You can only say yes, ma'am or no ma'am when I remove your gag. Any other conversation will be to answer questions and that is all. If you try to speak in any other fashion, you will pay severely, understand.”

Alyssa shakes her head. She is so weak from hunger and thirst she doesn't have any fight left in her right now. This has become a nightmare and no one even knows that she is alive. In fact, the news media made it seem like the authorities think that the crash was nonsurvivable.

Alyssa so wants her father right now but she knows that he is dead and since her mother has been dead since she was 3, the victim of a drunk driver, the girl was alone in the world. Except now these two psychos have become her world, a world in which to survive she knows she will have to do unspeakable things.

Alyssa is allowed to feed herself some spaghetti and drink some soda. It was typical meal that a young teen girl would eat and drink but then again most would not be in this horrible situation. It didn’t take the girl long to finish her food. She decided to do what she wasn’t supposed to do.

“Please let me go. I have suffered enough. I just saw my dad and uncle die in the crash and I struggled to make it out of nowhere to that road. Please just take me to the nearest road and leave me there. I won’t tell anyone what happened, I promise.”

“Sorry, honey, but that isn’t going to happen. My son hasn’t had a girl like you in a very long time. Now since you disobeyed my command not to speak, you will not be able to for a long time.”

Alyssa looks over as Betsy has a large roll of gray duct tape in her hands and before she can say another word, her kidnapper tears off a piece and plasters it across her mouth. The young teen is crying but that doesn’t seem to bother the crazy woman. She then wrapped some more around the blonde’s head. Alyssa was unable to mutter a word let alone scream for help if anyone came to the door which was doubtful.

“Now that you won’t talk to us again for a while, here, son, tie her up again. You can make it as tight as you wish.”

Alyssa watches as Betsy throws a coil of rope to Ryan who looks very gleeful. Alyssa had to just sit there in her chair as Ryan grabbed her arms, pulled them behind her back and wound the coarse rope around them. She counted five, six and finally seven loops going around them and they were very tight. She cried at the pain that it caused but all Ryan did was reach around and grab her bare breasts rather hard.

“I can’t believe that a 14-year-old would have such a nice pair of tits. I can’t wait to do more with them.”

Alyssa wishes she could stop him. She had never been naked any before except in the shower and in her bedroom. Now she is sitting in the chair totally stark naked and there was nothing she could do about it.

Ryan ties rope around her elbows causing more excruciating pain. He didn’t try to get them to touch but wound rope about five time around them tying it off at the wrists. Next he went to her breasts. He put rope under her breasts and after three loops, takes it above them another three times. Ryan is an expert with rope. Alyssa wonders how he learned so well. Had he done this before to another girl? Was she his first? Alyssa could not believe that her young body was being slowly being encased in rope. Ryan took the rope back down between Alyssa’s breasts, ran it under the bottom ropes, then brought it back up over her shoulders and tied it off at her elbow ropes.

He pulled it snug causing her breasts to be squeezed together. Finally he tied a rope around her waist, made her stand up and then ran the rope right through her crotch before bringing it back up to the waist rope. Alyssa Brown was in agony. The ropes were so tight that she couldn’t stand it but she was not getting free.

Fortunately Betsy came back into the room and gave her some welcome help.

“Ryan, the girl is in pain. Let me see what you did. OK, we’ve got to lose the elbow tie. The poor girl is going to die if you keep that on her. Besides with the tight breast bondage which I like, she isn’t going to get away.”

“Ok, mom, I thought she looked good with those tied so that her breasts stuck out.”

Alyssa is so relieved when Ryan took the ropes off of her elbows. He did retie her breast bondage to her wrists so at least they weren’t coming loose.

“Ok, now that should be a little better. Now do you want to leave her here or not.”

Ryan pulls Alyssa to her feet.

“I want to take her in and watch some TV.”

Alyssa struggles to walk with that crotch rope but she does make it the old sofa in the messy living room. Ryan forces her down on the sofa, ties her ankles together and then ties them to the sofa leg in the middle He then he sits down beside her. Betsy comes in and sits in the recliner and turns Netflix on to watch Orange is the New Black. So for the next couple of hours the two psychos watch their show.

Ryan puts his arm around Alyssa and starts fingering her small, pink, left nipple as the red headed teenager squeals in pain. He forces Alyssa to lay her head on his shoulder and occasionally he will run his hand through her hair. Ryan even reaches behind her head and takes the clip out and lets her long hair cascade down.

The day turns to night and it is pitch black out in the middle of the Sierra Nevadas. Both Betsy and Ryan are getting very tired so it is time to go to bed. Alyssa hopes that means an escape is possible but that was not in the cards for the terrified and very sore young teen. Betsy helped Ryan get his captive ready for bed. Alyssa had all of the ropes taken off of her body.

She is escorted into Ryan’s room and forced down on his large bed. Her wrists are pulled above her head and put in soft leather cuffs. Her ankles were restrained in the same kind of cuffs at the bottom. She could turn over in both directions but that was all. Betsy gently pulls all of the tape off of Alyssa’s head making sure not to hurt her or pull her red hair out. Before Alyssa could beg again,

Betsy ties a large white cloth over her mouth and tightens it behind her hair. The crazy mother then places a chloroformed rag over Alyssa’s mouth and nose and the teen thrashes around a bit but is soon out cold. Ryan then climbs in bed beside her.

“Thank you, mom, for bringing her to me.”

“You are welcome, honey. Now just remember, we don’t want her to die too soon. Do as much nasty stuff to her as you want just do it slowly.”

“Ok, mother, I will make it as slow I can but she is too cute not to use and fuck the daylights out of her.”

Betsy runs her hands over Alyssa’s bare breasts.

“Yeah, but don't forget to share her with me.”

“I do plan to work her out starting tomorrow.”

With that Betsy bends down and kisses her son. The crazy son turns over towards Alyssa, throws his hand over her naked body and then the lights go off.

Next morning – first full day of captivity

Alyssa wakes up hoping it is all a bad dream but it wasn’t. She finds Ryan’s right hand holding her left breast. He is sound asleep so Alyssa was hoping that if she could quietly find a way to uncuff herself, she might be able to escape but the girl soon finds out that idea won’t happen.

“Well, I see my son is sleeping in this morning. But that will allow us to bond some out in the kitchen. I am sure that you are very hungry.”

Betsy is standing over Alyssa and very gently moves her son’s hand away. She then unhooks the cuffs from Alyssa's hands after she uncuffs the ankles. Alyssa is too weak to fight her captor so she is raised off of the bed, taken in and made to go to the bathroom before she is walked out to the kitchen. After being forced down into a chair again, Betsy ties a rope around her waist and the chair.

“I got some pancakes and sausage. You need to eat and when I remove the gag, you will eat and not talk, understand.”

Alyssa was so hungry, she quickly shook her head in compliance. She ate a lot of her food without ever saying word to Betsy who sat down across from her and drank coffee.

“Do you want anything else, darling?”

Alyssa drank some milk and then after putting it down, answered her captor.

“I want to go home. I want to bury my father and my uncle. Please, let me go and I won't tell anyone what happened.”

“Sorry, but we can't let you go. My son needs his urges satisfied and you are the one who will do it.”

Alyssa gulped before asking a huge question.

“Are you planning on killing me?”

Betsy figured that question would come up and so she was very honest with the young girl.

“Probably whenever Ryan tires of you but just think you weren't supposed to survive that crash so you are getting a few more days, weeks or months on earth.”

Alyssa started sobbing but Betsy decided it was time to silence the young teen once again. So she got up and walked over to another table.

“Ok, open up, girl, it is time to get you ready for your little hike.”

Alyssa was unprepared for the next thing. Betsy pulled her hair causing Alyssa to open her mouth. Before she could close it, Betsy crammed a large, jaw-aching red ballgag in the unsuspecting girl's mouth and then tightened it behind her head.

Alyssa was panicking from both pain and having to find a way to swallow.

“Relax, this isn't going to kill you. Just keep you quiet when you go on that long nature hike with Ryan. Don't think you will meet anyone but if you do, this will keep the noise level down. Just breathe normal and the saliva will seep out from the edges. You will get used to wearing it. Now I better tie you up and get sleepy head up before he sleeps the day away. You must have tired him out last night.”

Betsy is watching the noon news and to watch the latest on the plane crash.

“Breaking news this noontime: A mountain mystery. That is what state police air and rescue officials are saying after a team reached the crash site of Cessina 100. The bodies of two people were found in the burnt wreakage but there was no sign of the third passenger- 14 year old Alyssa Brown. The young teen was flying in the plane from Miami to Portland when it went down yesterday afternoon.

The bodies of her father, 50 year old David Brown and her uncle, 42 year old Harrison Brown were found still strapped in their seats but Alyssa must have been able to get out. There was no signs of blood according to authorities which indicated that the girl must not have been hurt. So now the search teams are combing the mountainside looking for the young teen. We will keep you informed on any breaking news concerning the search,”

Betsy turned the TV off , picked up her magazine and leaned back in her recliner.

Later in the morning.

Meanwhile Ryan is whistling as he walks. He is walking slowly up the path with the dense woods on either side. He is holding tightly to a rope as poor Alyssa is trying not to fall on the rugged rocky path. She at least is wearing a pair of tennis shoes, even though they are slightly big for her tiny feet. That is all the poor girl is wearing as she walks naked behind her captor.

He has the rope attached to the waist rope. Alyssa is also wearing a pair of sunglasses on her eyes and a floppy hat on her head. Before they left for the two mile walk up the hill, Betsy put suntan lotion on Alyssa 's body since she would be out in the sun all day and they didn't want her to suffer with a bad burn. Nothing like sympathetic psychos.

Alyssa was near thorough exhaustion when they finally reached the summit. It was tree-lined and had a small shed tucked underneath the trees. She knew immediately what that meant but of course powerless to defend herself. Ryan walked her over to tall tree that stood straight up. He took out some more rope out of his book bag and started lashing the poor, sweaty girl to the rough bark of the tree.

After he was done, he walked into the shed and came out shortly with a camera and a tripod. Alyssa watched as he set it up in front of her and then started the camera rolling. He donned a ski mask and walked over toward Alyssa. He started rubbing his hands all down her sweaty, naked body as she cried behind the ballgag.

He then reached up, pulled the gag out of her mouth and kissed her hard, Real hard like a french kiss style hard. After a few minutes of that he popped the gag back in and then stepped back. To Alyssa 's horror, Ryan then started to disrobe. Soon he was butt-naked like his prisoner was and he had a very large, turned on dick that he started rubbing all over her crotch area.

“He went up to Alyssa 's ear and whispered what the poor innocent teenager didn't want to hear.”

“It's time we got better acquainted.”

He started untying her from the tree. Alyssa was grateful for that since the rough bark was hurting her back. But that joy was shortlived. Ryan brought her over to a clear place on the ground which was covered with pine needles, branches and other things that fall in wooded areas. He made her get down on her knees. Alyssa cried as she knew what was coming.

“Now this is something that will make you a real woman. One who can pleasure his man.”

Ryan's large dick is in Alyssa 's line of sight so she knows what he is going to make her do.

He pulls the ballgag down and immediately grabs the back of her head. He propels it forward and she is forced to open her mouth and take his dick. Alyssa wanted to gag. It was awful. It smelled and tasted like piss but she had no choice. Ryan closed his eyes and enjoyed every minute of it.

For Alyssa it didn't get any better when the foamy cum started coming out and she had to swallow most of it. Some came out running down the edges of her mouth and then down her bare chest. Finally after almost twenty minutes Ryan yanked it out and Alyssa gagged some trying to get rid of the last of it.

“Please I need something to drink.”

Ryan walks away, goes into the little shed and emerges with a bottle of water. He gently pours it into Alyssa 's mouth and the young teen has to spit some of it out.

“Please don't do this to me. I am only 14 and I have always wanted to wait for the right guy.”

“Oh, but Alyssa , I am that right guy. Especially since you are never getting out of here so you might as well enjoy it.”

“You and your mother are going to kill me after you get tired of me.”

Ryan doesn't say a word but crams the ballgag back into Alyssa 's mouth and even tightens it.

“Yes, we are but not until I get tired of you. But now it is time that we stop the foreplay and have what I have waited for since you were brought to the house.”

Alyssa is forced down onto her side and Ryan walks away. He returns carrying a wooden pallet.

He places the pallet on the ground beside Alyssa. Ryan goes back inside the shed, brings out some more rope. He then comes over and unties Alyssa's wrists. He drags her by the arms over to the pallet and pulls her on top of it. Alyssa bites down on her gag as she knows what is coming.

It is almost high noon.

Part Two: The Consummation.

Alyssa is tied down extremely tight to the wooden pallet. The jagged wood is already digging into her tender, young skin. She looks up at the sun beating down on her oiled up body. The oil beading up on her skin and the sunglasses are keeping the deadly and blinding rays from doing damage to her eyes. Her arms are tied apart above her head tied to the edges of the pallet. Her legs are the same at the bottom and she has rope around both knees tied to the edges as well.

Ryan has also bound her torso to the wood. In addition to the breast bondage. Alyssa also has rope wound around her chest and waist and goes completely around the pallet as well.

Ryan strips off completely, puts some suntan lotion on his body and then still wearing the ski mask, he climbs on the pallet.

“Ok, ready, girl. This is going to be better than the blowjob you gave me. This is your first time, isn't it.”

Alyssa cries as she acknowledges his question.

Without saying another word, Ryan grabs his cock which is huge and plunges it into her tight little pussy. Alyssa cries in pain but the ballgag doesn't let much out. Finally he has it down deep into her pussy. He pumps it in and out repeatedly.

The sun is blazing but so is Ryan. He continues to pump until finally he lifts himself partially off of Alyssa, grunts and then shakes. He drops a load down deep inside his young captive. Alyssa feels it going down and it doesn't feel good. She is crying realizing that she is no longer a virgin and will never have it back again.

Still Ryan hasn't broken her cherry. So he climbs off, towels himself, taking off the sweat that has accumulated on his bare body.. He grabs a bottle of water and drinks a lot of it.

“That was nice but the show must go on.”

He climbs back on again and this time it goes in a lot easier. He fondles Alyssa's sweat drenched breasts even pulling on her nipples before diving his face into her breast, nibbling on each nipple. He still pumps but is also having fun with Alyssa's impressive young tits. He grabs them hard causing her to cry out in pain. Then he drops the load that does the trick. He knows he has hit paydirt. He rips his cock out and see the blood on it.

“Yes, you are now a woman, bitch.”

Alyssa cries as Ryan runs around a victory lap. When he is done, he walks over ot shed, gathers another towel and uses it to wipe the blood off of his cock. Alyssa is bleeding a little from her pussy but he doesn't seem to care about her.

The poor innocent teen is lying there sweating and in pain but he doesn't seem to care until he hears his mother's voice behind him.

“What are you doing to this poor girl? You want her to survive longer then get her off of the pallet and clean her up.”

Alyssa looks over and sees Betsy sitting on an ATV. The older woman is wearing a two-piece bikini as she climbs off and walks over to where she is lying. Betsy bends down and even she can't help feeling Alyssa's breasts.

“These are very nice but we do need to get back. I have my book club coming over and they always enjoy seeing you, son. We can put her in the panic room.”

Ryan is dressed again and starts to untie Alyssa from the pallet. Once they have Alyssa on her wobbly feet, they take the ballgag out.

“Please, can I have some water?”

Betsy brings a bottle over and a parched, exhausted Alyssa drinks it all.

“Let me go. You have already taken so much from me already.”

“Sorry, but my son is just getting started. Now to get you secured again and get back before my guests come.”

Betsy puts the ballgag back in Alyssa's mouth and tightens it to the next hole in the back of her head. Alyssa's arms are tied back behind her back at the wrists and elbows. A rope connects the breast harness to her arms and then they tied that rope again around her waist and attach it to the gator.

Betsy gets the gator ATV and with Ryan walking beside her, Alyssa starts her grueling walk back to the house. It will take about twenty minutes to get back to the house. Ryan opens a door that resembles a wall off of the living room and walks Alyssa inside. It is a large room with very little inside it. But it does have a chair and that is where Alyssa is forced to sit. Betsy brings in some more rope and hands it to Ryan.

“Tie her tight to that chair. She can't let anyone know that she is in here but can see and hear them talk with the one way mirror.”

So Ryan takes and unties the rope that holds Alyssa's arms to her breasts. He then throws her arms over the back of the hard, heavy, wooden chair. She will be unable to move it if she could but she is too weak to even cry let alone try and scoot it over to the wall. With her wrists and elbows still bound, Ryan takes the rope and reties it around her breasts taking it first under her somewhat swollen boobs.

After about a half dozen loops he then takes it up over them the same number of times, then takes it back down between them before it goes back over the shoulders and tied off at the wrists. A rope goes around her waist to hold her to the base of back. He then ties her legs together at the ankles, under the knees, above the knees and around her thighs. Finally he ties a rope around her neck and after moving her head back ties that rope to her ankles.

If she moves her legs to attempt to stretch them she will strangle herself. Ryan finishes just as the first lady comes. He slips out the door and heads for his room. Betsy will call him out when he is needed so as to arouse suspicion.

Over the next ten minutes, four other women come including the sheriff's wife. They enjoy Betsy's latest suspense novel. All the time Alyssa can hear and see them talking and laughing. She is sweating again and is sore and scared. If only, she can let them know she is there, they can rescue her. But she can't even scream and if she tries to move, she will strangle which might not be a bad thing to do.

“Did you hear about that plane crash in the mountains?”

The sheriff's wife speaks out, “ That poor girl just wandering out there. I heard they are going to call off the search tomorrow. Figure some wild animal has gotten her by now or she has fallen down in one of the deep ravines.”

Alyssa cries when she hears that. If no one is looking for her how will she get rescued. At this point she really wants to end it all but she doesn't still believing that will let her go.

Betsy smiles as she walks into the kitchen. Ryan comes back out with her and just as she said the women swoon over this handsome young man.

Part Three: Betsy's Turn

The ladies' book club lasted for quite a while – three hours precise. Betsy was getting a little aggravated with them. She had a hot, young teenager in the panic room and a son who was so hot to fuck her somemore that he had to go in and out of the living room so they couldn't see his erection problem. Ryan did go in and check on Alyssa every thirty minutes or so.

She was crying as she realized that everyone thinks she is dead and are not going to look for her anymore. How could they just forget about her? After all, she is only 14 and deserved more. If her father was alive, he would have turned over every leaf to find her but he is dead so there is no one to save her now.

Suddenly Ryan was in again and this time he didn't plan to leave.

“Those old biddies will never leave. Mom is so ready for them to get in their cars and head home. So I will stay in here and keep you company. I know you heard the sheriff's wife say that they are stopping their search for you. That is good, because we can now keep you for quite a while.”

Ryan took his clothes off and came over to Alyssa. The poor teen was sore from sitting in the hard, wooden chair. She was glistening with sweat and had pissed herself as she couldn't help herself. Ryan came over and fondled Alyssa's breasts very hard. He bent over and sucked them hard.

She screamed loudly but Ryan clasped his hand tightly over her mouth just in case the women were able to hear her through the walls of the room.

“You scream again like that and I will pull this noose rope right now.”

Alyssa really wanted him to do it so she could join her father and mother in heaven. Since everyone thought she was dead, why shouldn't she. But there was also a part of her that wanted to live and fight so she agreed to keep quiet no matter what Ryan or Betsy did. Ryan released her mouth and then he untied her from the chair. He bent her over the chair and rammed his cock in her ass. She didn't scream since he still had his grip on the noose rope. He pumped her hard and hard some more like he was letting out his frustration that the women had interfered with his fun. It didn't take him long to come and drop his large load of cum inside her young body. He was doing it again for the third time when he heard his mother.

“Oh I see you are letting go of your frustration. Well, the old bitches are now gone and we are once again alone. How is she doing?”

Ryan rips his cock out and let's Alyssa fall over in the chair.

“I think it upset her about the police stopping their search for her. But now she is ours for how ever long we want to use her.”

Betsy comes in and looks over Alyssa.

“Man, does she stink badly. I think she needs a bath. Go draw her a nice hot one.”

Ryan walks out of the panic room butt naked but they are not expecting any more company so it is alright. He runs the water in the old style oblong tub that is located in the large back room. He gets it nice and full and watches as Betsy walks Alyssa in. The teen now has her wrists bound in front of her. Ryan picks Alyssa up and places her in the tub.

The teenager is at first not happy with the temperature but then it really feels a lot nicer. Ryan stands looking down at her while Betsy is getting undressed. This was the first time that Alyssa saw the naked body of the older woman. The 43-year-old woman had a nice looking body and her large breasts dangled down as she stepped into the water.

“Oh, my, this feels really nice, son. Now you get in behind her. We can both bathe her.”

Ryan gladly climbs in behind the terrified young teen. He straddles his legs on either side of Alyssa and then he reaches his arms around her. His hands grab on to her breasts whil Betsy lathers up a rag to take over the young body. Betsy runs the rag over Alyssa's gagged face and then once that is done, she pulls the gag down.

Before Alyssa can say anything, Betsy leans in and kisses the 14 year old on the lips.

Now only that she then french kisses her running her tongue down deep into her mouth.

“Wow, that was intense.”

Betsy exclaims as she pops the gag back in her mouth and then continues to clean her tortured body. Ryan still has a grasp of one of her breasts and with the other hand is stroking her long, wet hair. It is torture for Alyssa Brown. She wished she had died on that mountain with her dad and uncle.

This was a slow death for her. Betsy now takes aim at Alyssa's breasts. She cleans them especially the nipples and then she sucks them hard while Ryan rubs the girl's back and his large cock vibrates against her ass. Betsy is not very gentle either pulling the nipples out as far as her teeth can pull.

Finally she makes her way down to the poor girl's crotch and pussy. She makes sure that she is good and clean down there. Though she did nothing physical down there, Alyssa knew she was cleaning her really well for a reason. Finally done bathing her, Betsy and Ryan continue just to play and enjoy their helpless captive.

Betsy pops the gag out again and orders Alyssa to suck her breasts. The girl had never done that before so she struggled to suck them well. But Betsy seemed satisfied, closing her eyes as Alyssa did her thing

Finally after an hour in the tub, Betsy and then Ryan got out. They toweled off before they brought a very weak Alyssa out of the tub.

They toweled her body and once she was dry, they took her out to the bedroom. Ryan tied Alyssa down to his mother's bed. He tied her in a spreadeagle. Alyssa feared about what was going to happen next. Sure enough, Betsy comes out of another room, she was wearing a strap-on dildo around her waist.

“I have always wanted do a young girl like you and since everyone knows you are dead it won't matter.”

Betsy climbs on top and Ryans grabs his handheld camera to video this for viewing much later. Alyssa cries and shakes her head. How could this be happening? She is not supposed to be raped by an older woman and here she is helpless to stop her. Betsy rams the large plastic cylinder down Alyssa's pussy. She pumped and pumped and bent over and sucked the teenager's already tortured nipples.

Alyssa looks at the ceiling with no emotion. For the 14-year-old girl, the reality that she will never get out of this alive is coming into view.

Betsy brings Alyssa to a nice climax. Betsy gets off and then Ryan gets on the bed and rams his cock into Alyssa. But to the teen's horror, Betsy didn't climb off instead she got to the top of the bed and sat down on Alyssa's face. The teen must have been horrified as she had to breathe up the woman's nasty ass. The smells must have been bad.

Though Betsy had bathed she still hadn't cleaned her ass and she also shit before she came out of the bathroom. Just when it looked like Alyssa would smother to death, Betsy raised up and let her breathe. Ryan, meanwhile, was coming almost at will. He dropped a couple of big loads of cum before he got off. Betsy got off of the sweating, heaving teenager who was grateful to breathe air again.

It was getting late so the two psychos got the girl ready for bed. She would sleep with Betsy on this night. They left Alyssa in the spreadeagle and gave her a sedative to sleep.

The next day would be her last so they will let her sleep it off.

Part Four: And Now The End is Near

Morning broke to a cool, misty day in the mountains of northern California. Betsy was at her usual 5:30 time preparing a nice breakfast for her son and their young captive. She woke Alyssa up who was sore and whose muscles were restricted by being pulled so tightly all night. The poor girl had pissed and pooped in the bed so she stunk really bad when Betsy took her off of the bed.

“Dammit, girl, look what you did to my bed.”

Betsy slapped her hard on the face and then as she prodded her to walk to the kitchen, she also slapped her bare ass hard. For the first time, Alyssa was not tied up at all. She still had a gag on but that went away when she sat at the table to eat breakfast.

Though she hated her captors, she was, at least, happy to eat something. Alyssa Brown was starved and thirsty so she ate a huge plate of grits, eggs, bacon and toast and drank her orange juice and milk.

The scene looked like any mom in America sitting eating breakfast with their daughter before she went off to school. Except the girl in this case is stark naked.

“Please let me go. I can't take much more. I know you and your son have some compassion. I miss my dad and want to at least bury him properly. So just take me back to where you found me and I will never tell anyone what happened, I promise.”

Betsy gets up from her seat to go get some more coffee.

“So if we just let you go, you will not tell a soul about what we did to you, is that right?”

“Yes, I won't tell anyone. It is too embarrassing and humiliating.”

“So we embarrassed you and humiliated you also. Hmmm! What do you think about that son?”

Alyssa looks aroudn to see Ryan standing behind her. Suddenly he places a plastic bag over her head and holds it tight. The girl starts gasping for air as it is slowly disappearing in the bag. The girl is gasping and thinking this is how it will end. She passes out from the lack of oxygen. Ryan releases the bag and removes it. Alyssa slumps over in the chair.

“She will be out for a while, son. By the way, watched the news this morning and the damn girl dropped a pendant on the ground near where I grabbed her so the authorities are commencing their search again thinking she made it down the mountain.”

Ryan grabs a piece of bacon and while eating asks.

“So we need to expediate what he plan to do, right?”

“Yes, I am afraid that dear, sweet Alyssa Brown will have to die to today. I was thinking about dumping her into one of those barrels down at the old dump site about ten miles from her. She will never be found when we bury the barrel.”

“OK, let's do it after we play a little while longer.”

“Of course, son, we wait until afternoon to do it.”

Alyssa wakes up and finds herself standing or was she? As she woke up more, the poor teenager found that she was bent over standing the middle of the panic room. Her arms ached as she realized that they were bound behind her back but also were raised in a painful strappado position. They were practically head high. Alyssa screamed in pain as she also looked down at her feet.

She is bent over with rope wrapped around each breast causing them to discolor quickly. A rope goes from them down to her big toes which are tied as well. She also has huge clothespins on each nipple. Alyssa is gagged once again and this time it is not a ballgag.

Alyssa has a pair of Betsy's used, smelly, stinky panties crammed in her mouth and a wraparound duct tape gag wrapped completely around it. She has about a dozen winds of tape plastered very firmly around her head. She is crying not knowing what time it is or even if Betsy and Ryan are in the house or not.

“Good, you're awake. Time for some more fun.”

Ryan and Betsy walk into the room completely naked. Betsy is wearing a strap-on around her waist. She goes behind Alyssa and rams the plastic cock into the teen's ass.

Alyssa screams in pain as the older woman rams it further in. Ryan is taking pictures and videos as his mother is having a fun time. Little did Alyssa know that this was going to be her final few hours of life.

After about fifteen minutes, Ryan takes over from his mother and rams his real cock into the teen's inflamed, pained ass. She is crying so hard in pain that the tears are falling on the floor and what isn't falling is mixing with her sweat as the rape of her ass continues repetitively for almost two hours.

Finally Betsy and Ryan leave Alyssa hanging there twitching nervously. How much longer could see she last. It would be another four hours before her captors came back in. Both of them were dressed in normal street clothes. Ryan cuts the strappado rope but leaves her arms tied behind her back. He also secures her elbows behind her back. Alyssa tries to talk behind her gag but the two captors are being very methodical. Betsy unties

Alyssa's legs at the ankle but her knees remain bound. Ryan is binding her breasts in more stringent shape. Ropes were wound below and then above them and then down between them again and tied off at the elbows. A crotch rope was once again tied in her and Alyssa is so sore that she never even whimpers.

“Ready, son.”

Ryan fondles Alyssa's breasts, then ties a rope loosely around her neck and leads her out of the panic room.

“Ready, mom.”

“Ok, let's get this over with. Sorry, kid, but the cops are out looking for someone who picked you up. So we need to get rid of you today. Don't worry you might get out of this.”

Alyssa is crying hysterically trying to get away from Ryan but he is holding tightly on her ropes so the teen is soon quiet. She is forced to walk out to Ryan's car and is strapped in the back seat with Betsy getting in beside her while Ryan is driving. They past one set of trees after another. The area is very desolate and no one is on the road in front of them.

Finally Ryan turns onto a dirt road and after an hours' drive, they stop at what looks like a old dump. Ryan gets out and goes over to a bunch of old rusty barrels that looked like they had been used to store oil.

Betsy is tying Alyssa's ankles with rope and then she starts wrapping duct tape completely around her body as well. Ryan joins her and by the time they are done, Alyssa's only skin exposed are her breasts, her head and her ankles.

“Ok, I think she can hop out to that large barrel.”

For 14 year old Alyssa Brown her final minutes are spent hopping painfully on her legs toward her final tomb. She can hear cars in the distance about a mile over a hill. She can't get any help. Her life is over.

Ryan picks her up and places her in the cramped, smelly confines of the barrel. She screams into her gag as the lid is put on top of it and it is pounded shut. Ryan and Betsy lower it into a nice little tight hole and the crazy couple use their hands and shovels to cover it completely over. Satisfied that the barrel is covered over completely with more than six feet of dirt and rock, the two of them get in their car and drive off. Inside the barrel, death comes quickly for Alyssa.

She smothers in the confines without much air.

No one ever will find the poor teen's body in the barrel unless someone accidentally unearths the barrel someday. Alysss Brown now rests in the dump with five other unfortunate young women who have came upon Betsy and Ryan. Betsy writes another best selling book about the girl who was forever lost on the mountain after the cops ended their investigation.

She wins a Pulitzer Prize in literature for the work and Ryan goes off to school to become a park ranger. But each month the two of them go by the dump to pay their respect to Alyssa and the other girls.

And soon it is another year and a young woman is broke down on a rural road not far from where Alyssa Brown was picked up. She gets in a car driven by a nice older woman who tells her that she has a phone at her house. Betsy smiles as they drive off.