

Kidnapped – And The Ransom Is High

an original story for Baroness V by Reagan Cornwall

Walking along a quiet street one night, a car pulls up alongside me. Inside are two women who ask for directions. As I step over to their car, they jump out and put a blindfold over my eyes, shoving me into the back seat and cuffing my hands and ankles. I realize that I am being kidnapped.

I am driven around for some time and listen in mounting fear as the two women calmly discuss how much fun it will be to have another victim. One of the pair laughs, saying, "A victim and a toy that will have to do whatever we make him do. Serving breakfast to us or being whored out."

I know there's no point struggling – the cuffs are affixed securely – but I am terrified.

I have no idea how much time passes before the car finally stops and the two women get out. The rear door is opened and I'm ordered to get out. Wiggling out of the seat isn't easy but I manage it and am pushed to my knees. I feel a collar being attached around my neck, I hear something being clipped to it and then a sudden yank accompanies a barked order: "Get to your feet and follow us, boy."

Being pulled by the leash, I have no choice.

Inside what I gather is a home, my restraints are removed and I am ordered to strip although the blindfold and hood remain in place on my head. Pausing a moment to grasp my unexpected, new reality, I am jolted back into the moment when my ass is hit with a whip of some sort. The surprise and pain makes me jump and I quickly get out of my clothes.

"Now, stand upright with your arms above your head and legs spread so we can inspect you," one of the voices commands. I do as told, and quickly. I hear the click of high heels walking as the two women apparently circle my body. Sometimes, I am touched or poked as they make comments about what they see.

"Alright, boy, now bend over and put your hands on the floor," the second voice tells me.

"Spread your legs farther," one of the two commands me. "That's better."

Suddenly, one of them is grasping my cock and balls while the other is spreading open my ass cheeks. "Hey, he's tight," she exclaims enthusiastically, working a finger into my hole. "I think we have ourselves a virgin!"

"Love to bust cherries!" the other woman enthused. "It'll be fun deciding whether to use a strap on or the real thing."

Terror grips my stomach. Holy shit, I tell myself, they're going to rape me.... and 'the real thing'? What do they mean by that? I'm not bi and didn't relish the thought of being taken by some leather stud.

Finishing their inspection, I'm directed to rise. They take my arms and re-fasten my wrists behind my back and attach a device to my ankles that keeps my legs spread apart.

My leash is picked up by one of the two and I'm told to hobble along behind them. Moving isn't easy and twice I almost fall but I am caught in time by them. "We're going to hurt you, boy, but we don't want you to hurt yourself," a woman explained mockingly with an evil chuckle.

I lost track of the number of paces I was made to take and, in any event, since they were tiny movements it was impossible to judge whether I'd walked across the room or into a difference space. They stopped me and I heard what sounded like a chain rattling. I realized it was being clipped to the collar I was wearing, and then the sounds of a winch grinding through gears filled me with unease. Surely, they didn't plan to hang me. These women may be crazy but I didn't think they were insane.

As it turned out, the chain was tightened just enough to keep me in one place, my head tilted upward slightly.

"Rest well, boy," one of the voices laughed. "We'll be back in a while to get you after we decide how we will use you."

And so there I was left, bound and blindfolded, a hood over my head, my legs forced wide apart. If I struggled, the chain holding my collar would choke me. I trembled wondering what they had in store, and how my world had suddenly changed so completely.