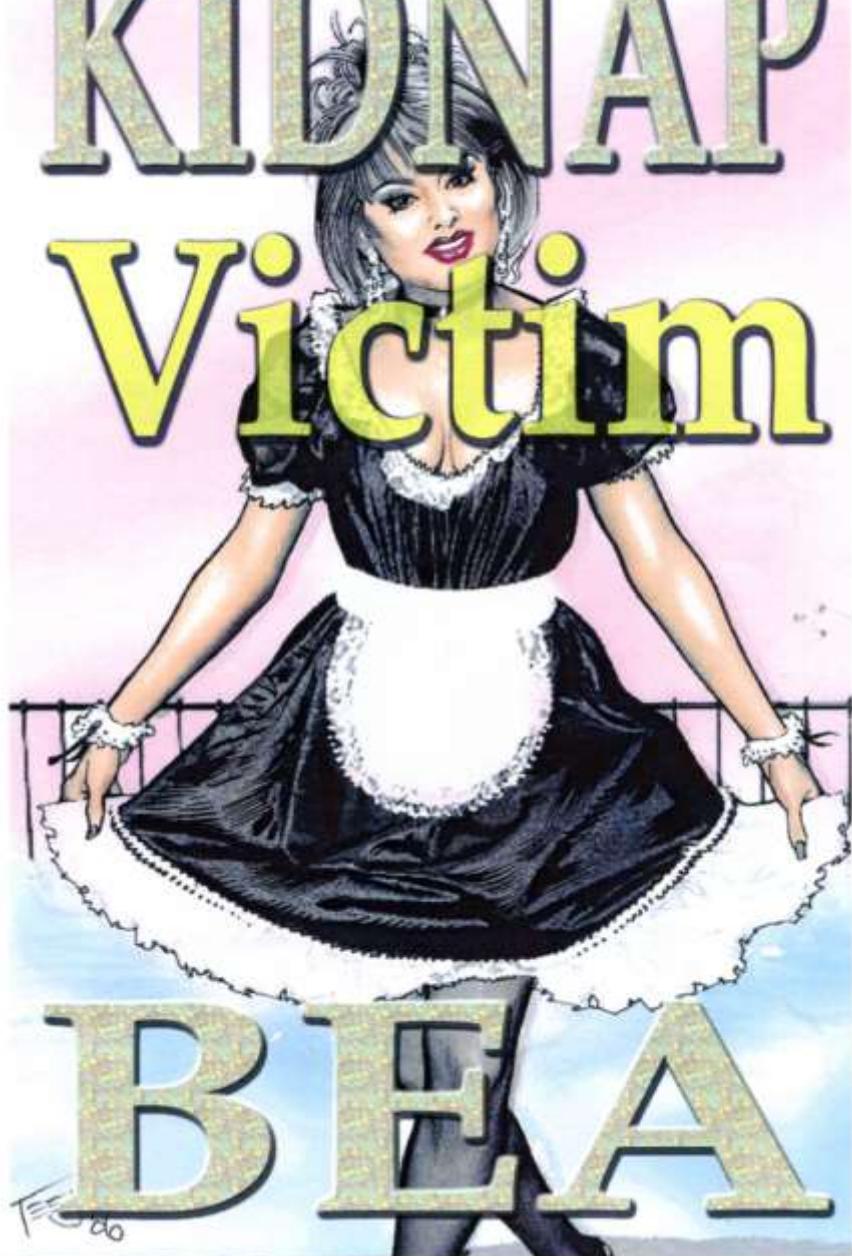


KIDNAP

Victim



BEA



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# Kidnap Victim

By Bea

She had that swagger that the rich bitches seem to acquire the minute they get out of the crib. You know what I mean - perfect teeth, perfectly tousled hair - that they spend big bucks on keeping that way - casual clothes tossed away without a thought that would keep me in comfort for a year.

Kristen O'Keeffe was just that way. A beautiful girl - an absolute knockout, but had a tough look about her. Mind you, she did try to be pleasant to anyone who did anything for her and was a big and generous tipper. She drove a Mercedes convertible - a 600SL but it needed a wash more often than not, and she'd bum rubber going in and out of the parking lot of the exclusive golf club where I worked as an occasional parking attendant. All the guys used to fantasize about how they wanted to stick it in her, but none of them ever said that she had come on to them in any way - which is highly unusual when a bunch of guys get together, especially when there's bunches of nubile young women - with money - coming and going all the time.

Mind you, I don't get on too well with guys. I'm not gay, but I know that some of them thought that about me. I certainly wasn't going to fight them about this either, as I'm kind of small and not much into physical exertion. At the same time, I liked the anonymity. The first time the head attendant called me Charlie, I was going to correct him, then I thought I wouldn't. It's not my name, but there was something comforting about the fact that from that point on, nobody knew me by my right name. For tax purposes, all of the part time help was classified as casual labor, and as we were paid strictly in cash there was no record there as to who I was.

But to get back to Kristen. She was the daughter of a local, very rich father, and a mother who belonged to the 'old-money' set. She was written up in the local papers quite often. Either fawned over by the social columnists, or written up for one escapade or another. At the club, I discovered that she was a scratch golfer - heard the pro piss and moan once about how she could be a pro if she wanted to work at it. She was also the ladies tennis champion - and had been since her early

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teens. She was a damned good looking girl - moved with assurance - a streaky blonde, great tan, a little bit taller than me. At the same time, she never was one to wear pretty dresses or use a lot of makeup. Kept her hair short - a LOT shorter than my ponytail.

I started fantasizing about her. Knew damn well that she'd never be interested in a dull runt like me, but a guy can dream, huh? The idea of having her in my power gradually grew in me though and I started taking more and more jobs out at the clubhouse, just to see her. Be near to her. Once I even got to get her car for her - a stroke of luck because all the bigger guys would fight to get her - and not just because she was a big tipper either. She gave me a ten-dollar tip!

But I knew that under that tough exterior, she was probably just nothing but a soft, spoiled bitch. Worked up quite a resentment against her - who did she think she was?

Then one night, I heard two of the guys talking about Rohypnol, you know - the 'date rape' drug? I heard one of them say that he had some. His friend laughed disbelievingly at him and he got all mad. Went to his jacket and pulled out one of those plastic containers that are used for rolls of film. Opened it and rolled some white capsules out into his hand. "Put one of those babies in a drink? A gal is easy meat!" he boasted. "Tasteless. Melts right away. Knocks them flat on their ass in minutes. Then the broad can't remember shit the next day."

Neither of them saw me.

He kept the pills in his pant pocket that night, but a few weeks later, by chance I was in the dressing room by myself and recognized his jacket. Rattled the outside of a pocket with my hand, and heard a sound. Carefully, scoped out that I was alone and pulled the container out. Quickly opened it and took one out. Closed the container, put it back where it had been, and breathing fast, left the room, amazed at my own audacity. Wrapped the pill in a tissue and stored it my wallet for future use.

Up until then, I had no idea of what I was thinking, but it gradually started coming to me. I could kidnap her - pick up a quick bundle! The house I rented was away out past the suburbs. I could keep her there - she could scream her goddam head off - the thought of this turned me on! I wouldn't hurt her either - hell, I'm not some kind of murdering sleaze-ball! Her parents were rich - probably doted on her. Probably wouldn't call in the cops or the FBI either - not if I convinced them I'd kill her. And most kidnapers get greedy - hell, I didn't need no millions. I figured that fifty - maybe seventy five thousand would be no strain on that family - and that way they'd be less tempted to try and catch me if that was the case.

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I still didn't have a clue as to what to do, but it was as if it was meant to be. I'd started parking my car about a half-mile away from the lot, then would walk in to work. Nobody even commented. One of the guys who worked alongside me must have figured out that I'd lost my car and offered to drive me home, but I turned him down and he didn't bother with me after that. So nobody knew where I lived either.

Then came the night - and it was as easy as pie! She came waltzing out of the clubhouse where a dance had been going on. Had a couple of drinks I think, and was carrying a can of Coke in her hand and taking the occasional sip from it like she often did. I'd seen her come before any of the other guys, so made sure I got her keys. Got the pill out of my wallet and unwrapped it. Put it in my pocket.

I was trembling a little bit, but managed to carry out my suddenly formed plan. Went and intercepted her before she'd got to the hut where the car valet guys hung out.

"Good evening Miss O'Keeffe. Saw you coming and thought I'd save you a walk. Your car is just up there - and I can escort you there if you wish. Save you a wait?"

"Sure Charlie!" she said, a little slurred,. "Let's go!"

We hadn't gone a few steps, when she got a sneezing fit. They really racked her up.

"Achoo! Achoo! Achoo! Here! Hold my drink for me, would you? Achoo!"

She handed me the can of Coke. She was sneezing so hard, that she never saw me pop the pill into it.

She continued to fight the attack for about another minute, while I gave the can a few gentle shakes to help the pill dissolve. Then, breathless, she recovered and took the can from me. "Thanks!" she said, then took a drink, unlocked the car with her remote, then climbed into the car. Put the keys in the ignition, and turned the lights on. I wasn't sure if the pill would actually work - or even how long it would take.

"Miss O'Keeffe? I called out.

She lowered the window a bit. "Yes?" She looked a little woozy, I thought.

"Don't know for sure Miss, but I think there might be something wrong with your tail lights. Give me a second to look at them. Make sure they're okay."

"Huh? Tail lights? Aw shit! Go ahead. Take a look."

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I made sure I took every second I could. When I got there, the lights were fine - obviously. "I'm sorry miss. Must have made a mistake. Would you like to press the brake pedal please? I'll check your brake lights while I'm at it."

There was no response, and the brake lights didn't come on. "Miss O'Keefe? Anything wrong?" I whispered and headed back. She was slumped against the driver's window.

"Oh dear!" I said, just in case anyone could hear me. "Oh - Sorry. Not feeling well? Of course I can drive you home. Just scoot over, will you?" With that, I opened the door carefully, making sure she didn't fall out. She'd dropped the coke and the floor was soaked with it I just pushed her over into the passenger seat beside her handbag, got my safety belt on, then took off.

It took less than a minute to get to the dark parking lot where my car was parked. I dumped her into the passenger seat, then hurriedly drove her car to another part of the lot and wiped it clean of any fingerprints I could have left. I'd never been arrested so I didn't think there was a need to do this - but why take chances?

Less than a half hour later, she was lying fast asleep, chained to my old brass bed. I made sure that the chains were tight enough and that there was nothing she could use to undo the padlocks, then went and slept in the make down bed in the living room. I must admit that I did think of taking advantage of her. After all, I was still a virgin and the thought of any woman mocking my inadequacies in the lovemaking arena had always put me off. Now? Here was a vulnerable girl, who wouldn't even know if I'd been good, bad, or indifferent - but I just couldn't get my interest up, if you know what I mean.

Her yelling awakened me. "What the fugg is this? HEY! What's going on? C'mere you sons a' bitches!" The confidence in the voice and the ferocity with which he chains were getting rattled unnerved me a little. I knew that nobody could hear her outside, but wanted to shut her up, so I quickly slipped a nylon stocking over my face and went into the room. She glared at me furiously - then started to laugh! Shook the bed, she laughed so hard.

"Charlie? You sick shit! What are you doing? Take that stupid stocking off your face. Get these stupid fugging chains off me. This is funny - but not that funny, and you're starting to piss me off! NOW! Get a move on!"

I tried to sound tough, but failed miserably. "Charlie? Who's Charlie? Shut up you stupid bimbo or I'll beat the shit outta you!"

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I could tell immediately that I hadn't scared her one little bit. Her mouth did drop open. - but it was obviously amused contempt.

"Who's Charlie? Oh Christ! Do you think I'm blind? Don't recognize your voice? Look asshole. Let me out now, and I won't beat you up. But if this takes much longer? The first thing I do is stuff that stupid fugging stocking up your ass! Now, loosen those chains! HEAR ME?"

Her face, contorted with rage, didn't have a trace of vulnerability now, I thought as I backed away from her, then practically bolted from the room, shutting the door behind me. The curses and imprecations continued though - the noise she made was making it difficult to think. All wanted to do now was quit the whole thing - but how in hell was I gonna get rid of her?

Then the noise ceased for about two blessed minutes. Then she spoke again, but cooing gently, like a dove. "Oh Charlee! Oh Charlee? Come and talk to Kristen. She won't hurt you - cross my heart and hope to the! Come on! Talk to me. Pretty please with sugar on it?"

The stocking on my face was hot and uncomfortable - and obviously had failed as a disguise, so I took it off. Carefully went back into the bedroom.

She smiled sweetly at me. "That's better Charlie. " Now? Go back into the other room and close the door. Then knock - and wait for me to tell you to come in! Go on now!"

I couldn't help it! Listen, when you've been a tiny, weak, kid all of your life, you learn to do as you're told. She, on the other hand had been brought up to boss people from day one - we were both brainwashed by our respective upbringings. I left the room and closed the door. Then knocked on it, feeling damned stupid. There was a long pause, during which I fidgeted. Then "Who is it?" she said.

I wanted to yell in frustration, who the hell did she think it was? "Charlie." I said.

"What do you want?"

I could feel my blood rush to my face in a flood of rage, but had lost all semblance of reason. "Want to talk with you." I screamed.

"Ever heard the word 'please'?" she countered.

My teeth were locked together and I could barely move my jaws, but I managed to grate out. "This is Charlie. May I talk to you - please?"

"Oh, very well. You can come in - if you must."

Angrily, I turned the handle, and stormed into the room. "I've had enough of..." I was yelling at her on the bed - only she wasn't ON the bed. She was nowhere to be seen!

My mouth started to form the word "What" but I never got that far. Suddenly chain was wrapping itself around my neck, my shoulders, my arms! She was behind me! I struggled, but helplessly. Even without being hampered by the chains, I was no match for her strength - and we both knew it immediately. Easily, she forced me over to the bed and then down on top of it. She was straddling me now, her knees painfully pinning my arms. I looked up into her contemptuous face - and started to cry!

"Oh, for Christ's sake! What the fugg is going on here? Now Charlie? Better tell me - or I'll give you something to cry about!" she said, sounding furious.

"I was holding you for ransom." I admitted. "At least that was what I was going to do. It's all screwed up now." I started to sniffle. "I'm sorry Miss O'Keefe. Honest. I've never done anything like this before."

"That's fugging obvious!" she sneered. "Now who else is in this with you?"

"Nobody."

She peered down at me - finally, a little respect in her eyes. "How did you get me here? I didn't have that much to drink at the dance, surely. Wait a minute! You met me in the parking lot.. didn't you?"

I nodded.

She looked puzzled. Felt the back of her head. "Funny. Not sore there, so you didn't mug me. How in the hell did you get me here then?"

"I put something in your can of Coke." I said.

"Something? What, for instance?"

"I'm not sure. Think they call it Rohypnol." I answered.

"The date rape drug?" she asked, then immediately put her hand down into her crotch - actually grinning at me! "You little bastard! Screwed me while I was under - is that it?"

I looked at her, shocked. "Oh NO Miss O'Keefe! I'd never do anything like THAT!"

The grin left her face, and she shook her head. She moved herself away from me a little, then opened my fly, put her hand inside my underpants, and took my penis and testicles in her hand!

"Christ! You DO have balls after all! Not much to talk about - but you could sure fool ME!" she laughed.

Embarrassed at my erection, I writhed under her hand.

"Aw shit! May as well," she said as if talking to herself, undoing my pants, pulling them down to about my knees, then climbing on top of me, then sliding her moist cave over me.

I was too astonished to do anything but stare up at her. This was NOT what I'd fantasized that lovemaking could be - but it WAS very nice. Then, she slid herself up and down on me a few times, and I came - squealing in a mixture of delight, release, and shame. Then she quickly crawled up me, then sat down on my face. "That was pathetic, you little poor excuse for a lover. Clean me off!"

She giggled and laughed as, half fainting from the heat and her musky odor, I finally realized what she wanted, and proceeded to lick off her womanhood. She was nice enough to raise herself up every so often, so that I didn't faint from suffocation. Finally, the ordeal was over.

"Okay 'STUD'" she mocked. "Where are the keys?"

"Your car keys? They're ... OW!"

She punched me! A hard fist landed right on my shoulder. "For these fugging padlocks you stupid piece of shit! Maybe YOU like to be all bundled up in chains, but I don't!" She was glaring at me again.

"In my pocket. Here," I said, pulling the little key out of there and handing it to her. She nodded and unlocked the padlocks.

"I don't need to chain you up, do I?" She sneered. "You're too scared to run away, aren't you?"

She was absolutely correct. I was frightened out of my wits at the drought of staying close to this female monster. At the same time, I had tire strangest feeling that to run away from her was going to lead to something much worse. Meekly, I nodded.

"Thought so." Was all she said, then added "Go and make me some breakfast. Eggs and bacon if you have it. Toast. But black coffee first though - strong - two heaping spoonfuls of sugar. Got it?"

Before I left the room I had a quick look at the bed, then realized why she thought me such a fool. The brass bed came in sections - sections that could be taken apart! She had simply unscrewed one of the horizontal bars at the top of the frame, and lifted the chain clean off. No wonder she considered me an idiot!

She sat in the kitchen as I fussed around, feeling very lucky that I had everything she had asked for. She started looking around the kitchen, opening drawers, looking behind doors, obviously looking for something.

"What are you looking for Miss O'Keeffe?" I asked nervously.

"Thought for sure that a little pansy like you would have a frilly little apron somewhere. Don't be shy. If you have one? Go put it on."

I flushed at this slur to my masculinity, which simply made her laugh. Once I served up her breakfast, she allowed me to sit beside her and have a cup of coffee - acting as though she was doing me a big favor!

"Now Charlie. What's this all about? Tell me."

I licked my lips. "Well? Your parents are rich. I thought I'd kidnap you, then call them up and say I was going to kill you .."

"You? ... were WHAT?" she roared!" Oh my god! This is hysterical!" Then she sobered up. "How much money were you gonna ask for?"

"Hadn't figured it out exactly. Seventy five thousand dollars or thereabouts."

She stared at me, a forkful of bacon halfway to her mouth. Then put the fork down, with the bacon still untouched. Snorted. "This is unbelievable!" she said slowly. "Seventy five thousand dollars? Jesus H. Christ! First of all I discover that you have balls, but don't use them. Now? Is there a brain in that cranium of yours? If there is, there isn't much sign that you use it either! Seventy five thousand! Jesus!"

"I wasn't going to hurt you though. Honest!" I said desperately. "And I figured that your father would pay up a small amount without bothering to call in the cops. I thought it made sense." I added defensively.

"Charlie? How were you gonna pick up the money?"

"I hadn't got to that bit yet." I admitted. "I'd have thought of something! Sooner or later!"

She didn't say anything for a minute or so, eating her food and taking the occasional sip of coffee, but never taking her eyes off me. Cleaned her plate of egg yolk, using a bit of toast to do so. Popped it in her mouth, then leaned back in her chair, licking her teeth pensively.

"Charlie, my dear little pansy? You'd have been a dead man, within ten minutes of picking up that money."

I flushed, both at the words and her tone. "Yeah - sure! Since when do cops shoot people who don't have a gun?" I sneered back.

She pointed her hand over the table towards me and then quickly flicked her index finger across my nose! "Ow!" I yelled, and my eyes watered.

"Don't use that tone of voice with me darling," she said conversationally. "Just listen up. My dad doesn't give a shit about me - I'm not really his daughter, and he's well aware of it. He's a RICH man - but he didn't get that way letting wimps like you take money from him. He'd never call the cops in - but he has friends in low places - if you know what I mean? LOTS of them. They'd probably take offense at one of their friends having a kid kidnapped. I think that maybe they might have taken a while to kill you. Don't think you'd have enjoyed it one little bit."

Her tone of voice chilled me. What she said was absolutely nothing but a statement of facts. It was quite cool in the kitchen, but suddenly I began to sweat, the ache in my nose a minor inconvenience now.

"But I didn't kidnap you!" I said. "You can go home! I'm sorry! Please! You know I wasn't going to hurt you."

She shook her head. "Pathetic! Goddam pathetic! Go and do the dishes. Let me think!" Shook her head again.

I was only too glad to get something to do that would get my mind off my troubles for even a minute or two - and getting away from her and her sarcastic remarks was a bit of a bonus too.. While I was tidying up, she re-filled her coffee cup, picked up a pencil and a piece of blank paper and wandered through into the living room.

"Anybody else live here?" she called through, setting herself down at my desk.

"No. Just me." I said, wiping down the kitchen table.

"Such a neat little house. You're a good housewife. Make some girl a nice wife someday." She giggled. "Jesus! Can't believe it! Kidnapped by a little princess!"

I flushed furiously, but remembering how quickly and contemptuously she had hurt me just a short time before, didn't answer her, which she ignored totally, writing something on the paper.

I finished in the kitchen, then she called me through. "Let me see your driver's license. Go get it."

"Okay." I answered and did as I was told. She opened up my wallet. Looked at my license. "What is this shit? Thought your name was Charlie? Who's James Scott. You? Picture doesn't look like you - short

hair. Look more like a man than you do with that pansy ponytail. What gives?"

"They started calling me Charlie at the Country Club. Didn't see any sense in arguing with them." I said.

She cocked her head to one side, appraising me again. "Yeah. Maybe - just maybe - there's a brain in there after all. Now think sweetie. This is important. Who knows where you live. Anybody?"

"Only my landlady - and I pay her in cash every month. Even she doesn't know my real name."

"No girlfriends?"

"None."

"No boyfriends?"

"I'm NOT gay!"

"Okay. Sorry about that."

She thought for a minute. "Where did you leave my car?"

"The parking lot for that abandoned mall, about a half mile from the country club."

"How did you get me here from there?"

I had been parking my car there for a while - just in case." I said.

"Did you leave any fingerprints anywhere on it - my car I mean?"

"No. Wiped it clean, everywhere I'd come close to touching."

"What did you do with my Coke?"

"It got spilled on the floor of the car. Sorry. Made a mess."

She shook her head. "Unbelievable! The little polite kidnapper! Did you wipe the can clean?"

"Yes - of course!" I answered triumphantly.

"Very good! Okay. Let's talk. I think I want to stay kidnapped for a while. First things first. Go to the drug store and get me some stuff. Take the money from my handbag - do NOT use a credit card. Neither mine, nor yours. Leave your license here."

"But suppose I get stopped for a ticket?" I asked.

"Drive carefully sweetie. Now run along. We've got lots of things to do today. And sweetie?"