



Reluctant Press

Predators Tamed

Sally Wild



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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Predators Tamed

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Larry Wilson chuckled quietly to himself as he watched his friend, Chuck Smith, masterfully herd their latest victim toward his hiding place. He panted slightly with the sense of growing excitement that always built-up in his seething mind as this part of the operation began to unfold. Reaching forward with trembling fingers, he gently parted the foliage hanging down in front of his face to get a better look at the young girl now hurriedly approaching the thicket in which he had concealed himself.

Charming, just charming, he thought gleefully as he took in her pristine white blouse, tight but respectable knee-length skirt, long nylon-clad legs flashing in the dusky light and shoulder-length blonde hair bouncing about her shoulders as she rushed forward. “You really shouldn’t be out in the park after sunset, Missy,” he mused. “But lucky for Chuck and me, you are. Like so many of you stupid sluts, you just don’t think!”

As was so often the case when he expected his desire for cruel delights would soon be satisfied, his churning brain ricocheted off to past conquests as he licked his dry lips in anticipation of yet another trophy to add to their growing collection.

It hadn’t always been so, of course. There was nothing particularly attractive about either Larry or Chuck. Their short, chubby builds and nondescript faces conspired with their dull wit, poor hygiene and coarse manners to make them almost totally repulsive to any normal woman. Years of rejection had made them increasingly callous and mean, so that by the time they were in their early twenties, both of them were true misogynists.

Casual friends at school, they had barely managed to scrape through graduation. Their reward for such academic prowess had been to be summarily tossed out of their respective homes by parents who were more than happy to see the back of them. Thrust together by economic necessity, they had moved into a sleazy apartment to share the rent while they struggled to find jobs that paid more than minimum wage. Unfortunately, their track record for gaining meaningful employment paralleled their success with attracting women. They still lived in the small, dirty apartment and worked in a succession of low-paying jobs that rarely lasted more than a few months.

For three long years, life was a continual round of unceasing disappointments and rejections that quickly ground them down. It became so bad that they seriously considered ending their miserable lives in a suicide pact. Only the thought of having to suffer any pain or the probability of failing in the attempt kept them from carrying out this final desperate act. Then they had the idea!

An idea so bold, so audacious, that they talked about it for almost a year before proceeding. Like all good ideas, it was simple, really. Not to mention ingenious as it solved several of their ongoing problems. Too short of cash to impress a girl, always being rejected by girls, feeling too socially inept or competent to win a girl over; all of these problems ceased to exist when the idea was implemented. It was just too good to be true! Mind you, it was rough on the women, but who cared about those stuck-up bitches. After all, what had they ever done except spurn them? It was payback time!

The idea was to take by force what they couldn't get by finesse, having money or good social graces. Those prima donna princesses didn't look or sound half as intimidating once they had been beaten into unconsciousness, stripped naked and sexually abused. Larry wasn't sure what turned him on the most, driving his fist into the victim, ravishing her helpless body or tying her up securely with articles of her torn clothing and leaving her to the mercy of the elements or any passerby.

Tonight would be their fifth hit in less than three months. The idea was rapidly becoming an overwhelming addiction in their otherwise dull lives. Each attack had become more confident, more vicious as they vented their long-held frustrations on the women on whom they preyed in the various parks around their neighborhood. Now their only regret was that it had taken them so long to work up the nerve to actually do it. A wasted year of procrastinating and doubts before they had carried out the first hit. An attack that was almost botched due to their lack of experience and general incompetence, but they had gotten away with it.

Five weeks later, they had done it again, using all the lessons they had learned in their first fumbling attempt. It went much better so they had been emboldened to try it for a third time three weeks after that, then again with only a two-week hiatus. Now here they were, just over a week later, getting ready to strike for the fifth time. Larry giggled quietly to himself as the thought how they had turned from wimps to predators in such a short time.

Predators with a growing collection of torn, stained panties to document their prowess as increasingly savage animals of the night. Shit, it felt good to be finally hitting back at society, particularly those damn bitches that had done their best to castrate them. Laugh now, you stupid cows!

The clatter of the girl's high heels on the park path's pavement forced Larry to focus on the present. In a few seconds, she would only be a few feet away from his position and it would be time for him to step out of the shadows and strike. Once she was pummeled into submission, it would be a simple matter of pulling her into the thicket, stripping her, raping her, finally, tying her securely so she couldn't escape without assistance. By that time, Chuck and he would be long gone, gloating over their latest conquest in the safety of their apartment.

The blonde cast a worried look over her shoulder as she broke into a run, obviously spooked by the ominous presence behind her. Too easy, thought Larry as he finally stepped out of the thicket's shadowy shelter and raced the few feet necessary to cut her off.

A startled gasp from her lipstick-covered mouth indicated that she was aware of his sudden appearance just before he slammed into her still-moving body. He felt her go down like a bag of cement, hitting the ground with a sickening thud.

"Hot damn, that was easy," he exclaimed as she lay sprawled motionless on the sidewalk with only the tightness of her skirt allowing her upper legs to remain chastely covered.

"You got her good, buddy," Chuck added as he slid out of the ever-deepening gloom to stand beside the pair. "Didn't even have to hit her and she's out like a light. Should we get her into those bushes so we can get on with our fun?"

"Best idea you've had all day, my man," giggled Larry as he reached down to grab one of her ankles. "Take the other one and we'll get down to the dirty deed."

Chuck laughed his approval as he snatched the other shapely ankle of their victim and the two punks snorted in amusement as her head bounced from side to side as they roughly hauled her deeper into the dark shelter of the tall trees.

"Her pretty blouse isn't going to be so white and pristine now, is it?" Larry chortled as they dragged her along the damp earth. "Not that it would have been in very good shape once we had finished with her, anyway."

"Stop talking and using them damn words like pristine," gasped Chuck. "This should be far enough from the path, don't you think?"

"About forty feet, yeah, that should be enough," agreed Larry. "Now before we start, what do you say to the idea of gagging this one and tying it up to a tree when we leave? That way we could come back tomorrow night and, if we're lucky, it might still be here if nobody finds it and we could have some more fun. We've never done that before."

"Don't know for sure, might be too dangerous," grunted his partner. "Tell you what, let's do the tying-up and gag thing when we finish and we can decide about coming back later."

“Deal, my fellow predator,” crowed Larry. “Now, let’s get this bitch stripped down for some action.”

“Now you’re talking,” Chuck grinned. “I wonder what color panties she has on. I hope they’re pink and frilly. That last cow only had white cotton ones and they weren’t much of an addition for our collection.”

Larry grunted in agreement as he reached forward to rip open the blouse of their prize, stopping to admire the swell of the breasts hidden beneath the fabric as it rose gently with each soft breath taken by the unconscious girl. A very attractive one, he thought. Probably the most desirable wench they had succeeded in capturing so far. Oh yes, it was going to be a most enjoyable evening and maybe even longer if his plan to return for more fun and games worked. He knew Chuck would agree, once he had a taste of the delights hidden beneath the clothes he was going to rip away.

Larry’s shaking hands had barely touched the blouse’s collar when he heard his partner give a strangled gargle and slump heavily to the ground. Startled, he turned to rise but a shadowy movement and slight disturbance in the air surrounding him were his only warning as a strong hand struck him expertly on his exposed neck. A lightening bolt of pain seared through his mind as he collapsed in a comatose heap.

Chapter 2

“All right, sis. Let me get this straight,” Greg Harris drawled. “You want to take on the two creeps who have been terrorizing the neighborhood women for the last few months and you want my help?”

Brenda Harris returned her brother’s exasperated look with an intent, almost fanatical stare. “Damn right, big brother. We both know two of their victims and it’s time they were brought to justice. Something that neither of us trust the local police or judicial system to do properly.”

“I can’t disagree with your assessment of the problem of dealing effectively with the punks, but why do you have to get involved personally?”

Brenda shook her golden locks in irritation at her usually astute brother’s obstinate refusal to allow her to stand up and be counted when it was time for any decent person to take action against a vile pair of thugs. “Because I can and I should, but I need your help to keep the risks to myself to a minimum. If you won’t help me, I’ll find somebody else to provide the backup I need.”

Greg rolled his eyes in mock wonderment at his younger sister’s adamant stand on the issue of bringing the two creeps who had been terrorizing the neighborhood women to justice. But both of them knew his protests were a mere charade as there was no way that he would be able to talk her out of tackling the rapists head on and he would never allow her to go into harm’s way without providing the backup she would need to ensure her safety.

Nor was their discussion just two siblings making empty threats or tossing around idle speculation in reaction to the recent spate of rapes that had caused so much anguish to their neighborhood. In spite of their blonde good looks and amenable personalities, there was a hard, ruthless drive well hidden under their wholesome appearance. A drive that had caused them to take the law into their own hands before.

“So tell me again, what do you intend to do with these scumbags once they’re neutralized? It sounds as if you are going to be breaking just about every law in the state,” he asked in a feeble attempt to put off his inevitable surrender to her demands.

Grinning brightly as she saw his impending acquiescence to her bold plan, Brenda repeated the outline of her ideas on how to not only catch but also severely punish the two thugs whose campaign of vicious sexual assaults had so incensed her.

Greg couldn’t help but chuckle as she lovingly reiterated her thoughts on how the community could be cleansed of this latest blight. There was no doubt that numerous laws would be broken in the process but he couldn’t argue against its effectiveness if Brenda could really make it work. And if he knew his sister, there was little doubt that she would successfully carry out her plan. He almost felt sorry for the two punks she was going to unleash her fury on. Almost but not quite.

Brenda had always been the wilder of the two but her brother, only two years her elder, felt as much hate for violent criminals as she did, particularly for rapists. It had only been a year ago that three young gang members had been responsible for the deaths of their parents. It involved a home invasion that had led to the rape and brutal killing of their mother after their father had been shot down in cold blood trying to stop the three hoodlums breaking into the house.

Greg, twenty-one at the time, had just graduated with a business degree and was on his way home to celebrate with his family. He would never forget driving up to the street and wondering why all the police cars were clustered around the driveway of his family’s home. In minutes, his carefully structured life and thoughts for an enjoyable evening with his sister and parents were shattered with the devastating news. His only consolation was that Brenda had been spared being part of the slaughter as she had only arrived home minutes before he did.

A conscientious neighbor, seeing the three thugs running from the home clutching heavy bags, had been responsible for calling the police. By the time the two siblings arrived, the house had been cordoned off and an intensive investigation was already under way.

An investigation that seemed to consider them, at least initially, as major suspects and one that never managed to find the perpetrators of the foul killings.

Having buried their parents and realizing that they had been well looked-after financially, Greg and Brenda gave considerable thought to what they should do next. As the weeks went by, it became obvious that although they had a good idea

of the gang members involved, the police were not confident that they would ever have enough evidence to bring them to justice.

Neither of them was willing to let this be the final outcome. Greg had always been interested in the martial arts and was a black belt in karate by the time he was twenty. He now turned to unceasing practice to hone his skills, partly to prepare for the day that justice would be served and partly to deflect his crushing grief. Brenda, always the planner, set out to ascertain who had been responsible for her parent's horrible deaths.

Almost without realizing it, they had created an organization with two departments – intelligence and operations – for their own personal vendetta.

By early August, they knew who the perpetrators were. Before the month ended, all three were dead. They were clean, quick deaths from broken necks, but they were dead all the same. The bizarre similarities of the killings lead to a short-lived round of media speculation but if the police ever had any suspicions that the Harris kids had anything to do with the trio's untimely demise, they politely kept it to themselves. After all, there had been no witnesses to any of the deaths and who was going to lose any sleep over three lowlifes coming to a violent end?

In September, both Greg and Brenda returned to college. He was going for his Masters and she was starting her second year for her Bachelor of Arts degree. Before Christmas, they had sold the house in which their parents had been murdered and had bought another closer to the college. There were just too many bad memories in the old one.

Now it was late spring again, almost a year to the day that their life's had been so abruptly and irreversibly changed and their new neighborhood was being threatened by another round of vicious crimes.

As his sister finished her detailed explanation of how she would bring the two rapists to an imaginative but effective form of punishment, Greg could no longer restrain his grin of delight.

"Absolutely amazing, sis. Remind me to never get on your bad side! Count me in for your backup. Who else do you have in mind for helping to carry out this more than appropriate sentence?"

"I have Wendy, she's the sister of April, the second victim of those swine," responded Brenda with a slow smile as she took pleasure in showing her brother how much effort she had already put into the planning of her efforts to deal with the perpetrators. "She will drive the van once we have apprehended the two boneheads in the act and will also help in their training.

"The other main player will be Jane, she's the mother of Donna, who, you will remember, was the third victim. Jane will be providing the house where we will be holding the two bastards while we complete their training. Of course, she will play a big part in their reeducation."

Greg gave a low whistle of appreciation. He knew both Wendy and Jane and there was no doubt that they would provide valuable input into Brenda's diabolical plan. Wendy was a nurse and Jane had an isolated house in the country and

was a trained psychiatrist. More importantly, neither of them would hesitate to take any steps necessary to bring the two rapists to account for their bestial behavior towards the members of their respective families.

Nor could he help being impressed with the speed that his sister had managed to recruit two such effective members to her cause. It had only been two weeks since Donna had been so savagely assaulted.

“As for the next assault, I predict it will be tonight,” Brenda continued in a slow measured way that belied her mounting excitement. “Unfortunately, my analysis of the likely location for the attack only narrows it down to two parks in our neighborhood - Grafton or Wilcox. We’ll have to take a chance on picking one and set up the sting with me as the bait and you as the backup. Can you be ready to go by eight o’clock?”

Still uneasy at putting his sister on the firing line, Greg gave a slow nod of reluctant approval. There wasn’t much to prepare. He would dress in black, complete with hood so that he would blend in with the shadows of the park and they would use small, state-of-the-art communication devices to maintain contact. As for taking the two punks out, he had maintained his martial art skills at a high level throughout the college year now coming to a close.

“How about Wendy and Jane? Are they ready to go as well? We will need help with transportation and accommodation for our two perverts,” he queried.

“No problems,” Brenda shot back with an authoritative air. “All teed up and ready to go.”

“Why you little minx,” Greg pouted with mock chagrin, “you certainly took me for granted!”

“Putty in my hands, dear brother,” laughed Brenda. “You never could stand to see a damsel in distress, particularly your darling sister.”

“Truer words were never spoken. You know me too well,” acquiesced Greg with a complacent shrug. “But time is running out, my dear lady. It’s half past five. Shall we away and prepare? I assume Wendy will pick us up here at eight.”

“Correct on both counts. Thanks for this. I know it’s not the easiest thing for you to do,” Brenda replied with a grateful smile.

Three hours later, Brenda was strolling slowly but purposely through Grafton Park, shadowed by her brother while Wendy circumspectly cruised nearby in her van. Everything went flawlessly: Brenda was more than tempting as she sashayed along the park walkways, Greg was undetected as he flitted from shadow to shadow and communications between the three of them was superb. The only problem was that there was no sign of the rapists. Nothing happened.

By ten o’clock, they had returned to the Harris house while Brenda fretted about their lack of success. She had been so sure that there would be another attack tonight. What if she had been wrong, or even worse, what if the other park had been the location the two perverts had picked for their despicable violence against women?

After a sleepless night, her worst fears were realized when the early morning news confirmed that a vicious sexual assault had indeed taken place in Wilcox Park. The victim, an older woman, was still in the hospital recovering from her injuries.

Brenda was devastated by the news. How could she have picked the wrong park?

Chapter 3

Greg's reassurances and a careful review of her analysis soon convinced Brenda that the fifth attack would indeed take place in Grafton Park. And if the emerging pattern held true to form, it would be only one week after the last assault. She put the word out to her three partners. Be ready to go again, next Friday, same time, same place.

The week passed quickly as Greg and Brenda wrapped up the last week of college and finalized their plans for staking out the park. In spite of escalating nervousness about getting it wrong again, Brenda talked herself out of recriminations of not picking the correct location the previous week. "Just let me get the timing right this time and I'm sure that we will get the two creeps sneaking around in Grafton Park this coming Friday night," she thought.

Realizing that she was the bait for the trap, she took care in dressing as the appointed evening approached. White blouse, black knee-length skirt, black pantyhose and black pumps with three-inch heels – creating a definite come-on without being obviously sluttish in her dress was her M.O. She also took time to make sure that her long blonde hair and makeup were perfect. "No sense in giving those perverts any reason to pick someone else. This has got to work!"

There had been a light rain earlier but the sky was clear and the temperatures were mild by the time they left the house at eight o'clock. Greg ran a last communications check, then lapsed into quiet reflection as Wendy drove them to the drop-off point near Grafton Park. Brenda knew that he was turning his thoughts inward in a near meditative state as he prepared himself mentally for what lay ahead. She wisely kept her thoughts to herself, although the building tension was almost enough to make her want to talk about anything, no matter how trivial.

Wendy smoothly pulled up to the agreed-upon location and the time for reflection was over. Quickly but calmly, they exited the vehicle and, before she knew it, Brenda was standing alone on the pavement as Wendy pulled away and Greg melted noiselessly into the shadows.

The sun was still settling in a colorful red display in the West so Brenda didn't immediately enter the park. Instead, she walked slowly around the perimeter, noting that traffic was already light and other pedestrians were almost nonexistent. As the park was only two or three acres in size, it didn't take her long to make her slow circuit.

Finally, as the shadows grew ever longer in the dusk, she decided to make her way into the park. Picking up her pace so that it appeared as if she was hurrying to meet someone, she listened to the click of her high heels on the paved path as she moved gracefully along in her inviting dance of entrapment.

She cursed under her breath when she sensed no movement, heard no sounds or picked up on anything remotely resembling someone following her. Not surprisingly, there was no sign of Greg but she was sure that the two punks they were tracking wouldn't be half as good as he was.

With a half moan of despair, she exited from the other side of the park. She would only be able to do this a certain number of times before she spooked their prey or the police picked her up for soliciting. Bringing her ragged breathing under control, she moved down the road until she came to another entrance into the deepening gloom of the park.

Her heart literally leapt into her mouth as she realized that someone had followed her through the entrance. Not a particularly large individual but a man; she was sure of that as she further increased her pace.

Although she knew that her brother was monitoring her every move and listening to the miniature communication device that connected them, Brenda felt a surge of irrational fear as the stranger increased his speed to match hers. Suppressing the urge to scream, she walked even faster, well aware that she was moving further into the dark shadows of the park.

The clumps of trees and undergrowth that looked so inviting in the bright light of day assumed a more sinister aspect in the ever-deepening gloom. A slight breeze caused their branches to sway slowly with a quiet rustle of motion. Brenda suddenly felt very much alone in a threatening environment. Gasping with fear, she glanced over her shoulder in an attempt to confirm that her sense the pursuer was getting closer was indeed accurate.

The clatter of her heels blotted out any noise that the man stalking behind her made but there was no doubt that he was closing the gap between them. Panic blossomed in her mind as she broke into a slow run. Suddenly, wearing pumps and a tight skirt seemed to be a serious mistake.

A flash of movement to her front caused her to gasp before she was bowled over, crashing to the ground with a heavy thump. Surprisingly, the harsh impact drove out the momentary panic that had caused her brain to shut out any rational thought and she remembered to fake unconsciousness.

Lying absolutely still as the two goons grabbed her ankles and started to drag her off the path took an almost superhuman effort. Letting her head loll back and forth as she was pulled unceremoniously over the damp ground wasn't too difficult but having to remain supine as they discussed what they were going to do with her was by far the hardest thing she had ever done. The only consolation was that it definitely confirmed the two yahoos were indeed the ones responsible for the series of rapes throughout the neighborhood.

Concentrating on making no movement and keeping her eyes closed allowed Brenda to ignore her ever-increasing desire to scream or jump up and run away. She knew that her only hope of avoiding further injury was to remain perfectly still and pray that Greg would take the two perpetrators out as quickly as possible. Even so, she almost flinched as she felt one of the slimy bastard's hands touching the collar of her blouse.

A strangled grunt and a thud as a comatose body hit the ground followed by the meaty sound of a blow and the weight of a collapsing body over her legs were the only indication that the cavalry had finally arrived. She allowed her eyes to flutter open as her brother asked with a husky tone of worry if she was all right.

"What took you so long, you rat? A girl doesn't like to be kept waiting," she quavered as her nerves threatened to overwhelm her once again.

"It's fine, sis. You did really well. Here, let me get this piece of shit off of you, then we have to make tracks out of here. I've already called Wendy and she will have the van waiting down at the end of the North entrance. It's nice and secluded and, luckily, not far from here. Are you ready to help."

His calm voice helped her to regain her composure as she scrambled to her feet, shaking her skirt back down into a more modest position. "More than ready, big brother. Let's get these two ready for their little trip."

Greg nodded agreement and pulled out four sets of plastic restraints. In seconds, Larry and Chuck's wrists and ankles were securely bound. "Right, I'll take this one first. You all right to stay with the second joker?" Greg asked as they finished.

Although the thought of staying alone for more than one nanosecond with one of these scum was not a welcome one, Brenda managed to get out a confident affirmative to her brother's question.

"Good, because I won't be long," grunted Greg as he hoisted Chuck onto his shoulders in a fireman's lift. "Neither of them should wake up any time soon but if yours starts to stir, just use that choke hold I showed you and he won't be able to make a peep."

"Yes, yes, just go," replied Brenda as she watched the oddly-shaped bulk of her brother and his burden disappear quickly into the gloom. "Just don't take too long," she muttered nervously to herself as she glanced around the dark underbrush that surrounded her.

In minutes, although it seemed like hours, Greg suddenly reappeared by her side. Even though she had been anxiously waiting for his return, Brenda was hardly aware of his movements. She slowly let a soft sigh of relief escape from her mouth as he lay a reassuring hand on her trembling shoulder before scooping up the second rapist and indicating she should follow him out of the park.

Two minutes later, they were all safely ensconced in the van. Greg slid into the driver's seat and slowly eased the vehicle onto the main road. No other cars or pedestrians were in sight as they left the obscuring shadows of the trees located by

the northern entrance to the park. It would appear that their egress from the area would be as unnoticeable as their arrival less than an hour previously.

As the van moved steadily to their destination, Brenda and Wendy worked quickly but methodically on the two inert bodies in the back. Using scissors, Brenda cut their clothes off until they lay as nude as the day they were born while Wendy used two large needles to inject a considerable amount of liquid into their fleshy backsides.

“There that should keep our two Prince Charmings out for the count for a while, not to mention the shots had a few other goodies to make sure they off to a good start with their new way of life,” she announced with gleeful satisfaction. “Lord, they stink. They sure don’t look like much. Are you sure that these are the two scumbags that violated April and Donna?”

“Very sure,” replied Brenda, “or at least as sure as one can be from their conversation while I was pretending to be out cold. And if you think that their body odor is bad, you should get a whiff of their halitosis! I almost threw up when one of them leaned over me before Greg arrived on the scene.”

“Better you than me,” muttered Wendy. “I must admit, I don’t think that I would have had the gumption to do what you just did.”

Brenda paused from emptying the pockets of Larry and Chuck’s tattered pants. “It doesn’t really matter. It’s done. Now what do we have here? Two wallets and two sets of apartment keys but nothing else, which would indicate that our boys liked traveling light or they don’t have much to their names. Probably the latter, from the looks of them.”

Wendy quickly pushed the shredded clothing into a green garbage bag while Brenda flipped the wallets open. “Hmm, just as I thought, no driver’s licenses, but from this other identification, it would appear that our less-than-dynamic duo are Larry Wilson and Chuck Smith. Here’s their address, not exactly the most salubrious part of town, may I add, so it would appear that they live together in some run-down apartment. Real losers by the looks of it, losers who choose to take out their frustrations on women. We’ll be able to check out their place tomorrow. No doubt it will give us a few more clues about what made them tick, as well as provide even more proof of their guilt.”

Greg continued to drive the van out of the city and towards the surrounding countryside as the two women in the back continued their conversation about the plans they had devised for Larry and Chuck. In spite of his hatred of them and all their kind, he couldn’t help but shudder slightly as the discussion touched on the details of what lay in store for the two rapists. Again, he almost felt sorry for them. Almost, but still not enough to lose any sleep over their pending torment.

Chapter 4

Chuck gave a low groan of pain as he gradually surfaced from the depths of a dreamless slumber. The mists of fuzzy thinking that had plagued him for most of his life made it difficult to focus his mind but his lack of ability to concentrate seemed even worse than it usually was. Slowly, he regained full consciousness in a series of erratic jolts from comforting sleep to a less pleasant reality.

He could remember being in a park with his good buddy, Larry. What were they doing again? Oh, yes, they had just got their hands on another bitch, hadn't they? A really nice-looking one, young and sweet and all ready for their tender ministrations. Then, just as they were ready to unwrap the package, there was a terrible pain in his head and nothing but darkness until now.

But where was now? What was going on? Nothing seemed to make any sense, as Chuck's less than rapid brain churned over a confusing lack of information. Why was everything so unexplainable? Fear of the unknown caused him to keep his eyes screwed firmly shut although he knew that some of his questions might be answered if he looked around his present surroundings.

A dull pain pervaded almost every inch of his body while his muscles seemed to almost sag with a washed-out weakness that promised to make any movement difficult. At the same time, his torso seemed in the grip of a tight, almost crushing, confinement. Even breathing in short, shallow breaths demanded a concentrated effort. It was if there was an unaccustomed weight pressing down on his chest.

Still he procrastinated, perhaps driven by an almost primal sense that his findings would only confirm that his new circumstances would not be anywhere as pleasant as standing in a park with his friend, waiting for succulent young female flesh to be exposed. No, it was better to lie here and ignore whatever knowledge might be waiting out there for him.

But even Chuck's low gear brain finally concluded that he couldn't just lie there with his eyes shut. He really did need to know where he was and what was going on, no matter how bad it was.

He slowly opened his eyes and was thankful that the room was only dimly lit. At least there was no blinding light to contend with before his eyes had an opportunity to adjust. But any hope he had of quickly ascertaining his location was rapidly dashed. He could only see that he was in a small room with plain white walls, a closed door and a heavily curtained window. The feeble light came from a small lamp on what appeared to be a dresser along one of the room's walls.

Damn, he felt weak and there was nothing about the room to indicate where he might be. "Maybe I was in an accident and this is a hospital room," he thought. But there was something not quite right about it, it didn't really feel like a hospital room. "What the hell is going on? Why do I feel the way I do? I've never been a super athlete but I'm not normally *this* screwed up!

"Can I get up?" was the question that slowly surfaced in his struggling mind. "Then I could see where I am. But do I really want to get up?" Indecision rattled around his brain like dice in a gambler's hand.

Finally, with an almost superhuman effort, he broke out of the cycle of conflicting thoughts and decided that he should at least try and sit up in the bed. Relief over having made that simple decision quickly turned to panic when he realized that he couldn't move his arms or legs.

"I'm paralyzed from the accident," his mind screamed in anguish as he grappled to meet this new reality. Self-pity swept through him as tears rolled down his cheeks. "How could this happen to me? I'm too young to end up like this! What did I do to deserve this anyway?"

Slowly, as his sobbing subsided, he gradually began to understand that he could actually wiggle his toes and fingers. He wasn't paralyzed at all; he was only restrained to the bed. Relief surged through him only to be replaced with anger that someone had tied him down and left him alone so that he would think that he couldn't move because of some horrible injury.

"Damn you," he squeaked in fury only to fall into stunned silence at the sound of his voice. It had never been deeply masculine but now he sounded like a high-pitched soprano.

"What, what is going on? My voice, it shouldn't sound like this!" he wailed in abject fear that there was indeed something wrong with him.

Tears once again dripped down his face as he began to realize that his original anxiety about being in deep trouble was a true premonition. Morbid curiosity to see exactly what his predicament was and the need to give in to a bleak depression battled to gain the upper hand in his disjointed mind.

In the end, curiosity won the battle and he ceased his futile crying and began to think of a way of trying to ascertain what had happened to him. Several minutes of frantic thought eventually caused him to understand that even if he couldn't move his arms or legs there was still the option of raising his head so that he could look down the length of his prone body.

Carefully, slowly, straining his weak muscles, he raised his head so that he could do just that. And immediately mewled in horror at what he saw. Dropping his head back on the flat pillow, he screwed his eyes tightly shut in an effort to obliterate the vision of what he had just seen.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't erase the sight that was indelibly inscribed in his brain. He had seen large mounds on his chest tightly encased and forced together by a tight garment that encircled his upper body like a vice. Damn it, he had breasts and cleavage! Something that should only exist on girls. There was no doubt that what he had outclassed a fair number of that gender.

Steeling his rattled nerves, Chuck opened his eyes and forced his head back up so that he could once again gaze down his altered body. He couldn't resist the need to reconfirm that what he had just seen wasn't a terrible figment of his imagination or some hideous nightmare. Eyes protruding from the strain of holding his head at an unnatural position and the sight laid out before him, he gasped in dismay to realize that what he had first seen was indeed unchanged.

Moaning in despair, he let his head fall back on the pillow as he tried to recollect what he had seen on his second attempt to absorb as much information as possible of the feminized object his body had become. There were definitely large tits, held firmly in place by what he now recognized as a white corset. Something he had only seen in his favorite porno magazines before today.

And something worse that he had glimpsed over his twin mounds, a flat crotch area covered by frilly white panties. Did that mean that he had been cut down there? Was that why his voice was so high-pitched? Bile rose in his throat as he thought of the possibility of having been castrated. Who would want to do such a thing to him?

Chuck's mind threatened to overheat as tears of self-pity streamed down his cheeks at what had been done to him. His sobbing only intensified as he realized that sheer, black stockings covered his legs while his feet were crammed into a pair of high heels. Garter straps from the corset bottom ran underneath the panties and securely held the stockings in place so that a strip of hairless skin on each of his thighs was clearly observable. Damn, someone had turned him into a parody of one of the pinups in his magazines! What the hell was going on?

As Chuck lay in a pitiful heap of misery contemplating the awful truth of his new reality, Larry was slowly emerging from his enforced unconsciousness in a nearby room, a room very similar to the one that held his friend except that the walls were pink rather than white.

His eyes flicked open as he tried to gauge exactly what had happened to him and where he might be. Although he was no intellectual giant, Larry possessed a razor-sharp mind in comparison to Chuck. If nothing else, he had a feral cunning which had stood him in good stead over the years.

He knew immediately that all was not well but he kept a stoic silence as he carefully scanned the innocuous-looking room for any clues as to what had happened to him. He distinctly remembered his growing excitement in the park as he prepared to rip the blouse off the victim lying so enticingly at his feet, then nothing but a sudden burst of fear, followed by blackness. Now his well-attuned antenna for personal survival twitched nervously. He knew almost instinctively that he was in big trouble.

A grunt of disappointment escaped his lips as he could see nothing untoward about the room. Two doors, presumably one to enter or exit the room and the other for a bathroom, a heavily-curtained window and a dresser along one wall with a lamp that emitted a dim light. Nothing else, or at least nothing he could see while lying on his back on the twin-size bed.

Damn, his body felt like it had been hit by a truck; a very large truck. He couldn't take a full breath without feeling an intense sense of compression over his whole upper torso.

The desire to lie still and not attract any undue attention to himself jostled briefly with the need to know more about his present situation. Finally, the discomfort bearing down on his body caused him to decide in favor of trying to find out more about his present situation.