**Caged Kitten**

by MeatBot

*Synopsis : Teen girl is imprisoned by one of her perverted neighbors. It has forced sex and rape, though written mildly, and in the end all turns out well.*

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Stormi Sincere didn't really like her name. A lot of the other kids at school made fun of it. She finally just learned to put her head down, and deal with it. She was just glad that her mom had started her out in school with just her middle initial, instead of her actual name. Nobody knew her middle name, and nobody would, if she had her way. She just told people she didn't have a name, just an initial. An "F". Most people accepted that. Some of her friends called her by her initials, kind of, they called her "STFU Sincere", at least in notes and such, which amused her. She liked that more than her name.

Anyway. She was a fairly normal fourteen year old girl, living in a fairly normal small town, in a fairly normal state. There wasn't really anything about her that wasn't fairly normal. She's so normal, I'm not even going to really describe her, except to say that she's a brunette, long, waist-length hair, dark and dusky, and really exceptionally beautiful, when you stopped and looked. At first glance most folks passed her over, but she often got second glances. And third, and fourth. She had that special something, that charisma, or whatever you want to call it. She was special, in spite of being normal.

Everybody noticed it, eventually. Some people quicker than others, like Mr. Grody, who lived down on the corner from her. He was the neighborhood weirdo. Every neighborhood has one, it seems. He was an older gentleman, probably in his mid fifties, and I say gentleman loosely. He was not very gentle. He bitched at the kids for walking in his yard. He bitched at the garbage men if any trash fell on the ground and they didn't pick it up. He bitched at the manager of the local Walt-Mart if they didn't have exactly what he wanted, which was pretty much every time he visited. He was one of those people that most folks avoided. But, just because he was a gripy, whiny old man doesn't mean he was evil or anything. But, most folks that had been in town a long time knew the real truth behind him. He was evil. Or rather, he had been evil, in the past. He had done time, back in the seventies, for beating a woman, and trying to kidnap another one. Shit like that. That had been a long time ago. You had to give people a break, at some point. Now, most people just treated him like a whiny old bitchpot, and avoided him.

Anyway, Mr. Grody seemed to have a soft spot for Stormi. Well, and any other cute girl, but her in particular. Nobody but her knew it, but he always bought Girl Scout cookies from her, and stuff like that. Lots of it, usually, and he liked to stand at his door and talk to her as he did. He would always say "howdy" to her when she walked by on the way to and from school, if he was out. And, he was usually out, to make sure the kids didn't walk in his yard. Maybe he liked her because she never walked in his yard. Then again, maybe he liked her because she was cute, and... dare I say it... sexy. Who knows.

Stormi knew. She could tell he was undressing her with his eyes. She felt it. She avoided him, as best she could, which wasn't hard, since she hardly every saw him. She knew, though, at least subconsciously, that he perved over her. She could just feel it. She knew he was a dirty old man. On those rare occasions that he ran into her, though, he treated her like a long lost friend, and would want to stop and talk. She always did, just to be polite, but she avoided him if she could see him coming. And those damn breath mints. He always offered her a breath mint. He was always sucking on one. He probably needed to, she thought. But it made her paranoid about her own breath. I mean, she thought, why is he always offering me one? Am I that bad? Mr. Grody, more than her dentist, was responsible more than anything for her excellent dental hygiene.

She often saw him walking down the alley, shuffling, really, his head down, as he returned from Walley World. Carrying those white sacks. He kind of made her laugh, then. She often sat out in her back yard, in the porch swing, sometimes until well after dark. One clear, beautiful summer evening, she finished her chores up, well, that makes it sound like a lot, actually all she had to do was clear the dishes, and help her little brother scrape them and stuff them in the dishwasher. Then she was free. She called her friend Bethany on her phone, but Bethany and her family were going to her Grandma's house. Foot. Nothing to do. She wandered out into the back yard, and sat in the swing, like she often did.

The funniest thing was there, in the swing. A stupid breath mint. Oh god, she thought, did he leave this for me? He sees me sitting here when he walks down the alley. Did he leave this, for whatever reason he's always trying to give me one? What a weirdo. She flicked it onto the ground, and sat.

It was a calm evening. It slowly turned into night. She opened her eyes with a start. What the hell was that? She'd been asleep, or close. A possum ran across her field of vision, and she laughed. She looked at the house. All the windows were dark, except for Filbert's. Filbert wasn't really his name, Phillip was his name, but she called her little brother Filbert, just to annoy him. It was Tuesday night, her mom would be across the street, at the Devlin's, playing poker. She relaxed, checked her phone for messages, and leaned back in the swing. She felt restless, and bored. She wished something would happen.

Something did happen. Somebody behind her clamped their hand over her mouth, and pressed something into her neck. She tried to scream, but she couldn't even breathe at the moment, much less scream.

"Don't make a peep," a voice whispered, "I got a taser on your neck. You don't wanna get tased, trust me."

She didn't really know what a taser was, or what it did, but it was beside the point, she couldn't even breathe. The person finally stopped pinching her nostrils, and she drew a shuddering gasping snuffle through her nose. She tried to struggle then, but the guy pressed the taser harder into her neck, and clicked the switch for a brief second. Searing pain, centered around her neck, ran through her body. She just froze, and stopped all resistance.

Now the guy had a problem. She was in the swing, and he was behind it. He finally just roughly dragged her over the back, and let her feet fall to the ground. She didn't even have the strength to stand. Or the will to. She realized by now that she was in deep trouble, and she knew that trouble's name. Mr. Grody. She could almost recognize his scent. You bastard, she thought, you'd better not touch me or I'll... I'll...

She didn't know where to go from there. She didn't have a dad, to stick up for her. She was mad enough, at that moment, to do her own sticking up for. If he'd just let her go. And that damn taser thing, that had really sucked.

"Stand up!" he hissed at her, and pulled her up a little. She stood, and tried to kick him in the nuts, behind her. She didn't even get close.

"Uh uh!" he said, and pressed the taser to her neck again. She froze, out of fear, and was glad that he didn't fire it again. He dragged her towards the alley. There wasn't even a gate, just an opening to walk through. In seconds they were in the alley, headed towards his house.

Oh shit, oh shit, she thought. I cannot let him take me into his house. I just cannot. Her mind raced for things to do, for ways to get away from him. God, she thought, he's strong for an old fart. Stormi wasn't a big girl, but she wasn't small, either. She was, like I said, average. But she was powerless in his grasp, she felt like a little kid again. He just dragged her along, through the darkness, headed for his house, now barely a few hundred feet away.

It was Mr. Grody, she now knew for certain. They were right at his house. Shit! she thought, how can he do this, how can he think he'll get away with this, everybody knows he's a perv... and she knew about the stuff he'd done before, she'd heard people talking. He'll be the first suspect, she thought. He'll be number one on the list.

They were in his yard, now. She didn't feel much satisfaction at being right, though. She was more scared than satisfied. He dragged her around back, to where two cellar doors lay opened.

"Step up," he said, roughly, and she stepped over the concrete threshold, and down into the cellar. She did fight him then, taser or no taser, but it was too late. The two of them stumbled down the stairs, and at the bottom he zapped her again with the taser. Good, this time. She collapsed to the ground, quivering, unable to speak, or scream or anything. He dropped her, and went back up the stairs to close the doors. By the time he returned she had recovered a little, but she still couldn't stand. He went to a large water tank in the corner, and put his back into it, shoving it aside. He fiddled with the wall behind it, and then came back to her and roughly pulled her to her feet. He took her to where the water tank had been. A small doorway was now exposed, and it was dark inside. She fought him again, and she finally was able to scream. For just a second, though, and his hand clamped again over her mouth. She tried to bite him, and he pressed to taser to her neck.

"Don't make me," he said, and she stopped struggling. He pushed her head down, and shoved her through the hole. She stumbled and fell, and tried to get up in the darkness. He had followed her through, and he stepped on her as he tried to get situated. He finally found a switch and flipped on the light, and as she got to her feet she could hear the water tank scraping the ground as he pulled it back over the small doorway.

She turned to him, opening her mouth to scream, her hands out like claws. She was ready to gouge his eyes out, if she had to. He was a guy, and bigger and stronger than her, but not that much bigger and stronger. He body was vibrating with adrenalin. She knew that his was her only chance. She was in his basement, in his secret room. She just didn't know it was a secret room, yet.

He held the taser in one hand, and now he had a small pistol in the other. Shit, she thought.

"Scream if you wish. No one can hear you in here. No one. This whole room, and the door, is soundproofed," he said, waiting for her to attack. He could see the panic in her eyes, and the trembling of her hands. He knew he had to break her spirit, and quick.

"Don't make me tase you again. And don't make me shoot you. Look. Look behind you."

She didn't trust him enough to look. He motioned again, somewhere behind her. She finally turned, and glanced for a second behind her, and then back to him. She'd seen what looked like a large hole, dug in the earthen floor that was still in that corner.

"That's your grave, if you don't behave," he said. "I'll put you in that, and no one will ever find you. Nobody even knows this room exists. I dug it myself. It's not on the plans of this house, even if they exist somewhere."

"You bastard!" she screamed at him, feeling powerless. She was breathing so hard right now she was almost hyperventilating. She felt like she could kill him with her bare hands, if he hadn't been armed.

"Get used to it. Turn around," he said. She just stood there, staring at him, trying to burn him up with her hatred.

"Turn around!" he said, coming towards her with the taser. She flipped him off, and turned, turning her back to him like she didn't care, like she wasn't scared shitless.

He must have put the gun back in his pocket, because he grabbed her again, his arm around her neck. She didn't struggle. Now is not the time, she told herself. Let it go. You will have your moment.

She looked up, as he dragged her forward. There, right in front of her, was a cage. Her mouth almost dropped open. Seriously, a cage? This almost seemed like something out of a bad movie by now. She almost stopped and shook her head.

The front of the cage was made out of some kind of thick clear plastic, an inch thick, at least. Metal strips ran up and down where the sheets were fitted together. A door with piano-case hinges stood open, and he shoved her in it, and shut the door. There were two clasps, one at the top, and one at the bottom, and he slid padlocks through each one. She ignored him for a moment, and turned and looked. The main body of the cage was made of steel beams with separated metal welded to them. The floor was some kind of hard plastic. There was a cot in one corner, with a single pillow and blanket. A small toilet chair was in the other corner. A table and a single chair was at the front, on the side where the door was not. In the middle, close to where she was standing now, was a slot, covered over at the moment, but hinged to allow it to swing down. At several places on the front of the cage dozens of holes were drilled in the plastic, assumably to allow airflow or conversation. She turned to stare at him.

"You have got to be fucking kidding me," she finally said. He just stared at her.

"A cage? I mean, really? A fucking cage?" she said, almost laughing. She felt hysteria just a moment away. Get a grip, she told herself.

"Stormi," he finally said, still just staring at her, "this is your new home, until you learn to appreciate me. Get used to it. Accept it, and things will get better. Fight me, and you eventually will not exist."

"Shit," she just shook her head, and looked at him.

"And watch your language. Young ladies do not cuss," he said. She felt hysteria bubbling just beneath her surface. Here she was, in a cage in a crazy old man's basement, and he was lecturing her on her language.

"You better look around your new home in a hurry," he said. "Until you prove you deserve it, I'm not leaving the lights on when I leave."

Oh shit. The reality set in, and that. She did not want to be down her alone, in the dark. She plastered herself against the front of the cage, fighting down tears.

"Mr. Grody... please," she hated herself for begging. "Please don't turn out the lights... I'll be good..."

"It won't be totally dark. There is a red LED for my cameras in there. But, like I said, you need to earn it. We will start right now. Just be good and do what I say, and everything will be okay. Okay?"

She nodded, hating herself again. She made a vow, that instant, that she would have her vengeance on this motherfucker. On this crepuscular old fart who dared to put her in a cage. She would live, for no other reason, from here on out, to see his sorry ass in prison, or dead. So help me god, she told herself. So help me god.

He double-checked the locks, and turned to leave.

"I'll be bring you breakfast in the morning. Just stay calm and quiet," he said, and flipped off the lights. It was instantly, absolutely dark. She heard the scrape of the water tank. She heard the inner door shut, and the tank scraped again. Then there was silence.

In the upper front left corner of the prison cell, she saw a red LED shining. Another shone from the left rear corner. So, she realized, that was where the cameras were. Right before he had left, she had hurriedly looked around the basement, just to try and familiarize herself with her surroundings. In the far corner stood a regular toilet, looking funny all out in the open by itself. A sink was nearby. A table and a few shelves were pretty much it. In the other corner was some kind of weightlifting machine. And that was it.

Ha ha, you stupid old bastard, she thought, pulling her phone out of her pocket. She pushed the button, and it lit up, illuminating her face and a few feet around her.

Shit! No signal! She shook it, feeling hysteria mount again. Her hands trembled and she fumbled with the screen, going to messages. She sent a misspelled text to Phillip, saying simply "Mr Grody house", but it didn't send. No signal. She felt tears running down her face. She finally went to the cot, and slumped down, her back against the smooth wall of the cage. She did cry then, she cried her eyes out. For an hour or two, at least. She felt helpless, and alone, so alone. I cannot understand this, she told herself, I cannot understand why he is doing this. He could have raped her in the back yard, if he had wished that. He could have just raped her and left her. That would have been better than this. She had seen the hole in the floor. He'd called it her grave. She wondered if she'd go into that hole, eventually, no matter what. He wouldn't dare turn her loose, after this.

She realized that as dark as it was, the two red LED lights in the corners of the cage provided a minimum of illumination. Now that an hour or so had passed, and her eyes had adjusted, she could see pretty good, in fact. She could make out the cot, and the toilet chair, and the other chair and table. There was something on the table. She rose and went to it, walking carefully, since it was still plenty dark. One the table was what looked like a stack of books, and several bottles of water. She opened one, and sniffed it experimentally. Just smells like water, she thought.

She jumped as some kind of buzzer went off. A few seconds later it buzzed again. She had no idea what it meant. She returned to the cot. She looked at her phone for a second, to see what time it was. A bit past nine. Her mother wouldn't be home for another hour, she realized. She wouldn't be missed, until then.

She realized about that time, in all the confusion and craziness of the abduction, that she had wet herself. Not a whole lot, but enough to be uncomfortable. It was slowly drying, but it would take a day or two for that to happen, if he didn't give her more clothes.

Hours later, she was depressed. Really depressed. She realized that she wasn't going to be found immediately. Don't those idiots know? She thought. Can't they figure this out? Who the hell else would do it? Who else but this guy?

She drank some water, and finally lay on the cot, and curled up under the blanket. It seemed hopeless to her, it they weren't going to find her right away. She was in his hands, now.

She had no idea how long she'd slept. She looked at her phone, but it was just a number. She didn't remember when she'd lain down. She finally heard the water tank being moved, and she got up and waited until he flipped on the light. She watched him enter the basement. She didn't say anything, she didn't want to start the conversation.

He had brought some food. He opened the feeding slot, and placed the plate on it. She smelled scrambled eggs and saw toast. Her stomach betrayed her by growling. She just stared at him, willing him to feel sorry for her and let her go.

He didn't. He finally spoke, and it seemed like to her that he gloated. "I can't stay long. I'm helping look for you."

"You pathetic bastard," was all she managed.

"Lot of excitement around her early this morning. Cops even showed up. I took them all through the house, even down into the cellar. Lots of excitement, over a little runaway girl."

She just shook her head. She believed him, actually. She knew her mother would never believe she ran away. Where would she run to? There wasn't anybody. She had no money. She had no street-smarts. She knew her mom wouldn't believe that, for an instant. She wished she'd told her mom about Mr. Grody, before this. But, then, she wished lots of things. Wish in one hand, and shit in the other, as her uncle used to say.

"I guess you figured out your phone doesn't work, down here," he continued, "you are in a Faraday cage. No signal can get in, or out. Otherwise I would have taken it off of you. I've tried five different phones down here, including one just like yours. None of them even came close."

He finally left. Just for the hell of it, she tried her phone again. Nothing. She looked at the time. It was hard for her, without sunlight or nighttime to help her judge the passage of time. It was day, her phone said it was daytime outside, and the day passed slowly. She badly wanted to play games on her phone, but she didn't want to run the battery down. She still tried to text every now and then, hoping that at least one message would make it out. None ever did.

Mr. Grody made a few brief appearances, to give her a meal in-between lunch and dinner, and brief her on the search party progress. He seemed to find that amusing, and it pissed her off even more. She didn't want to give him any satisfaction, so she tried her hardest to show no reactions to the things he said.

When her phone finally said it was midnight, she crawled onto the cot, covered up, cried a while, and finally she slept.

Day two was much like day one. Boring. She finally opened one of the books he'd placed on the table, and dropped it in disgust. It looked like school shit. Old school shit, at that. She figured these were the books that Mr. Grody had had in school, they looked that old. The second one down was math and shit. She hated math.

Day three was more of the same. Boredom overtook fright. She thought she was going to go absolutely crazy, and she thought it would serve him right. When he came to feed her she begged shamelessly for a TV to pass the time.

Day four was so bad she began to go through the books on the table. They were all old school books basically, and she read the ones with stories in them, as old and silly as they were. She told Mr. Grody when he brought lunch and dinner, that he needed to get some new textbooks. He just smiled and left.

By the fifth day, Mr. Grody was spending more time with her. Night time. He was upstairs during the day, helping with the search for her. At night, part of the night, anyway, he was downstairs in the basement, with her. That night, the fifth night, was one she would remember for a long time. Well, it goes without saying all this shit she'd remember, but this one stood out. It was the beginning of her humiliation.

He stood in front of the cage, and spoke to her. He had already had her to pass her blanket through the food slot, so he could wash it.

"Stormi. I am going to leave for a moment. Undress, and pass your clothes through the slot, so I can wash them."

She regarded him coldly. "So you can perv over me? Hardly. Give me my blanket back."

"The blanket is in the dryer. It is still wet. Stormi, you must cooperate, or you know the consequences. Darkness, and no food."

"I know you watch me on those cameras. You just want to see me naked."

"No. Just throw your clothes out, all of them. You have five minutes, and then your punishments will begin if you do not."

Shit. She just stood and stared at him. You know, she thought, I really don't care. It will only increase my chances to escape if he comes in here or I go out there. Especially that. If he sees me, so what? Maybe something will happen, then. Maybe some chance will come up.

He left the basement, like he said. She stripped down, quickly, taking everything off, only stopping for a moment to shoot the bird at the cameras. She stuffed the clothes out the food slot, and then went over to the cot. She turned it on it's side, and squatted behind it, hiding her body from him, at least.

She halfway thought maybe he was actually going to wash her clothes, and she thought, they need it. Her panties especially, where she'd peed on herself. Damn, she'd worn them like five days now.

He returned, and regarded her with amusement. "You can't live like that, my dear," he said, gathering up her clothes.

He turned. "I'm sorry to deceive you. I now have your clothes. You'll get them back when you earn them. One piece at a time. Thank you for understanding."

Shit. She just stared at him. The bastard. The goddam bastard. Now what? He was right, she couldn't hide behind the cot forever. She slowly stood, staring at him, and turned the cot back upright. She flipped him off, slowly, shaking her hand at him, and then lay down on the cot. At least it was warm enough in here that she wouldn't freeze.

The next day he pulled up a chair, and sat on the other side of the glass, and basically watched her. She was beautiful, to him. Well, she would have been beautiful to anyone, but she especially was to him, in his obsessiveness. She had long smooth legs, and a thin muscular waist. Her breasts were about average size, for a girl her age, and topped with two pink fleshy nipples. Her arms were muscular, and even her neck was sexy to him. He could just imagine nibbling on it. Her hair was long and beautiful. It was so long, in fact, that she had now sat in the chair, and crossed her legs, and covered her breasts with her hair. He didn't care, he had her on camera.

He had two cameras in opposite corners of the cage, and everything they took was motion-triggered, and going to an encrypted drive, in the background. The cops had even examined his computer. The idiots. They were so dumb, he thought, they hadn't checked the processes running in the background. Of course, he'd changed the names of anything suspicious, anyway. And, the cameras were wireless, and encrypted. No cables to trace. He'd planned this shit for twenty years, probably. For way longer than this girl was old. He didn't plan on screwing up, this time. This one was for keeps, either way you looked at it.

She just sat there and stared at him, and he stared back. Even if he couldn't see her body, he was happy to stare her in the face. She was the most beautiful thing in the world to him. He loved her desperately, and insanely. He loved her more than anything, although he was hurting her. In his mind he was doing the right thing. He was going to make her love him. She deserved it, as much as he did.

"Mr. Grody," she finally said, stirring him from his revere. "What exactly do you want from me? Help me understand."

He was silent for a long time. Just when she thought he wasn't ever going to answer, he spoke.

"Just your love, and obedience. Your mind, heart, body and soul." He finally said.

Shit. That didn't help her much. She wasn't sure what she'd hoped he would say, anyway. He'd said everything, and nothing.

"Okay," she said, "you've got it. Just let me out of here."

He smiled, and shook his head. "Stormi. I'm not an idiot. We both know it's not that easy. It will take time. It will take time to just see if you are coming over to me."

Well, she thought, it was worth a try. She just sat there and stared at him. He finally had enough of looking at her, and stood. He waved, and left the basement. She crawled back onto the cot.

The potty chair was hard for her to get used to. Not peeing, peeing wasn't a problem. Pooping was the problem, for her. The first time she did it, she was embarrassed at the smell it made. When he finally came, he smelled it, and told her to pass the bowl through the food slot, so he could dispose of it. She finally did, she just wanted to get it out of there. He just stood there, and examined it like it was some great special something, she thought. That was really embarrassing to her, for some reason. That he paid that much attention to her shit. She halfway expected him to start digging around in it or something. Finally he took it and flushed it down the toilet in the corner. She shuddered. The creep. The fucking creep.

She didn't know it, but she'd been in the basement a week. She had lost all track of time. Even looking at the date on her phone, on those rare moments when she turned it back on, meant nothing to her. She couldn't even remember when he'd taken her. Her mind was numb, with the reality of her captivity, and the overwhelming boredom of it.

On the seventh day, her training began.

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It was night, but she didn't know it. He appeared, and fed her a small sandwich. She gobbled it up, and drank some bottled water, and then sat, just staring at him. She was so bored that even he was starting to seem interesting. Don't let that happen, she told herself. She had had a teacher once that read them a story about the Stockholm Syndrome, where prisoners began to sympathize with their captors. She was determined not to allow that to happen. She tried to keep that foremost in her mind.

She no longer minded that he saw her naked. That quick, it didn't seem to bother her. She no longer tried to hide anything. He got an eyeful every time he came in. It just didn't bother her anymore. Well, she knew she was always kind of an exhibitionist. But not for dirty old men. She mooned the boys at school enough times that a teacher had finally gave her a talking-to about it. She'd been the first to strip and dive in the swimming hole, when she went skinny-dipping with the other girls. And she'd thought, if the boys were here, I'd do the same. It wouldn't bother me.

She had plenty of time now to practice not being bothered. He seemed to be spending more and more time down with her, probably because of that. He loved to sit and just watch her, like a collector gets out his favorite coin or butterfly and pores over it. She satisfied some deep something inside of him. She made him feel good.

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The next part of her training excited him. He had looked forwards to this for a long time. Way before he knew she was the one. He brought a small TV set, a small flat screen and remote into the room. He set it where she could see it. She did, immediately, and eagerly asked if it was for her. He nodded.

"Yes, but you'll have to allow me in the cage to hook it up," He said. She nodded. She didn't care if he came in, she just wanted a TV. He went to the far wall, and picked up the end of a rope. When he stretched it out, it almost reached to the front wall of her cage. It was hooked to a ring in the wall. On the other end, the cage end, was a large hook with a snap to close it. He motioned to her.

"Stick your hands through the slot," he said, and she did, somewhat hesitantly. He pulled a set of handcuffs from his pocket, and had one snapped around her wrist before she reacted, and pulled her other hand back.

"Stormi. You must let me do this if I am to open the door," he patiently waited for her to argue it out with herself, and she finally stuck her other hand through the slot. He snapped the handcuff around it, and then reached down and got the end of the rope. He snapped the hook around the handcuff chain, and now she was bound, her hands through the slot, her body fairly immobilized. She realized that now he'd be able to do anything he wanted to her. Well, that was the point they'd been at for a week now. Just now, though, she couldn't fight back. She was tied.

He took a roll of cable, and screwed it into a wall jack, and then screwed it into the back of the TV and tested it, after plugging the TV into a light socket plug. It seemed to be fine. He unscrewed it, and fished around in his pocket for the keys to the padlocks on her door. He opened them, and brought the TV and set it on the table. He went back outside and threaded the cable and power cord through two air holes in the cage wall, and then re-entered the cage and plugged up the TV. He tested it again, and it seemed to work fine. He changed the channel, turned it off, and then put the remote in his pocket.

He exited the cage again, and stood where she could see him.

"Stormi," he spoke, "This next thing is for your own good. I know that you are a strong girl, and we have to break that, somehow. This will be the first time, and maybe the last, if you are obedient. If you respond well to the treatment. Okay?"

She didn't reply. She was steeling herself for whatever he was going to do. She realized now that she'd made a mistake letting him tie her down the way he had. She realized by now that it was probably going to be bad. She was right.

He went to a box of stuff beside the door, and returned with a small riding crop, the kind that horse racers use to whip their horses. It had a small fold of leather, on the end. A tassel, kind of.

She watched him with fearful eyes. He came right into the cage, and positioned himself behind her. She didn't try to see him. She finally closed her eyes, and put her head down on her arms. She tightened every muscle in her body, waiting for the pain to begin.

He stood beside her, staring at her beautiful ass. He hated to do this, well, not really, but he hated to mess up the beauty of her firm young butt. He knew it would heal up, though. All he was going to do was make some red marks, anyway.

When the first slap came, it wasn't that bad, she thought. Maybe I'll make it through this, she mused. Maybe it won't be that bad. The next hit stung pretty bad, though. And the third, even more. The fourth hit where she'd been hit before, and that one really burned. She bit her tongue. By the tenth one, she tasted blood in her mouth. By the twentieth, she screamed. She lost count, and howled. She fought against the rope, the handcuffs cutting into her wrists. She gyrated and danced, trying to move her bottom around and make him miss. She succeeded sometimes, but it didn't slow him down. At some point he stopped, but she didn't really notice it for a while. She was awash in a sea of pain, her poor ass sending her overloaded signals of hurt, piping it right into her brain.

Stormi hadn't actually been hurt in years. Well, minor scrapes and bruises, but she'd never broken a bone, and rarely even broken skin. She didn't handle pain well, she knew that about herself. But this. This was something she'd never imagined. When she regained her senses, she was almost hanging by her arms, her legs had turned to rubber. Her ass still smarted, enough to almost drive her crazy. She finally got to her feet and got the pressure off her arms from the food slot. She felt tears still streaking down her cheeks. More than anything, she wanted to hurt him just as bad as he had hurt her. She just felt so powerless, though.

He left the cage for a moment. She stood, resting her head on her arms again, and breathed deeply for a while. Her ass still hurt like hellfire. It burned, she thought.

He returned, with a jar of something. He dropped the lid on the floor, and suddenly cool relief began to spread across her ass. For a while, it didn't even bother her that he was touching her ass, it felt so good. It just felt so damn good. The pain didn't totally go away, but the chill of the creme or salve or whatever it was felt great.

She snorted, finally, "I hope you're enjoying yourself."

His voice was confident, "not as much now as I'm going to."

Oh shit, she thought, what does he mean by that? Here I am, my hands tied, and my ass sticking out? What the hell is he going to do next? Shit, shit.

He finished swabbing salve on her ass, and put the lid back on, and put the stuff up.

"Stormi," he said. She just glared at him. She was pissed off about the whipping. The pain was pretty much gone, now, but she figured it would hurt to sit down. She didn't ever remember, in her whole life, experiencing pain like that. She realized, to her disgust, that she would probably do whatever she had to, to keep that from happening again. She felt like he had had a point, and proved it. He had definitely won this round.

"I'm going to take advantage of your... situation to bathe you. It's been a week, and I'm sure you'll feel better afterwards. Just don't fight me or I'll stop and leave, and you can be filthy a while longer."

"You bastard," she said, gritting her teeth, "unlock me and I can do that. You just want to paw on me. I know what you want."

"Stormi. That is unkind. Let me do this, this one time, and show you how. Then, if you are able to keep yourself clean, I will allow you to do it. Understand?"

Shit. What choice did she have. She just shut up, feeling like arguing was pointless with him. He was obviously crazy. Just what he'd done so far showed that.

He left for a while, and returned with a basin of soapy water, and a rag. She was getting pretty tired of her position, her back hurt, and her legs felt like they were almost cramping. But what the hell could she do?

He soaked the rag, and she felt him run it down her back. Then he stopped. That was it? she thought.

Suddenly she felt his hands upon her buttocks. She instinctively knew what had happened. He had cracked. He couldn't stand it anymore. What was going to happen next, only god knew.

She squirmed and wiggled, and he clamped his hands firmly on her butt. And it hurt, where he had whipped her. It hurt when his hands touched there. She thought about trying to kick backwards, but she didn't figure she'd be able to kick hard enough to matter. He'd already shown himself to be surprisingly stronger than he'd looked. She figured he was guarding his nuts, also.

She felt something touch her, in-between her ass cheeks. In her crack. Oh, shit, she thought. Sure enough, she could tell it was his face. She jerked as something touched her right on her anus. Shit. It was warm and wet. It was his tongue. She squirmed, pain or no pain. He dug his fingers into her, painfully, and she stopped. He licked her asshole, and up and down her crack. He licked her sweet little perineum. He fell in love with her all over again, licking her, tasting her. And, oh, did she have taste, back there. She hadn't had a bath in a week. All she'd had to clean herself with was toilet paper. But to him, she tasted sweeter than the sweetest wine. He almost felt high, licking her. Basically, all he could taste was shit. But, it was the most fabulous, sweetest shit he'd ever tasted. She was just too much, he thought.

He had dreamed about this for years. It wasn't working out exactly like his dreams, in his dreams the girl was a little more willing, and maybe a bit younger, but you take what you can get. He curled his tongue up into a spike, and drove it into her soft young asshole. The taste got even stronger, then. He drank her in, he gulped her, he consumed her. He was high, he thought. He felt like he was drinking moonshine, like he was a kid again. His heart was pounding. Something was buzzing in his ears. He was in heaven. She was absolutely divine.

Something was buzzing? Shit! He leapt up, and ran out of the cell. In a second he was through the hidden door, closing it, and she heard the water tank being scooted back. Well, shit, she thought. She could feel his saliva drying on her anus. This is a fine mess, she thought. God, she wished she could sit down.

He was gone forever. She finally figured that she would just die, and turn into a skeleton, hunched over the slot in the wall. Shit. When she finally heard him scooting the tank back, she was pissed.

"Mr. Grody!" she started right in on him, as soon as he entered the room. "My legs are killing me! I've been like this for hours! For god's sake, turn me loose, I've gotta move around some. You are so mean to me! First the whipping, and then this?"

She moaned and whined, and he stood before her, seeming kind of apologetic. He finally closed the cell door, and locked the padlocks. He fished around in his pockets, and came out with a small key that he used to unlock the handcuffs. With a sigh of relief she stood, and placed both her hands on her back, working out the kinks. He watched her unabashedly, still in love, still tasting her juicy asshole on his lips.

She finally collapsed into the chair, and stretched. She could feel her tits bouncing up and down, but she didn't care. Let him peep. She just wanted to rest, and get those kinks out of her back and legs.

He still watched her, and thought about how she tasted. His mind raced for a way to do it all again. He didn't figure she'd willingly stick her hands through the slot to be handcuffed again. Not for a while, at least. He had a new plan, though. Tonight. He'd start on it, tonight. But first, he had some things to tell her.

"That was the cops again," he told her, "that buzzer is the front door. The cops were there. They said they thought that they had left a radio in the cellar, and wanted to look for it. Yeah, right. Anyway, they spent about twenty minutes looking for the 'radio.' They didn't find it, or you. Ha ha."

That was depressing. Cops had been right there, on the other side of the door? She wished she'd known, she would have screamed her lungs out. If it would have done any good. Well, it gave her a little hope, at least. They were still looking for her. And it seemed like they suspected Mr. Grody, at least a little bit. She just hoped they didn't give up.

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It was midnight. He was keeping her up late. Sleep deprivation was part of his plan to make her more pliable. But his secret weapon? Hypnosis. He had read somewhere that girls were more suggestible than boys. He hoped that this was true. He knew that it was probably a bit early, that her spirit wasn't really broken yet, when he figured that she would be at her most suggestible. But, he thought he'd try it.

He had his lucky watch, his grandfather's old railroad watch. He had read dozens of books on the subject, and probably was actually fairly knowledgeable on it.

However, once again, at school, Stormi had studied under a teacher who chose eclectic subjects at times. One of them had been hypnosis. He had even hypnotized several students, until the school board had gotten involved and told him to stop. She was actually fairly knowledgeable about it, too. She knew enough to pretend, at least.

First, he got her to scoot the table over a bit, and sit in the chair right in front of the ventilation holes. She sat there meekly, already suspecting what he was planning on. She didn't realize it was hypnotism yet, but she knew he was up to something.

He kept losing his train of thought, seeing the naked girl in front of him. He kept remembering the feeling of her body beneath his hands, and the taste of her on his tongue. She was sexy personified to him. He wanted to taste her, again. He wanted to touch her, again. He wanted her bad.

He sat his chair right in front of her, tearing his eyes off her tits. Her beautiful, beautiful tits. He forced himself back to the subject at hand. He drew the watch and long chain out of his pocket, and held it up, by the clasp.

"Stormi. Please focus your attention on the watch," he said. He began to swing it back and forth. He gave it ten or fifteen swings, and then said, "you are growing sleepy..."

Oh god, she thought, is this a joke? She just couldn't believe he thought this crap would work. Part of what she'd read on the subject said you couldn't be hypnotized if you didn't want to, and she sure didn't want to. But, she saw advantages if she pretended to be. Maybe he would open the door without handcuffing her. Stuff like that. He might even take her out of the cell, or even let her go upstairs if he thought she was in his control.

She followed the watch with her eyes. Back and forth, back and forth. His voice droned. She still didn't feel the slightest bit hypnotized, although she wasn't sure what it would feel like anyway. She finally let her mouth fall open, and a minute later she pushed some slobber out with her tongue. She felt a long trail of drool land on her leg. She hoped she was putting on a convincing show.

She was. He almost cackled with glee. This was working way better than he'd ever planned. She was sitting slackly in the chair, with a mindless expression on her face. Drool dripped off her chin. Her mouth hung open. He kept going for a while, and then stopped and just stared at her.

"Stormi," he said, "Grasp your breasts in your hands. Pull them out, and show them to me."

Shit, shit, shit, she thought. Well, I've gone this far. But shit. She didn't want to put on a little show for him, she wanted out of the cage. But, she'd decided on this path. She'd play it through.

She did what he asked, grasped a breast in each hand, squeezing, and pulled them up and out. She tried her best to keep the same stupid look on her face that she'd had. He wasn't looking at her face, of course.

Her tits looked so sexy to him, all squeezed like that. The nipples really stood out, this way. I did that, he thought. I made her do that.

"Stormi. Stand up." She stood, slowly, her face never changing. He cackled.

"Stormi. Turn around." She turned completely around, ending up facing him again. He made a face.

"Stormi. Turn halfway around." She did, and he stared at her fine ass, his mouth watering. He remembered the taste of her. Suddenly, it seemed within reach, again.

"Stormi. Bend over." There was some slight hesitation, there. He figured that her subconscious was fighting with her conscious, or something. He didn't care, as long as she did it. And, she did it. She bent at the waist, spreading her ass cheeks slightly.

"Spread your ass with your hands." He said. She didn't move. He repeated the command, louder. Shit, he thought. The fun is starting, and she freezes on me. Then he remembered.

"Stormi. Spread your ass with your hands." He said, and she complied. He did giggle out loud then, and leaned forward, staring at her beautiful asshole.

God, she thought. I hope this is worth it. The goddam pervert. She felt cheap and dirty, and weirdly, a little turned on, too. Everything just kind of ran together in her mind. She did feel naughty, though. She wondered how long he'd keep her like this. She already felt a little dizzy, with her head down and her ass in the air.

"Stormi. Move to the window." He said. She stood, and turned, and walked around the cell aimlessly. She almost giggled, just because she was fucking with him. He finally figured out what the problem was.

"Stormi. Move to the food slot." He said, and she walked right to the clear plastic wall, and stood directly in front of the food slot. He just let her stand there for a while, staring at her. She was so beautiful, so perfect... he deserved her... she deserved him... he felt vindicated. This was the right thing to do, he knew it.

He hesitantly reached his hand in the slot, and touched her pubic mound, right above the split of her pussy. He watched her carefully, but she didn't move. She just stood there, the same slack-jawed expression on her face. He traced down the slit a ways, and stuck his finger inside the folds of her pussy. He pulled it out, and sniffed it. God, she smelled good. Good and strong, no bath in a week. She smelled like pussy magnum, or something. He couldn't think of a way to describe it. He stuck his finger in again, and rubbed it up and down her slit. She felt damp and greasy to him. He loved it. He sniffed his finger again, and rubbed it again. He knew he would never get tired of this. He finally just made himself stop. He kicked himself mentally for making the food slot three inches too high.

"Stormi. Turn around."

She did, all the way around, ending up like she was to start with. How literal she is, he thought.

"Turn half way around." He could play the game, though.

Shit. She didn't move.

"Stormi. Turn half way around." That did it. Now her fine, fabulous ass was presented to him. He reached through the slot, cussing it for being so high. He finally pulled the chair right up to the slot, and sat in the chair on his knees, with his whole arm in the slot. He caressed her sweet ass, and ran his fingers up and down her ass-crack.

"Stormi. Bend over and spread your cheeks with your hand."

Shit. She did just that, putting her hands on her face, and pulling on her cheeks.

"Stormi. Bend over and spread your ass cheeks with your hand." This was actually tiresome, at times, he thought. But rewarding.

He stared at her ass, from just inches away. He could smell it, this close. She smelled utterly fantastic to him. His mouth watered. He plastered his hand into her ass-crack, running it up and down, and then scrabbling it on her sweet asshole. He rubbed and caressed her little asshole, loving the feel of it beneath his fingers. It felt damp, too. Maybe it was just sweaty. He didn't care. He rubbed it some more, bringing his hand to his nose every now and then for a sniff. For a heavenly sniff.

She was pretty tired of this shit, by now. But she wanted to convince him that his trick had worked. She wanted to trick the trickster. She fucked with him, but she also was trying her best to be completely literal, like she understood people under hypnosis were. She felt like she'd done a pretty good job of it. He seemed to be fooled. She wondered when he'd let her out of the cage. If she was being zombie-like enough.

He wished the food slot was lower, and larger, so that he could back her up to it and taste her again. Shit. Well, maybe in a few more days, if this seemed to still be working, he could go in the cage and taste and touch her, while she was malleable. That was his ultimate goal. Well, that was part of his goal, his ultimate goal was her complete subservience, and her love. He actually wanted her to be in love with him. He didn't know it, but that would take more hypnotizing that even Houdini could have come up with.

She was feeling dizzy again. She wondered how long she'd have to stand there, ass in the air, letting him play with her asshole. It did feel kinda good... she stopped that thought, when she realized what she was thinking. Goddammit, she thought, he's winning when you think stuff like that. Don't.

After a few minutes of caressing her asshole, he finally decided that he'd done enough for one day. He'd proved his point, to both himself, and her. Although he didn't expect her to remember. He hoped she didn't, at least. That will be a good test of my hypnotic powers, he thought.

"Stormi. Stand up. Turn halfway around." She did, gratefully, but hiding it with the dumb slack expression on her face. She stared straight ahead, like she wasn't even seeing him. He noticed that, it was like she seemed to be staring right through him.

"Stormi. When I snap my fingers, you will snap out of this hypnotic trance. You will remember nothing that happened while you were in it. And you will get a warm, fuzzy feeling when you see me, or think of me."

That last part he just made up on the spot. It couldn't hurt, he thought. He carefully raised his hand to her face, snapped his fingers loudly. She shook her head, and said, "what?"

"What, darling?" He said.

"Don't call me darling." She said. "What was I saying?"

"You said thanks for the TV."

"Yes, Thanks for the TV, Mr. Grody. You may go now."

He laughed at that last little command. It was time for him to go back upstairs and get some sleep, anyway. He looked forward to trying this again tomorrow. He had never had any idea he was so good at it.

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She watched him leave with relief. The old pervert. She was sure he'd really gotten his rocks off pawing around on her ass. She knew he was sniffing his fingers, she could hear his indrawn breath when he did it. On impulse, she ran her index finger down the crack of her ass, and stabbed it into her asshole slightly. She brought it to her nose, and sniffed. Ugh, it was strong. It smelled like shit to her. Shit, and sweat, and just a little bit of pussy. Actually, she thought, it smelled sexy, not really nasty. Stop it, she told herself. You are falling into his trap when you do that. After all you did for him tonight, don't start thinking like him, too.

She turned eagerly to the TV. She pulled the chair over to the table, and sat right in front of it. She located the controls, on the side of it, and turned it on. It came right on. Sweet. She looked at the controls, and realized that the channel changing buttons were covered with something hard. Something that looked like dried superglue or something. Well, shit. She watched it for a moment. Oh, jeezus, it was public television. This was almost worse than no television. She tried to change the channel, but it was impossible. And she'd seen Mr. Grody put the remote in his pocket. She almost cried.

She finally forgot about the TV, and turned her attention to the basin of soapy water he'd left. She washed herself, slowly, loving the feel of the water on her naked body. It felt good to feel clean again, well, relatively clean, it's not like she soaked in the tub or anything. She scrubbed her bottom, and her pussy, and under her arms. Shit. She'd forgotten to do her face first. She finally sighed, and washed her face with bottom water. What the hell. She'd remember that next time. She wanted badly to do her hair, but there wasn't that much water by now.

The next time he came down, with dinner or lunch or whatever, she was very nice to him. She remembered his hypnotic directive to be warm and fuzzy or something, and she tried to act that out a little. But mostly she just wanted the remote.

"Mr. Grody... you forget the remote, to the TV," she finally said, after she accepted the meal through the slot.

"I did not forget it. You must earn it."

"Mr. Grody! That's not fair. I did earn it! I let you..." Shit. She was going to say "paw all over my ass" but she remembered that she wasn't supposed to remember that stuff. She lamely finished, "hypnotize me, remember?"

"Yes, you did. Okay, tell you what. I'll give you the remote for... five hours. But you must give it back when I ask, or I'll unplug the TV. Okay?"

"Deal," she said, and reached through the slot for the remote. He had to go back upstairs and get it, but she finally held it in her hands. Hah hah, she thought. At last.

She spent the rest of the day in mindless oblivion, watching the boob tube. Everything seemed so fresh and new and fascinating to her. Amazing, she thought, how a little time off makes everything new again.

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Her day and night cycle was totally screwed. Her phone had finally run down, and she didn't even have that, now. The only real delineation of her days came when he fed her breakfast, she knew by that that it was morning, or close. Well, and the TV. Sometimes she saw news channels that told the time. She had kind of stopped caring, actually. She slept when she was sleepy. The only thing she really did was on his cycle was eat. Oh, and be hypnotized.

The hypnotisms were instantly a daily thing, now that he realized what he could do with her. She was wondering by now if he was really actually hypnotizing her, the way that she was letting him do stuff to her. But she was aware the whole time, she was just trying to lull him into a false sense of security. Surely not, she thought. The routine was pretty much the same, each day, sometimes twice a day. He 'hypnotized' her, and pawed around her ass, backing her up to the food slot. He had tried to get access to her pussy, but he finally had to settle for that through her legs, from the rear. He had stuck his finger into her pussy several times, somewhat painfully, since she was still a virgin. It was all she could do to keep quiet and still when he did that. She felt like she was getting very good at the hypnotized act. She let him do things that there is no way she ever would have let anyone do, a month ago. And she didn't bat an eye.

He was unbelievably happy at the turn things had taken. The hypnotizing thing had worked out better that he'd ever dreamed. She was putty in his hands. He touched and rubbed and sniffed her to his heart's content. He got further and further into it. He hoped at some point to get her out of the cage, and maybe even fuck her. That was his eventual goal. Sexual relations with a compliant female. He'd never had that before, weirdly. He'd had to fight them every time. He had high hopes for this one, the way things were going.

The next day, during the hypnotic session, he unzipped his pants and drew his dick out. Stormi was bent over, as she usually was, backed up to the food slot, her ass fairly well framed by it. Oh, she thought, looking up at him through her legs, that is interesting.... she'd never seen an adult cock before. It gave her a moment's pause. It was a while, even, before she was outraged. She just stared at his long hard cock, thinking, wow, so that's what they look like. Two round things were also hanging out of his pants. Those are his balls, she told herself. His cock was rock hard, weaving slightly as he moved around, bouncing and bobbing up and down. It looked so silly she almost laughed, but then she thought, shit, what if he tries to stick it in me, through the slot? She knew that there was no way he could reach her pussy that way, but she feared for her poor little asshole. She knew, though, all she'd have to do was step out of his reach. She didn't want to give up the hypnotism charade, though, she felt like he was really believing that she was his slave. After everything she'd let him do so far, she wanted it to amount to something.

He didn't threaten her asshole, at least. He just stroked himself, and played with his dick while he rubbed and sniffed her. He finally pointed his dick off to the side, and she heard him grunting as he ejaculated. She was trying to look uninterested, but out of the corner of her eye she say a spray of stuff shoot from his dick, and fairly quickly she could smell the smell of fresh sperm on the ground. That interested her, also. She'd never smelled that before. That's the stuff that makes babies, she told herself. That's his cum.

He cleaned himself up, and stuffed his dick back in his pants. He released her from her "trance", and left. The rest of the afternoon, when she went to the front of the cage she could smell his semen on the floor. It finally dried up. She was surprised at how much of it there had been. He must have been saving it up a long time, she thought. Then again, she had no idea how much usually came out when a guy... shot his wad or whatever.

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Mr. Grody had never taken the remote away, in spite of saying he would. At least her days passed a little easier. And now, thanks to the news channels, she knew what time it was. When she cared, at least. And once when she watched the local evening news she saw a mention of herself. The news man said that a local runaway, Stormi Sincere, whom the whole town had been looking for was reported to have been seen two hundred miles away in Chicago. She just stood there with tears in her eyes. They aren't looking for me any more, she thought. It's over. I belong to him, now. It's up to me totally if I want out.

The next day the hypnotizing routine was a little different. He didn't touch her, or pull his dick out, like he usually did. He spent the whole time telling her that she was going to be nice and quiet and well behaved, when she came out of the trance. He finally had her turn, and stick her hands up to the food slot. She could feel him placing the handcuffs on her hands.

He had her turn back, and then he released her from the trance.

"Hey," she said, acting surprised, staring at the handcuffs. "how'd you do that?"

He just laughed.

"Stormi," he said, "I am taking you upstairs, to wash your hair in the bathtub. You must behave, or we will never do it again. And, I will have the taser ready at all times."

"Okay," she said, her mind racing at the possibilities. The possibilities weren't that many, not with her hands being handcuffed in front of her. Shit. Well, she thought, maybe I'll just play along this time, and he'll be fooled, even more.

He unlocked the two padlocks on the cage, and opened the door. He stood at the door, blocking it, and motioned her to come to him. She did, slowly, remembering that she supposed to be well behaved. She really wanted to fool him good, to make him think his hypnotizing worked miraculous things with her.

He showed her the taser in his hand, and then motioned her to the door. She crouched, and preceded him, but of course the cellar door was shut. This time, he left the door open and the tank pushed back. He led her upstairs, up the inner staircase, and they came out in the kitchen. He pointed the way, and soon they were in the bathroom. He shut the door. She had looked at all the windows, but all the windows had burglar bars on them. She thought if her hands weren't cuffed, she would take a running leap out a window, busting out the glass, and run for it. But, that couldn't happen. The bathroom had a small high window, but it was barred, too.

Once in the bathroom he instructed her to turn, and he uncuffed her. Her mind raced for what she could do, but nothing seemed to have a chance of success. Maybe she'd just settle for a bath. She was already naked, so she just went ahead and got in the high, old-fashioned tub. She turned to him, and was disgusted to see him photographing her with his phone. She realized he was taking a video. She flipped him off, slow and seriously.

"Mr. Grody. Don't be such a perv," she finally said, and turned on the water. She inspected his shampoo choices. He did not have any of her favorites. She dunked her head, and began washing.

Thirty minutes later, she was done. She'd even shaved her legs with a disposable razor he gave her. She felt fresh and clean, and alive. She felt like she was ready to face him, now. Ready to take him on.

She was out of the tub, and dried off. He was still filming her. Damn, he must have a major memory card in that damn thing, she thought. She sat on the edge of the tub, waiting for whatever was next. She wasn't going to rush him.

"Mr. Grody. Do you have a fresh toothbrush?" she asked, and he pawed through a drawer, his back turned. She wished she knew karate or something. He turned, and gave her a toothbrush, still in the package. Good. She opened it, and brushed her teeth.

"Can I take this back?" she asked, holding up one of several tubes of toothpaste. He nodded. She put it on the counter, along with the brush.

"Hands," he said, and she presented her hands to be cuffed, and then picked up her brush and the toothpaste. He led her back down the stairs, and she preceded him through the secret door. She went ahead and went right in the cage. No use making a fuss at this point.

He locked her in, and stood and regarded her.

"Thank you, Stormi," he said, "you were very good. I will remember this."

She nodded, shooting mental fire at him. God, she hoped all this behaving well would be worth it at some point.

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Later that evening, he "hypnotized" her again. He was really hooked on this shit, now. He knew that hypnotism wasn't perfect, he knew that she could come out of the trance early, or that her conscious mind could break through at some things she might be asked to do. But it was working so well. She was fooling him completely, actually.

This time, he said, "Stormi. Pull the chair to the food slot." She did, and he told her to sit, which she also did.

"Stormi. Spread your legs wide, to the sides of the chair." She did, thinking, perv, you old perv.

"Stormi. Touch yourself. Play with yourself." Shit, she thought. This has almost gone too far. Sure, she'd played with herself before. Who hasn't, by her age? She'd even done it a few times since she'd been imprisoned here, just for the brief pleasure it gave her. She wasn't sure if she wanted to do something so intimate in front of him. But, this was the path she'd chosen. Maybe she could just make it difficult enough that he would give up.

She reached down, like a robot, and spread her pussy lips apart. He literally licked his lips, leaning down, and staring through the plexiglass at her beautiful cunt, spread wide for his viewing pleasure. She put her finger right on top of her clit, and then just sat there, not moving.

"Stormi. Wiggle it. Wiggle your finger." She wiggled her finger, once, then stopped and just sat there.

"Dammit," he said. "Stormi, start wiggling your finger and don't stop."

She started wiggling her finger. She wiggled it so hard that it slid off her clit, and traveled a few inches up her stomach. She kept on wiggling it, though. She didn't look down or anything, she was staring off in space to a point a few feet behind him.

"Stormi. Keep your finger on yourself." She didn't move her finger. You idiot, she thought, it is on myself. It's on my stomach.

"Stormi. Put your finger back on your clitoris." She still didn't move. Who the hell said "Clitoris" nowdays?

"Stormi. Put your finger on your clit." He was catching on too fast. She sighed, mentally, and put her finger on her clit. It did kinda feel good, she thought. And it was kinda sexy doing it in front of somebody. Dammit, she thought, that somebody is a pervy old man who's keeping you prisoner. Do not get turned on for this fool.

"Stormi. Wiggle your finger around, keeping it on your clit." He finally said, and she gave up, and did as he said. It did feel good. It wasn't that different than doing it when she was alone. He watched her eagerly. He wondered if she could have an orgasm, while hypnotized. He hoped to find out she could.

This went on for quite a while. Every now and then, just to keep from getting bored, she pretended to lose focus, and let her finger slip or something. He would correct her every time. She assumed he was waiting on her to cum. She started to get afraid she might, it felt pretty good sometimes. Just like when she did it on her own.

She finally felt the familiar tightening of her leg muscles, and the contractions in her stomach. She knew she was close. She felt bad, she didn't want to give him this much, she knew it would please him, and turn him on. She didn't want to go that far. But she didn't know what to do. Like she'd thought earlier, this was the path she'd chosen.

She finally just gave up, and came. She had a pretty good cum, she stuck her legs straight out, and clenched her muscles so hard she almost cramped. She gasped and moaned a little, and felt the familiar warmth run down her arms and legs. She had a pretty good cum, all in all, in spite of having an audience.

He was satisfied. After it was all over, he released her from the trance, and she acted puzzled at the feelings in her body.

"What did you do to me?" she finally asked him, acting puzzled.

"Nothing. Just a quick little test," he said. Test? Test of what? she wondered. He was crazy, she reminded herself, don't expect him to make sense.

He finally left. She had no idea what time it was, she didn't even bother turning on the TV to find out. She was sleepy, and she felt relaxed and warm. She went to the cot, and lay down, and slept.

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This became her routine for the next few weeks. Every day, sometimes twice a day, he appeared and hypnotized her. Sometimes he played with her butt, and sometimes he made her play with herself. She finally got so jaded than she'd just do it in a hurry, she'd cum for him, just to get it over with. She still loved to fuck with him whenever she could, though. That was one of her small pleasures.

Another week passed. He took her upstairs again, and let her bathe and wash her hair. Everything went pretty much the same was as before. She was trying to act friendly towards him, to make him think that his hypnotic command about her feeling 'warm and fuzzy' towards him was working.

Finally, she had what she considered a major triumph. One night, while hypnotized, he brought her up out of the basement, through the cellar, and into his house proper. She sat on an old worn out couch, and played with her pussy while he filmed her with a real video camera. When it was over he took her back downstairs and released her. She had a hard time holding in her glee. He was so fooled by her hypnotized act. She had thought about just suddenly running for the door, but she knew him well enough by now to realize that he'd probably locked it from the inside as well as the outside. She felt like she was really getting somewhere, with him. She felt like, now, that the more he let her do stuff like this, the higher the chances that he'd screw up and she could gain her freedom.

Also, he had started allowing her to leave the cage to use the exercise machine in the corner. And she was not hypnotized when that happened. He'd tried it once, with her 'hypnotized', but she'd made such a mess of it, on purpose, of course, that the next time he just gave up and let her out. He stood and watched her the whole time, of course, with his taser at the ready, but she meekly cooperated, hoping to win his trust even more.

A day or two later he hypnotized her, and told her to go lay on her cot. She did, and she heard him unlocking the locks. He entered the cage, and stood before her, his long cock sticking straight out. Oh shit, she thought, is he going to fuck me now? Is this how my cherry gets popped? She knew it hurt. She didn't want to lose her virginity to this creep, hurt or no hurt. She just lay there, though, and stared at the ceiling, pretending to be in a trance. He just looked at her a long time, and then he commanded her to spread her legs. She did, and he nestled down between them, and she actually enjoyed the next twenty minutes as he licked and sucked her pussy. She hated it, but she enjoyed it. He wasn't a bad pussy eater, for an old fart. She knew he was loving the shit out it.

The door to the cage was wide open. She hadn't heard him scoot the water tank back when he'd entered, and she knew she could be out of the secret room in a flash. But, she worried, when she got upstairs, then what? If he had the doors locked from the inside, which she assumed, she'd need a key to get out. The windows on the lower floor had burglar bars. She didn't figure the upper floor windows did, but she didn't really want to dive through a glass window and fall twelve feet to the ground. She didn't know what to do, so she did nothing. Just gaining his trust, she told herself, I'm just gaining his trust.

He licked and slobbered around on her for a while longer, and then had her turn over, so he could lick her asshole. She actually got bored at some point, and started wiggling around and making funny noises, noises that she hoped did not sound like sexual pleasure noises. She hoped he thought she was coming out of her trance. He finally finished up, for that reason, or just because, and he left the cage, locking it back, and releasing her from her so-called trance.

She jumped up, and acted like she had just woke up.

"What did you do to me?" she said, "My butt is all wet. Was that something you did?"

"I have no idea," he glibly lied, and she thought, you bastard, you don't even have the nerve to admit it. Ass-licker.

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The next day he hypnotized her, and unlocked the cage. She had a hard time just sitting there, staring off in space, but she did it. He entered the cage, and stood before her naked body. He unzipped his pants, and drew his hard cock out, and his balls.

"Stormi," He said. "Get down on your knees."

Oh, holy shit, she thought. Holy fucking shit. She knew what happened when a girl went to her knees in front of a guy. She'd watched enough porn on the internet to know that. She wasn't sure at all if she wanted to do that, to him. Not to him, she cried to herself, don't make me. Please.

She slowly got down on her knees, wondering if this was the time to end the charade. But, she felt like she was getting so close, so close to freedom. If she could just keep it up.

"Stormi," he said. He came and stood right in front of her. She'd been staring off into space, but now, there was no space to stare off into. His dick was right in her face. Shit, she thought. Shit.

"Stormi. Stick out your tongue," he commanded. She slowly complied. God, she thought, don't let it taste nasty. Please.

He rubbed his hard dick on her tongue. She felt a slight wetness on her tongue, from something that was leaking out the end of his dick. It had a definite taste, not offensive, but a taste. She'd never tasted anything like it before.

"Stormi. Lick me." He said, and she slowly, hesitantly, licked him. Once.

"Stormi. Keep licking me." She complied. At least, she thought, at least it doesn't really have a taste. She felt his dick on her tongue, more than tasted it. It was no different to her than licking her wrist, or something. Well, it was a dick, it was a hell of a lot different than licking her wrist, but it didn't taste any different.

She licked, like a cat lapping up milk. He tried several experimental commands, to get her to lick around the cap of his dick, and stuff like that, but he realized how hard it was to get exactly what you wanted, when someone was so literal. He didn't want to actually put his dick in her mouth yet, he was afraid of getting bit. But it was very tempting.

"Stormi," he finally said. "Put the very end in. Suck on it."

She froze. The end of what? she thought, in literal mode. He finally clarified it, the end of his penis. She almost snickered. What an old-fashioned word.

She slurped the cap of his cock into her mouth, and sucked. It was kind of fun, she thought, before catching herself. The bastard, she thought. Making a sweet young thing like me suck on his weenie. The absolute bastard.

He liked that, the sucking she did. She was good at it, he thought. And she had lots of suction. She was a regular little hoover. He let her do it for a long, long time. He felt like, fairly quickly, that he could cum if he let himself, and he weighed the pros and cons in his mind of coming in her mouth. Finally the question pretty much answered itself, and he felt his prostate clench, and he knew he was just moments from it. A good cum.

"Stormi," he said. "Be prepared to swallow."

Oh shit, she thought. She knew what was going to happen next, in spite of her sexual inexperience. He was probably going to squirt his goo in her mouth. Oh, shit. She felt his dick jerk, beneath her lips. She stopped sucking for a moment, then remembered she was supposed to be hypnotized, and started again. Suddenly semen sprayed from the end of his cock, and right into her mouth. Without thinking she pulled away, and the next squirt went down her front, all over her tits. The third squirt hit about her waist, and dripped down into her pussy hair. Ewwww, she thought. Jeezus.

The stuff really tasted strange to her, not exactly unpleasant, but strange. She didn't want to swallow it, though.

"Mr. Grody!" she said loudly. I'm out of the trance, she thought. "What happened? What are you doing? Why is your weenie out? And what is this stuff all over me!?"

She hoped she ruined the pleasure of his cum for him. He was stuffing his dick back into his pants, looking almost like a naughty little boy. She wondered if this would be a good time to run out of the cage. Probably not. She just sat back on her heels, and enjoyed his confusion. He finally left the cage, and shut and locked the door, and disappeared upstairs.

She got some toilet paper, and cleaned his sperm from her body. Strange stuff, she thought, remembering the taste of it. Kinda nasty, but not really horrible. Well, she thought, I'll be ready now, if I ever have a boyfriend. If I ever get out of this mess.

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Mr. Grody didn't hypnotize her for the next few days. She kind of wished she hadn't left her trance that time, and spooked him. She figured she'd scared him, and he feared that it could happen again. Well, she thought, at least it saves me from having to suck his weenie every day. She knew he'd like it. It was pretty obvious. Anyway, she hoped that he hadn't stopped. He seemed like, for a while at least, that he was getting pretty lax about leaving the cage door open. She was slowly hatching a plan, trying to think of all the possibilities, and the disadvantages.

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A few days later, he did it again. This time, though, while she was hypnotized, he brought out four pairs of handcuffs. Oh shit, she thought, staring straight ahead. She felt her heart race. Oh shit. He put one on each hand, and one on each foot. He made her lay on the cot, and he snapped the handcuffs to the frame of the cot. He had to work to get the foot ones all correct, with her knees bent just right, the way he wanted them, but finally he was prepared. To her surprise, he then released her from her trance.

"What?" she didn't have to pretend to be a little scared, and pissed off. "What are you doing? How did you do that?"

"That is a secret," he said. "But I want you to be awake for this, now."

"For what?" she said, fearing the answer.

"I'm going to make love to you," he said, Oh shit, she thought. Now you've done it. Now, he thinks I should be awake?

"Mr. Grody," she almost cried. She didn't have to pretend on that one. "Please don't. Please wait a while, until I can be out of this cage. Then I will, I promise."

"Stormi. I cannot wait any longer. It is not humanly possible." She wondered if he realized that sooner or later something would happen, and either she'd get out, or he'd be forced to kill her like he'd said he would. She realized that this was probably going to happen, like it or not.

She lay back, and resigned herself. Tears began leaking out of her closed eyes. He felt great sympathy for her. He felt sorry for her. But, it had to happen. It just had to happen. He felt as powerless about it as she now was. He just had to do it. He had to have her. What was the point of all this, if he did not?

He crawled up on the creaky cot, in-between her legs. He put his arms down, on each side of her midsection. His face was below her, about where her breasts were. She jumped as she felt his cock touch her pussy, to the side a bit. Center it up, she thought. He reached down with one hand, and got his cock situated. She felt it pressing against the mouth of her cunt. She felt him push harder and harder.

She jumped again as his lips fastened around one of her nipples. That did feel kind of good, she thought, hating herself. His dick pressed into her, harder and harder. Finally, with a giant stab of pain, it slid inside her. She burst into tears, from the pain, and from the knowledge of what had just happened. She was no longer a virgin. This disgusting old man had stolen her virginity.

His dick just continued to slide into her. He went in, and then out a bit, and then it again. Deeper and deeper. She didn't know if it would ever end. The pain was much less, now. The sensations were actually quite... pleasurable, she thought, hating to admit it to herself. If it was just anybody else, she thought. Damn. Anybody.

He was finally all the way inside her. She could feel his hips pressing against hers. He paused for a while, and then pulled out, and pushed in again. He did it again, and again. It felt good, but she hated it.

This went on for a long, long time. He alternately squeezed her breasts, sometimes painfully, and then he slid his hands beneath her and squeezed her ass to him as he fucked her. He even fingered her asshole, and pushed his finger into it slightly. She growled when he did that, and he smiled slightly. But at least he pulled his finger out. He bent down again, and sucked her nipple into his mouth.

The thing she feared was coming true. She was going to cum. She didn't want that, not at all. She didn't want to give him the pleasure. I'm being raped, she thought. I shouldn't cum, not for that. Not for him.

But, she did. She gasped, and groaned loudly, and came. Her calves cramped, and her ankles felt like popping, she clenched them so tightly. She felt the warmth spread from her pussy, and goosebumps popped up on her inner thighs. She had a nice good cum, and she felt like her body had betrayed her. Something so bad shouldn't feel so good, she thought.

He pumped her for a while longer, and then he finally came. She looked up at him as he scrunched his face up, the muscles in his neck standing out. She could feel the contractions of his dick, inside her body. She knew he was pumping his sperm into her body. Oh god, she thought, don't let me get pregnant. Don't make me bear this disgusting man's child.

He finally finished, and lay limply on top of her. She shoved him, as well as she could, still being handcuffed. He finally crawled off her, and stood beside the cot.

"Let me go," she said, meaning it. He smiled down at her, and fumbled for the handcuff key.

"Thank you, Stormi," he said. "Did you like it? Didn't it make you feel good?"

She glared up and him, but she nodded. A plan occurred to her, and she began to put it in place.

"Yes, it was nice," she said. "But I wish you'd have waited until I was ready. It would have been better for both of us."

He nodded. "I'm sorry, Stormi. I just couldn't wait."

"Unlock me," she said. And he bent over her, unlocking her feet first, and then her arms. She rubbed her wrists, wanting them to work perfectly for what she was going to do next.

He turned, as if he was going to leave the cage. She quickly glanced outside, to see the two padlocks laying on the floor, beside the door. She almost nodded to herself.

"Mr. Grody," she said, and he stopped. She crooked her finger, motioning him to return.

"Yes, dear," he said.

"Let me... let me taste it," she said, motioning towards his dick. "Let me lick it... clean..."

A smile appeared on his face. Of course he would. She dropped to her knees, and he stood in front of her. She scooted slightly, forcing him to turn a bit, but she wanted him in the back of the cage. She took his flaccid cock in her mouth, tasting both his sperm, and her own pussy juices on his cock. She sucked, thinking this is the last time, motherfucker.

With her hand she reached up and unsnapped his pants. If he even noticed, it didn't bother him any. With a gargantuan surge of strength, she yanked his pants all the way to his ankles with both hands. They slid down easily. She leaned back as fast as she could, knowing she couldn't afford to let him grab her. She punched him in the dick and balls as hard as she could. Her fist made a satisfying slapping sound as it contacted his floppy cock. He grunted, she hoped in pain.

She stood, hard, as fast as she could, and put her shoulder right into his belly. He took a few tiny steps backwards, hampered by the pants around his ankles, and then his arms windmilled as he crashed to the floor, backwards. She was out of the cage by then, and she had the door shut. She grabbed the first lock with fumbling finger, and just got it into the hasp when his shoulder hit the door. The door almost gave, it flexed quite a bit, but it withstood the first impact. He hit it again, and when he backed off for number three she slammed the second lock home. She locked them both with a satisfying click. She stared at his wild face, just a foot away, behind the plexiglass.

He screamed with feral rage. He knew he was fucked. He was locked in a cage he'd created, he'd spent years making, and he knew that it was pretty much inescapable. He wished, well, a tiny rational part of his brain wished he'd built some kind of secret escape method into the cage. It was too late for that. He was fucked.

"Stormi!" he panted. "We had something. You felt it. We are meant to be together. We had something, dammit!"

"We had shit," she said. Now that she was in power, she wanted him to suffer. But, she also knew the longer she hung around the more dangerous it was. Something occurred to her now, and she wondered if he still carried that gun with him. For all she knew it was in his pocket. He could shoot her, and shoot his way out of the cage, if so.

She turned to the door. She had to get out, fast.

"Goodbye, Mr. Grody," she said as she left, "goodby forever, you stupid sack of shit."

She ducked out the hidden door, hearing him scream one last time. He'd done a good job on the hidden door, you could hardly tell it was there, even when you knew. She couldn't hear him, anymore, either. She put her shoulder into the water tank, and finally got it scooted over, and blocked the door. That should slow him, if he did shoot his way out. She ran up the stairs, and into the house. She carefully locked the cellar door, and turned to the kitchen. She still hadn't heard any shots from below. She hoped that meant that he didn't have the gun on him.

She immediately went to the front door, and tried it. Locked, of course. She turned the two deadbolts, and it opened. She left it open slightly. It was her escape route, now.

She explored his house, her heart pounding, listening for any sounds from below. She peeked in the kitchen half a dozen times, making sure the door was still shut. She had no idea what she'd have done if it'd been open one of those times. Run like hell, she guessed.

Finally, in his bedroom, she found her clothes. Well, her jeans. She slid them on, and went to his closet and picked out one of his shirts. Now, she was ready to re-join the world. On his bed-stand, she saw the pistol. Hah, she thought. Got complacent, did we. Got fooled by a girl, did we. She thought idly for a moment about taking the gun downstairs and finishing him off through the air holes... but naw... she wanted him to suffer. She wanted him to die of thirst or starve to death. She wanted to give him time to think about what he'd done to her. About what would make her hate him this much. She finally just stuck the pistol in her waistband. She opened the drawer, and pocketed a fat roll of bills she found, after she spent a few minutes counting it. Almost fifty grand. That's about what a month out of my life is worth, she thought. She explored the room a little bit, finding even more cash and jewelry and Rolexes in drawers and cabinets. This guy was a rich old fuck, she thought, as she pocketed it all. Emphasis on the was. Now he's gonna be a dead old fuck.

Now, she thought, I'm ready to go home. Maybe in a month or two I'll tell them about the hidden door. Maybe they'll be able to smell him, by then, if they don't find him first. She knew that thirst would get him before hunger. She didn't care, she just wanted him dead. That would be her revenge on him. She'd tell them he'd imprisoned her in the attic or something, and that he'd gotten scared and ran off. Then, after she knew he was dead, she'd tell them where he really was. And when they found the movies and pictures her story would really be known. She felt pretty good, all in all, in spite of the things that had been done to her. Things had a funny way of working out. You just had to be ready when your chance came. Sometimes you had to make your own luck, she thought. It was time to go home and see her mom and brother.