The Electronic Bank Robbery

It seemed like an ordinary Friday at the small 1st Citizens Bank in the town of Archer, Georgia. The bank manager was a man named Brian Johnson. Brian was a 42-year-old widower who lived in a quiet residential area with his two young teenage daughters, 15-year-old Sarah and 14-year-old Rachel. Brian had worked at 1st Citizens for the past 20 years and had been the manager for the past 10 years.

The community respected him and his daughters were very popular in school with Rachel being an eighth-grade cheerleader and Sarah, the freshman homecoming attendant and number one student. The people knew everything about Brian and were there when his wife died in a car crash when Rachel was just 10.

The bank employees were always trying to get Brian to date again so it was a pleasant surprise to them when he seemed to take to the young red-headed woman who suddenly appeared in the bank. She identified herself as a state bank examiner and needed to see Brian.

Though, she was gorgeous and stacked, Brian seemed to become very unnerved by her presence. His secretary would say later that she had never seen him so quiet than that day. And with good reason.

Unknown to those working in the bank, the young woman was not a bank examiner but rather a part-time actress, part-time stripper and model. She wasn’t there to audit the bank but to force Brian to rob his own bank. While she was holed up in Brian’s office with him, moving money into a secret account, her partner and the ring leader Thomas Peterson, was at Brian Johnson’s home holding Sarah and Rachel hostage. As long as Brian did as the woman instructed, Rachel and Sarah would not be harmed and the entire family would get out of this unharmed. Of course this was not what Thomas Peterson had planned.

Unbeknownst to Brian Johnson or his sweet, innocent daughters,

Thomas Peterson is more than a bank robber. He was a cold blooded rapist who enjoyed doing things to the young daughters of his victims and forcing the fathers to do unnatural things as well to his girls. When done he would leave them all in a perilous situation along with his naïve, female companion. Thomas never shared his money with anyone and he had done this before. For the first few hours of their ordeal Sarah and Rachel Johnson saw a side of Peterson that was gentlemanly and cordial.

He didn’t bind the two teenagers even though they were still terrified, they were at least not being hurt. He let them watch TV, fix lunch and even go to the bathroom but they couldn’t use the computer and he took their cellphones away from them. Brian was allowed to call them each hour to check upon them and once, satisfied as to their safety, he returned to his forced embezzling.

The young woman posing as the bank examiner was 26-year-old Valerie Sorenson, an unemployed former model who met Peterson in the Caymans. Thomas told Valerie of his plan and she liked it. She knew everything except the final part and that was something Peterson thought wisely not to let her in on.

Peterson managed to get hold of the Johnson sisters when he knocked on their door and flashed a badge. Once inside he pulled a gun and threatened the two teenagers unless they cooperated. At the same time, Valerie entered the bank and showed her credentials as a bank examiner.

She got in to see Brian and once inside, showed him a camera phone with pictures of Sarah and Rachel with a gun to their heads. She told him the plan. He was to help her steal hundreds of thousands of dollars from his bank and since his employees thought she was a bank examiner, no one would suspect anything.

Brian demanded to be allowed to call his daughters each hour to make sure that her accomplice hasn’t done anything to them. Valerie called Thomas and he agreed to it. After all he knew what they were going to do after they finished up at the bank. In fact Thomas Peterson had already stashed a satchel full of rope, tape, gags and other items behind the house to use after Valerie gave him the alls done signal.

They could still watch TV, read, fix food and drink but they couldn’t use the phones, internet or go upstairs without all of them going. Brian talked to Sarah and told her to be brave and take care of her kid sister. He assured her that everything would be alright and it would be over soon. Once satisfied that everything was alright at home, he got down to the computer files and to stealing money from his customers.

The sisters were extremely close as siblings can be. Sarah was tall with long legs which she used to run track and play volleyball. She had long blonde hair which she usually wore in a ponytail. Sarah was a straight A student planning to be a doctor someday. Sarah was being blessed a pair of nice sized breasts already being a 36B cup.

Rachel Johnson, though only 14, had equally long legs but was a cheerleader instead. She was the tallest girl on the squad and also the most popular in the small school. Rachel had long brown hair which she wore down all the time except when she had a game. Rachel never liked it up because she liked to wear like her late mother would. Brian said that she reminded him so much of her mother and Rachel liked that. She wasn’t blessed with much of a chest right now but she expected to be a “late bloomer” with a 36A cup.

The looks of the girls didn’t miss Thomas’ view. He enjoyed young girls and had several notches on his belt of cherries he had taken over his many robberies. The girls didn’t see how large his cock was inside his pants. It would be another few hours before he could finally relieve himself.

Thomas Peterson’s plan was for Brian Johnson to move money from most of his bigger accounts without throwing up any red flags. He would place the money in a separate account with Valerie’s help. Once the bank closed he would then move the money electronically to an account in the Caymans where Peterson and his girlfriend would be able to get to it.

For most of the morning, Brian Johnson’s employees thought he was just working hard with the sexy, red-headed, bank “examiner”. Valerie never let on what she and her partner have planned for later. Instead she used her laptop to tell Brian which accounts to open and move money.

The plan was to take a little money out of a lot of large accounts so that even the owner would not figure out their money was missing for many days or weeks. By then, Thomas and Valerie would be basking in the sun of the Cayman’s. or at least that is what poor Valerie had been told by the psychotic Thomas.

For most of the day, everything for the Johnsons seemed to go off without a hitch. Brian was able to call his daughters each hour and talked to both of them. Peterson was an absolute nice gentleman, almost grandfatherly to Sarah and Rachel. He even played board games with the two young teens.

He even got into a spirited game of Texas Hold’em in which Rachel cleaned up. As the bank started to close up, Brian and Valerie had gotten the amount up to $2 million dollars. Brian’s secretary didn’t suspect a thing and was even telling those working there that she wished Brian would ask Valerie out on a date. They thought he had met the one woman who would be a “good” catch for him. They never imagined anything wrong was happening.

Brian called Sarah and Rachel for the last time as they finished up.

“OK, honey, I’m almost done doing what they want me to do. Are you still being treated OK?”

Brian asks his oldest daughter in a very tired voice.

“Yes, dad, we are still being treated well but we are tired and ready for you to come home. Please hurry up. We’re ready for this to all be over for us.”

“Well, I’ll be home in less than an hour and I want to hug you two and kiss you when I get there. Put the man on the phone, OK, sweetie.”

“OK, Johnson, I suppose you’ve done what my associate has asked you to do,” Peterson asks as he takes the phone from Sarah.

“I’ve stolen the money for you. Now let my family go,” a defiant Brian says.

“OK, here’s the deal. You leave in your own car and my associate will leave in hers. You will be wearing a small camera and microphone so that you don’t try anything on the way here. You will drive to the mall where she will ditch her car, get into yours and ride with you back here. Once I get my associate back here safe and sound, then I will reunite you with your girls and we will leave you alone. Got it?”

“Yeh, I get it.”

“Good, now you better be getting out of there so that you can see your girls again.”

With that Brian Johnson closes his cellphone. He picks up his briefcase, walks over to the door and leaves his office.

Valerie gets in her car as Brian gets in his. He is wearing the small microphone that is monitored he thinks by Valerie and places a small camera on his dashboard to record all of his actions. He is not going to do anything stupid that would jeopardize the lives of his daughters.

 Little does he know what is awaiting him once he gets back home.

Thomas Peterson has already changed his persona from grandfatherly to psycho and Sarah and Rachel are beginning to realize what is in store for them. Even as Brian talked to his oldest daughter one last time, Peterson had already started his “phase two”. Only Sarah talked to Brian this time and for good reason.

Rachel was sitting beside her on the couch with Peterson’s gun pressed against her head. If her sister said anything that would make her father realize that there was something wrong, she would get her head blown off. Both girls had already been forced to strip down to their bras and panties and had their hands taped in front of them. Both had tape plastered across their mouths even though Sarah had hers peeled back while she spoke so bravely to her father.

They both feared that this was becoming more than just a robbery-kidnapping and they were right. It was going to become a nightmare of monumental proportions for the entire family once Brian got home.

Part Two: Surprise! Daddy's Home

After Peterson hung up the phone, he walked over to a rear door, opened it a crack and pulled the huge duffel bag into the house. He carried it over to where Sarah and Rachel were sitting. The two scantily clad teenagers were fighting back tears as they watched their suddenly nasty captor open the bag and pour out the contents. It was enough to make both of them start crying finally.

“See this stuff is all for you and your father once he gets here. As you can see, this isn’t a typical robbery-kidnapping. My associate and I plan on spending most of the night here with you, three. Let’s see what I have in here,” Peterson laughs not really concerned with how terrified the two young girls are,

“All of this rope, well it is to go on all of your bodies at some time tonight and these are called ball gags. They go in like this.”

Peterson puts one playfully in his mouth to demonstrate to his captives.

“They strap tightly in the back and you’ll be drooling like crazy. As you can see, I have four of them and with only three of you that means one of these babies is for my lovely but very naïve associate,”

 Peterson continues, “Next we have three nice shiny vibrators that will go right in here.”

Peterson comes over puts his hand practically in Sarah’s crotch area.

“Finally we have some more goodies that I use later but for now we will just wait for your father to get here and start the fun,” Peterson says returning to his pile of sexual stuff, “And, oh by the way, you’re both going to be naked and fucked repeatedly in all three holes before we leave in the morning.”

With that both girls just let go with the tears. Sarah and Rachel are practically inconsolable about their pending plight. They wish they could warn their father about the double-cross but it is too late. He is on his way home to a trap and they are tightly bound and gagged unable to do anything.

“OK, now I need both of you to get up and walk over to those two kitchen chairs. It’s time to make you a little bit more secure,” Peterson says as he pulls both girls up to their feet, “OK, now get walking!”

Sarah and Rachel have no choice but to cooperate with the gun-toting kidnapper. They both sit down with their taped hands placed on their laps. But they are further stunned when he comes over and cuts the tape around Sarah’s wrists.

She quickly goes to massage her wrists but that is short-lived as Peterson quickly pulls them cruelly behind her back and the chair. She can see the first coil of rope coming out and being unwound. She knows that it is going around her already sore wrists holding them behind her back. Rachel just stared at the sight behind her sister’s back.

She was counting five, six, ten, twelve loops of rope went around Sarah’s wrists before Peterson took the rope between her wrists several more times before tying it off. Next he went up to her elbows, took another coil of rope and wound it another eight times around them bringing them as close together as he could without touching. Sarah grimaced in pain but Peterson was merciless.

“Sorry, girls, but I don’t care how old you are. I like my victims tied tightly and age is no exception,”

 Peterson smiled as he wound a few more loops around Sarah’s body to hold her to the chair.

He wound the rope first above and then below her bra making her nice-sized breasts heave outward. Finally he wound a rope around her waist and the chair so that 15-year-old Sarah Johnson was now firmly bound to the chair. Within minutes Rachel was bound the same way.

Peterson chose not to tie their legs yet but left the rope lying on the floor right in front of the girls to let them know what was coming.

Meanwhile Brian Johnson was already on the road driving quietly to the mall where he would pick Valerie up for the ten minute trip home. He was probably thinking a lot about what he was planning to do to protect and rescue his daughters. He never dreamed about what was happening at his house.

He believed Thomas Peterson and his girlfriend when they said that they would release them once they got back to the house and the money was securely in their Cayman account.

Peterson had moved back over to the recliner and was watching TV. Sarah and Rachel Johnson were sobbing and trying to comfort each other as best they could across the room from him. Suddenly the cell phone rings and Peterson opens it up.

“How’s he doing. Good, then you should both be here in the next half hour. Listen, don’t do anything dumb. We can’t have him stopped by the police for anything. So make sure that he obeys every traffic law on your way back here. Yeh, I have already started phase two. Nah, they’re both sitting over there quietly in the kitchen chairs. You want to see them,”

Peterson says as he walks over and takes a picture of the girls on his phone, “Yeh, I already have them down to their bra and panties. Of course, the rest is coming off but not until you both get here. Listen, don’t forget to grab the stun gun out of the glove box before you transfer to his car.

When you pull into the garage, hit him with a jolt and then we can drag him inside and start the fun. Good, see you in a little while.”

With that Peterson closes the phone and places it on the table. He picks up another coil of rope and bends down in front of Sarah Johnson.

“I guess you heard our conversation. You didn’t really think that I would stop at the underwear, did you?

Are both of you virgins?” Peterson asks as he unwinds the rope.

Sarah and Rachel shake their heads yes to his question.

“Well, that won’t last much longer and here’s the fun part. Your father is going to be the one who makes one of you a woman. Wait until he sticks his dick in you and well, you’ll just go crazy from the experience.

And guess what he will decide who I get to do, isn't that exciting, girls. But for now, it’s time to secure your legs to the chair. We’ll need to able to put those little vibrators in those little crotches to limber you up.”

Both girls were crying hysterically at the news even as Peterson bends Sarah's left leg back to the rear of the chair and starts winding rope around her ankle and the leg. He winds the rope around ten times around it and then repeats it around the other ankle and then proceeds over to Rachel and does the same thing with her.

Both girls are now wide open with their hairy pussies very exposed. Now the only thing missing from the two helpless teenagers are the vibrators but that will come much later.

Peterson can do nothing now but go over and sit and wait for Valerie and Brian to come home. Sarah and Rachel just sit there and sob as they realize what is coming.

Fifteen minutes later:

For Brian Johnson it has been the longest drive in his life. He can’t say anything or alert anyone to his situation. Valerie is driving right behind him and with the little mini-camera he was forced to put on the dash and the wireless microphone he is wearing,

Brian is being monitored closely by the red-headed kidnapper. He is praying that he and his girls will get out of this unscathed. Never did he even imagine the plight that the girls are already experiencing at home. He figures that all three of them will probably be duct-taped and gagged so that the two robbers can get away but nothing else.

Finally he wheels his car into the parking lot of the mall far away from traffic. Valerie pulls in next to him. She gets out, locks the door and then gets in the passenger seat of Brian’s car for the ten minute drive back to the house. She is already packing the stun gun in her purse.

“You’ve done well so far, Johnson. Keep it up for ten more minutes and you will be reunited with your girls and this ordeal will be over,” Valerie warns as she fastens her seat belt and Brian puts the car into drive.

The two of them don’t say a word as they drive back into traffic. Valerie knows what is happening at the house and can’t wait to join the action.

Meanwhile nothing has changed at the Johnson home. Sweat beads have formed on the girls's young partially clad bodies. Their skin is red and their underwear is soaked causing their nipples to show behind the fabric. Both girls wore modest size bras since neither of them had filled it out yet.

Thomas Peterson is sitting back in a recliner, eating a sandwich and drinking a Pepsi he found in the fridge. He is watching a TV show while also keeping track of the time. He notes that it is 6:15 when he hears Brian Johnson’s car enter the garage.

“It’s showtime, girls!” he yells as he gets up from his chair to go and assist Valerie.

She does as she was told to do. As soon as Brian parked the car, turned off the motor and prepared to get out, she pulled out the stun gun and zapped him with a good jolt.

Brian fell back in his seat still wearing his seat belt. Valerie gets out of her side of the car and is walking over toward the driver’s door when Peterson appears in the doorway.

“Job well done, darling,” he says as he walks down toward the car, “Let’s get him inside so we can start the fun part of this caper.

Valerie and Thomas drag Brian out of the door and carry him into the house. Sarah and Rachel scream out in terror when they see their unconscious father being dragged in and thrown down on the floor.

“Quick, let’s get his clothes off so that we can get him secured before he wakes up.” Peterson tells his lovely girlfriend.

Valerie and Thomas quickly dispense of Brian’s sports jacket, shoes, pants and shirt. Then they remove his underwear and let him lie there on the floor totally naked.

“Doesn’t your father look really good naked?” Peterson says looking over at the sobbing Sarah and Rachel,

“Don’t worry, you’ll get to taste his dick a little later.”

“OK, can you tie him, darling. I have got to get out of this stuffy dress. I can’t believe women dress like this just to prove that they are just as good as men,”

Valerie says walking out of the room with her blouse already unbuttoned.

Meanwhile across town one of Brian’s co-workers is talking to another on the phone.

“Did you see how Mr. Johnson looked at that red-headed bank examiner today. I think he may finally be ready to date again?”

“Yeah, I know. It’s been a long time since his wife passed. I think he should get another woman.

“Well, maybe tonight will be the night. I heard them making plans to meet later.”

“I guess we’ll all find out Monday how it went.”

Part Three: The Grand Unveiling of the Johnson Sisters

If only they knew what was happening at the Johnson home. Thomas and Valerie have finished stripping Brian Johnson in front of his underwear clad daughters.

“Man, look at how large of a cock, your daddy has. I wonder whether it will go either of your asses when we try it later.”

Thomas stands up and walks over to address poor frightened Sarah and Rachel.

“Don't worry, girls. Nothing is going to happen until dear old dad wakes up and that won't be for a while. So just relax.”

Time goes by slowly for the captive teenagers. They sit and sweat. Brian is lying on the floor in a hogtie with his wrists tied behind his back and his ankles bound together with the hogtie rope connected to his wrists. He has tape across his mouth as he lies there starting to stir around a little bit. Thomas is in the next room watching TV and Valerie is sitting next to him. She is no longer wearing the business outfit she had worn at the bank. In fact she is wearing only her lacy black bra and panties.

“MMMpphhh, mmmpphhhh.”

Brian is now fully awake and can strain head up to look at his daughters sitting in front of him. He can not believe that they are clad in just their underwear. He is supposed to protect them from bad things like this. Why are they tied up so tightly and gagged?

The thieves promised him that his girls would be treated well and once they got back to the house, the whole nightmare would be over. Now it looks like he was lied to.

“Well, darling, look who’s back with us. I hope you had a pleasant sleep, Brian.”

Valerie laughs as bends down into Brian’s face, “As you can see, we have lied to you and now we’re going to have a lot of fun with you and your lovely daughters.”

“Brian, let me introduce myself. My name is Thomas Peterson and don’t be angry because I tell lies to everyone so you are just another one that I have done it to. Let me tell you what’s going to happen now.

My girlfriend and I need to make sure that the money gets in our Cayman’s account so I order to do that we have to keep you and your daughters under wraps until tomorrow morning.” Thomas says entering the room.

Brian shakes his head trying to talk to his family’s kidnappers.

“Sorry, but I can’t afford to take the gag off but I will change it after while to something better. Meanwhile as I was saying, we have to keep you three under wraps and since it is a long time until morning, we might as well have some fun while we wait for the banks over there to open at 7:00 a.m.”

Brian looks helplessly over at his terrified daughter’s whose faces are red and puffy from crying for hours. He can see how red their skin is from sweat and then is thoroughly embarrassed at being totally naked in front of his young daughters.

“Embarrassed about being naked in front of your girls, well don’t worry because they will soon be naked as well and in fact you’re going to do it in a few minutes. In fact you’ll be fucking them both in a little while as well as my girlfriend who just can’t wait to get you in bed.”

Peterson unties the hogtie rope and pulls Brian up to a chair between his daughters. Valerie bends down and starts sucking hard on his cock.

“As you can see, Johnson, she isn't a bank examiner but a very good prostitute who can act.”

Valerie doesn't let up. She pulls her mouth away and starts stroking it a bit but stops abruptly.

“Sorry, darling, but this is where I stop. Your girls will finish the job soon.”

“So that’s the scoop and in case you think someone may interrupt us tonight, we have placed black paper over every window and door to keep the light in so that no one in town will even suspect that you and the girls are doing anything but sleeping tonight,”

 Peterson says as he starts untying Brian from the chair,

“Now as soon as I get these ropes off, you will kindly remove your daughters’ remaining clothes off.”

Brian shakes his head in defiance at Peterson’s horrible demands. He may have been in a helpless state himself but he wasn’t going to do this to his young daughters.

“This is not negotiable, Brian,” Peterson angrily says as he slaps Brian hard across his mouth,

 “Either you do as you’re ordered or else my lovely partner will put a bullet through her eyes.”

Brian watches in horror as Valerie puts a gun against Rachel’s temple. Finally he shakes his head in compliance. So Peterson finished untying Brian leaving just his gag on and hands him a pair of scissors.

“OK, start with Sarah. She seems to have the largest breasts around.” Peterson laughs as he stands holding a gun on Brian,

“Now do it and make it fast or else my partner will start shooting.”

Brian fought back tears as he went behind his eldest daughter’s back. He slid the scissors under one of her white bra straps, hesitated and then closing his eyes, he cut the strap in two. He then went over to the other one and did the same. He stopped as the straps fell down to the ropes around Sarah’s breasts.

“OK, nice but not quite complete. So let’s unhook the clasps and then cut the front so that you can take it off,” Thomas says growing anxious.

Brian does as he is told and with Sarah closing her eyes and sobbing, he pulls what was left of his daughter’s bra off allowing her large protruding breasts to dangle down.

“OK, now reach around and squeeze them,” Valerie chimes in smiling like she is really get off on this.

Brian does what he is ordered. He fondles his oldest daughter’s breasts and grimaces as he does it. He can’t stand to be doing this but knows that things were going to get worse.

After a few minutes of watching Brian fondle Sarah’s exposed breasts, Thomas is ready for more action.

“OK, now let’s go over and give Rachel the same treatment, shall we?”

By now the younger Johnson knows what is coming and seems to be dealing with it. Brian proceeds to cut her bra off and then ordered once again, he fondles Rachel’s smaller breasts.

“Man, dad, you are getting the hang of this but enough of that. Now it’s time to get rid of the panties so slide those scissor blades down there and cut them off,". Thomas orders seemingly enjoying the show.

Brian does what he is ordered to do and within minutes Rachel is now stark naked and soon Sarah joins her in their first nude performance. Brian is quickly relieved of the scissors by Valerie and then is escorted back to the chair in the middle.

“OK, baby, tie him back up and make him stand in front of them.”

Thomas pushes Brian down in front of his oldest daughter, Sarah.

“Ok now she has those pretty legs spread like that for one thing. You are going to eat her pussy with your mouth. Now just to make sure you do as ordered, my lovely associate will have a cocked gun pressed against your youngest daughter's head. One mistake or one bit of non-compliance and she will pull the trigger and by by Rachel, understand.”

Valerie puts the cold steel of the gun barrel against the 14-year-old's head. Thomas pulls Brian's gag off and pushes him into her daughter's pussy.

“Starting licking, dad.”

Brian closes his eyes as he starts licking his daughter's clit flap. He can't stand the horrible taste but has no choice. Soon he has moved the flap and dug his tongue into her inner pussy. After a few minutes he is moved over to Rachel and must repeat the process. The ordeal lasts what seemingly is forever as he is moved back and forth between girls. Finally the two kidnappers get tired of it.

He is pulled back. He has some of their liquid on his mouth but before he can even lick off, a red ballgag is shoved tightly in his mouth and strapped behind his head. Brian must feel like his jaws were going to break from the strain but he can't budge it.

“Very nice job, dad. Now comes the most important question of the night. Which girl do you want to become a woman first. I will do the honors. I just need you to let me know which one.”

Brian is forced to stand in front of Sarah and Rachel and look into their troubled eyes. How can he decide which one to be raped first? That must have been the question he had in front of him.

Part Four: Daddy's Little Girls Become Women

“OK, have you made a decision yet, dad. Well, don't worry you can decide later.”

Thomas jerked Brian over to the chair in between the two naked daughters.

“OK, baby, tie him back up while I add some rope to the girls.”

Valerie takes some of the rope and starts binding Brian to the chair. He strains to look around her to see what is happening to the girls. Thomas has untied their legs and has pulled their legs apart and is tying them to each chair leg. Meanwhile Valerie is busy winding rope tightly around Brian’s naked body.

She has a lot of rope to use and she is using it quite easily. So for the next fifteen minutes Brian and the girls endure some very tight binding. Finally Valerie steps back and joins Thomas in front of the three captives.

“Well, how’d I do, baby?” Valerie asks lighting a cigarette.

“Very good job. I doubt if Brian can move a muscle let alone loosen anything. Why don’t we leave the three of them alone for a while. We need to have something to eat. By the way, Brian, I’m sorry I lied to you. We are planning on hurting your daughters but you’ll be doing most of it.”

The two cruel kidnappers stand there and watch their three helpless naked hostages to find some kind of relief but they can’t Thomas and Valerie know how to tie rope and they have done a great job.

“You know what I think the girls should give their father a show while we’re gone. Go over and grab those two vibrators from the bag. I think they can handle those for a while.”

Sarah and Rachel cry and shake as Valerie brings the huge cylindrical hard pieces of plastic over to Thomas.

“Now, girls, these will sit right next to your tender little pussies and tape them in place. I figure they can handle them on low for about an hour and that will prepare for the fuckings they will get later.”

Brian is powerless to save his daughters as Thomas and Valerie place the two large, cold, objects right against their clitorises. They pulls duct tape off a roll and place it over the vibrators and the body in three or four different place to firmly hold them in place.

“Now you, two ladies will officially become women as soon as we flip these switches,” Thomas laughs as he stands in front of Rachel, “OK, honey, let’s put them into orbit, shall we?”

Rachel and Sarah cry out and jerk as the vibrators clank up. Brian is struggling to try and get out of his seat but he is unable to move let alone help his daughters out.

“Don’t worry, dad, they’ll be on for a short period of time. Just need to get them started before we take them back to the bedroom to finish the job. Have you decided which one you want first?”

Midnight falls on the small town. Most of the bank employees are fast asleep and if anyone went by the Johnson home, they would think the same. But Thomas Peterson and his lovely accomplice Valerie were still working the family over with their sadistic games. The vibrators are gone from Rachel and Sarah but things have gotten much worse.

“OK, Brian, which is it going to be- Rachel or Sarah.”

Valerie is running her hands up and down Brian's sweaty bare chest. She is naked and on her knees. She bends over and takes his cock. Valerie starts sucking his cock showing a great deal of joy in her actions. Rachel and Sarah are watching intently. The vibrators have been removed a few minutes earlier and they are exhausted.

Sweat, tears and drool are having a race down their chests. Their hair is matted down with sweat and they have trickles of blood going down their inner legs.

“Valerie, darling, I know you having fun but Brian has to make a big decision. Is it Rachel or is it Sarah that he wants me to fuck first.”

Valerie gets up and pulls Brian's gag down. Thomas sticks a knife against Rachel's chest right between her breasts.

“Decide now, dad, or else I will her breast off and go to the other one and do the same.”

“I can't do it. Please you have your money. You've ruined my career, you've had your fun. Just don't hurt my babies.”

Thomas takes the knife and makes a small cut between the breasts as Rachel screams into her ballgag.

“Ok, I choose Sarah. I choose my oldest. I am so sorry, Sarah.”

Valerie stuffs the ballgag back in his mouth and Thomas bandages Rachel with a small bandage then goes over to untie Sarah who is crying badly.

“You stay here with both of them until I get Sarah here secured upstairs and then we will come for the both of them. Dad, you made the wise choice. But then that means you get to fuck your youngest.”

Brian tries to negotiate behind his gag. The banker has always been able to talk in a situation. He has been able to get the deal done with a client who is hesitate to act and also had to deal with some tough people not wanting to be rejected for loans but this is different.

The huge ball protruding in his mouth between his teeth is keeping him from trying to win his daughters' release. He can only look at his naked, bound and gagged 14-year-old daughter and hope he doesn't have to take her most precious thing away- her virginity.

He now looks on helplessly as Thomas picks a bound and gagged Sarah up, throwing her over his shoulder and carrying her towards the stairs. He follows the two of them with his eyes until they disappear out of sight.

2:00 am

A time when the entite community is asleep and ready for the next day. But in Brian Johnson's house the blinds are pulled, black paper and tape covers all the openings so anyone driving by would think the family is asleep in bed also, wouldn't know what hell Brian, Sarah and Rachel are going through.

“Come on, baby, push it in more. She is already a woman, let's make the next one the huge one.”

A sick perverted Valerie is standing over Rachel's bed. The lovely teenager is tied down spread-eagled on the bed with her arms and legs tightly bound to the bedposts. On top of her is Brian tied down so tightly he can't move. He has been forced to ram his extremely long (6 inch) cock deep into her daughter's virginal pussy. With a threat of death to Rachel, he is forced to push back and forth trying to get an orgasm inside Rachel. He clangs his ballgag against the one resting partially in her mouth.

He has worked hard to protect his two lovely daughters as a single parent but now he is ripping the most precious thing she owned. He had to watch helplessly earlier when his oldest daughter, Sarah, had her cherry broken by the nasty Thomas Peterson. In fact, Thomas is still on top of her in the master bedroom. The crazy rapist is coming for the sixth time as Sarah lay there half-conscious.

“OK, dad, let's get going.”

Valerie slaps Brian's bare ass trying to get him to do more. Brian grunts out an oath from behind his gag. He is dripping sweat into his daughter's face. Her long legs are moving because of his action on top of her. She is shaking as her body responds to the occasion.

Suddenly as Brian looks into the hollow face of his once vibrant daughter, he feels it. He tries to stop it but he can't. He jerks and can see the look on Rachel's face. He drops an enormous amount of an orgasm down into her belly. But it is not done yet.

“Good job, but you can do more. So another one or else we will hurt her.”

Thomas walks in about that time. He is dripping cum down his leg and onto the floor.

“So daddy came and made his baby a woman. Just to let you know that your little girl was great. I probably ripped into her about a dozen times. Good thing I took a couple of high dose Viagras before I got started. She is asleep now but once she is ready to go, you will switch over to her. Babe, why don't you get a nice large dose of the good stuff for Brian here.”

The two psychos laugh as Brian comes again and again until Rachel is out cold.

“Rest on top of her while we go get something to eat. Then we can go for it again with that dose of the good stuff.”

Part Five: Calling All Lesbian Daughters.

A couple more hours and it is almost dawn. But in Brian Johnson's house it isn't going to matter. No one is coming over to see them and if they were, they would probably be fucking each other anyhow.

After Brian earlier had raped his youngest daughter Rachel on his bed, he had been given a couple of powerful extra, extra strength Viagra. He was now ripping the already bloody young body of his oldest Sarah, who looked so much like her deceased mother. Sarah had already lost her virginity to Thomas Peterson earlier and Thomas was fucking her sister now.

 Brian is struggling with heavy sweat just like he did earlier on top of Rachel. He has a weird feeling over him from the effects of the Viagra but he is wedged on top of his oldest so that he can't move except his cock back and forth. Their sweaty bodies are sharing liquid and Sarah.'s long hair is soaked. The bed linen feels like a gallon of water has been dumped on it but it is all drool, sweat and cum coming together. Their ballgags clang just like earlier with Rachel. Brian lets out a loud grunt as he comes in his daughter for the third time.

Thomas fucking Rachel in her ass now while letting Valerie use her strap-on in the poor girl's pussy. This is minor compared to what will come later in what will turn out to be the Johnsons' last day on earth. Thomas is already plotting out the end game which will occur later in the day.

“You're enjoying, baby, aren't you?”

Valerie is pumping like crazy inside Rachel's tiny little hole.

“This girl is hot. Maybe I can do a threesome with them later.”

“Sounds good. Dad and I can watch.”

So as the sun comes on a beautiful Saturday morning Thomas and Valerie are ravishing poor Rachel while Brian is fucking his precious oldest daughter until she is out cold again.

“Ok, let's cut them loose so we can feed them.

8:00 am.

“OK, eat up folks because this will be the last meal you will get for a while.”

Thomas sits at the head of the table. He has Rachel and Sarah sitting on either side of him. Brian is sitting at the other end and Valerie is next to him. All of them are still naked but only Brian is still bound and gagged. He will eat after Rachel and Sarah eat their breakfast.

They can feed themselves and do with very shaky hands. Thomas eats his eggs and drinks a nice beer which is not normally drank in front of the girls.

“Do you girls want a swig?”

He brings over toward Rachel who moves away. He grabs her hair and pulls it toward him.

“Don't ever do that, bitch. Now drink a swig of this. You became a woman earlier so why not take your first drink.”

Rachel cries as he puts the bottle to her lips.

“Leave my sister alone, you perverted bastard.”

“Dad, did you just hear what your oldest daughter said.”

Valerie gets up, walks over and slap Sarah hard causing the 15 year old to fall out of her seat. She quickly pulls herself up to the chair.

“Tie the little bitch up again in a nice tight ball. Might as well let her see how it feels to be a turkey. All tied up on the table.”

Valerie takes Sarah and yanks her out of the room.

“Don't spare any rope on her, babe. She is going to pay for that comment. Now where were we. Oh right, take a swig.”

Rachel opens her young mouth and Thomas pours some of the beer down her throat. She immediately vomits it up all down her chest as Thomas laughs.

“Well, dad, your kid just can't handle her liquor. Now let's try this again, shall we.”

He pours some more down Rachel's throat and despite the horrible taste, the brave 14-year-old holds it down.

Brian is crying first watching Sarah be brutalized by Valerie and then his little girl be forced to drink alcohol. Fortunately Thomas stopped at two more gulps but Sarah is already feeling a buzz.

Thomas eats some more and Sarah picks at her food. She is not feeling all that well. The Johnson girls have always prided themselves on their looks but now they are not very attractive. Sarah's hair is matted with sweat. Her chest is now sticky and she stinks of beer. She has dried blood on the inside of her legs and her feet are very dirty. Brian looks at his daughter and can't believe what has happened to her and her sister.

“OK, get back in there, you little bitchy teen.”

Brian strains his head around and Sarah whimpers when she sees her sister hop into the room again. Valerie has taken Thomas's words to heart. She has used a bunch of rope that she has wound tightly around Rachel's body. Her legs have been tied with rope that went from her ankles to her knees. More has been wound around her thighs and through her crotch. She has rope around her chest and Valerie has even wrapped rope around each breast causing them to look like discolored melons. Finally her wrists have been twisted upward into the middle of her young back in a reverse prayer. The poor girl has the ballgag back in her mouth again.

“Now you see, dad, what happens when your brat here has a potty mouth.”

She slaps Rachel on the ass and makes her hop to the table. Valerie and Thomas clear the table and then the psycho woman picks her up and puts her on the table. Brian and Sarah can only watch as Valerie ties Rachel in a balltie so that her knees are tied to a rope that goes around her neck and the knees. After several loops, she is unable to move. Her ass is sticking out and that gives Thomas a nasty idea.

“Why don't we give them a nice little lesbian experience.”

“Sounds good to me. Bring her sister over and let her lick her big sister's ass.”

Thomas grabs Sarah and pulls the begging girl over and makes her lean over. Her head is right in Rachel's ass crack.

“OK, now unless you want to be trussed up like your sister, here. You better start licking her real well.”

Sarah closes her eyes and starts doing as ordered. It was probably horrible. Thomas had fucked her in the ass several times so the smell and taste had to be bad. Sarah pulled it out once and got her ass whacked by the increasingly psychotic Valerie.

“I will tell you when you can come up for air.”

Brian is not having much fun watching all of this. Thomas is down on his knees and he is sucking on the bank manager's cock. Now Thomas Peterson is not a gay man but does love a good cock once in a while and he is really going to town the dad's big appendage.

 Valerie positions herself behind Sarah as she licks her sister's exposed ass and then she does the same with the 14 year old's. So the morning reaches mid-morning with the crazed sex going on.

In a few minutes the scene will head back upstairs and Valerie will introduce the girls to so much more.

Part Six: Dawn is A Coming and The Money should be There

Brian is forced to hop upstairs by Thomas. He didn't want dad to miss his daughter's big performances. The bank manager is still in shock having had his cock sucked by a man but then again the entire perverted night has been surreal. He had a terrible time making it up the two flights of steps but he finally made it.

He was dripping in sweat and his cock was dripping from cum after the blowjob. Thomas had stripped down to his underwear after the blowjob which was still erect as he walked behind Brian in order to keep him from falling down the stairs. As they got near the top of the stairs, they could hear the muffled cries of Sarah and Rachel coming from Brian's bedroom.

As they approached the room Valerie greets them at the door. The naked redhead is standing there as sort of a bellhop.

“Welcome to the Johnson family playroom. Come in dad to see what fun your daughters are doing.”

Brian is forced into the room and there he sees Rachel and Sarah on the bed. They are lying on top of each other. Rachel is on the bottom with Sarah on top. They are tied together with rope so they can't move. They seem to be in some pain.

“They are lying there sharing a two sided dildo which is embedded in each of their pussies. So you see, dad, you are going to see them fuck each other but they are really getting ready for the big show. You will decide which one you want to fuck first.”

Brian is forced to stand and watch as Rachel and Sarah are crying, thrashing around trying to get some comfort. They are still feeling the effects of the alcohol. Valerie decided they needed some more.

She goes over, pulls down Sarah's gag and pours some vodka down her throat. Brian wished he hadn't had any of it sitting around the house but he did like a nightly shot but now his young daughters are being forced to drink it down.

Valerie doesn't even regag Sarah who is now legally drunk. Valerie can now untie the teenager without any worry. After she has Sarah sitting on the side of the bed rubbing her wrists, the crazy woman pulls Rachel off of the bed, sitting her beside her sister. She forced the rest of the vodka down the younger girl's throat.

 So soon the two girls were untied and with no inhibitions because of being drunk, they do whatever Valerie tells them. So Brian is forced to sit in a chair with Thomas and Valerie sitting on each side of him and watch his young daughters perform sex acts on each other.

They lie in bed kissing almost constantly and not just a smooch on the lips. No, they stick each other's tongue in the other's mouth. Rachel seems to the dominate one. She repeatedly runs her finger down into her older sister's pussy. Sarah seems to enjoy her role. She lies on her back and encourages her sister to suck her breasts and run her hands all up and down her naked, sweaty body.

Brian is sitting there with tears rolling down his face as he sees his “babies” doing so many lesbian things to each other and they don't even know what they are doing being so drunk. The only thing is he knows that it will eventually wear off and then they will be ashamed of what they did. But in the meantime the girls are having a “blast”.

“Here why don't take turn doing this.”

Valerie directs Rachel to turn around and sit on Sarah's face. The older sister giggles as her sister's smelly ass goes over her face. She was squirming around as Rachel plays with her sister's nipples while Sarah seems to be enjoying smelling her sister's ass which had to be nasty having been fucked by Thomas there and also she has pissed and even shit some during the nasty ordeal. But when you are drunk and have no inhibitions nothing is bad.

After a few minutes, they switch positions and now Rachel is smelling her sister while Sarah is playing with on top. All the while Brian continues to be forced to watch while Valerie is playing with him. She is down on her knees and his cock is firmly planted in her mouth as she moves her lips back and forth savoring his juices.

Thomas is enjoying the orgy that is occurring all the while planning out his end game. He knows the money should be in the bank in the Caymans within an hour or so and then he can leave only without his lovely accomplice. Thomas leaves the room temporarily but comes back shortly with a needle and pill bottle.

“OK, dad, time for you to join the action. So to get you stimulated to fuck your daughters, got you something to make you like them right now.”

Brians shakes his head, yells into his gag as Thomas presses the needle into his arm.

“You just got heroin into your system and then we pop out your gag and pop one of these babies in.”

Brian's mouth has the ballgag popped out but Valerie holds his mouth open so that Thomas can pop an extra strength Viagra inside and then he forced to have some vodka to wash it down.

“Now you are ready for some action in just a few minutes. You will become a raging bull with your cock the largest it can be. Which one do you want first?”

Brian had no control over his body soon as he, too, had his bonds removed.

A raging bull was definitely how you could describe as he climbed onto his bed. The girls came over and started kissing him wildly. He threw Sarah down and within seconds he had his huge cock inside the giggly girl's pussy. As Rachel watched feverishly, Brian power drives his 6 inch cock into her sister and pumped quickly and effortlessly.

“Man, I haven't had a woman in years. This feels WONDERFUL!!”

Sarah is not enjoying it though. Perhaps the vodka was wearing off but Brian was being so brutal that even if she wanted to enjoy it, he was hurting her.

“Daddy, you're being too rough. Please be gentle.”

“Sorry, but I am having too much fun, honey.”

So Brian rips his young daughter with his massive cock. Rachel can't stand it. She comes over and starts rubbing her hands over her sister's boobs. Thomas and Valerie are thoroughly enjoying the scene.

“Isn't amazing what booze and drugs can do to make a situation a lot different. Of course we will have to bind and gag them again but not for another hour or so.”

Brian suddenly lets out a loud sound as he climaxes into his daughter. Sarah closed her eyes and smiles.

“Come again, daddy.”

Rachel chimes in.

“How about me.”

The younger daughter smacks her father on the shoulder. But he ignores her and pumps harder and harder into his older daughter again. He comes very quickly and drops a much bigger load down her.

“OK, now it's your sister's turn.”

Sarah seemed sad about it coming to an end but she knew that he needed to do her sister so that Rachel wouldn't start throwing a temper tantrum.

“Sarah, why don't you go with Valerie and continue in another room.”

Thomas whispers to Valerie. “Take her downstairs and tie her up again. The booze will wear off shortly and we have to leave soon. Time to put her panties in her mouth to gag her with.”

“Come on, honey, we can have some fun downstairs.”

Meanwhile Rachel is enjoying her dad's wild side with his still huge cock buries in her now. She still has a buzz on from the vodka but it is starting to wear off a little. Fortunately Brian came fast and furious so Rachel got her satisfaction quickly.

Valerie appears back in the room as Rachel gets up off of the bed.

“Is it my turn to have fun with you?”

Thomas grabs her arm lightly.

“No, my dear, it is my turn and we can go into another room to do it.”

Rachel went with Thomas willingly until she looked over the railing to the living room. When she saw Sarah struggling in rope in a kitchen chair, she went berserk. It was like the booze buzz ended at that sight. Thomas dragged the girl downstairs while Valerie went underneath a still stimulated Brian Johnson.

By the time Valerie got Brian the poor guy was pretty well done. In fact he came just once and then passed out on top of her. She just ran her hands all over his sweaty body as she managed to dump him off. She sucked on his cock gathering up all of his wet, foamy cum that he had dumped inside his two precious girls.

“So he finally gave out, huh,”

Thomas laughs as he comes back in the room.

“Well, help me get him downstairs to join his daughters.”

“Yeah, Valerie, the money is in our account so we can leave. We'll just leave them down there while we leave. They will be found later today when I call the cops after we are in the Caymans.”

Valerie grabbed his arms and Thomas grabs his feet and together they drag him out of the bedroom. Thomas makes sure that Valerie goes down first, backwards. He has two more chairs sitting on the other sides of Rachel and Sarah.

“Why are there two chair, honey. Shouldn't there be just on- ughh!!”

Just as Valerie turns her head to address Thomas who slugs her squarely in her face with a right. The redhead crumples to the floor.

“The girl never even knew what the plan really was.”

Thomas looks over at Rachel and Sarah who are secured tightly to the chairs. They probably have two massive headaches but they are definitely sobering up a bit. The girls had very remembrance of what they did except they were very sore down in their pussy area.

They were tied tightly to their chairs and watched as Valerie was picked and placed in the chair beside Rachel. The girls couldn't move. Their wrists were bound behind the chairs at the wrists and the elbows. Tape was placed over their fingers so they wouldn't be able to reach their knots. They had rope wound above, below and down between their breasts once again and there was also rope wound around their chests to hold them to the chair.

They had rope around their waists and then a crotch rope went from there. Their legs are bound together at the thighs, above and below the knees and the ankles. Rope is also over their legs and the chairs to hold them there. Finally rope went from their ankles and then after the legs are bent back as far as they can go, a final rope is attached to their necks as nooses. So if they try to move their legs, they will strangle.

Their panties which are still pungent and nasty are exchanged and crammed in their mouths. He then wrapped duct tape completely around their heads about a dozen times. No noise could go out of their mouths. Soon both Valerie and Brian are tied exactly the same way with Valerie's panties in Brian's mouth and Brian's underwear has went into Valerie's huge mouth.

“OK, now I see everyone is awake. Sorry, Valerie, I know you probably wonder why you are bound here with our hosts. Well, I am a bastard and a double crossing one. I never planned on splitting any money with you.”

Valerie tries to break some of her bonds but Thomas sure he tied her and gagged her more. She was the only danger and she was bouncing the chair back and forth trying to free herself.

“Nice work, babe. But I am good at this and you aren't the first one that I have done this to. Don't worry you won't be in the chair very long. Well, you will be but you'll all be dead.”

The Johnson girls start bawling with their eyes showing a lot of panic.”

“Come on, you didn't think I would do all of this and leave witnesses, did you?”

Thomas runs his hands down the three women's naked bodies one last time.

“You see here is how it will seem to go. Since the bank employees saw you two get all close, it is only natural that you would go home with him, Valerie. But someone breaks in and takes all of you prisoner. Dad, you fucked both of your girls and Valerie has played with them as well. So when the autopsies are done they will find mostly dad's semen. Now I won't just kill you. I never do that. No, I will start the car out in the garage and let it run. I figure you will have a little time to make peace with your maker.”

Thomas waves goodbye as he heads out to the garage. He starts Brian's car up and then comes back leaving out the back door.

The four captives have no chance. No one will know which one died first but within ten minutes they are all slumped over -dead. It would be a few hours later when neighbor hearing a car running alerted the cops and after they broke inside, found the four bodies.

Just as Thomas predicted, the cops initially theorized about the break-in. By the time that the cops discovered through some physical evidence and a DNA discovery that Valerie was an imposter,

Thomas Peterson had gotten his money out and was holed up in some secluded beach area of the Caymans. He would never be caught and would have more fun later with another dumb bimbo associate and some other unsuspecting banker.