

# Tom's Pillow

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

**September 1, 2014**

Margaret was starting her last year of college. She had a plan for her life and it was going well. Her degree in Social Studies would most likely be followed by a return to her hometown and her family, until a job opportunity in her field arose. Nothing spectacular, but Margaret had no regrets. She had really enjoyed her time in college so far. She couldn't wait for the school year to get rolling.

She was walking home from another class that day. The sunrays were glistening on her skin and her long, golden-blond hair, which reached down her shoulder blades. The light bounced off her pretty, brown eyes. She patiently waited at her bus stop, dressed casually in some blue jeans and a t-shirt with a cool band name on it.

She was one of those girls that didn't have to try too hard to look beautiful. Her slim silhouette looked great in most clothes, though she preferred high-waist jeans and cute tops/shirts. Her perky B-cups attracted looks and showed off her youth and natural beauty.

She was listening to music on her cellphone and didn't pay any attention to the man staring at her intensely from a few feet away. A skinny man in a leather jacket, that looked sleep-deprived. He was in his mid-30s. When Margaret felt the eyes on her and turned her head towards his direction, he averted his gaze to the bus that had just arrived.

## **October 3, 2014**

The following days were hard for Margaret. College assignments had piled up and she fell to bed exhausted most of the nights. One of these nights proved to be a long one. "Dammit, run out of coffee!" She noticed. "I'm going to collapse if i don't have some" she thought and went down to the nearest 24/7 store to buy some.

It was dark but the street lights provided some light. As she was making her way to the register, she saw through the store's window, on the sidewalk, a man's form. She kept moving, but her eyes stayed fixed on the strange man. She couldn't see him very well. But the way he stood, facing inside the store at her, sent some serious creepy chills down her spine. Margaret paid for her coffee and as she walked outside to take a better look at the shadowy figure, she realized he was gone, almost like he had vanished.

## **November 14, 2014**

After having spent the whole night studying, Margaret slept through her alarm clock's ringing. "SHIT!SHIT!SHIT!" she cursed herself while getting dressed as quickly as possible. After a tough day at campus, she returned home in the afternoon. Falling like a sack of potatoes on her couch, she could only lift the remote to turn on the T.V.

After about an hour and a half of mindlessly browsing through the endless sitcoms and talk-shows, it was time for bed. As Margaret headed toward her bedroom, she heard the doorbell. "Weird" she thought to herself. She usually knew in advance if any of her friends would drop over at her place.

She opened the door to see a stranger, a man, around 6 feet, with wavy, oily brown hair and crooked teeth. He was smiling but there was something unnerving about that smile. Margaret couldn't quite pinpoint. Spooked, but still polite, Margaret asked. "Can i... help you?"

"Hi! My name is Tom. We just moved in the apartment next to yours with my wife and thought I'd come by and say hello to my new neighbor" he said, holding a picture of him with his arm wrapped

around a cute, smiling brunette with a pointy nose. Though the man in the picture was undoubtedly the same guy standing in front of Margaret, his condition appeared much better than that of the man standing before her. In the photo he looked clean and slick; his teeth whiter, his stubble groomed.

Despite that, Margaret sighed, relieved that this man was no random stranger. The apartment next door was indeed empty for the past 6 months. They must be the new occupants. "Ehmm, welcome then! My name is Margaret" she shook his hand.

"I wanted to ask you for a favor, Margaret, if you'd be so kind", the man said. "Is it possible we can have your Wi-Fi password? Our internet connection will be set in about a week, so I promise I won't abuse your kindness" he asked. "Oh...sure, don't mention it!" the girl replied with a smile.

She was always a helpful, positive gal.

The girl turned her back to the man to get to the internet router. As soon as she did, he took out a soaked rag and pressed it over her face. "MMMMMMMMMMGGGGHHH!" Margaret screamed in surprised panic! As he held the rag over the girl's face, the man kept her head pinned against his chest, his other hand grabbing Margaret's fidgeting attempts to remove the rag. Her attempts at calling for help were muffled. In her fighting frenzy, she inhaled the fumes quickly.

After a few seconds, her strength subsided and she went limp on Tom's hands.

## **November 15, 2014**

When Margaret woke up her head felt like a thousand pounds. A general pain throughout her body followed, but mainly focused on her upper arms and the top of her thighs. The small room she was in was pretty dark to make out her surroundings. But she could tell she was lying naked on a metal, surgical table, with an oxygen mask currently on her face.

She heard the beeping sounds of a cardiograph monitor .After 2 or 3 seconds that seemed like hours, she opened her eyes. What she saw made her shriek to the red ball-gag that was strapped between her teeth.

Both her legs and arms were missing! Where her pelvis ended were now two stumps, wrapped with multiple coils of bloody, surgical bandages. Same treatment to her arms, which had been amputated a

few inches from her shoulders. The girl begun breathing heavily, failing to come to terms with this new development; the beeping on her heart rate monitor increased rapidly. A serum dripped through a tube into the side of her neck, which had a needle stuck there and taped with medical tape.

The girl shifted and jerked her body in desperation, wailing into her gag. Both the immense pain from her recent operation, as well as a thick leather strap, running across her belly and tethered to the table, put a stop to her rebellious mood.

Just then, the room's door opened, a shadow immersing from the outside light. It approached the terrified girl with a syringe and injected its contents into the serum-bag. Margaret did not have time to say or do anything, before she slipped back into unconsciousness.

When Margaret woke up for the second time, Tom was standing next to her, looking down. He was running his fingers across her cute breasts and her soft belly, letting them trace her beautiful naked form. They stopped at the prettiest belly button he had ever seen. He had admired it many times before that past summer, when the girl wore those cute, cropped tops or those t-shirts tied with a knot under the chest. He distinctly remembered a day at the beach once; the sight of Margaret walking across the hot sand in an equally hot bikini. He wondered how she'd feel to the touch.

But now, she was finally his.

"Sorry, but i had to put you out again...for your own safety" he added when he saw her eyelids flutter open.

"Your heart rate cannot be too high after such an operation". The blonde girl turned to face him. It was clear she wanted to lunge at him. To rip his throat out for what he had done to her! The additional medication made her very weak.

In the same, helpless state as before, her hateful look turned into one of despair and her eyes started watering. She sobbed into her gag, realizing the true magnitude of her predicament. "I know it's hard for you right now, but i promise you. You will get used to this. You're mine now and that's not going to change. Ever..." he let this last word linger like a death sentence.

"The faster you come to terms with this, the better".

He talked in a calm, slow voice. She looked up at him in disbelief, with wide, terrified eyes. She let out coarse, feral screams through her ball-gag, which echoed in the small room, the heart monitor beeping along with her.

**November 23, 2014**

The next days the oxygen mask was gradually removed and so was the serum that basically fed her till then. Feeding the amputee girl was not an easy task. Tom tried to be patient but after the third time of having spoonfuls of mashed potatoes spat in his face, he found a better approach. His medically equipped little room also housed a feeding machine, a mean apparatus that pumped liquid meals into a stubborn patient through the nostrils. Tom didn't even have to hear his toy's whining now, come meal time.

"Pleess, u'll ut ut, u swwwr!" (*Please, I'll eat it, I swear*) Margaret begged him incoherently through the large ball-gag, once she saw the two small, clear tubes going up her nostrils. But there was no begging that would change her captor's mind.

Margaret regretted her behavior during the next days. Not only was the feeling of mush being pumped through your nose down your gullet horribly invasive and humiliating, she also lost the opportunity to negotiate with her captor a way she could let her go, since there was no reason for her gag to be removed now.

Her days in that dark room consisted of nervously shifting on the cold table, her naked, mangled body useless to help get over the hurdle of the single strap over her slim abdomen, which by now had left a clear mark on her belly. She would burst into random frenzied fits, screaming her lungs off and banging her head and torso against the metal table. The table was thin enough that the girl had made a dent where the back of her head was. She had not sustained any head injury.

A small heater was kept always on, since the girl did not receive a single item of clothing. Tom entered every once in a while to feed her or remove her peeing bag attached to her urethra. That was an added wrinkle of degradation.

The girl was inconsolable. She couldn't help but think that even if someone managed to find her, she would never return to her old life. She felt like a freak show, without any arms or legs. She cried herself to sleep every night, hoping next day she would wake up and all this would be a horrible dream.

**December 5, 2014**

It was night time, but Margaret didn't know that. Her "room" had no windows and the door was always locked, even though she never made it down her table/bed. She was looking up at the ceiling, lost in her own mind, her straight, blonde hair fanning from every angle on the steel table. She was speculated how long she was there and whether her friends or family had contacted the police by now, when Tom walked in the room and approached her.

She stared up at him curiously. He had already fed her twice, and emptied her urinary bag today. Her bandages hadn't been changed for three days, but there were not bloody for the past week, so it wasn't a concern. There was no apparent reason for this visit.

The man unraveled the gauges from the ends of her limbs. He checked the big scars on her butchered arms, which now were about 3 inches long stumps. He did the same to her legs. There was practically no leg-meat left there. What stuck out from Margaret's thighs was the faintest idea of a spot where a leg once was. The stumps were all a shade lighter than the Caucasian girl's already light skin tone. But there was no blood or any open wound.

Everything had healed perfectly!

A big smile formed on his face. Margaret watched her captor, her reactions cautious; restrained by fear.

That changed as soon as her captor removed her ball-gag. The girl started screaming for help as loudly as she could, taking advantage of her newfound freedom. But her throat was very sore from all the food forcefully making its way down her gullet. Her voice came out croaky and weak. Ignoring her wailing, Tom went on a nearby drawer and took out another type of gag. It was a dark, silicone ring-gag with a black, 5-inch long, rubber phallus, attached on either sides of the ring.

Margaret was hell-bent on making the best out of her chance to call for help, but she had no hands to stop the man from shoving the ring, along with the phallic scream-stopper past her pretty lips and buckling the black, leather straps behind her sunny-bright hair. She started choking and gagging on the phallus that tickled the back of her throat. The ring-gag also stretched her jaw open, an added source of discomfort.

"If you relax and breathe normally you'll have no problem" Tom advised his captive, whose protests were deeply stifled and caused her more choking and gagging. She started breathing deeply through her nose, her temper tantrum subsiding. Her pleading moans were now much quieter than the previous ones, as her mouth was practically filled to the brim with the rubber intruder. Her lips were now forced

into an O-shape. The gag's black, round base ending at the same level as her mouth. A seamless, sealed surface.

Then Tom did something he had never done before. He undid the strict strap at the girl's abdomen. He then picked her up in his arms and headed towards the door. Margaret's instinct was to struggle. Nothing that man had destined for her could be good. She did not offer him any more trouble than a moody baby could offer an adult.

Tom's home wasn't very big. It was a two-room apartment with a closet-filled hallway between the rooms. Margaret looked at it and thought that maybe she wasn't that far from her own home. This apartment definitely belonged in the city. Maybe they hadn't left Margaret's city.

For all she knew, she could be a few blocks away from home.

Tom walked inside his bedroom, where a single size bed stood next to a small desk with a laptop on it. Tom placed her on the bed and started unzipping his pants. Margaret started moaning worried, again, at the sight of the man's prick. Her worst fears were becoming true.

The man spat on his hand to lube the head of his cock. He was now sitting at the side of the bed. He then picked the limbless girl up, holding her by her slim waist. Margaret shook her head left and right, signaling her objection the only way she had left.

Her consent wasn't necessary, as the man lowered her squirming torso onto his hard dick. Margaret's suppressed screams were ignored as he started penetrating her, first slowly, then increasingly more violently, forcing his human sex toy up and down his shaft, with one hand gripping her waist, the other wrapped around her neck. Margaret could do nothing but take the vicious pounding from this strange, twisted man. He had complete power over her.

A mix of long-awaited anticipation and the young college-girls warm, tight pussy caused Tom to climax quickly, ejaculating inside the woman's sex. His cum was still dripping from the helpless woman's genitals as he lifted her off his deflating dick.

Margaret thought her rape was over, but the man was waiting for this for so long, he had another bullet in the chamber. His cock was still coated with his own cum, when he removed the dildo-attachment of Margaret's gag, leaving her mouth gaping open and readily accessible. He then flipped the amputee woman over, her satin-like hair now falling down his lap. Margaret used to weight around 140 pounds, but without limbs, she was now as light as a feather. "Nnnnnnnnnuuuuuuuuuh!" she could only moan and squirm helplessly as the man steadied her by wrapping his arm around her waist, then guided her

face-hole over his cum-glistening, semi-erect cock, with a tight grip on a large blonde tuft of her hair as a steering device.

Once the girl's ring-gag was past the man's cockhead, she couldn't do much to prevent Tom from enjoying this upside-down blowjob. The man could simply steady her vertical torso from her hips and let gravity force her throat deep into his erection, making her as easy to use as an inanimate flesh-light. Margaret had never deep-throated anyone, much less upside down. She was sure she would faint from suffocating on this dick.

It went without saying that her moist, warm oral cavity was more than enough for Tom to orgasm a second time, shooting a load up the girl's throat, even though gravity then caused most of it to spill out.

He took a minute to wipe himself clean and get a glass of water, leaving his limbless toy on the bed. Margaret's face was covered with all kinds of fluids. Mainly tears, sweat and her captor's jism. When Tom returned, she was just where he'd left her. She had awkwardly turned her head to face down towards the bed-sheets, so that the semen that was still pooled in her mouth could drip out from the silicone ring-gag. She had no other way to spit it out, besides shoveling it with her tongue.

"Nonono...we like cum in this household" he jokingly said, grabbing the phallic portion of the woman's gag then wrapping his other hand around her neck. Steading her, he pushed the rubber cock back in its cozy little nest until the U-shaped holders snapped securely onto the ring. "Gaaaaghggkkk....!" the woman could only shake her head to offer any resistance, which was easily dealt with. Mute again, she felt his leftover "seed" on her tongue and now the gag made sure it would stay there, or go down the other way. Her poor pussy was hurt from the dry pounding it had gotten.

Tom wiped his toy's 'stained' spots with some wet-wipes, before propping her on the top of the bed and addressing her:

"That's where your place is. You'll be my living pillow, so it's only fitting you live on my bed. I just want you to understand that this will be your life from now on, so please come to terms with it". Tom's words rang in Margaret's ears like a death sentence. Maybe worse. He flipped the light switch off and fell asleep immediately; blissfully ball-drained, clutching his new pillow tightly with both arms, treating Margaret like a living teddy-bear. It was obvious this man was mentally unstable.

Inside the dark, peaceful bedroom, a stifled whimper escaped Margaret's lips.



**December 18, 2014**

It was a warm sunny day outside. The cicadas were buzzing cheerfully. Tom's half open shades let some sun rays through his bedroom window. She woke up first, as was usually the case. She tried stifling an emerging coughing fit, caused by the ever-present dick-gag tickling her throat. He didn't like it when she woke him up with her noise-making.

The man's head was resting on her abdomen, as usual. It was uncomfortable to have this permanent weight on her, but Margaret had painfully learned it was something she had to accommodate.

A drool stain had wetted the dove-grey colored, linen pillowcase that had become Margaret's only item of clothing. After the first couple of days, Tom realized that sleeping directly on human flesh generated unwanted moisture, so he opted to create a makeshift case for his new pillow. All he had to do was make some holes on the fabric, for the girl's stumps and head to pass through. Unbuttoning the three buttons going down the middle of the girl's backside allowed access to his slave-toy's naked form, whenever he wanted to use her for something other than head support.

Tom alternated his uses of the poor girl between living flesh-light and bed accessory. He purposely never really acknowledged her humanity; her muffled protests were never met with verbal replies or threats. A harsh pinch on her nipples or two fingers plucking her nose (and stopping her oxygen) sent the message more effectively than any words could. She was totally under Tom's control and coming to terms with it just meant fewer suffering.

Of course, she still tried bargaining with her abductor. During her necessary meal-time, when the penis-gag momentarily came off, she tried all sorts of convincing methods, most of them searching for Tom's humanity. It didn't seem to be there, as any attempts at a civilized communication resulted in Tom's vicious, wooden cloth-pins, being snapped onto Margaret's nipples, ear-lobes, pussy-lips... any body part they could "latch on". Wherever they were placed, they were sure to cause agony to the helpless girl, since removing them with no hands was impossible for her.

Only when the tears had dried, then the second wave of tears had flown and they had also dried, did Tom remove the biting cloth-pins.

Back in the present time, Tom was in the kitchen making a coffee pot. As usual, he had already used Margaret for a quickie, to lift his spirits and “deflate” the proud erections that usually greeted him every morning. You can’t be in a bad mood when you start your day empty-balled.

His toy, of course, remained on his bed; No linen was covering her anymore. Her long, golden locks were tied around the metal bed post, to keep her from aimlessly trying to wonder around. Semen was still dripping from her sex. The contraceptive pills Tom fed her every day were very practical.

Then, Tom’s doorbell rang. That was strange. Tom was a total recluse. He never had any friends or visitors over.

“MMGGGGHHHH!!! HHHHHHHHLLPPPP!” Margaret started screaming at the top of her lungs and struggle as much as her botched anatomy allowed. She then started coughing, the deep-throating gag preventing such rebellious yelps. Tom rushed from the kitchen and looked through the eye-hole on his door. Two male police officers were standing outside.

"Just a minute!" he yelled, trying to disguise his nervousness, while pacing to the bedroom. He quickly untangled the knot he had made with Margaret’s hair on the bar of his bedpost and picked the limbless woman up in his arms.

With no time to think, he run towards the bathroom where a large, wooden laundry basket was. He tossed the naked muted woman placed inside. He threw a bunch of dirty clothes over her too, to silence her screams more and closed the lid over her. He then approached the door, taking a deep, calming breath before grabbing the handle.

“Hello. We were wondering if you could help us with a missing person. Name’s Margaret Woods. She lives a few blocks away” said the policeman. The other one showed him the picture of a pretty, smiling girl with brown eyes and pretty blonde hair.

Tom pretended to examine the photo. "No i don't think I've ever seen her". Margaret's screams couldn't reach the men’s ears but she didn't know that. She could hear the three people talking, a few feet away. The fact that she was soooo close to freedom made her even more desperate in her crying calls for help. She couldn't get enough leverage to knock the basket she was in down. She had shaken most clothes off her face with her head, but that didn’t change much. The officers were totally unaware of her close proximity.

"Are you sure?" said the man, looking tired. This might have been the 100<sup>th</sup> place they had asked, but it was a necessary procedure. "Yes" Tom shook his head, pursing his lips in a disappointing expression.

"But i'll be sure to inform you if i spot her, or anyone suspicious" he added. The two police officers thanked him for his time and departed.

Tom exhaled a deep sigh of relief. He moved toward the laundry basket, where his coveted possession was. "That was close" he said picking up the miserable woman in his arms, and squeezing her in his embrace. He was so close to losing his favorite toy.

## **January 22, 2015**

That police visit was the last Tom had received. He spent weekday mornings away at work, until around noon when he'd return and stay home until the next morning. Margaret spent these mornings on his bed, with an extra safety precaution of a leather blindfold, tightly buckled over her brown eyes. Even if she somehow managed to untie the hair-knot keeping her tethered to a bar of the bedpost, she'd have no way of further crawling her way toward escape. The locked bedroom door, its handle already beyond her stump-arms' reach, was the final, impenetrable wall.

Those six hours every day were excruciatingly dull. Margaret could only lay there, without even the distraction of looking at random things, her mind the only company she had.

And it was bad company. In her blinded, helpless state, the young college girl was only bombarded with thoughts of her friends, her family, of a life that now seemed ... out of reach, in more ways than one. These thoughts only caused her heart to sink further deep into an abyss of resignation.

She had tried everything to escape, but her inefficient arms could not untie her hair and pulling them only tightened the knot. No scissors or knives were within reach. Her muffled screams had yielded no results, either. No one in the neighboring apartments could hear her, the dick gag suppressing her yelps to faint moans, only distinguishable within the confines of Tom's bedroom.

Sometimes, Margaret could have sworn she heard soft, shuffling or rustling sounds, or the faintest of thuds, coming from Tom's bedroom closet. She attributed it to her stimuli-starved mind, playing tricks on her, or amplifying random noises from around the building.

When Tom returned from work, he'd usually feed her the first meal of the day, a mushy mix consisting of canned dog food and any leftovers he had from yesterday, all blended together with the obligatory "morning after" pill. A practical sports-bottle was used to squeeze water into her mouth at various points throughout the day.

Margaret realized that the food would sometimes knock her out, in order for Tom to clean his toy's body and brush her teeth. Sometimes, he liked taking baths with his 'pillow' and wash her then, since it also offered an opportunity for a nice, wet and sloppy orgasm.

A hygiene plan was also required for the woman's bowel and bladder movements. While Margaret's mushy diet was designed to eradicate solid wastes, her liquid ones needed to be dealt with. There were urine-bags like the ones Margaret was using during her "operation" recovery, but Tom didn't want these on his bed, so he "equipped" himself with a small box, full of stainless steel, urethral plugs. These 2 cm long things were 8mm – 10mm thick. Margaret had no way of dislodging off her pee-hole, no matter how many "kegels" she attempted. Her captor allowed her up to 3 moans a day, to signal her need to use the bathroom.

## **March 14, 2015**

Margaret was getting desperate. She had largely given up on the idea of getting rescued. Her depression had caused her to contemplate suicide at times. But even then, she had little choice in the matter. She couldn't starve herself to death, because of the feeding tube that was forcefully pushed down her throat every day. Even fatally injuring herself was a conundrum. Such little was the agency she had over her own bodily autonomy. The penis-gag prevented attempts at biting her own-tongue and bleed out. She had tried slamming her head against the bed-post, but with her tied-hair living her little leverage, she only earned herself a few head-bumps, and plenty of more painful punishment from Tom. He liked his pillow docile and motionless, when unused.

Margaret's spirit had been thoroughly broken. Sometimes she wished he would just get tired of her and just end her misery. But after a couple of months in his "possession", she wasn't even that high a maintenance for Tom. She was a valuable object, but still an object, one that helped him ejaculate and offered comfort with its soft "exterior".

**June 2, 2015**

Having a young, curvaceous and slim torso as your private sex-toy sure was a lot of fun, though even that got mundane after a while. Tom was, of course, satisfied with his captive's gradual submissiveness. She wasn't giving him much trouble, like those first days. However he decided to traumatize her next, whichever new way he found to insult the most rooted aspects of her human dignity, she reluctantly accepted it.

After running the gamut of sexual positions and holes "explored", he started being more sadistic, inflicting pain on the helpless Margaret, simply to amuse himself, no reason warranted. He liked the sight of her wet eyes, pleading him for mercy; he had become stricter in his demands, as even muffled protests coming from his toy would grant her even greater suffering. It was fun to see her try to choke out imploring moans, knowing she had reached her limit.

That was just an invitation for him to go just a bit beyond that limit. The cloth-pins were very handy, as they did not leave a lasting mark, but Tom was limited by his imagination only. Burning cigarettes on her pretty body, digging his fork in her tender flesh, or simply spanking the crap out of her ass and slapping her tits till they were red, were common occurrences.

Often when he was taking shared baths with his living rubber ducky, he would hold her face underwater for increasing periods of time. He enjoyed her squirming and the air bubbles she produced. It didn't "hurt" that this also increased her breath-holding ability, which came in handy whenever she was depthroating him.

At different, more serene hours, Tom liked cuddling with his pillow in front of the T.V. Her soft flawless skin over the nice linen texture of her dove-grey "outfit", coupled with the warmth of her body felt great against his. She was kept blindfolded during those times. "Objects don't watch T.V" was his rational. Despite the needless torment, Margaret still enjoyed the sounds coming from her master's television. It offered a nice distraction and therefore she remained rather peaceful during those times.

**October 19, 2015**

Margaret turned 22 that day. There was no way for her to know that, however. Days and weeks blend together, months flew by and whatever semblance of time Margaret had, came from either a rare glimpse on the weather through Tom's window blinds or more often, from the house's temperature. Whenever her pillow-case onesie was off, the blonde college girl was used to being naked. Summer had been difficult for her, since Tom never opened the fan when he wasn't around. Luckily, the concept of his face resting on a sweaty, wet pillow did not appeal to him, therefore Margaret was granted room temperatures for most of the summer's duration.

For better or worse, Margaret had started to forget. Her past life seemed like a blur, like a pleasant dream that has mostly faded from the memory, only the happy feeling remaining. But that was fading too. Subconsciously letting go of her past only encouraged the young woman's mental deterioration.

Her lack of lucidity wasn't obvious whenever she was left, blinded, hair-bound and helpless. But it showed whenever she was with Tom. She never fought back or protested his advances. anymore. She never struggled when he force-fed her, when he was fucking her, when she tasted his semen after yet another orgasm. Her "complaints" regarding her inhumane tortured had also shriveled to the bare minimum.

More notably, she had started seeking sexual release from her physical contact with Tom. During the first year, Tom's sexual urges were something she had to suffer through, each sexual act a stab in her soul. At best, she tried to make him finish quickly, so he would leave her alone.

But now, all her inhibitions appeared to have been thrown away. She'd never admit, but in the back of her mind, she started looking forward to Tom's distant manhandling .In her spiraling psyche, being fucked was the only thing that was left of her ruined life; she might as well take advantage of it!

Initially, Tom didn't care much, either way. He used her holes just like before, happy that he didn't need to pin her and maneuver her as much, as the amputee girl offered little to no resistance to his whims.

But when he witnessed Margaret manage to orgasm in two separate occasions, an idea popped in his mind.

A cruel, heartless idea.

## October 26, 2015

Margaret is laying on the head of Tom's bed, by her most frequented spot for the past year. She wiggles her stump arms and legs, trying to stretch her severed limbs. She doesn't get much usage from them lately, but that doesn't mean they don't get numb. As she does, she feels the linen fabric of the pillowcase rubbing against her ribs, her breasts and her waist. They say some people experience phantom-limb syndrome, as a result of losing a limb, though Margaret has not felt her arms and legs ever since that cursed day. The initial instinctive frustration that always followed any movements (or failure thereof) has subsided. Though it would be exaggerated to say that Margaret has made peace with the unjust massacre of her body, having no limbs has indeed become the norm.

The girl breaths calmly, as "instructed" by the invasive rubber dick-gag. Her jaw is permanently semi-sore from being permanently agape; her lips feel dry from no saliva ever reaching them. Her tongue is pinned down by the thick phallus. Her teeth can only bite down on the silicone ring-gag surrounding the dildo. Sensations Margaret has acclimated all too well with.

Another weak thud is heard coming from the closet area, opposite Tom's bed. It's probably the breeze, moving the loose hinges of this thing.

The quad-amputee hears the front door being unlocked. She instinctively turns her head towards the direction of the sound, feeling the slight pull from her tied hair, limiting her freedom. Without any haircut for so long, her blonde locks now reach the small of the girl's back. They are currently tied in a double-knot around the bedpost's bar. Her sight remains as black and empty as before, thanks to the leather blindfold.

The sound of the bedroom door being unlocked follows. Then she hears Tom's steps, appearing to be approaching her. She can't yet see it, but the man is holding a cardboard box. He has bought something. Margaret can only imagine what is happening, as a box cutter opens the package. Inside is a silicone-coated, stainless steel chastity belt, accompanied by a remote control and plenty of "attachments".

Tom undid Margaret's blindfold, to get her reaction to his "present". After adjusting to the sudden light, the gagged woman stared at the weird sex-toy worried and perplexed. She watched as Tom screwed on two of the add-ons, a 5-inch, steel, bulbed dildo and a similar, 3-inch long butt-plug onto the crotch portion of the belt.

Without asking her opinion on the matter, Tom then undid her hair-leash and dragged his naked toy towards him, fastening the steel belt around her slim waist, which had gotten slimmer during her stay in his place. The belt was snugly fastened above Margaret's pelvis and locked with a little padlock. Margaret winced. Despite the silicone cover, she found the belt uncomfortable, probably something to do with the two extra plugs invading her holes. They were both thick enough to surely make their presence known.

Tom couldn't wait to test his new gadget out. He pressed a button on the remote control and watched as Margaret was shaken by a sudden, strong buzzing sensation inside her, coming from both the vaginal and anal insertions. It actually... felt good. It felt really good! Margaret never enjoyed her countless rapes at the hands of this pervert. This sensation though, was very pleasurable. Her rectum and pussy were being thoroughly stimulated.

A moan escaped her stuffed throat as she tried to get every corner of her insides touched by gyrating her pelvis and hips as much as she could. Tom chuckled at the sight and then clicked another button. The metal plugs continued buzzing inside the girl, though the vibrations weren't as powerful as before. Margaret looked at him confused. "Why he would lower the setting?" she thought. A smirk emerged on Tom's face and he went to prepare lunch, leaving his toy to get to know her new accessory.

It was midnight. 10 hours had passed since her belt was put on! Margaret was losing her mind at this stage. She felt like her own body taunted her. Aroused for so long but unable to orgasm, no matter how much she tried. She had been sweating profusely and was very dehydrated. The inviting pressure on her pussy walls was now a frustrating, never-ending tease.

Tom on the other hand, was thrilled. He had found a new way to torment his amputee slave. When he finally entered the room, Margaret looked at him with the "most" puppy eyes she had ever given anyone and whimpered through the penis-gag that nested inside her mouth. In her desperate state, she had forgotten she wasn't supposed to do that. "Oh...not again" mumbled Tom and pinched her nipples so hard Margaret thought he would snap them off. She cried out in pain and then stayed totally quiet, clearly regretful of her action.

Tom eyed her for a few seconds that seemed like hours to her, then moved his hands towards her belt's lock. Margaret's eyes sparked. The belt was coming off! He removed her belt; the metal crotch strap was dripping with the girl's sex juices. A small stain was on the bed-sheets, as well. Tom thought he would deal with those later, and undressed, then picked his armless, legless slave up in his arms, holding



her from under her armpits. He started lowering her towards his erect cock. He stopped at the point where the tip came in contact with Margaret's wet orifice. She jerked in his hands, this time not trying to avoid his cock, but the opposite, trying to reach it, to welcome it inside her!

The sight amused Tom, who instead of penetrating her, placed her on the bed next to him. He unclipped and removed the phallus from her mouth and to the girl's shock, he also undid her ring-gag! Margaret was free to speak, but there was a lot at the balance here. She didn't want to mess this up with another vain negotiation attempt. Margaret just eyed him, licking her lips to moisten them. Tom placed his finger on his lips, the international "no-talking" sign. Then, for the first time in a long time, he addressed the girl:

**"You have to make me cum if you want me to fuck you."**

He laid sideways on the bed, his now semi-erect penis pointing towards her. Margaret gave him a mean look, but that was all the pride she had left. She tried crawling towards her master's sex organ. She wasn't covering much distance, at least not quickly. Her abilities in that department had been "cut down". Her tiny crawling stumps didn't provide much friction.

Tom enjoyed the spectacle of his amputee toy groaning as she inched her way closer and closer, until she finally reached his member. She put her pretty lips around it and took it in her mouth, moving her head back and forth, sucking passionately, getting her tongue all over his cock. The college girl worked at his dick like it was the biggest test she would ever take. Never mind all this classes, or her diploma. She had fellated her captor before, but nothing like this. For the first time, it meant something; there were real stakes for her.

Tom was immediately rock-hard. He didn't even need to grab her head and force/guide it up and down his shaft, as he usually did; Margaret was bobbing her head by herself, willingly (?), trying to cover the entire length at every stroke, despite her very apparent choking and gagging.

The Social studies graduate was now the meanest, sluttiest whore on her kidnapper's cock. The same kidnapper who had butchered her arms and legs! Her tongue was wrapping around his erection like a slithering snake, tracing the swollen head then down to his ball-sack, then back up again. The girl was so fucking horny she'd do anything!!!

After 12 minutes of experiencing a very volunteering, very thorough, slobbering face-fucking up and down his cock, Tom ejaculated inside Margaret's throat. She gulped it all down, obediently, maintaining her composure.

Don't spill anything! Don't spill anything! Her eyes betrayed a laser-focus. She knew very well how much Tom liked that. She didn't want to ruin her opportunity at an orgasm after everything she'd been through. She was praying that he wasn't tired now. At nights, he usually fucked her twice, thought if he was tired, he'd fall asleep after a single and fast pump-session.

Thankfully for her, after a few minutes of rest, Tom grabbed her by the waist. This time he brought his feather-weight damsel down his (once-again) throbbing penis. She was a bit numb from the torturing vibrator but at the same time soooooo worked up it didn't matter at all. She needed him more than ever, she NEEDED his dick more than anything!

The greasy-haired, skinny guy increased his speed and so did Margaret's breathing. Her erotic moans escaped freely, no gag or anything stifling them. To his neighbors, the guy had probably gotten lucky. His girl sounded lucky, too!

Every thrust into her cunt produced a moan, the rhythmic melody of it all accelerating...until Margaret came hard, actually squirting a bit on Tom's thighs. Her torso-only body twitched and any sound stopped for a moment, before she exhaled, relieved and utterly cum-high.

## **December 6, 2015**

Margaret grew to deeply despise the belt that Tom had "gifted" her. Subsequently this nurtured a new hate towards her "owner". Tom bought new batteries every couples of weeks or so, as the belt was working overtime every day. Margaret never wore it less than 12 hours a day.

Being in a constant state of arousal might sound nice at first, but it quickly proved to be a waking nightmare. Unlike her previous predicaments, which, while very intense, were rather short-lived, this one was lingering. The unyielding stimulation was starting to mess with the young woman's mind.

Whether she wanted it or not, sex was all Margaret could think about. Despite her renewed hatred for her abductor, the girl simultaneously craved his attention and touch, as it was the only thing that could offer some resolution to her sexual purgatory.

What the sadistic prick usually did was tease her; tweaking her erect nipples, grabbing her ass, squeezing her tits or simply tracing his fingers up and down her belly. The slightest sensual touch sent her into a shivering frenzy.

Sometimes Margaret appeared to be solving the riddle of her orgasm despite the obstacles, but then, with a cruel click of the remote, Tom would lower the vibration's power even further, sabotaging his poor slave's much coveted climax. The look Margaret gave him every time he did that was priceless. It was one of sheer desperation and agony, losing an orgasm within her (only metaphorical) grasp. Seeing how badly the girl wanted to curse him out so bad, but dreading the consequences, was also a nice touch for the evil creep.

The sexual stimulation was worse whenever he was away. With the blindfold on, it was even harder to distract herself from the buzzing invader. Her mind was feeding on sexual imagery, as a subconscious reflex to her torturous arousal. This new mental invasion seemed to dust away at her past memories.

Margaret discovered that remembering moments of her past life was difficult. Her parents' faces appeared blurry and unfocused in her mind's eye. She was drifting away from the person that was Margaret Woods.

She had been turned into a sex object, inside and out.

## **May 25, 2016**

- Margaret. My name is Margaret. I am a human being, i have a sense of self and i have a right to live with dignity and respect...

- Nooo, forget about that bullshit, just try to focus on taking that buzzing dildo out of your head for a while...

- But i must... otherwise...

- Otherwise what? You are trapped in this lunatic's house for years. What's gonna change? Who the fuck's gonna save you now?!...

- God this stupid belt is sucking me dry! I need water...

- I need to cum...

- Please...let me cum...

Margaret was going insane from the endless teasing of that cursed belt. Whenever the belt was turned on (meaning from around 11 A.M till the time Tom felt like fucking her before falling asleep) Tom would lay his "leaky" toy onto a bath towel to keep his bed dry. Margaret pondered whether the only reason she wasn't wearing the belt at night-times was because it was uncomfortable for Tom to lay on while sleeping.

He often forgot Margaret's blindfold on for longer and longer periods, which only accelerated the girl's spiraling descent towards an abyss she could never retrace herself in.

Tom was also more comfortable in leaving the house at nights, safe in the knowledge that his living sex-toy had some buzzing "company" and no way to free herself. He'd usually return home late at night, drunk, looking for a quick "nut" before plopping onto bed.

Margaret had noticed that he was pretty fast during those late night drunken fucks, so she tried her best to "get" her orgasm as quickly as possible, before he was done. But sometimes that wasn't the case, and she'd have to disappointingly wait until the next day for another chance.

One thing was certain, Whenever Tom fucked her, it was a treat for the broken vessel that was Margaret. The more times the better! Two times a day was great. Three, amazing!

After all this time in his captivity, Margaret knew every detail about Tom's sexual preferences. The way he accelerated his thrusting when he was close to ejaculate, the violent groping he did when he wasn't that hard and was trying to get things brewing. She knew his penis like no woman could ever know something. Every vein on his shaft, every hair on his pubic area, every wrinkle on his balls.

Even more so than the back of her hand, which was, by now, surely decomposed inside a trash-bag in some dump, miles away.

**July 11, 2016**

Tom had started “experiment” with his captive’s hearing. Taking away one more sense from his toy made her feel even more dependent on him and further asserted his undeniable dominance over her. He had placed a pair of wireless earbuds, which were secured in her ears with duct-tape, so that the girl couldn't jerk them off with her head. Margaret kept discovering new ways that a person could suffer.

Whatever clarity was left inside her mind was destroyed by the blaring sounds that violated her every day. These sounds ranged from disturbingly loud white noise to relaxing sea sounds, depending on whether or not Tom was satisfied with her “job”. Looping sound clips from hardcore pornography was also a frequent thing in Margaret’s “playlist”, usually with the volume turned to max.

Unable to concentrate on even her own thoughts, Margaret's mind gave up, her Ego dissolved. She didn't note the exact moment it happened, how could she, anyway? That made little difference.

She was no longer Margaret, not just in her captor's eyes, but in hers as well. The sweet, kind girl that wanted to become a teacher, that had two best friends named Elisa and Sarah, who always separated her rice from her beans.

That girl was gone. In her place laid Tom's living pillow, something he killed time with. The existential dialogue that used to take place in her head had seized. The answer had been given.

**April 27, 2017**

Tom was enjoying a nice, relaxing bubble bath. It was the first time Margaret was free of any sensory overload, be it audio or sexual, since the past couple of weeks. It was evident from her wondering, innocent eyes and the eery half-smile stuck on her face, that she wasn't all there, anymore. Her imprisonment into her own body and her repeated beating she took with her own sexuality had certainly burned some neurological bridges ‘up there’.

Tom kept his living sex toy on his lap, the girl's naked crotch resting on her ruler's thigh. The soap and the hot water felt great on Margaret's glistening skin. Not as great as her Master's flesh, though. Unprovoked, she started rubbing her crotch across his leg, with increasing enthusiasm. She didn't make a sound for months now, Tom was happy that he didn't need to bring her gag to the bathroom.

Tom simply observed his limbless pillow's advances. Not stopping her seductive not-so-dry humping, Margaret turned her head to let her eyes meet Tom's. Her brown eyes were still beautiful, but they were missing that spark they radiated a few years back. They exuded a strange affection, along with complete submission, towards the man she was looking.

"Do you want my cunt, sir?" Margaret spoke in a soft, cutesy voice that, while her own, seemed uncanny, almost robotic. And it wasn't because of the lingering damage her jaw had suffered from clocking days and days of wearing that ring-gag.

Tom did not respond, taken aback by his sex slave's weird breaking off his rules. He did not expect that, but he was pleasantly intrigued. "Please, sir...fuck my cunt" the amputee girl implored this time, still sliding her pussy across the top of the man's thigh, riding it like a sybian, still making deep eye-contact, the kind someone madly in love makes.

Before Tom could respond, his toy tilted her neck back and began tenderly kissing his neck. Tom was stunned. That woman, that kidnap victim, was doing everything in her minimal power to please him! She was looking at him like he was the whole world to her.

In a very literal sense, he was.

Tom finally reciprocated the attention, groping his modified slave's tit, while putting his middle and index finger against the girl's tender lips, the girl still in his lap, in front of him. Margaret accepted gracefully his "offering" sucking his fingers eagerly, lustfully, doing anything to arouse him. She loved his hands on her. She wanted more!

With his fingers still in her mouth, Tom moved his groping hand down south, between the girl's thigh-stumps. He started stroking the woman's cunt-lips, and they immediately quivered at his touch. Margaret moaned, trying not to bite, but only suck at the man's fingers, being a good hostess to them, for honoring her with their presence inside her mouth.

Tom stopped stimulating Margaret's pussy. He wanted to penetrate her. He wanted to take her from the asshole. Grabbing her by the neck with his free hand, and slightly lifting her, paying little focus to the

fact he was choking her, Tom eased his wet (from the bath-water and from his toy's fluids) cock past Margaret's sphincter.

"GGGGgnnn!" she accepted him with some difficulty, the girl's face red from the short lack of oxygen, something she, oddly enough, didn't complain about. When the man's cock passed her anal ring, Tom wrapped his arms firmly around his very own, light-weight whore, one hand around her neck, the other around her midriff and begun softly pushing Margaret's hips towards his erection.

Four years ago, Margaret would have to be in love with someone to even consider letting him through the "back door". No matter what that meant for her relationship with Tom, she was enjoying the stretching feeling in her asshole, despite the uncomfortable pressure it went with.

Tom picked up the pace, Margaret's asshole allowing him in, wanting him inside. Her rimhole tightened around his cock, virtually begging him to stay, to never leave. As she clenched her asshole, Margaret's pussy spasmed delightfully and she climaxed hard, being fucked like the good little cock-sheath that she very much was...

## **August 19, 2017**

Margaret's relationship with the stranger that had taken her from her home and hacked her hopes and dreams to pieces, along with her extremities, had gone through many stages. Tom's perception of his victim might not have changed much. But the same wasn't true for Margaret. Guided by an arguably lackluster lucidity, the girl was a tremendously faithful and loving sexual servant to her kidnapper. Nothing like the whinny, teary-eyed mess of the first couple of years.

Sure, Tom might sometimes forget to take her blindfold off for multiple days on end, or unplug her urethral plug after many, many hours of her initial "signaling". He sometimes neglected turning off the blaring earbuds that gradually damaged the girl's hearing. But Margaret understood. She forgave him. In the graphically skewed logic of her cracked mind, her master was a busy guy; he probably had his reasons for "inconveniencing" her.

In any case, whatever was happening to her was "justified". Having subscribed to that principle was helping the disabled girl make peace with her life, in a bizarre way. Similar to people accepting God's plan for them to find inner tranquility, Margaret had found her own God. In her eyes, he was as almighty as the real thing; his ways appeared equally mysterious.

This time around though it was truly neglect, not sadism, which caused these unwarranted predicaments. If anything, Tom was becoming looser and careless with his toy's caretaking. After many examples of his toy's undying loyalty, Tom felt pretty safe in leaving her ungagged for longer periods of time, especially in his company. He still kept her a stricter set of limitations while away from home, keeping the girl hair-bound on his bedpost and often blindfolded.

Margaret did not take full advantage of her new-found freedom of speech. In the past, leaving the girl free to express herself would surely cause a stream of continuous, ear-piercing screams for help. But that wasn't the case, anymore. Now whatever little Margaret uttered, was either impromptu declarations of her eternal love and devotion to her master, or dirty-talk to get Tom to fuck her sobbing cunt. Tom found both amusing, though he rarely paid her any attention. Despite his social isolation, he didn't need anyone to chat to.

Least of all his pillow.

## **October 1, 2017**

Another dull afternoon. Margaret was surprisingly not abused in any way by Tom, a rare occasion. She was simply laying on the bed, dressed in her pillowcase outfit, which was in dire need of washing. It had collected plenty of face oils and sweat from its user, not to mention some gross "drool stains".

Margaret's eyes followed Tom as he entered the room. He was holding two things. A medium-sized syringe with no needle, filled with a clear liquid and a small funnel resting on a plastic cup. Margaret's brow furrowed. In all her years here, she had never spotted these things before.

Tom seemed absent-minded, completely unaware that the blonde girl was in the room. He approached his clothing closet. It was that closet that Margaret could sometimes swear she heard sounds coming from within.

These suspicions were confirmed when the man opened the closet door. Inside, was a living, breathing woman, around 35, with amputated arms and legs, just like Margaret's. Her brown hair were all tied together with some nylon rope, which kept her pale, malnourished, naked body suspended from the closet's hanger. Her eyes were closed and never opened. The faint light that was uncannily reflected on her eye-lids betrayed some kind of ointment applied there. Margaret spotted a characteristic pointy nose on the woman's face.



If her mind was still working properly, Margaret would be able to recall where she had seen that woman before. It was in a photograph, one that Tom had shown her, the first time the girl had greeted him. She was the woman Tom had his arm wrapped around.

Many years ago, Olivia was Tom's girlfriend. They had been together for 4 years and Tom was starting to think she might be "the one", falling head over heels for her. But, contrary to appearances, Olivia was jaded and on the way out. When Tom discovered she had fooled around with a guy at a party, he was inconsolable, heartbroken. To top all that, Olivia used his cheating accusations to break up with him. Crushed and utterly betrayed, Tom had slammed the girl's head on the wall, knocking her out. He had made some different plans for Olivia, plans that did not involve her leaving him...ever.

It was 8 years since that day, 3 since the woman had been "retired", tossed in the man's closet. Replaced with a new fuck-sleeve "model". Margaret.

Without much screwing around, Tom squeezed the woman's cheeks to open her mouth and emptied the syringe's contents in her mouth. He then pressed her jaw closed until he saw the woman's gulp. He then placed the funnel-cup underneath the dangling torso's genitals and removed the urethral plug that was on her, just like the ones he used on Margaret. Almost immediately, the woman emptied her bladder, the urine collecting in the cup.

Meanwhile, the blonde amputee tilted her head puzzled, taking in what she was seeing. The woman was largely unresponsive to the man's handling, not speaking, not struggling. Not responding, really. But she was very much alive.

It was only after the man had locked the woman behind the closet door that he turned and realized his current sex-toy had seen everything. Margaret was looking at him like a confused puppy that had seen its owner have sex.

Tom scratched his head, pondering his next move. He then shrugged his shoulders and left, not even dignifying Margaret with an explanation.

**November 22, 2018**

Tom had gotten bored of his toy. Its once smooth, soft and bright skin has become dry and rough, as if losing its youth. Tom was finding plenty of blonde hairs on his bed, probably because of the constant strain from the tying, as well as the traumatizing long-term stress the girl had suffered. Margaret was still a beautiful young woman, but her constant abuse had obviously become a detriment to her health.

Sure, after the toy's mental conditioning had reached its peak, Tom was very active with her for a good while, happy that he had succeeded in turning that cute, blonde college girl he was seeing at the bus station, into the absolute sex toy.

But after that conquest, there was nowhere really to go to. And as the girl named Margaret had gotten used to her inhumane transformation, so had Tom gotten used to her.

It was time to find a new one. Which meant it was time to “retire” Margaret.

The procedure had taken place in a single day's worth. Margaret was returned to the “operating room”, the one she spent her first days with Tom in. Cutting a person's vocal chords wasn't an easy procedure, but Tom pulled it off quite well, using general anesthesia. After Margaret woke up she realized her voice was gone forever.

While she was awake, though largely lightheaded from the sedation, Tom moved on to the eyes. He didn't have access to the relevant chemicals, so his method was a special medical glue, used in surgeries where stitches are ill-advised. It would keep the girl's eyes forever shut without any complications. Margaret looked up at him with a pleading expression, but the rubber-gloved man ignored her, covering each eye with a mesh, sticky patch, then applying the glue over them. When he removed the patches after about an hour, Margaret appeared to be peacefully sleeping, even though she was very much panicking with fear, her eye-lids permanently stuck. The result was esthetically pleasing.

Lastly, he “took care” of the woman's hearing. Having taken most of her senses already, it would almost seem lazy of him to not address that. He could just set the speakers to an unbelievably loud volume to bust her eardrums, but that could cause his toy a heart attack. Surgically puncturing the eardrums worked much better in removing sound from the girl's remaining life.

Tom increased the sedative before that procedure, since his toy appeared to be extra “nervous” and he didn’t want any fidgeting in order to work unobstructed. Margaret was unable to see the needle being inserted into her ear canal. Her reaction when she realized what had just happened was so frantic, Tom had to up the sedative again, to “do” her other ear.

## **March 18, 2019**

What was left of Margaret hung by its long, blonde hair from the hanger of the second closet of Tom’s bedroom, the one next to Olivia’s. Margaret remained there day and night, mentally swimming in a void, in limbo. No need for clothes or pillowcases, naked. A few feet away from her, though they could never touch, see, or hear each other, another woman shared the same exact fate.

Margaret often wondered what poor girl would take her place in become Tom’s new sex-toy. Or had she already taken her place? She couldn’t know. But whoever that woman was, Margaret was strangely jealous of her. At least she could see, hear, experience the world that was Tom’s room.

At least she felt something, even if that was pain and agony.

At least she got touched.

At least she got fucked.

The blonde girl anticipated Tom’s daily brief visits, to feed her the syringe of condensed nutrients and water and empty her bladder. It’s as much contact with him as she ever has, now. Margaret often wonders why the man is keeping her alive, why is he keeping the other woman. Wouldn’t it be easier if he just killed them? Sure. But there were so many memories tied to them, memories he liked keeping stored, like an old box of photographs, or that cool shirt you wore at prom that you’ve outgrown.

What’s that?!? The girl feels something grazing her right breast, something made of cotton, probably one of Tom’s shirts hanging next to her. She squirms, tries to get his attention, to show him she’s there,

that she wants him. Suspended in the air, she has no leverage to do much but slightly wiggle her torso. "But he will see me" she thinks.

"Please see me, PLEASE TAKE ME WITH YOU!"

But nothing else happens. The man grabbed a shirt from the closet and shut the door, nothing more to it. And so Margaret keeps waiting, alone, like a pillow waiting to be cuddled.