

Cape May Escape

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Adult Content Warning - this story contains adult themes, including non-consensual sexual acts such as slavery, BDSM and bondage and death. This is a work of fiction and/or fantasy. If you are under the lawful age for such materials (usually 18) or if you would find such material offensive, please go elsewhere.

Categories: BDSM, Slave, Xmas

Jocelynn peered intently at the fine print of the contract. Within its maze was a universe of possibility to both protect and destroy. The New Jersey Bureau of Recreation and Sales believed it perfect. It reflected well the intent of the legislature for the populace of the state.

Then again, consider the budgetary mess in Trenton that had spawned the contract system in the first place. Who in their right mind would trust state senators or bureaucrats? The answer is obvious of course: idiots, desperate individuals, and the general public.

Of course, Jocelynn was a nubile blonde freshly graduated from Egg Harbor High School where she had majored in home economics and advanced art. She thought that the state would protect her. Her family had been on the dole for the last twenty years.

Staring at the way her red plaid dress, which clung and hugged her upper thighs and showed off superb long legs and glossy black high heels and considering how hard it was for her to read the refined, legally wordsmithed document, it became clear the state of her mind as polished by the excellent schools of New Jersey.

She had been able to manage her name and social security number, address and number identifications. The smaller print that followed in the heart of the simple 194 page document described her duties, limitations, costs and rights.

Also, there was a long appendix attached to every auction contract with her constitutional and feminine rights which was standard legalese. She skipped that. Too many details. Nothing for her to execute.

What to do...

"Duties: To be as described and demanded by the purchaser except as described in paragraph i through iv below...

- i. No public nudity or handling as noted in iii.
- ii. Complete obedience and servility by the property except as noted in iii.
- iii. Sexual limits and acts as checked below; frequency and positions are not defined and may be multiple and often.
 1. Any and all without stipulation
 2. Vaginal

3. Anal
4. Oral
 - (a) on self
 - (b) on male
 - (c) on female
5. Animal
6. Hand
7. Breasts
8. Foot
9. Tickling
10. Spanking
11. Whipping
12. Homosexual
13. Other _____

iv. Physical abuse limitations are generally as follows:

1. No open cuts or wounds
2. No broken bones
3. No subcutaneous bruises other than skin redness
4. No blows to the face other hand slapping
5. Other _____

Verbal abuse, pinching, tickling, spanking, slapping, pinpricking, nipple torture and low voltage electric play are allowed. If the property says: "No Go!", then the purchaser will cease and desist that particular mode of physical abuse conduct within a reasonable period of time.

Suspension is a special case. Please check those items allowed below (Minimum of three):

1. Any and all
2. Neck

3. Ankle
4. Wrists
5. Crotch
6. Knees
7. Elbows
8. Bent back
9. Multiple

Please indicate allowable duration of suspension action.
A minimum of five minutes applies for any position chosen
above: _____

Jocelynn chewed her crimson lower lip. Decisions, decisions. Always decisions. Finally, she chose at random. It really did not matter much.

With a grand flourish and a flash of bright teeth, she signed the contract at the bottom. School had taught her that much. It was an excellent "X". She stood up on slender red heeled, open toed pumps with a ribbon trimming across the top of her ankle. She sashayed delectably to the desk of the assistant clerk for the Courthouse Marketplace. "Here it is." she murmured sweetly bending forward with her Veed shirt displaying the hint of warm curvaceous desire.

The clerk looked up from amidst piles of important papers and floppies. He smiled. "Thank you, Ms. Marcal." He glanced at the contract and noted that it was signed. He then countersigned and stamped it with his notary seal.

"Marv! Bind and leash 150-66-9992! Take her to the holding pens. Make sure she has hit the can before she is incarcerated."

Jocelynn crossed her wrists behind her ass nervously. Her nipples stiffened tenting her thin white blouse. With uncertain pleasure, she was bound and neck tethered. A red ball gag was strapped between her pearly white teeth making her grin. She marched behind Marv to her waiting cell.

The cell was full with pacing distressed damsels wearing short dresses and high heels. It was Friday at about 7 PM. The market opened at 8 and the girls worried over who would be buying them. Men would be anxious to see and feel their bodies and would do so shortly enough.

By 10 PM, many of them would have arrived at Atlantic City for Hotel service. Many others would have more mundane functions to fulfill in bed across South Jersey. Sometimes boyfriends or husbands would bid and buy them. More often it would be a tourist or some ugly guy who

would normally not have a chance in Hell to fondle their tits.

The cold steel bars of the old jailhouse protected them and made sure of their non-escape. With such a bevy of luscious females, it was strangely quiet. Only deep sighs and whimpers leaked through the many gags of the contracted girls.

Their jailors delighted in slapping their fannies and pinching full and anxious bosoms. The girls endured often enjoying the helpless sensations of their vulnerability. It was part of their registration fee that they had paid.

Jocelynn entered the sale room shortly after eight and was knelt below and behind the block. Someone else was being presently auctioned off and she would be next. She could see nothing from where she was. She could hear, however, the numerous bids until finally they settled on \$625.50 for the attractive girl on the block.

The sold girl trotted down the stairs past Jocelynn; an attractive curly haired brunette with her dress split to her waist for inspection by the audience. Pear shaped breasts bounced outside her red bra. Soft tears glistened on her cheeks from her recent sale and humiliation.

Jocelynn was jerked up by her neck leash. She jumped to her feet and climbed the steps to her place in the spotlight. As she rose up and was positioned, the girl on the opposite block was being auctioned off quickly.

The room was dark. Her block was brightly lit. She could be seen but could not see who was bidding and waiting. Typically, the auction room would be standing room only on a Friday or Saturday. Sales continued from Friday at eight PM until Sunday at six AM.

She had signed up for day contracts. She would be washed and disinfected for tomorrow night's sale. She already regretted her choice, shuddering and shivering.

The sale on the opposite block was quickly consummated. An older female with straight black hair and trembling bare curves was sold for \$497.50.

Wasting no time, the auctioneer began to singsong Jocelynn's attributes:

"A Hot Ass You Wouldn't Believe!!" He spun her around raising her skirt with a cane showing her pink panties above thigh high stockings. "Think how bright red you can make these cheeks!" So saying he tapped them with his cane raising bright red welts across her bouncing bottom. She cried out involuntarily.

Whisking her back towards the crowd, he opened her blouse with a yank that made buttons fly off in high spirals. He popped her bra and showed the pleased crowd her large tits and aureoled nipples. Cries of appreciation and lusty thoughts made her blush on cheeks and

bosom. A point the auctioneer pointed out. "What do I hear, what do I hear?"

"100"

Bullshit! Be serious!."

"400"

"410!"

"C'mon. A blonde ass like hers is worth much more. How about a big black man?"

"500! 540! 550! 570!"

Within five minutes, the auctioneer shouted "going, going ...gone! To the man in seat 443 for \$754 plus sales tax! Please see the cashier." The other auctioneer began his speel on the opposite block which displayed a petite brunette in a white gown as Jocelynn scampered down the back steps passing the next waiting damsel.

She would receive half the monies from her sale on Monday. The rest went into auctioneer fees, clothes, and taxes. By far the most went to New Jersey which used the sales of young girls (and boys) to attempt to balance an uncertain and cumbersome budget. New taxes, gambling, bonds and now slavery was still not enough to balance the budget. Foreign and final sales were being contemplated.

No matter how hard they tried in Trenton; expenses always exceeded revenues. Elementary cost accounting was a strange concept not known in Trenton or other governmental agencies.

Quietly and efficiently, a hood passed over her head. Her long yellow hair stuck out from under the brown burlap in a pretty contrast. Unseen hands slipped off her bra and stitched up her blouse to make her presentable on the streets. Uneasy but excited, she followed her leash in the darkness of her hooded sight.

Her owner (She presumed.) took her leash and tugged her outside. His hand pressed her rump in a familiar way to which she squirmed and wiggled to.

She was loaded into a trunk with her owner taking many liberties to explore and arouse his slave. His hands cupped her bare breast and squeezed her pantied twat simultaneously as she laid on her back above his spare tire.

Putting her into an uncomfortable hogtie with her belly to the floor, he stuck the cold metal of his jack between her legs to keep them separated. Tying her long hair back to her wrists completed her traveling position. He raised her red skirt and patted her ample bottom promising much more to come.

Jocelynn moaned and pumped her belly against the spare tire.

MEMORANDUM

The trunk lid closed with a slam leaving Jocelynn to wait and grow warmer in anticipation.

The car drove off somewhere. The slavegirl bounced with every bump in her dark, constricted home. The cold metal of the jack handle becoming a familiar friend between her thighs.

Tens of thousands of girls would be sold this Friday night fetching in hundreds of thousands of dollars to the state and county beleaguered accounts. Once summer came, the beaches would be swarming with delectable females and two hundred thousand girls might be sold on a hot Friday night in Cape May County.

Most girls ended up in trunks and hoods initially; it being a common mode of transit to and from the sale block. Sometimes it would be the front or back seat. Vans to Atlantic city would have the girls in bags loaded like logs in the back with only slim crossed ankles and sexy heels sticking out.

Somewhere was arrived. The car stopped and the trunk popped.

Cool night air caressed and pimpled her derriere which he lovingly pinched. She groaned.

She was pulled up; her hair untied and her ankles undone so that she tottered once more on uncertain feet.

The hood slid off revealing her disheveled straw yellow hair and crazy pale blue eyes. For the first time, she saw who had bought her ass in the dim light of some street corner. He was ancient ancient; well into his fifties and could have been her father. Thin wisps of white hair were sprinkled across his shiny skull.

He smiled showing off-white incisors as she shuddered and tried to move off. Her leash yanked her back into his clutching hands that held her sweet belly curve tight. An idle hand played with her nipple on her right tit which easily rose up hard and attentive despite her will to resist.

Hitching her leash to his belt to prevent casual error and escape of her pretty potential to please, he held her close to his right side cuddling her bottom. Casually, they walked the nearby broadwalk of a Jersey beachfront town.

His hand inched under her red skirt and tugged at her panty lace. She shivered and pressed her left shoulder against his maleness. His other clawed hand stroked her white throat and occasionally darted inside her loose blouse for a squeeze of her warm bare breast.

The boardwalk had a number of meandering wanderers. Young teenaged girls giggled and pointed as they strolled by. Males leered wishing they had access to Jocelynn's tits and thighs.

Some couples grunted in disgust as did spinster old ladies. Many more paid little attention being too busy with their own business, pleasures and pains.

A High School boy acquaintance stared at her drooling gagged face and shook his head. Then he hurried off towards a blinking neon girl sign. She watched him go with mixed relief, disgust and shame.

One of her blonde girlfriends (Josie) from Egg Harbor passed by hiphugging a tall black man. Her purple red lips sucked at her ball gag as she concentrated her attention upwards at her owner's face.

A black hand dipped suddenly under Josie's flowery print dress cleavage to rub her excited nipple. The other hand cupped her white ass hiking her dress to her waist to show blue striped panties and thigh high stockings. She paced rapidly along aside to keep up to his vigorous walk.

Jocelynn had no difficulty keeping up with her old man. She followed as she had to.

Pausing in secluded avenues and cubbyholes, her owner pawed her relentlessly exploring her inner thighs and kissing her white throat. He even removed her gag for deep tongue twisting kisses. She accepted these molestations and oral penetrations passionately; her wrists twisting futilely behind her.

Heated up finally, she raced behind her owner as she was led to a motel and a bed. Her breasts bobbed and weaved with brief flashes of full curves and nipples as her open shirt flapped in the wind. Her ass bobbed and weaved making several men peer intently as she was rushed by.

Quick glimpses of passing scenery showed several girls being led to a room or stroked in a quiet corner in the motel. None protested inquisitive hands on ass or tit or knees between their own. Bored clerks watched with dull interest in case a contract term was violated and they were needed as witnesses in some profitable lawsuit.

A long legged brunette hung over the second floor balcony with her neck leash tied down. Her legs were separated and fixed into position. Her black mesh dress sat draped across her back. Thin black panties were hiked into her crack. Her owner slapped her derriere with his bare hand making her scream despite her ball gag. She would enjoy it more once her reddened ass sat on a soft bed and her black panties were crumpled and jammed down her throat.

It would be good to relax herself as her panties were stripped off and her thighs opened by her owner's strength and will. She would be pounded into the mattress on her back and on her bound hands. An ankle would be anchored to the bottom of the bed to insure her attention and availability at appropriate moments.

WENOBVNDW

She was quiet except for whines and whimpers thanks to her gag. By now her pink panties were stifling her tongue and choking her throat where he would have pushed them deep and down. Men were eternally grateful for panties. Few girls escaped spending the night without them stuffed into her pouting red lips and strapped firmly in place.

She slept with her owner's hand cupping her bare bottom while she laid passive and happy on her belly. She expected rigorous and repeated use all night long. Throughout the motel girls were quiet and sleeping tied to a bed. Male hands caressed and played with dimpled knees and firm breasts.

At 3 AM, she was aroused by someone sucking her tits and pumping her cunt. Open thighs and naked tits did that to a guy. She would be attentive and wiggle and groan under him.

Tomorrow night someone else would be on top of her belly or perhaps several men. It was hard to tell and predict when your hands were cuffed behind you.

Someone had to balance the budget after all. And the Cape May sale blocks brought in money from the entire eastern seaboard.

After a morning belly poke accompanied by frantic squeals and whines, she was reloaded into the car. The jack sat in its familiar home all the way back to the Marketplace. This time she was belly up with her knees spread wide by the device. Her heels dug into her ass with her ankles tied to her upper thighs.

At the Marketplace, she joined a line of returned contracted girls waiting to be hosed and cleaned by old, ugly women. Then it was off to make more money for the state and county in their high heels and short dresses. Jocelynn smiled happily as she dreamed of how she would be displayed on top of the auction block.

Such was business in New Jersey.

But the contracts... they were so excellent!

Subject

From

To

MEMORANDUM