



Cort Stevens

Was a pleasure to work with a sweeter guy you'll never meet. My favorite photo of him adorns my dungeon wall that's him in a transposed picture just to the left of my Penis Alter you have enjoyed in my movies. He came to me through an agent in Colorado named Dan Byers who ran D+D Entertainment, Cort told me that when he had just finished high school he was working at a gas station, with his high

school sweetheart. His gas station was on a hill that a pickup truck pulling a Airstream trailer stopped for gas. Cort went out to pump gas while his girl did her homework. The driver of the truck wanted Cort to fill her up, check the oil and even the air pressure on his wheels, which Cort did. As he finished and turned to get paid he driver pulled out an automatic pistol and suck it In Cort's face. Cort immediately spit out, hay man no sweat take the gas and go its cool with me. As he did he guy with pistol said your coming with us too. Cort spit out "what the fuck are you talking about man? As he did the guy with the gun turned and motioned for his girl friend who Cort had no seen come out of the gas station leading Corts girlfriend holding a pistol on her. The gun man spoke your both coming with us for a little while. Try anything and your both dead. Cort obeyed as he and his girl friend where walked to the trailer hands up as ordered. The gun mans girlfriend opened the door to the Airstream Trailer. Motioning them both inside almost as if they had rehearsed it. As they did they where motioned into the center room of the trailer. As they did the girl with the gun told both to sit

down while her boyfriend covered them. She told them to remove their shoes and socks she put cuffs on Cort in the front, she took a length of rope out of her pocket just as if she had done it before. Quickly looping a rope around Cort's upper arms behind his back and looping it around his feet which she expertly tied together. Then the same to his girlfriend. She begged please don't hurt us we will do what you want, please. The gun man said do what your told and you will be released when were done. As his girlfriend attached more rope to each of their upper arms fastening both to each other, back to back. Then the gun man said to his girlfriend and his captives we going to go now she will watch both of you while I drive. Cort's girlfriend begged please don't hurt us he did, while his girlfriend tapped both Cort and his girlfriend mouths shut after stuffing one of their socks with duct tape which she was evidently skilled in the use of. Within moments they where off moving on to the highway as their Airstream Trailer gently rocked along. Corts girlfriend who I will call Laura was crying through her tapped mouth, please don't as the rode along. They drove most of the

night like that until coming to an isolated run down house in the middle of nowhere. When they parked and went inside to a house they were obviously familiar with. As they didn't bother to blind fold either. Feet untied they where marched inside and told to sit side by side on a filthy couch, which they did. Told to strip first the gunman took a while to tie both up again removing the cuffs as he did. Then expertly roped Cort in fifty feet of rope, ankles tight, knees tight, those magnificent upper legs tightly together, then his wrists in back together fastened behind his back, then through his upper arms tightly. Then around his neck to finish the job. Leaving his mouth tapped as he did. Next Laura was tied to same with the same routine cuffs removed then roped tight like Cort sitting side by side. Mouth still tapped as she cried and whimpered. Both terrified and feeling weak from the stress. Then both were tied together neck to neck, ankle to ankle, upper leg to upper leg, waist to waist and chest to chest, then neck to neck. Then their captor said my name is John call me Master this is my girlfriend call her Mistress. Cort nodded OK as John went on with your both going to be

our guests here for a while, Cort nodded yes, Laura cried and nodded yes. You make us happy you go home when were done both nodded yes. He continued "we are going to. find out what your made of, both nodded yes. He then put a collar with an electric shocker on both their necks with a remote control that he gave to his girlfriend to hold. Then a set of nasty tit clips on Cort, Cort instantly started to move his body in a jerking struggling motion up and down as he screamed through his gag. His powerful body's movement arrested by Laura roped next to him. As he struggled powerfully with his girlfriend next to him holding them both on the couch which they were attached to he could only struggle up and down whipping his body spasmodically, the couch and Laura where going nowhere even with Corts muscular strength whipping up and down for all his strength. Their captors evidently pleased their new Masters dick stiffened. There Mistress enjoyed seeing her partner enjoying himself chuckled along with each jerking spasm of Corts body. Who wouldn't I'd like to know. So the hours passed for who knew how long. When reaching a peak the Mistress

jumped on Cort's chest rubbing her juicy cunt in Cort's face through his gag leaving a nasty mess on his lower lip leaving him breathless for air in a very practiced manner, when he seemed to be ready to pass out she eased up. Cort's Master fired a load at least a half a dozen times on his chest during their first session, Cort was covered in cum which his Mistress loved rubbing under his nose as he struggled to breathe. Laura's too got the full treatment, struggling roped tight screaming her mistress had to slap her hard to quiet her down when she threatened to lose it. She almost had to but not quite had to use the shock collar to gain control of Laura. Soon Laura passed out and was untied from Cort and was carried to another room where she was put in a wet suit, laid on the floor on her back on a wooden floor. A heavy strap placed around her ankles, knees, around her waist cinched holding her arms at her side, the another around her chest and arms snugly, a chain around her neck bolted to the wall to keep her from going anywhere if she woke. The duct tape left on she slept exhausted as her new Masters continued working Cort over for several more hours with a bamboo

pole to his feet. When he passed out his ropes were loosened replaced with cuffs on his wrists and ankles, his whole body wrapped in chains tight, padlocked to the wall and Laura to sleep. Cort and Laura spent a month with their new Masters, during which time they found that their Masters told them that their usual gig was stealing trucks the one they arrived in was stolen along with the Airstream they rode on. They had a room full of weights that both Cort and Laura were required to work hard at daily wearing their remote control collars as they did. Taking turns being released still shackled as they worked their bodies hard sweating profusely then put away wet. Cort was always kept shackled heavily day and night Laura was let out to cook and clean wearing her wet suit and a pair of heavy shackles. Except to serve their Masters' friend bikers who their Master did business with selling stolen vehicles when she was presently nude with her shock collar. They enjoyed watching Cort suffer as they did he was always brought out to watch. The bikers hated to admit that they were turned on by Cort's beauty but they were and they did take him while she watched.

They'd finish with Laura then move to Cort slapping him hard as he sucked there ugly dicks. Maybe he would be tied tight by his Mistress and presented to them, she was wicked with the tight ropes and would tie him tight in a full body stand him up with a noose around his neck feet tied together tight. He licked pussy by the hour for her drank piss on command with Laura near by to enjoy his suffering. Their Masters loaned Laura to his biker friends she was wearing her wet suit full body straps gagged as she loaded into their big Mack truck for two days, slung over their shoulders. Cort started loose so he was shocked knocked out put in a heavy deep wet suit too. arms tightly strapped to side his ankles his knees his waist, his chest and neck strapped to a wooden platform he slept on. Then a divers head hood was put on Cort with face mask and a tube attached to a gas mask until he calmed down. Which he did eventually. Laura was brought back and they got back to their daily routine. Their Masters had a deal with some local ladies who wanted to get pregnant they showed up when they had their periods and helped his Master with a struggling roped tight Cort



stood up for hours to get his blood up, then shoot a load into these foul bitch's some of them being three hundred pounds was a real challenge. So when the day came for Cort and Laura to released the day began as usual both were put in wet suits strapped tight. Carried to a Mack truck put in the compartment behind the driver strapped together on the drivers bed driven hours then dropped at an empty rest stop, straps and wet suits removed as the came to zapped with the zapper to gain enough time to drive off leaving them on their own for the first time since takin, laying on the ground groggy happy to be alive removing their duct tape.