

Volunteering for a Terrorist Taskforce, two female FBI agents wonder if their training is preparing them to be Houdini. Used as bait to infiltrate a slavery ring, they would need all his tricks to escape being sold as sex slaves.

Down But Not Out

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3777.html?s=pdf>

**Down**  
**But Not**  
**Out**

**by Torquemaster**

Copyright © 2008 Torquemaster

ISBN 978-1-60145-678-6

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Booklocker.com, Inc.  
2008

## **Table of Contents**

Part 1: Awakening.....	1
Part 2: When Vicki Met Mandy.....	9
Part 3: Houdini Would Be Proud.....	17
Part 4: Cold Steel.....	33
Part 5: The Mission.....	41
Part 6: Even Houdini Needs a Plan.....	51
Part 7: The Face of the Devil.....	63
Part 8: Not Your Boring Ride Home.....	77
Part 9: The Perfect End of a Long Day.....	99

## **Part 2**

### **When Vicki Met Mandy**

Somewhere in her coma Vicki slipped into a dream world. Her mind drifted back to how all of this began. She could see herself graduating college, getting a job at the County Sheriffs department. Finally she was going to fight crime. But she soon found that all she was fighting was the copy machine and the file cabinets. She spent 2 years working at a desk job, only rarely getting into the field when someone called in sick. Still Vicki was a tireless worker and excelled at everything she was asked to do. She got an opportunity to transfer to the State Police and after 2 years there again winning praise from all of her supervisors for clerical jobs well done; she requested and received a recommendation to apply for the FBI. The agency, eager to increase its minority rosters accepted her. They put her thru another 8 months of training and promptly rewarded her Top of Class honors, with another desk job. This is where she met Mandy. Both girls had been assigned the most rigorous and dangerous clerical work the agency had. Pouring over volumes and volumes of old case reports looking for clues and links to current cases. It was long and boring work. Both girls hit it off as friends quickly. They found they needed each other to keep their sanity in this mind numbing mountain of paperwork. The also

soon realized why they were there. Mandy so that the men in the office would have some eye candy to look at, and Vicki because at the end of the day the work was still important enough that it had to get done. The work was boring but the pay was good. It was Mandy that suggested they could double their savings by rooming together. An idea that sounded very practical to the simple country girl from Indiana who never suspected her room mate of having any other intentions.

It didn't take long once they were living together for Mandy to start breaking down her naïve roommate's inhibitions. Not that Vicki was a prude, but she was not accustomed to having a naked woman parade around in front of her 24/7 and Mandy's tits and ass seemed to always be in her face. That alone would have only been amusing but Mandy had a fetish – porno movies. She watched them a lot. Vicki actually liked most of them as long as it was girl / guy stuff...you know what Hoosiers call normal sex, one man , one woman , one dick. But Mandy had a disproportionate collection of lesbian girl on girl sex videos and she liked them –a lot. The first time Mandy started getting aroused in front of the TV Vicki was so shocked by her friend's response that she went into her room and locked the door. After 4 months of living together though Mandy had finally worn down the poor girl's resistance. Now it didn't bother her when Mandy masturbated on the couch across the room. It did piss her off though when she would get out the XR75 Axial Flow Magnum Vibrator. The damn thing was so loud she would have to turn the volume up on the TV.

After 5 months of failing to get Vicki in the sack Mandy decided to try a new tactic. One morning Vicki was in

the bathroom in front of the mirror putting on the thin veil of makeup she usually wore, clad only in her bra and panties, when suddenly a figure leapt behind her grabbing her arm and twisting it up behind her in a hammerlock. Instantly her instincts and FBI training switched on and she arched her body forward to remove the leverage of the hammerlock and spun around in the direction of the applied force coming face to face with her attacker. Not hesitating for a moment she drove her now free hand into the chest of the assailant knocking them back against the opposite wall. "Christ Vicki you trying to rip my tits off!" screamed Mandy now clutching her left boob. This froze Vicki in her tracks. She stepped back to see the naked body of her roommate, not an assailant now cowered against the wall.

"What the hell were you trying to do?" Vicki yelled at Mandy.

"I thought we could use some practice at our arrest techniques." replied the now sobbing Mandy. "Lord knows we get lots of practice in our boring jobs. I thought it would be fun, I didn't expect you to try to cut me." Vicki looked at the girl's red and swollen left tit. There was a long nasty looking scratch just below the nipple with a trickle of blood running from it. She looked at her right hand that had struck the blow. Dangling from it was the open jaw of a pair of police issue hinged handcuffs. A drop of blood was on the end of the open jaw. The other end had been tightly locked around her wrist so quickly and skillfully by her partner that she had not noticed.

“I’m so sorry”, said Vicki. “I didn’t see it was you. I just reacted. All of that training we got just kicked in. How can I make it up to you?” A grin slowly grew over Mandy’s lips. This may just work out after all she thought.

“Well,” Mandy sighed, “I still think practicing is a good idea.”

“Sure, anything you want to do,” said the now guilt ridden Vicki as she turned her back and placed her hands behind her in a submissive position. Click, Click, Click she heard as Mandy slowly ratcheted the handcuffs home, closing the open cuff now on Vicki’s left wrist. She even took the time to click the right wrist and few notches tighter. Vicki was used to this being done many times to her in the classroom but as she stared at herself in the mirror she could see her nipples straining to poke thru her thin flesh colored bra. She squeezed her thighs together and felt a warm wetness between her pussy lips. This time it was different. This time the act of being handcuffed by a woman were turning her on.

Mandy then walked to the medicine cabinet and that’s when Vicki got a better look at the cut on her tit. There was considerably more blood now and the skin was turning black and blue. “Can I help,” asked Vicki.

“Just stand there like that, that’s helping.” replied Mandy.

“It’s really painful standing here like this,” said Vicki. Mandy had turned the girl’s wrists with palms facing

outward. Vicki knew this was standard arrest procedure with hinged cuffs. It kept the arms from being able to be rotated in any direction and by putting this extra stress on the shoulders rendered the arms of any perpetrator quite useless. But Mandy had locked the handcuffs extra tight and the strain was starting to hurt. “Couldn’t you do something to make me more comfortable?” asked Vicki. Without saying a word Mandy walked back to her prisoner and with a swift jerk pulled Vicki’s panties to the floor. Before the surprised girl could speak she spun her around and pushed the front closure on her bra. It snapped open and her perky young tits leapt out like clowns out of a jack in the box.

“Nice nipples,” Mandy said sliding the tip of her tongue over her lips. “They look like they want some attention.”

“Well I ....” before Vicki could speak Mandy had reached into a vanity drawer and pulled out a pair of her panties and shoved them into her stunned prisoners mouth. She then took the medical tape out of the cabinet and wound it around Vicki’s head several times sealing the panties in. Vicki didn’t know what surprised her the most. Was it the boldness of Mandy’s move or the fact that Vicki had no thought of offering any resistance? She did not know if she let Mandy do this because she felt guilty for her injury or maybe deep inside she wanted this to happen , wanted to see how far it would go, and it did go far, very far.

Vicki continued to offer no resistance and Mandy became more and more bold with every move. First she bent over and pressed her lips over Vicki’s right nipple and slowly began to lick it, then drew it into her mouth

and sucked on it, rolling the now engorged nipple over and under her tongue. Vicki had pretty good control of her emotions, resisting her advances, trying to control her breathing by concentrating on other things, but this was what she needed. It was just what her body craved for so she went with the flow. Her hips began to heave up and down with the rhythm of Mandy's sucking and tugging on her nipples. Then just as quickly as she had started, Mandy stopped. Without a word she reached out with her fingers and grabbed Vicki's nipple like a door knob and twisted it. Instantly all the air was sucked out of Vicki's lungs and she found herself gasping for breath. Mandy then motioned to the bedroom where she led Vicki by the nipple to the bed. They she laid her new love slave down face first. She then produced a set of police issue leg irons from under the bed. Vicki wondered how long she had been sleeping over those because this was after all, her bedroom. Mandy then proceeded to lock the shackles on Vicki's legs looping the 18in chain over the hinged cuffs on her wrists and making a fairly strict hogtie. In all of her years of experimenting with self bondage Vicki had tried many times to put herself into a hogtie and had done so successfully quite often. But this was different. This was very tight, very real and very inescapable. For the first time in her young life she was feeling something she had never experienced before – vulnerability.

Vicki lay on her belly on the bed, lost in the swell of her orgasm slowly building force while Mandy went back into the bathroom to tend to her wound. Vicki didn't know if she lay there alone for a matter of a few minutes or for hours. Her mind was lost in the fantasy. When Mandy did return Vicki's body had swelled into a

towering inferno of engorged nerve endings ready to explode at any touch. Mandy not only touched but she probed, rubbed, sucked, licked, bit, squeezed, and kissed, every inch of the innocent young girls naked and vulnerable body. Vicki had no idea of how many orgasms she had. For weeks after that day she still wondered, how did she do that? Coming from Indiana no one ever told the young farm girl that girls could do those things to other girls.

From that day forward the relationship between the two girls changed forever. They were no longer partners. They were lovers, best friends, Master and Love Slave on occasion... well more than on occasion and more often though they did switch roles. Most often it was Vicki on the Love Slave end of the leash. Vicki didn't mind. She loved the attention Mandy paid to every detail of her body and unknown to Mandy she got off on the challenging bondage Mandy put her in. Vicki would push Mandy so hard to try newer and tighter restraining methods on her that at times it was difficult to tell who was in charge, the Master or the Slave.

## **Part 4**

### **Cold Steel**

Cold, Damn I'm cold. Vicki shook her head as far as the collar would allow. She woke up much more quickly this time. The effects of the drug were almost completely gone now. She soon took stock of her situation. She was alone, naked, bound, gagged and had two enormous shafts forced and locked deep into her private holes with no way to remove them and no signs of any rescue. She looked back and forth around the room as best she could. The room was lighter now. It appeared to be a tool shed. It was small, barely bigger than a bathroom. All 4 walls had tool benches piled with junk and numerous hand tools leaning against every wall. She lay on the floor in the center of the room. There was a shaft of light coming from a partially covered window behind her. She tried to get a better look at the window but her collar and the elbow bondage she was in prevented much movement in that direction. She could not get over the intense feeling of cold. It was the middle of July outside, why the hell was she so cold? She shivered from it. The cold seemed to be coming out of the floor. Like it was being conducted from the floor directly into her nipples which she could tell were numb. The cold ran shivers thru her tits and into her entire body. Vicki focused on the floor. Wait a minute she

thought. This was not a wood floor like she had expected. This was metal, diamond plate metal. Why the hell would anyone put steel diamond plate in an old tool shed she thought? What the hell is going on here?

With a quick thrust of her pelvic muscles Vicki summoned the energy to rise up and roll over on her side to take better stock of her situation. As she started to roll over twin shafts of white hot pain like someone had hit her with a branding iron blasted her in the chest. She tried to scream but the pain took every ounce of air out of her lungs. Her jaw bit down on the ballgag so hard that if it had not been there she would have severed her tongue. Her eyes though screwed tightly shut were suddenly filled with stars that quickly merged into one brilliant and blinding white light for just an instant before her world went completely black again.



Finally after weeks and weeks of training, conditioning, testing and weeding out the slackers, both Vicki and Mandy had not only survived Matt Striker and his intense training / escapology methods but had graduated. Vicki had never felt so much pride nor been so satisfied of her accomplishments in her life. She finally felt that she was at a point in her life where she was on the brink of doing something important. She felt ready to break out of the normal hum drum life she had led for far too many years. She felt empowered to go out in the world and make a difference. Mandy, on the other hand, was ready to party. So, they partied.

The party started out with the formalities. Champaign at the office followed by all the graduates going to the local watering hole called “Plant 2” followed by someone ordering shots. Some drink called a “Red Headed Slut” Vicki wasn’t sure but she thought she had outlasted all of the male graduates in a drink-off that would have made the Tibetan bar scene from “Raiders of the Lost Ark” look like a kindergarten lunch break. She remembered something about a limo taking them to 5 or six other places. She remembered Mandy in her face challenging her to some kind of contest or something and the words “Are you chicken McFly” rattling endlessly inside of her head.

About 10:30AM the next day she literally rolled out of bed onto the floor. Her head was too heavy to lift so she crawled to the bathroom. She didn’t care that she was naked nor had any idea how she got that way. Just that it was convenient and made it easier to go to the toilet. She sat there for a long while doing her business and trying to remember the events of the night before. Her body was numb all over. Even her teeth ached. Her mouth felt like a thousand camels had run thru it. She needed a drink, no just water she thought. She pulled herself up to the sink and filled the paper cup. Quickly she drank the cup and began swishing her mouth clean of its awful taste. That was when she opened her eyes and gazed at her naked form in the mirror.

A horrific scream burst out of her mouth and she spewed water all over the mirror and walls. There, there in the glass before her was a naked woman with large silver  $\frac{3}{4}$  in diameter door knocker style nipple rings piercing each red swollen nipple. She looked down at her

imprisoned nipples and pulled at the rings ignoring the pain. They did not disappear, they did not come off and as she soon found out by frantically trying to twist off the ball sealing the joint that they had been permanently sealed on. Frantically trying to find the answer to this cruel joke Vicki ran screaming into Mandy's bedroom. There she found Mandy naked and sound asleep bottoms up on top of her bed. Vicki grabbed the girl by the shoulder and flipped her over only to be shocked to see an identical set of rings piercing the sleeping girl's nipples.

After several pots of coffee, several hours of both girls crying, some heated phone calls to their fellow graduates and many hours of wading thru 4 different versions of the previous night's festivities, the girls put their criminal investigators heads together and figured out the real chain of events that brought them and their new permanent jewelry together.

Vicki had not won the drinking game. She had come in second. But that was still the first loser. The wager had been that they would all do something symbolic to commemorate their graduation. Like Marines do. They were not sure but someone thought Matt Striker had suggested it and then disappeared shortly after that. It had been decided that they would all get Tattoos and the winner would pick the design. Well even though everyone was very drunk the girls quickly chickened out when the men all decided to get large green dragons on their chests. Peer pressure can be a terrible thing to combat even when you are sober so the girls, actually Mandy, came up with a compromise. Nipple rings. They may have both been thinking of small delicate jewelry

that could be easily removed. What they ended up with was large 14 gauge door knocker style rings strong enough to hold a pit bulldog and ball-clasps sealed with “LocTight” which meant the only way they would come off would be with bolt cutters.

Thru their tears the girls talked about going to the fire-department or just buying a pair of bolt-cutters and removing the rings themselves but after cornering one of the other graduates at work and talking him into showing them his dragon tattoo they changed their minds. It was really an ugly tattoo. It covered nearly half of his chest. The girls figured they got the better of the deal and besides in a strange way they felt they would be letting the team down to cut the rings off. For the next few weeks their nipples would still hurt terribly but already each girl was thinking up new ways to use the rings in their sex play.



In the meantime work got very serious. Matt had called everyone in to a briefing to discuss a possible mission. “Our target,” he exclaimed, “is this man.” Then Matt uncovered a picture of an Arab looking man in his late thirties named Fahid Caliil. He had dark, menacing eyes, a cold stare and a grit in his jaw which said he had some serious anger issues. Vicki found herself staring at the mans eyes. She felt like the picture before her now, blown up 5 times its size on the screen, was looking right into her. Matt’s voice took a very serious and dark tone as he described the operations this man was suspected of heading up. For years there had been stories and incidents of young white American girls

disappearing in Central and South America usually on holidays or spring breaks. Usually a boyfriend or a romantic acquaintance was blamed but because the disappearances were on foreign soil and local law enforcement was in charge, there was little the US government could do. The grieving parents would fly down there and end up spending their life savings on private investigators and false leads trying in vain to find their lost daughters, only to end up heartbroken. Eight of the cases made national news, but not a single girl was ever found or even a body recovered. As Matt revealed there were actually 41 of these cases known. The combined US intelligence agencies had been collecting evidence on all of them for 4 years now. The conclusion of the evidence was shocking. "We believe that Fahid Caliil has been kidnapping these girls, smuggling them out of the country, transporting them to the Middle East and selling them as sex slaves to wealthy Arab Oil Sheiks," said Matt. The evidence was mostly obtained by following the money trail. The US could trace the payoffs to the South American handlers from the Arab Oil Sheiks. The dollar amounts were shocking. Over \$100M had been funneled from this operation to fund a Terrorist Cell operating in Iran. Vicki gasped at the numbers. It was staggering the wealth these men had. Their greed and lust had no end. Her mind tried to imaging the horrible ordeals these girls must have gone thru, or were still going thru. That thought caused her mind to stop and ask the inevitable question. Were these girls still alive? Just as she was about to ask that question Matt answered it. "Yes we have been able to identify one of the missing girls," said Matt. She was caught in a surveillance operation in Syria. Matt

advanced the presentation to the next slide. It was of a group of men dressed in traditional Arab garb gathered outside of a market. At the edge of the group was a white blond girl dressed in flowing sheer silk. In the first picture her face was veiled. It was clear to see however that she had something metallic on each of her limbs and throat. A second picture zoomed in and made it clear she was wearing solid steel shackles about 3 in wide which appeared to be permanently locked on her. A short chain connected her ankles and her wrists were solidly connected together behind her back. A chain leash held by her Arab handler led to a ring piercing the septum of her nose. In the next picture something had happened and the veil had fallen. It was from this picture blowup of a clear shot of the girls face that a positive ID was able to be made. The girl was Kelly Conrad, from Springfield Iowa. She was 19 years old when abducted from Aruba on spring break. She was a junior from Purdue University. That was 21 months ago. The next picture was even more shocking. The handler must have noticed the veil had fallen even though the helpless girl with her hands locked behind her back could have done nothing to prevent it. The next few pictures showed him taking a short whip like a ridding crop to the girl. He struck blow after blow on the girl's breasts which were barely covered by a thin layer of silk. Another man held her nose chain taught making her stand up straight while the handler whipped the girl again and again. Vicki closed her eyes. She did not know how many pictures were in the scene. She only knew that when she opened her eyes it was over. Matt stood before the group and said. "I don't know if we can find Kelly Conrad or the dozens of other girls like her held captive over there. It

would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, a very hostile haystack. But we do know where Fahid Caliil is and we think we know what his next move is. Does anyone here want to help me stop him?" Every single person in the room stood up.

Volunteering for a Terrorist Taskforce, two female FBI agents wonder if their training is preparing them to be Houdini. Used as bait to infiltrate a slavery ring, they would need all his tricks to escape being sold as sex slaves.

Down But Not Out

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3777.html?s=pdf>