

A Damsel Deep-Dive

Damsels Anonymous Volume 5, Part 6

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Story by Valereya James and Headlock Homer

The Story So far...

The beach town of Marston's Pointe has a new menace, in the shapely form of Anya, The Bikini Thief! Known for relieving her victims of their swimsuits as well as their clothing, Anya has eluded capture at the hands of Felicia Fetters, Gina, and the other women of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department.

Anya was paid by the sultry femme fatale Shelly Arnold to come to Marston's Pointe to take care of her enemies in the Sheriff's Department, but when Anya learns of a crashed plane somewhere off the coast filled with millions of dollars of stolen money, she turns on her employer, leaving Shelly and buxom former reporter Tanya Donnelly bound, gagged, and helpless in the middle of the ocean until they are found by Brad, henchman of the crime-lord Ace, who is also searching for the downed plane.

Felicia Fetters and Gina, after narrowly escaping several encounters with Anya and Ace's men, also set their sights on finding the downed plane before the criminals can get their hands on the stolen money...

1.

Gina couldn't help but feel hungry eyes on her as her deft fingers undid the buttons of her uniform shirt. The top few buttons were undone, exposing her lacy, white bra and her large, bountiful cleavage. She stopped, taking in the open sea air, and pulled her shirt closed instinctively, feeling watched.

There's no one out here, you're on the open ocean. Well, technically she was with two other women, both of which were undressed or about to get undressed.

She turned to face Felicia, who stood at the helm of the boat, and watched as Felicia's head snapped back forward towards the ocean ahead.

Was she watching me?

Felicia didn't turn back around as she gripped the helm and kept the boat on course. Seeing how they were headed out over the water again, Felicia didn't bother to change either, and was still clad in the skimpy pink thong bikini that she had found on Anya's boat. Gina involuntarily found her gaze drifting down to Felicia's perfect back side in that skimpy thong bikini. On some level, she had always been jealous of Felicia's body and the fact that it was all natural.

Gina knew that her own body was the object of lust and envy for many people, but her breasts, the one thing everyone focused on, were enhanced. Felicia was a natural work of art, and Gina always admired that.

“What, you got nervous all of a sudden?” Caitlyn called from behind Gina. The sheriff turned to see the muscular, dark haired woman lowering the straps of her sling bikini and exposing her large breasts.

“No, just...” Gina trailed off.

“Come on, it's not like we all haven't seen each other naked before.” Caitlyn shrugged, stepping out of her skimpy swimsuit, now completely naked.

She had a point. They had all seen each other's bodies at one point or another, but Gina couldn't help but feel exposed despite being on a boat out in the middle of the ocean.

There was no one out here, just them, so why did Gina still feel watched? She turned to survey the ocean around them but saw nothing, only water as far as the eye could see.

Caitlyn, meanwhile, picked up a slick black wet suit and started to squeeze her considerably muscled body into it. Gina realized that she too should get into a wetsuit and once again started to unbutton her shirt.

The boat shifted hard to starboard under Gina and she tottered, trying to regain her balance. Caitlyn was in the middle of sticking one of her legs into the wetsuit when she tumbled over. Gina wheeled around to see Felicia spinning the wheel hard.

“Felicia, what are you doing?” Gina ran over as Felicia tossed her a semi-apologetic look.

“Sorry, still getting used to this.” Felicia turned back to the wheel.

Gina came up behind her and gripped the wheel with her hands.

“It's not a car Felicia, you just keep it steady.” Felicia hadn't been trained on sailing or boating, so Gina saw this as a good opportunity for her to get some supervised practice.

Still pressed against Felicia from behind, Gina tilted the wheel ever so slightly.

“Just like that, easy.” She said into the other woman's ear.

Gina felt Felicia press her thonged ass against her waist and lean back.

“See,” Gina said. “Just like that.”

“Yes,” Felicia sighed. “I see.” Her bare ass cheeks rubbed against Gina's pants and Gina pulled away and once again tugged her shirt closed.

Felicia turned and watched her, and then back to the ocean. What had just happened between them?

Gina stood straight and shook the moment off. It was nothing. Nothing, just the movement of the boat under them had caused them to touch.

Still, part of her felt like Felicia had been... trying to seduce her.

No, it was silly. Just in her head.

Gina cleared her throat and pointed to the sonar read out on the console.

“Just keep your eyes on that. Most big blips will be fish or something. Look for something solid, that doesn't seem to move.”

Felicia turned, nodded, and turned back to the ocean. Gina watched her for a moment and then turned away, shaking her head.

“You okay Caitlyn?”

“Yep!” The muscle bound woman acknowledged, her legs in the wet suit.

Gina realized that she couldn't waste any more time, and undid the rest of the buttons on her uniform shirt. She shrugged out of the tan shirt, revealing a white, lacy bra underneath. Next she removed her gun belt and kicked off her boots.

It still feels like someone's watching. Gina thought, and once again scanned the area around them. Once again, she saw Felicia whip her head around to face the front of the boat. She couldn't help but think that Felicia was watching her undress.

It's nothing. You're her commanding officer so she probably is just looking to you to see what's next. Gina told herself, but part of her didn't believe it.

Maybe she was uneasy because she also knew that Anya and Brad were also out on the ocean looking for the fallen plane.

Yes, that was it. She was alone at sea looking for something that two people who had previously made her life miserable were also looking for. That had to be why she was so wired.

Gina took a breath, telling herself to relax. Soon, they would find the plane, hopefully, and then use it as bait to trap Anya and Brad.

Brad. He was the reason why Gina was so anxious. She hadn't expected to see him, but should have known that if there was trouble, he wouldn't be far behind. Over this past year she had done her best to banish him and what had transpired between them from her mind. Now she knew that Brad had always been in her head, she had just ignored him. Gina was looking forward to catching him, to cuffing him, to throwing him in cell to rot...

And to running her hands over his rock hard abs.

Gina shook her head. No! He was a criminal, he had done terrible things to her and her colleagues.

The plane, the boat, Felicia. Those were things that needed her focus.

Gina shook her head again and undid the top button of her pants, and then the zipper. Her head scanned the area around her as she did. Caitlyn was now full clad in her wet suit, the zipper stopping just below her massive breasts. The wet suit clung to Caitlyn's muscles and looked like it was about to tear around her cleavage.

Maybe it wasn't as much as Caitlyn didn't zip the wet suit all the way up as much as she just couldn't. Gina thought, and then pushed her pants down, exposing the tiny, white, frilly thong panties underneath. As she did, she saw Felicia's head turn slightly and her eye zero in on Gina's butt cheek.

I was just admiring her body, she's probably doing the same to me. Gina thought as she shimmied out of her pants and stood up, clad in nothing but her underwear.

She reached out a nearby wet suit when Caitlyn cut her off.

“Hey, you aren't putting that over your underwear, are you?” The big breasted woman asked.

“Sure, why?” Gina shrugged.

“It will get soaked, you'll be running around the rest of the day with wet panties.”

Gina paused and looked around.

“I think I'll be fine.” She said.

Caitlyn shrugged.

“Like I said, we've all seen each other naked. May as well strip down.” She said and turned away.

Gina huffed. Caitlyn was right. Sadly, she didn't have the bigger woman's lack of shame when it came to nudity.

Still, she planned on changing back into her uniform, and walking around for the rest of the day with wet underwear was not her idea of a good time.

Gina sighed and reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She slipped down the straps and tossed the undergarment with the rest of her clothes with one hand while covering her breast with the other. Then, with one hand still covering her bare breasts, she started to push her panties down, shimmying and bending over as she did.

After an awkward few minutes, the flimsy pair of panties came off and Gina kicked it over to her pile of clothes, now covering her crotch with her other hand. She looked up and saw Caitlyn watching with an amused look on her face.

“We were literally all rolling around naked with each other yesterday.” She chuckled.

“Yeah, well it's not like that was our idea.” Gina sighed, and then looked at her wet suit, realizing that she would have to reach out with one of her covering hands to grab it.

She flashed Caitlyn a look, signaling for the other girl to hand her the suit. Instead, Caitlyn just sat back and smiled, clearly amused by the Sheriff's shame. Gina frowned and reached out, exposing her full, large breasts and nipples while doing so.

She pulled the wet suit over to her and then realized that she would need both hands to get into it.

Damn. She swore to herself, and then spread her legs and spread the suit out with both hands, exposing her full nudity to the whole boat.

"There, see it's not that bad." Caitlyn taunted.

Gina stuck one leg into the wet suit and pulled it up, and then the other. It clung to her like a second skin. She pulled it up to her waist, feeling slightly more comfortable, and then shoved her arm in one sleeve and pulled it on, then the other. Once her arms were in the sleeves, she attempted to pull the sides of the suit over her breasts but found that she couldn't.

Oh no...

She gripped the zipper and pulled it up, finding that it wouldn't go up higher than just below her breasts.

Damn!

Gina sucked in a breath and pulled up on the zipper, trying to close the suit all the way.

"I had the same problem, I think these are a little small." Caitlyn shrugged.

Gina sighed and gave up on the zipper. At least she was in the suit, but like Caitlyn would have to settle for showing an extreme amount of cleavage.

"Hey could one of you take over?" Felicia said from behind her. Gina turned to face her.

"What's wrong?"

"I just need to get suited up." Felicia said, stepping away from the helm.

"No you're not, stay at the helm." Gina turned around fully.

“What? No, I'm going with you.” Felicia didn't take the helm, and instead took a step toward Gina.

Gina placed her hands on her hips.

“No you aren't. You're staying with the boat while Caitlyn and I dive.”

“Why?” Felicia whined.

“Because...” Gina started, and caught herself. She was about to say “Because I said so” like she was a parent or something.

I basically am. She thought, and took a breath.

“Because,” Gina started. “You aren't SCUBA trained or certified.”

It wasn't a lie. Gina was a stickler for safety and wasn't letting Felicia dive without proper training.

“Bullshit, I'm going with you!” Felicia tried to shove her way past Gina but Gina blocked her.

“No, you aren't. You're staying up here, watching the boat, while we dive.”

“The boat can take care of itself!” Felicia was right up in Gina's face.

“Look, we have Brad and Ace's men, and Anya, all out here looking for the same thing. One of them could easily sneak up on us!” Gina hated to raise her voice, but Felicia needed a firm hand.

“Guys!” Caitlyn interjected.

“Look around! There's no one here!” Felicia shouted back.

“Guys!” Caitlyn shouted again.

“I'm your commanding officer, and I'm ordering you to stay with the boat!”

Felicia opened her mouth to protest, but was cut off by Caitlyn's scream.

“GUYS!” She was so loud that it echoed all around them. Gina and Felicia stopped and turned to face her.

Caitlyn was standing by the console, pointing at the SONAR screen.

“What's that?”

Both of them rushed over. On the screen was a large, solid blip. It wasn't moving, the image flashing over and over again as the sonar scan repeatedly passed over it.

“Drop anchor.” Gina said to no one in particular. Caitlyn hurried to the rear of the boat.

Gina and Felicia met each other's gaze.

“Stay with the boat, we're going down to investigate.” Her tone told Felicia that this was final.

Felicia clenched her jaw and nodded.

Once the anchor was dropped, Caitlyn and Gina slung the SCUBA tanks onto their backs. Gina was doing her best not to get too excited over this development.

It's probably nothing, a reef or something. She knew the odds of stumbling across a fallen plane were astronomical, but still... perhaps.

Once their tanks were on, they stepped into their flippers and set their goggles on their heads. Caitlyn started climbing down the side ladder into the water as Gina turned to face Felicia.

“Remember, keep an eye out.” Gina said, and then grabbed a length of rope that she had tethered to the boat.

“If anything happens, tug on this and we'll come back up. We'll tug too if we need you.”

Felicia nodded, and stepped back as Gina took a hold of the end of the rope and then climbed over the side, down the ladder, and into the water.

Once she was in the water next to Caitlyn, she nodded at the other woman, and they both lowered their goggles and inserted their breathing apparatuses into their mouths.

Then they dived below the ocean surface, plunging into the depths below. The ocean around them was clear, and they had no trouble seeing as they swam deeper and deeper under the surface.

It was almost calming, being this far below the surface, surrounded by nothing but water and sea life. Gina almost forgot that there were dangerous criminals also out on the ocean with them.

Schools of fish swam past the two police women, seemingly unfazed by their intrusion as the two continued their descent. Gina made a mental note to do some recreational diving one day, hopefully after they've arrested Brad and Anya and this was all past them.

A large cluster of fish swam past Gina, filling her entire field of vision. She considered stopping, but instead the fish scattered around her, revealing an expanse of blue ocean, and the floor not far below them.

And sitting there, among the seaweed and the rocks, was a small, private plane. It was big enough for two people, maybe. The cockpit door and a side cargo door hung open, inviting the ocean and anything beyond inside.

This was it! They had found it, the plane. Gina made a mental note to mark down the coordinates so she could hire a salvage crew to come haul it to shore, but for now, there was something else she wanted.

Gina turned to face Caitlyn who nodded at her. Both them angled their bodies down and swam towards the fallen plane. As Gina swam down, something floated up past her, coming out of the side of the plane.

Money. Hundred dollar bills, floating out of the open door like bubbles.

So there was still money inside, but how much?

Caitlyn reached the plane first, gripping the open cockpit door and peering inside. A moment later Caitlyn let out a blubbery cry, a scream stifled by her breathing apparatus and the water. The large, dark haired woman kicked herself back and away from the cockpit like she had been shocked.

Gina hurried over and gripped the door, looking inside.

Two dead men sat in the cockpit. Expressions of pain and fear frozen on what was left of their faces. Fish had gotten to them, having eaten most of their skin and eyes. Their hair danced on their scalps like sea weed.

Gina resisted the impulse to gag as she looked upon the dead men. If they were left like this, there wouldn't be much left of them thanks to the sea life. If they could get them back to shore, there was a possibility they could maybe ID them and see if they had ties to Ace and his organization.

She pulled away from the cockpit and swam towards the open side door. What she saw inside was a beautiful sight.

Three large nylon duffel bags. One was open, hundred dollar bills slowly trickling out in a steady stream. Gina swam closer and saw ragged bits of plastic around the money.

It had been wrapped in plastic! She checked the other two bags and saw that they were securely zipped shut. If the plastic held, then the money inside would be relatively unharmed, hopefully.

Gina zipped the one bag shut, and then motioned for Caitlyn to approach. The other woman swam over and Gina handed her the bag of money plus one more. Once Caitlyn had the other two bags in a firm grip, Gina grabbed the third one and heaved.

It resisted, no doubt water logged, and the Sheriff bit down and tugged. Finally, the final bag came free, but the heavy weighed her down.

How much money did they steal?

Judging from the way Caitlyn sagged, her bags too were heavy. Gina worried that they wouldn't be able to swim to the surface, but they would have to try.

Gina pointed up, and Caitlyn nodded, and they both began the climb to the surface. They hadn't made it that far before the muscles in Gina's arms started to scream in protest.

Come on! It's just a little farther! She willed herself to go on, but knew that she was working against the resistance of the water as well as the weight of the bag. Gina turned to see Caitlyn lagging behind, her shoulders sagging. The weight of her two bags was proving too much for her.

Gina stopped and slung her bag over her shoulder and lifted the rope she held in the other hand. It was meant to be a sign of distress, but if Gina tugged on the rope and Felicia pulled it up to see the bags, she would hopefully understand. She started to tie the cord around the handle of the bag, and

signaled for Caitlyn to come over to her. The large woman nodded and slowly trudged over to the sheriff.

Once Caitlyn was next to her, Gina wrapped the rope around the handles to her two bags and then tied it off, making sure all three bags were secured. Satisfied, Gina let go of the bags and watched as they plunged into the depths below, pulling the rope with them.

The rope went taut, reaching the end of its length, and Gina waited for Felicia to respond.

She didn't. Her and Caitlyn waited, gaze shifting between the rope and the surface. Looking up they could see the boat just above them.

Come on Felicia! Gina mentally chided the new deputy and pulled on the rope twice. Felicia is supposed to be the lookout, paying attention for stuff like this.

Still nothing. Gina tugged two more times on the rope. This time, someone tugged back. She sighed and swam back, watching as the rope was pulled up. Once the end with the bags secured to it passed them, Gina swam after it, Caitlyn following.

They climbed steadily towards the surface, Gina looking up to see the bags get hauled out of the water and presumably onto the boat.

Then Gina broke the surface, quickly removing her goggles and mouth piece.

"Felicia?" She called, but no one answered. Gina tried to peer over the edge of the railing but couldn't see anything beyond.

Maybe she's just seeing to the bags. Gina thought, and gripped the sides of the ladder. Next to her, Caitlyn broke the surface, also taking off her goggles and removing her mouth piece.

Gina ascended the ladder, calling to Felicia as she did.

"Felicia?" Still no answer, which worried her.

Gina reached the top of the ladder and froze.

Anya stood on the deck, gun in one hand, aimed at Gina. Her other arm was wrapped around Felicia's neck.

“Mmmmo!” Felicia protested, wriggling in the blond woman's grasp. Several layers of duct tape were wrapped around Felicia's mouth, and presumably, her hands, which were secured behind her. She was also naked, her bikini lying on the ground next to a SCUBA tank.

“Mmmpph! Mmmm!” Felicia moaned, still wriggling in Anya's grasp.

“Hey Gina, what's up?” Caitlyn called, on the ladder below Gina.

Anya held the gun to her lips, and then motioned with it for Gina to come. Gina stayed frozen where she was. The thief seemed to anticipate this, and placed barrel of the gun against Felicia's temple.

“Mmmrrpph! Mmmo!” Felicia squealed.

With no other choice, Gina climbed onto the boat, never taking her eyes off of Anya.

Caitlyn came up behind her and froze at the top of the ladder.

“Hey, what-”

“Keep moving please.” Anya ordered, gun still against Felicia's temple.

“Urrmm! Muurmm mmmph!” Felicia's eyes were pleading as she struggled in Anya's grasp.

How did she get here? How did she find us? Gina wondered, and then looked again at the SCUBA tank next to Felicia's bikini. Caitlyn's discarded bikini was also there.

Caitlyn stepped up onto the deck, putting her hands up. Gina did the same.

“Wondering how I got the drop on you, again?” Anya mocked.

“Just a little bit.” Gina said in a flat tone.

Anya cocked her head to the side. Gina followed her gaze to see a small spec on the waves in the distance.

A boat.

So she saw them in the distance, and used her SCUBA gear to sneak up on them. They never would have seen her coming.

“I wanted to drop by, reclaim some stolen property.” Anya motioned to the bikinis next to her SCUBA gear.

“But then you were nice enough to send this money up to me.” She kicked the bags, on the deck next to her.

Gina glared at her. They had given her everything. She won, and now they were completely at her mercy. The plan backfired, they had drawn her in, but too early.

Now what? What was her play?

Anya kept her gun pointed at Felicia's temple as she spoke.

“Your gear, drop it.” She ordered.

With no other option, Gina and Caitlyn tossed aside their goggles, dropped their tanks, and kicked off their flippers.

Anya still wasn't satisfied.

“Wetsuits too.”

“Hey, come on!” Caitlyn protested. Anya responded by pressing the barrel of her weapon harder against Felicia.

“Urrfff! Mmooo!” Felicia screamed into her gag.

“Wait wait!” Gina stuck her hands out, palms up in a calming motion. “Okay!”

With that, she reached down and pushed down the zipper to her wetsuit. Caitlyn did the same. Gina quickly shrugged out of it, watching as Anya's eyes lit up as she exposed her bare breasts.

Gina shimmied out of her wet suit and kicked it aside, standing naked on the deck of the boat. She turned to see Caitlyn too, also naked, with her arms crossed in front of her.

Anya pushed Felicia down into a sitting position.

“Don't move.” She ordered the bound and gagged hostage.

“Mmmph! Mmmurrgh!” Felicia spat.

Anya then produced a roll of duct tape, seemingly out of nowhere, and tossed it at Gina.

“Tape her up.” Anya ordered as Gina caught it.

“Come on! You have the money, can't you just go!” Caitlyn whined.

“Don't forget her mouth.” Anya smiled.

Gina held the tape in her hands, and flashed a look between Caitlyn and Anya. To accentuate her demand, Anya pointed her gun at Felicia again.

“Offf ffrrr ffffss ssskkm!” Felicia mumbled.

Gina nodded, unraveled the tape, and turned to Caitlyn. The naked woman sighed and turned around, pressing her wrists together.

“Make sure it's tight, I'm watching.” Anya warned as Gina wrapped the sticky substance over and around Caitlyn's wrists, securing them tightly.

“What are you going to do with us?” Caitlyn asked as Gina finished taping her wrists.

“Get that mouth of hers next.” Anya ordered.

Caitlyn sighed and turned to face Gina, who unraveled more of the tape.

“I'm sorry.” Gina shrugged in apology.

“Just get it over with.” Caitlyn sighed and pressed her lips together. Gina pressed the tape over Caitlyn's pursed lips and started wrapping it around her face.

“More, more layers.” Anya ordered.

“Urrrrfff!” Caitlyn moaned, flashing Anya an angry look.

Gina wrapped, packing layer after layer over the larger woman's mouth.

“More, I want her nice and quiet.” Anya cheered.

“Urrrm! Mmmrrmm!” Caitlyn moaned as Gina wrapped her mouth in duct tape.

“Okay that's enough, we need to save some for you.” Anya said in a mocking tone.

“Wfff!” Caitlyn moaned as Gina stepped away and turned to face Anya.

Anya motioned to Caitlyn.

“Sit.”

“Mmmoo!”

Anya aimed the gun at Caitlyn's head.

“Sit.”

Caitlyn sighed and sat down, pressing her legs together, knowing what was coming next.

“Okay, now her feet.” Anya ordered.

Gina knelt in front of the naked, bound woman secured her legs together by wrapping several lengths of duct tape around her ankles.

“Okay, that's enough. Step away.” Anya ordered. Gina stepped back as Anya approached, keeping her gun trained on the Sheriff.

Anya knelt in front of the naked, bound and gagged Caitlyn and tested the tape around her ankles.

“Mmmmmpph!” Caitlyn protested. Anya ignored her and reached behind her to test the tape around her wrists.

“Mmmm!” The naked bodybuilder moaned. Satisfied that she was securely taped, Anya stood and grabbed the tape out of Gina's hands.

“Now your turn, turn around, hands behind your back.”

Gina complied, and no sooner felt the familiar sticky sensation of duct tape being wrapped around her wrists.

“You got the money, now what?” She asked as her hands were secured behind her.

“I don't know, probably take a nice vacation.” Anya said, finishing binding Gina's hands behind her.

“You're making powerful enemies, not just us, but Ace and his people will-URRRRF!” Gina was cut off by Anya pulling a strip of tape over her mouth.

“I don't care, by the time they figure out what happened, I'll be long gone.” Anya whispered in her ear and started to wrap her mouth in several layers of duct tape.

“Urrrrmm!” Gina moaned, but Anya was unfazed, and wrapped several thick layers of duct tape around her mouth before stopping and stepping back.

“Now sit next to your friend.” Anya ordered.

“Grrrrff!” Gina grumbled and complied, with no other choice.

“Mmmph! Mmm!” Caitlyn moaned.

Anya knelt in front of Gina and wrapped her legs together at the ankle. Once she was satisfied, she tested the tape to see if it was secure and stood, looking down at her three bound, gagged, and naked captives.

“Well, now that I have you, the fun can really start.” She smiled, looking them over. Anya had it all, the money, and now Gina, Caitlyn, and Felicia, bound, gagged, and at her mercy.

“Mmmrrrooo!”

“Mmmrrummm mmmrrrh! Mmmph”

“Uffffll! Mmmbbbll mmm!”

2.

Brad's hands twisted around the metal railing as he watched the setting sun get lower over the ocean. It mocked him with its beauty, and its indifference towards the events around him. Tomorrow the sun would rise as always, not caring about whether or not Brad had found the fallen plane.

He stood on the deck, hands twisting around the railing, willing the cold metal to break under his grasp, but the metal was just as unyielding as the sun. Brad's blood boiled in his veins, every muscle in his body twitched and cried out.

Inside his jeans, he felt his cock twitch, blood rushing to it.

He needed to fuck something. Not just fuck something, he needed to own something, to dominate it. Control was what Brad ached for, to have something under his will. Brad was a man used to control, used to having things go his way, and when they didn't, he made it go his way. Its why Ace put him in such a high position in the organization.

Brad dreaded the thought of Ace right now. His boss would tan his hide if he didn't produce that plane, and fast. He may as well not even report to Ace if he had to come back empty handed.

He still couldn't believe that Gina had showed up and taken a shot at him. It wasn't just any shot, she was shooting to kill.

Crazy bitch.

Gina had been one hell of a piece of ass, a little young for Brad, but with tits like hers, he couldn't complain. He had always wondered how things would have been with them if they had come together under different circumstances, and had always hoped they would cross paths again. Looks like Gina though had different feelings.

It was a shame that she showed up though and rescued Felicia and Caitlyn. Brad had fully meant to toss those two into the ocean and finally get them out of his and Ace's hair. At this point, Ace had written all of those women off as lost causes and authorized Brad to take whatever actions he needed with them. Part of Brad had considered not getting rid of Felicia and Caitlyn though. Both of those women were prime pieces of ass, and he and Ace could probably still find uses for them in some way.

If he still had them, he could at least bring them to Ace in place of the plane.

Now though, he had been out on the ocean most of the day, and none of his boats had found the plane or the money.

There was still Shelly and Tanya though. As Brad realized this, he also remembered that he hadn't checked on them in a while.

He had gone to check on his prisoners a few hours previous and saw that they were still dragging behind the boat, their naked bodies bobbing up and down on the ocean surface. Their nude bodies wriggling about told him that they were still alive, which was good. Brad never intended to kill them, just scare them a bit and take the fight out of them.

Dragging them both behind the boat seemed harsh, and Brad now realized that he was probably lashing out, looking for something to punish because of things out of his control.

There were other ways to punish them though. He smiled and felt his cock getting harder.

Yes, maybe it was time to pull them back on board and have a little more fun with them.

He tore himself away from the railing, his knuckles white from gripping it, and stepped inside to the bridge. The man at the helm jumped to face him.

“Any news?” Brad asked. His face must have betrayed his feelings, because his man flashed him an apologetic look.

“Nothing yet.” His man motioned to the SONAR screen, which was empty.

“What about the other boats?” Brad asked, though he already knew the answer.

In response, the man merely shook his head. Brad nodded.

“Slow us down, I'm gonna go check on our guests.”

The man nodded and as Brad stepped out of the bridge he felt the engines grind to a halt.

As Brad made his way aft, he saw the rope that he had secured to the two nude women lying in the water, the end of it dipping below the surface.

Oh no... He thought, how long had it been like that? How long had they been under?

“Pull them in!” He ordered one of his men standing near the rear of the boat. The man nodded and started pulling in the rope.

The rope was coming in fast and easy. Too easily actually. It looked like the man wasn't expending any effort at all to reel in a line tied to two naked women.

Brad hurried over, heart pounding in his chest. He made it to the rear of the boat just to see the man drag the end of the rope out of the water.

The man held up the end of the rope, which looked like it had been snapped off. Water dripped off of the jagged edge, mocking him.

All of his men looked at the severed line and to Brad. His shocked expression must have betrayed his feelings, and he immediately closed his gaping mouth and stood straight.

“It must have got caught in the motor and snapped.” One man said.

“Or maybe the weight was too much.” Another added.

Brad nodded and looked out over the ocean. The waters were calm, and there was no sight of two naked women floundering.

How long had it been like that?

It was hard to say, and it would be virtually impossible to go back and retrace their course.

“Well,” Brad forced a smile. “I certainly hope our friends knew how to swim.” He added a cocky chuckle for effect.

All of his men stood around, waiting his next command. Brad took the severed rope in his hand.

“Okay, back to work fellas.”

His men nodded and scattered. The boat lurched as the engines roared to life.

Brad looked at the severed end of the rope and then out over the ocean. He certainly hoped this wasn't the last he would see of Tanya or Shelly.

Somehow, he was sure it wasn't. Women like them had a habit of popping back up, whether you wanted them to or not.

And he would be waiting, if Ace didn't have his ass first.

For now though, he had to focus on the missing plane. They would be out here all night if they had to.

“Mmmrrrrmm urrrff...” Felicia twisted, fighting against her bonds. Her feet dangled in mid air under her, and she felt herself and the other two girls sway back and forth.

“Mmmoo!” Gina warned through her gag.

“Mmmeeep!” Caitlyn squealed.

“Hurrfff...” Felicia sighed and ceased struggling. She looked down at her bare feet below her and instantly regretted it.

Cold, hard concrete waited, several feet below them. For the first time, she hoped that the ropes around her were tied tightly.

Felicia, Gina, and Caitlyn were still naked, and still bound and gagged. The only change was that Anya had removed the duct tape and replaced it with thick ropes. Their captor had also taken the tape away from their mouths but replaced it with thick, white cloth gags.

And also, she had tied them to a large, metal crane and then suspended them in the air. It was something of a genius move, limiting their struggles. If the girls managed to get free, the only place they could go was down.

The hooked crane that held them rested on a large, cement dock. It was part of an ongoing development, construction project. The metal skeleton of what would one day be a hotel loomed next to them, with various construction vehicles and the like scattered around them. Businesses, now closed for the evening, waited further down the dock. The ocean roared just next to them, and Felicia had a bad feeling about what Anya had in store for them. Night had fallen and the dock and surrounding beach was empty. Anya had them all to herself, and could do whatever she wished now.

Anya was below them right now, loading the bags of money into the back of a white, unmarked van. Felicia looked down at the athletic blond woman as she dragged the last bag towards the open rear double doors, the interior light of the van illuminating her as she approached.

“Mmmrrpph mmmrrm! Mmmph!” Felicia mumbled into her gag. Instinctively, she wanted to pull against the ropes binding her, but she knew that would upset the other two bound and gagged captives.

All they could do was dangle in mid-air and watch as Anya reaped the spoils of their work. She would get away with the money, and leave them here, naked and exposed.

And that was the best case scenario.

Anya tossed the last bag into the back of the van. Instead of closing it up, she stopped and turned, looking up at her captives.

“Mmmrrmmph! Mmm!”

“Urrrummph! Mmm!”

“Wffff mmo! Wfff uumm gffff offff offf ttssh!”

“Comfy girls?” Anya asked, smirking.

“Fffmmoo!”

“Hlllp! Hllpp pffss!”

Anya laughed and then started making her way towards the crane controls. The bound and gagged police women could only watch her, helpless.

“Mmrrmmph! Mmoo!” Felicia moaned, pulling on the ropes. The crane started swaying again in the air.

“Mmmoo! Sttpp!” Caitlyn cried.

“Urrffff!” Gina warned.

Felicia didn't care. If Anya was going to take them out, then she was going to struggle the entire time.

Anya worked the controls and the crane started to move, lifting the naked captives higher into the air.

“MMRRRPPH! HLLPP! MOOOO!”

The three women's muffled cries intermingled as they were lifted higher. Then the crane stopped, and all three of them froze, silent. Their nude bodies were slick with sweat, and despite their reservations, they all stared at the ground below them.

Was she just going to leave them like this? Suspended?

No sooner had this thought passed through their minds then the crane turned, swaying out towards the churning ocean.

“Urrrrmmph!”

“MMOOO!”

“HLLLLPP!”

Felicia struggled and screamed into her gag, watching as her bare feet swung out over the dark waters below.

“URRRFFF!” Felicia cried as the crane lurched to a stop, with all of them now suspended above the churning waters below. The waves crashed against the rocks below the dock, letting out angry, hungry roars with each movement.

This is it! Felicia thought. *She's gonna drop us into the ocean and be off with her money!*

“Oh girls!” Anya called. All three bound and gagged woman turned to face Anya, smiling at them from the crane controls.

“You know, Shelly paid me a good deal of money to kill you all.” Anya started.

“Wfff!” Felicia cried. Shelly! That bitch was involved!

Felicia barely had time to process this before Anya flicked the controls and suddenly the crane was plunging, full speed, towards the waters below.

“MMOOOO!”

“MMMMPH!”

“GGGGLLLUMM!”

All three of them screamed in unison, and then the crane lurched to a stop.

“MMMMPH!” Felicia moaned, the ropes cutting into her stomach as they swung back and forth.

The waters still crashed against the rocks below as they swung back and forth, but at least they weren't plummeting towards the ocean anymore.

The crane spun around and they faced Anya, who had stepped away from the controls.

“As I was saying, Shelly paid me to get rid of you ladies, but alas, she annoyed me so I got rid of her.” Anya shrugged.

“Urrrrff?” Felicia questioned. What did she do to Shelly?

“Plus,” Anya began. “You ladies were nice enough to find this money for me, so I'm going to let you go... for now.”

“Urrrf frrrr grrrrfffs sskkk..” Felicia rolled her eyes.

“But, if we cross paths again, I may not feel so merciful.” Anya warned, and with that stepped away from the controls.

“Wtttt! Mmmfff!” Felicia moaned, wriggling against the ropes. The crane shook, swaying back and forth over the angry waters below.

“Stttt!” Caitlyn whined, but Felicia didn't listen.

She couldn't just leave them like this, tied up and naked!

This was a busy part of the beach, when the sun came up, people would notice!

Then Felicia realized that was Anya's plan. Leave them here tied up as a warning.

Her eyes narrowed, and she glared at the bikini thief as she approached the open back doors of the van and slammed them shut. Felicia doubted that Anya would ever return to Marston's Pointe, but if she did, she was dead because if Ace didn't find her first, Felicia would.

After she closed the rear doors, Anya made her way to the front of the van and stepped in without giving them a second look. So she was just going to leave them here to be found by the construction crew in the morning.

Felicia shuddered. She couldn't think of anyone worse to rescue them than construction workers.

The van started up and pulled away.

With no other alternative, Felicia could only watch as the red tail lights of the van disappeared into the night, taking the money, and Anya the bikini thief with them.

Felicia awoke to the sound of seagulls and the morning sun on her face. It felt good, warm and relaxing when coupled with the sound of the ocean. Part of her hoped that the events of the previous night had all been a bad dream, that she would wake up on the beach, lounging in a bikini without a care in the world.

Then she felt herself twisting in mid-air, and the cold metal of the crane against her bare ass.

“Urrffmmm...” She moaned.

Nope, it wasn't a dream.

“Mmmm...” She opened her eyes and looked at the sun, rising over the ocean.

How had she managed to fall asleep? She imagined that after all of the adrenaline and stress from struggling that her body had just decided to shut down for a bit.

She turned her head to see Caitlyn to her right, her head tilted down, also asleep. On her other side, Gina was the same.

Then Felicia looked down at the construction site to see several overweight men in hard hats starring at them, slack jawed.

“Mmrrrrmmph! Murrmm! Mmmm!” Felicia moaned, twisting and pulling against her ropes. The crane started to sway against her struggles.

“Urrmm... mmm...” Caitlyn moaned and lifted her head.

“EEEEPP!” Caitlyn cried, the first thing she saw when she opened her eyes was the waves crashing against the rocks below. The crane swayed as the muscular woman strained and pulled.

“Urrrf! Stttt!” Gina moaned, also just waking up, on Felicia's other side.

“Hrrryy! Hlllp!” Felicia cried towards the construction workers, who were still starring.

Gina and Caitlyn had also noticed them.

“Hrrry! Hhhhlp!”

“Mmmfff mmmph!”

In response, the workers all took out their phones and held them towards the bound and gagged women.

Are they taking pictures! Felicia's eyes blazed with fury as she realized this.

“Hrrry! Stttt! Mmmfff!” Felicia moaned, turning red with rage.

The workers though only chuckled and snapped away, no doubt taking photos and videos.

“Whfff mooo...” Felicia grumbled. Once she got out of this, she was going to throw all of their asses in jail.

Behind the workers, a police cruiser pulled up, and Felicia's heart skipped a beat.

Yes! Someone had called the police!

Then her heart sank. She was the police. Most of the police force was here, bound and gagged to this crane.

All except...

No!

Her eyes went wide.

“Mmooo! Hllpp! Mmmmmph!”

Caitlyn and Gina had arrived at a similar conclusion, and also were struggling against their bonds in vain.

“Mmmoo!”

“Hllp mmmsss! Mmmmmff!”

The crane was swaying back and forth like a pendulum now. On the dock, the driver's side door to the cruiser opened and Eva, clad in a typical tan uniform shirt, unbuttoned low enough to show her mocha cleavage, and black, skin tight pants, stepped out.

All three ceased their struggles, watching helplessly as the smiling Latina approached one of the construction workers. They exchanged words and then he motioned to another worker, who ran towards the crane controls.

Why couldn't they let us down! Felicia mentally cursed them. *Why did they have to call the police!*

She supposed calling the police because a bunch of naked women were tied up was a natural step, but usually you untied the women first.

Right?

A second later the crane lurched to life and started to swing the naked captives back over the cement dock.

“Mmmpph! Uffff!” Felicia moaned, watching as her bare feet slowly moved from over the water to hovering over the cement.

At least Eva had them in public. That meant she had to untie them, or face a lot of pesky questions and suspicions, right?

Once they were suspended over the dock, the crane lurched again and they felt themselves being lowered down. Felicia let out a huff of relief, anxious to be back on solid ground in a few minutes.

I can't wait to get this gag off. Then I'm gonna have words with these workers! Felicia thought, already preparing the verbal barrage that she was gonna let loose once she was free.

Finally, the crane touched the ground and stopped, but no one made a move to untie the women.

“Mmmpph! Ummm!”

“Grrrlbbblmm! Uffffl!”

“Uffff!”

Eva stood, hands on her hips, looking over the nude women with the workers.

“You did the right thing by calling me first.” She said to one of the men, a big bellied middle aged man.

“Yeah,” he grunted. “We didn't want to do anything until the cops come. You know what they say about disturbing a crime scene and all that.”

“Wffff!”

“Mmmmeep!”

“Smart move.” Eva nodded and turned towards the helpless women.

“Mmmoo! Hlllp!”

“Ummm tffff mmeee!”

“These women are notorious pranksters, this is all just a cry for attention.” Eva said in a stern voice.

“Wffff! Mmmoo!” Felicia's eyes blazed and she pulled on the rope securing her to the crane.

Fuck you Eva! When she got out of this, Eva was dead too.

“Urffff! Hlllp!”

“Mmmo! Mmmff!”

“Too bad,” Eva began, giving all of the women a stern, chiding look. “Public nudity is a serious crime, and all three of you will be getting a serious punishment for this latest stunt.” She wagged a finger at them like a teacher scolding a student.

“Mmffff! Mmmmo!”

“Uffff!”

“Mmmmph!”

The women struggled and pulled on the ropes, but they held tight. Felicia turned towards the construction worker and flashed him a pleading look.

“Hfff mmsss! Hlllp! Pffff!”

He gave her a passive look and turned away.

“Well, lets get them loaded up.” Eva said.

“Aren't you gonna untie them?” The Construction Worker asked.

“Oh no. This is so much easier. They're practically gift wrapped!” Eva chuckled, and started untying the thick coil of rope that held them to the crane.

“Mmmfff! Mmmmo!” Caitlyn moaned, struggling again.

“Mmmmph! Ufffff!” Felicia whined, tilting her head up, imploring anyone for help.

“Pffffllss,” Gina beckoned one of the construction workers. “Hllpp mssss!”

A second later, the rope that held them to the crane fell away, and all three naked women tumbled to the ground.

“Ufff..” Felicia huffed. No sooner had she fallen then she felt hands wrap around her waist.

“Mmmoo! Hmmmmph!” She was being lifted to her feet.

“Hey, need help with the others?” A gruff voice, The Construction Worker, called behind her.

“Sure,” Eva answered. “Bring them over to the car.”

It was Eva who was lifting Felicia to her feet. Once she had the bound woman in a standing position, she bent, wrapped her hands around Felicia's waist, and lifted her onto her shoulder.

“Mmmmph! Mmmoo! Hlllp!” Felicia moaned as Eva carried her over her shoulder towards her police cruiser.

Felicia lifted her head to see one of the construction workers carrying Gina over his shoulder, her bare ass wiggling as he followed Eva. Another man, a large, muscle bound man, carried Caitlyn cradled in his arms. Caitlyn was a large girl but this man dwarfed her, and she struggled and kicked in his grasp, looking almost infantile.

“Mmooo! Ufffl hlllp! Bfff!” Felicia moaned, wriggling in Eva's grasp.

Eva clamped a hand over Felicia's bare ass.

“Oh don't worry, you'll be taught a lesson soon enough.” Eva cooed and patted Felicia's firm, naked ass.

“Grrrph! Mmmph!” Felicia whined, still wriggling in Eva's grasp.

Then they were at the police cruiser.

“Urrfff! Mmmm!” Felicia moaned, wriggling in Eva's grasp, but it was no use.

The Latina bent over, opened the rear passenger door, and shoved the wriggling, bound and gagged Felicia inside.

“Urrggggll! Mmbblll!” Felicia moaned, feeling the cool leather seating against her bare bottom.

Eva stepped aside and then then one construction worker stepped over, Gina still slung over his shoulder. He stooped over and shoved her in the back seat next to Felicia.

“Urrggg...” Gina huffed.

The construction worker backed away and closed the door. On the other side of Felicia, the door opened and the large, burly worker dumped Caitlyn in the seat next to her.

“Mmmmeep!” Caitlyn moaned, and then the door was shut next to her.

All three looked out the side window to see Eva say something to the construction workers and then approach the driver's side door. They had been silent but as soon as Eva opened her door they started moaning in unison.

“Hrrry! Mmmph!”

“Urrggggll! Bbllllm mmph!”

“Ggggllbb! Llffmm mmo!”

Eva turned on the engine, and then turned to look over her captives and smiled.

“I hope you chickas are ready for some fun.” She purred.

“Urrmm hrrrm!”

“Mmmph!”

“Hlllp!”

Then the car was moving. Felicia turned to peer out the back windshield and saw the construction workers had ignored them and were back to work. In no time, Eva had turned out of the construction site and onto a lonely, beach rode.

Where is she taking us? Felicia wondered, realizing they weren't headed for the station.

She looked at the driver's seat to see that Eva kept flashing them looks in the rearview mirror. The Latina's eyes were deep and filled with hunger and lust.

Then Felicia looked down the road to see a familiar sight. Janet! Peddling on the side of the road on her bike! And she was headed straight towards them!

Felicia's heart skipped a beat. Even in her current circumstances, she felt herself flush with arousal at the sight of Janet, in tiny tank top that showed plenty of cleavage and short, cotton shorts. Janet's large, tan breasts glistened with sweat.

“Mmmmp! Hllp! Jnnntt!” Felicia moaned, leaning forward in her seat.

Caitlyn and Gina also saw the busty bartender peddling towards them and also leaned forward, moaning into their gags.

“Mmmmp! Ummm!”

“Hllp! Pffffs!”

“Stttpp! Uffffl gggllbb!”

If Eva was worried about catching Janet's attention, she didn't show it, and kept on driving at a steady speed.

“Mmmmp! Jjnnntt pffffs!” Felicia moaned, willing her lover to notice.

But Janet kept her eyes on the road ahead and peddled on by, not even turning to look at the passing police cruiser.

“Urrrggmm bbbm!” Felicia turned, following Janet, moaning into her gag. The other girls did as well.

It was no use though. Janet kept on forward, giving the captives a nice view of her sweaty ass cheeks sticking out from her tiny shorts as she got further and further in the distance.

The police cruiser drove down along the beach, Eva humming to herself, itching with excitement to get her naked cargo back to her place for some alone time.

Felicia, Caitlyn, and Gina sat back, huffing into their gags, helpless prisoners once again and bracing themselves for what was to come next.

End of Volume 5.

**The Ladies of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department will be
back...**