

# Equal Sentence

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 16, 2002



## By Rytic

Sam Johnson stared at the letter in his hand:

“Dear Mr. Johnson, How unfortunate that you felt the need to testify against Jimmy in the trial, despite our arrangement. I told you that if Jimmy was convicted, your family would pay the price. Well, this letter is to inform you of what that price will be. We currently have possession of a certain wife of yours named Sarah. You may have noticed she didn’t come home on time. We’re going to keep Sarah for as long as Jimmy is behind bars. According to the judge, that’ll be 16 years. Better hope he gets an early parole. If you go to the police with this, I can absolutely guarantee Sarah will never be seen again. See you in 16 years. Tony”

Sarah carefully walked through the open parking garage towards her car. She was an attractive blonde in her late twenties, her golden hair falling about the shoulders of her business suit. Suddenly a man stepped out from behind a column with a gun pointed at her. Sarah’s gut clenched in fear. What would he do?

“Don’t make a sound,” he growled in a menacing voice. “Just walk over to that blue car there. Good. Now climb in the trunk. Do it. Good.” With that, he slammed shut the trunk, trapping Sarah within. Climbing into the driver seat, he drove off, with a weeping Sarah locked in the trunk. He drove several miles across town, pulling into an abandoned warehouse. The thug got out of the car and went to report, leaving

Sarah locked in the trunk. Several hours later, hours of cramped confinement for Sarah, several men walked up to the car and opened the trunk. Sarah squinted up at the sudden light and saw only indistinct shapes. A couple of thugs hauled her roughly out of the trunk, dragging her across the empty warehouse to a steel table. It looked like some sort of operating table, with straps to hold down the unfortunate patient. Sarah was able to only offer token resistance as the thugs lifted her onto the table and strapped her down. Her arms were strapped by her sides, her legs at the corners, slightly apart, and her head at the neck. A man in a doctor's coat came out to greet Sarah.

"Hello Sarah, you may be wondering what's going on. Your husband's been a bad boy, and we're going to punish him by punishing you. We're going to keep you here a long time, but first we need to make some minor adjustments for your stay." Sarah couldn't believe what she was hearing, and started to scream. The doctor calmly grabbed her head, and began to feed a tube up through her nostril and down her throat. The tube snaked its way into her airway, silencing her. Now she was breathing through a tube, the remainder of which bobbed about two feet out of her nose. The doctor fed another tube through her other nostril, this one entering her stomach. Sarah couldn't believe how uncomfortable it was to have these tubes stuck down her throat. Her gag reflex kept trying to spit them out, but they wouldn't budge. The doctor then inflated a balloon attached to the hoses, sealing off her throat and assuring that the only access to her stomach or lungs was through her nose tubes.

The doctor then used a pair of scissors to cut off all of Sarah's clothing. This brought a renewed struggle, but the leather straps held tight. Soon she was naked strapped to the metal table, her pert round breasts and trimmed pubic hair visible for all to see.

She heard some sort of machinery start nearby, but was unable to turn her head to see. With the assistance of the thugs, the doctor transferred Sarah's wildly kicking legs to a pair of stirrups, presenting her most intimate areas to the doctor's close inspection. Her nether lips peeked out from her small patch of neat pubic hair. The first thing the doctor did was place a catheter into Sarah. The pain of the tube being passed up her urethra was excruciating. The doctor then inflated a balloon in the

catheter to keep it in place. Then he took a hollow plug and eased it into her rectum. Sarah wanted to cry out at this intrusion, but was unable. She tried in vain to eject the cruel invader, but it was shaped so that it would pass inward much more easily than outward. She had never had anything placed up there, and this violation was just too much for her to handle. She passed out. Heedless of her unconscious state, the doctor hooked a larger tube to the plug, having now accounted for the removal of both solid and liquid waste. He then lubricated a long hollow cylinder made of some sort of open mesh, almost like a small cage, and worked it into her vagina, holding it open for about five inches of its length. A smaller tube went down the middle of the large cylinder, into the far recesses of her womanhood. With these procedures done, her legs were reattached to the surface of the metal table. Slightly parted. The doctor then strapped a wide ring gag into her mouth.

Sarah woke up to discover the thugs lifting the surface of the table off, leaving her strapped to a thin metal sheet being carried through the air. The thugs carried the sheet over to a rectangular wooden frame on the ground, about two feet high. The metal sheet fit perfectly into the frame, leaving Sarah looking out of a sort of box with her trapped on the bottom. The doctor attached all her tubes to piping sticking up through holes drilled into the center of the sheet. Sarah felt a machine begin to pump air into and out of her lungs. The rhythm of breathing was different than she was used to, much slower. She began to panic but there was nothing she could do. Once all five hoses were attached to their appropriate places, the doctor stepped back.

Sarah heard the machine noise stop, then a strange sound like a bunch of sliding rocks. She watched a wheelbarrow appear at the edge of her vision, then saw the thugs dump a full load of gray cement onto her!

She tried to struggle anew as the thugs covered her midsection with cold wet concrete. Using trowels, the thugs made sure all the areas around her body were packed tightly with cement. The first load was pushed into the areas around her midsection, leaving her stomach gray with a cement filled navel. The machine started again. And so it went, several loads of concrete were mixed then dumped over her helpless form, while she could only watch and feel the proceedings. The next load was dumped over her legs and feet, and pushed into the space under and

around them. The next buried her feet, then her upper legs, then her crotch. The cement crept into the hollow cylinder in her vagina, and she could feel it conforming to all her inner contours, filling her with its inescapable presence. The next load went over her torso.

Soon she was just a head poking out of a smooth mound of dark gray wet cement. Breathing would have been quite difficult due the weight, if it weren't for the machine breathing for her. Sarah's panic had only grown, now she was crying and trying to whimper pitifully. She kept trying to wiggle her toes, but the cement was thick and it was so hard to move. She wanted to scream when she saw another wheelbarrow approach. A voice, she couldn't tell whose, said "Bye Sarah," and her world became dark as she reflexively shut her eyes when they poured the cement over her head. From the view of her captors, her head rapidly disappeared beneath a swell of gray material. The foul tasting gritty substance filled her mouth because of the ring gag, but she was prevented from swallowing or drowning due to the inflated balloon in her throat. The thugs were absolutely determined that Sarah experience no motion whatsoever, thus the ring gag. The vaginal filling was just the doctor's sadism.

The thugs calmly smoothed the surface of the wet cement, tapping the sides of the form to remove air bubbles. No one who walked in now could tell that there was any difference between what they were working on and a stretch of sidewalk. It was now just a featureless gray expanse of wet concrete. Tony turned to the doctor and asked "So, she'll keep this way for years?"

"She should, barring the unexpected like a heart attack or something. The tubes will provide her with food, water, and air, and remove all her waste products. There will be long term consequences, though. You say you might keep her this way for up to sixteen years. Well, in that time, her muscles will atrophy almost to nothing due to disuse. She'll lose the ability to breath on her own, due to the machine pumping her air in and out. She will lose as well as all bladder and rectal control, from being held open by the tubing for so long. Surgery will be required to extract the cement from her vagina and mouth, and she may lose her tongue and teeth. She'll probably go insane after a few months, what with absolutely no stimulus. She won't be able to sense anything at all except the cement, which she will grow accustomed to

feeling. So, she's probably going to be a vegetable when she gets out. All of her hair follicles will probably die, since there's no room for hair growth. Basically, the Sarah we know now will be unrecoverable." Tony nodded in satisfaction, then walked over to where a man in a business suit was being held by another thug.

"So, Mr. Atkins, unless you want me to keep your lovely daughter Cynthia for a few years, you'll see too it my boy Andrew isn't convicted, won't you?" asked Tony. Mr. Atkins could only nod in mute horror.

Meanwhile, Sarah could do nothing but lie there in the cold wet darkness as the cement slowly solidified around her. Tears leaked from her eyes only to be absorbed into the gritty mixture. The horrible taste and feeling of the cement in her mouth and vagina was inescapable. She kept trying to wiggle her fingers and toes, but it kept getting more and more difficult to move even the tiniest bit. It wasn't too long before the quick drying cement had hardened enough that she couldn't move at all. Sarah was stuck in the exact position she would be in for years.

## **Epilogue**

Twenty two years later, the doctor went on his daily expedition to change Sarah's liquid food supply. It was hard to believe that the cold stone block he saw every day had once been a living active person. There were several more blocks, all of which had contained living occupants at one time or another. All of those other had been eventually freed, all with physical and mental scars, all except Sarah. Poor Jimmy had gotten himself in more trouble in prison, and had his sentence extended to thirty years. Mr. Johnson had recanted his earlier testimony during an appeal six months after the kidnapping, but had ended up being convicted of perjury. So Jimmy hadn't gotten out yet. And neither had Sarah.

## **The End**