

7 Christy's Eroding Terror

Friday, July 4, 2003 — San Fernando Valley to Los Angeles Basin

The terror gripping Christy was piling up at an enormous rate. Ever since she witnessed Dan's quick and horrific end, her faculties had been locked up in this cage of fear. She was escorted by Bird from their house quietly and quickly to the car, and then driven by myself and Bird to his house in the Hollywood hills up Laurel Canyon Blvd where Tato and Katiana were hanging out. The quivering Christy was now escorted inside the house, stuck in an upstairs bedroom, and finally tied nude on her back to the bed. Tato and Katiana were now tasked with hosting the girl on this sudden and unexpected trip over over the hill from the San Fernando Valley to the L.A. Basin.

"She's shivering, get a blanket on her, Tato," Miss Katiana pleaded.

Tato El Vato remained motionless, in his perch on the dresser, where he sat, visually feasting on the tender meal below him — the tender delicacy that was Christy, the desperate, sweet Christy.

El Vato was absolutely filthy, inside as well as out. He constantly wore the same dark brownish-black jeans, and a black T-shirt with a vest, and his thrashed-out steal-toed black boots with these little dangling chains on the outsides. Right now he was completely lost in a dazed and dreamy fantasy — a private show starring Christy as the prima donna delight of the day. He imagined himself as her prisoner, and she the brutal, seductive, temptress of lust who would continually unleash on him servings of pain that were awash in a bed of pleasure: she would trace minute sensations across his body with her ethereal fingers. Then, without warning, she would claw deeply at him with her other hand's pointedly sharp nails, all the while caressing his swollen manhood, rubbing her naked flesh all over his resistless body. He was the one restrained, but in his case, he enjoyed it. And he certainly enjoyed the scenario playing out in front of his mind's eye right now.

Christy, however, was completely unable to deal with her predicament. Thoughts would not formulate. Rationale was overrun by terror. Still, she knew she was cold amidst the insanity. Her body quivered in an effort to warm itself.

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"Ahh!" Christy screamed, startled.

Like a cat, Katiana had jumped up and towards where she lie on the bed. The prisoner's paranoia was unfounded, here, in this case, as Katiana was merely coming over to pull a blanket over Christy's body. Katiana reached down and grabbed the blanket that hung off the bed and folded it over Christy, covering most of her bare naked body.

Tato's fantasy was only mildly affected and he continued to swim in his thoughts, until, without notice, he expressed the pang of hunger that just washed over him. "Kat, we need to eat. Can you make something?"

"Si. I will to go and prepare some nourishment for us; and we need to feed the girl, too. You stay here with her, but *be nice* to her," she emphasized. "Behave!"

Christy, though gagged, could now see plainly, and was visibly attentive to the ongoings of Tato el Vato and Miss Katiana. Christy felt inherently safer with Katiana, another female, in the room. With the prospect of her leaving, and the notion of being alone with Tato the hell-beast, her paranoia mounted.

Miss Katiana (Kat to Tato and Bird) turned and left the room as Christy's surging fears now culminated in a new emotion: anger. She was manifesting pure hatred for the evil stemming from this wicked being they called El Vato. She wished he would approach her so she could bite him on the face, or knee him in the crotch, or spit on him or anything. She just wanted to kill him and leave! But she knew better. She was bound up and gagged out. She knew she was not in control. She was mortified — petrified with utter fear for her life. All prospects were horrific. And, obviously, she was right.