



Robyn was tied up on a metal chair.

Her wrists were bound tight in front of her small chest with rough rope. The room smelled like strong spices and something sweet, almost like cheap vanilla perfume.

It stung her nose, she was used to the gentle smells of Versace and Gucci – not this.

Besides her tall, dark captor stood Aaliyah. Aaliyah was a curvy Black woman, dressed in a simple blue housedress, she looked kind.

Something about her eyes made Robyn trust her. She was different.

Ransom #1 _____



For the first few days, Aaliyah seemed to be what Robyn needed. When the other guards were loud and brusque, Aaliyah would bring cool water and sneak in some candy. They would talk for hours when the rest of the men weren't watching.

Robyn shared her secrets.

Career frustrations, deepest fears, intimate romance details, everything.

Aaliyah was her ray of sunshine in a world of darkness.

Ransom #2 _____



Robyn started to feel that fragile thread of hope weaving around her chest. She looked at Aaliyah's smile and thought this woman would fix everything. One evening, as the sun dipped low through a narrow window slit, Robyn reached for Aaliyah's hand. "Aaliyah," she said, her voice sounded thinner than usual already. "You have to go tell my father where I am. Please do, do it for me bestie." Aaliyah nodded nervously. "Take my necklace and watch, he'll believe you when he sees my jewelry". She let go of Aaliyah's fingers and looked away as Aaliyah took her gold necklace. She watched Aaliyah nervously exit the room, unsure if she would ever see her again.

Ransom #3 _____



The waiting started then. Each morning felt heavy with expectation. Her captors were visibly confused where Aaliyah had went.

Shortly after, small things began to show up. Sometimes, when she stretched her arm or tilted her wrist too bright toward the light, Robyn would see them.

Tiny marks were there, barely visible prick scars on the pale skin of her inner forearm.

She started pressing her fingertips against them in the dark. She tried to convince herself it was a trick of the flickering overhead bulb.

Ransom #4 —————



Robyn's complexion seemed to lose its creamy, winter pallor. The paleness gave way to a warm, deep brown. It looked like she had just spent too much time at the family's Hampton beach house.

Robyn would stare at her hand in disbelief one morning and wonder if it was real.

She was in a secluded dark room, there was no way for her to tan in these conditions.

A subtle pressure came against her hips, a rounding outward that made sitting feel slightly different. She poked them with her index finger. They were undeniably wider now than they had been when the ropes first tightened around her.

Ransom #5 —————



Some days later, her breasts filled out from soft mounds to proper, double D breasts. Her bra was no longer enough to contain the new masses.

Robyn lifted a hand and cupped her side, and she felt the unfamiliar weight. She squeezed tentatively, trying not to sound overly dramatic.

She closed her eyes and smiled, she should have been scared restless, but something about her new assets pleased her.