

The jolt of the speed bump shook the car, and Abigail's swiss army knife slipped from her grasp and rattled towards the end of the boot she was trapped in. She moaned into her gag in response. The ropes that tied her hands behind her back still clung firm, as the car got closer to its destination.

Abigail Kinney, amateur detective extraordinaire, was tied up again. This time, an investigation into a smuggling ring had led to her captured, cleave gagged and bound in the trunk of a car, going to locations unknown. And she'd just dropped her knife.

Luckily, she'd been in this situation before. Many times. That's why she carried the knife, hidden away so that no one would find it. Dropping the knife was a new challenge, but Abigail had never let that stop her before.

She wriggled her legs in an attempt to kick the knife back up to her awaiting hands, and let out a different sort of moan, as the crotch rope beneath her skirt rubbed into her. She hated when the crooks her perverts.

With one lucky kick, the knife slid into her hands. She grabbed it just as the car turned another corner. She didn't know how much time she had left. She continued cutting, holding the knife firmly in her hands, until the ropes gave way and she felt them fall away from her wrists.

She quickly removed her gag, pulling the stuffed cloth out of her mouth and gasped a breath of air. The stale air of a car boot was like paradise, after an hour of nothing but the gag.

Abigail felt the car slowing down, as she found the trunk release. Her hand gripped around the release as he muttered a quick wish. If this was an intersection, she'd be free and clear. Get out, call the police and another case closed for Abigail Kinney. But if they'd arrived at their mysterious location, Abigail's escape would already be over. She'd be tied up again, even tighter this time. She hated when that happened.

She closed her eyes as she opened the trunk, trying to push back the moment of disappointment. The trunk opened, as Abigail summoned the will she looked, she saw that that she was free. The car was stuck at traffic lights. She climbed out quickly and sprinted away.

The situation resolved itself quite quickly after. Abigail found a phone (yet another case where her phone was confiscated) and called the police. They were utterly unsurprised, both that Abigail had solved their case and that yet again, the perps were going to have kidnapping added to their list of charges. They were familiar with the song and dance by now, even if Abigail protested that she didn't get captured every case.

And now, Abigail was stuck in the lurch that happened between every case. The world returned to its slow, ordinary normal. Classes, assignments, nothing but college, college, college. Just waiting for another case to come along.

It was only, thankfully, a week before the good news arrived. Well, the bad news. Disappearances of women throughout campus is never good news, not matter how bored you were.

Bobbi, Grace and Rachel. All three of them had disappeared. Bobbi on Wednesday, then Grace on Friday and Rachel on Saturday. Abigail had interrogated their friends carefully, and started piecing together the story. They had all met someone at a party recently, and had dates planned the nights they disappeared. A pattern.

Even more evidence of a pattern? Their social media accounts. Bobbi and Grace's new boyfriends were lovingly pictured onto their new girlfriend's social media feeds, and quite clearly the same person. Either they'd coincidentally both dated a cheating scumbag at the same time just before their disappearances, or Abigail had just found the kidnapper.

One of the kidnappers, at least. It looks like this is the work of a crew, because Rachel's pictures were of her new girlfriend. Abigail smiled. She recognised exactly who Rachel's 'girlfriend' was. Sandra. And she knew exactly where to find her. A plan came to mind.

Abigail was tied up again. It was a Monday night. Which made it three weeks to the day since she was tied up in the trunk of those smugglers' car. To be fair, this was the plan for once. Well, Plan B.

Plan A had been to dress up sexy, find Sandra at her usual haunt, flirt with her and slip her phone into Sandra's purse and use a Find-Your-Phone app to turn her phone into a tracking device. These days, your phone can be used for anything, if you know what you're doing.

But Sandra had seen her coming. Knew Abigail's reputation. Bought her a drink and neglected to mention it was drugged. And Abigail woke up in a graveyard next to Bobbi, lying on the ground with her ankles bound together and hands tied behind her back. But that was Sandra's mistake. Because getting captured was Abigail's Plan B.

Now, Abigail was right where she wanted to be. She'd already found one victim, and the other two were close by. Taken away further into the graveyard, where a weird light show had started. As were Sandra and her accomplices, leaving Abigail and Bobbi helpless but alone. Which meant all she had to do was escape. And she'd done that a million times before.

Luckily, whoever tied her up wasn't that good at it. Abigail wouldn't even need her Swiss army knife, still safely hidden in its hiding spot. Just good old fashioned fingerwork.

Bobbi gasped with pleasure. "Can you get me out?" She asked, as she saw Abigail successfully undo the knots. Neither of them were gagged. No gag, no crotch rope, easy knots; why couldn't more crooks be like this?

Abigail finished with her wrists, and started work on her ankles. "Not yet. Need to help the others first. But I'll be back for you."

Bobbi tried not to protest, as Abigail stood up and started to leave. Before she did, she saw an old timey camera and a notepad sitting in a bag nearby. Sandra's, she was a photography student. Abigail decided to pick it up. Photographic evidence was always useful, as was a way to write down anything important. This is why she hated the fact that Sandra had confiscated her phone.

She also decided to grab her knife. Whatever happened, it would likely be useful if she could easily cut the other victim's bonds so that they could escape easily.

Abigail approached the light show, and couldn't believe her eyes. This had to be some sort of joke, some sort of stunt. An elaborate prank.

Sandra and her accomplices, four in total, were dressed in robes. They stood in a circle chanting and what looked like portals hovered in the sky. From those portals, came some sort of... squid people. Alien creatures with tentacles for mouths. It had to be some sort of special effect. Some sort of costume. Some sort of Scooby Doo style caper. It couldn't be actual magic. Just some elaborate masks, and Abigail would pull them off at the end to see them scream about how they would have gotten away with it, if it weren't for you meddling kid.

But before she could do that, she had to rescue their prisoners. Rachel was in the process of being hogtied by the creatures, using some sort of green rope that Abigail didn't recognise. Nearby, hogtied and currently being ignored, was Rachel.

Abigail crept up to her, knife at the ready. Save her, take pictures, call the police. She knew what to do. She'd done it a hundred times.

But as she tried to cut the weird green ropes, nothing happened. Her knife just slid off the ropes, refusing to cut. Abigail tried again. Again. Nothing was working.

And then, somehow, one of the creatures heard her. Turned its face towards her. Damn. She turned and ran. She didn't care how expensive their costumes were. Those heads must be heavy. No way they could catch her.

Except they didn't run. Instead, one just disappeared and reappeared just behind her, grabbing her and forcing her to the floor. Another reappeared right above her, helping the first hold her down.

Abigail squirmed, trying to force her way out from beneath these two creatures holding her down. But she couldn't. She screamed. Hoping, begging that anyone could hear her. Anyone could help. But no one heard her.

Instead, Abigail turned to see weird green strands materialise in one of the squid creatures hands. Just appear. The other pulled off her shoes, and Abigail winced as she heard the heel break. "Do you know how expensive those shoes were" she yelled, trying to be confident.

But as the green cords were strung around her ankles and wrists, Abigail was panicking. She'd been tied up fifty times, a hundred times before. And if there was a knot she couldn't untie, she could cut. But as the creatures let go of her and forced her to settle in her hogtie, she didn't know what to do. Her fingers desperately crawled across the ropes, but she couldn't find the knot. It had magically disappeared, the strands magically merging together. There was nothing to untie.

She wanted to try and get to her swiss army knife, lying in the grass next to her. But she'd already tried that with Rachel. It didn't work.

No knot, no way to cut it. Nothing she could do. The monsters, communicating in some alien tongue, begun gathering the other girls. Rachel. Grace. Even Bobbi had finally been brought to these things. All four were placed next to each other in identical hogties. A new portal opened up, larger than any other.

And all Abigail could do was squirm