

Chapter 1: Arrival

Louise stirred, a dry pounding in her head, her mouth dry and... stuffed? Filled with something soft and damp, soaked in her own spit. She coughed, or tried to, but the stuff didn't move, as she started to feel a sticky pressure over her lips and cheeks, around her head. She tried to move her arms, twisted awkwardly behind her back, but they seemed stuck as well, lines of pressure around her wrists and elbows.

She opened her eyes, blinking away sleep-gunk, fear and surprise flooding through her. Bright lights made her eyes sting, hazy blurs soon coming into focus. A room she didn't recognize – bright photography lights on stands directed at her, banishing any shadows, with scuffed-up walls behind them. White paint was peeling off the brickwork in dirty scabs, half-loops of metal hammered into place, ropes dangling down.

Beneath her was a mattress, old and worn, metal springs easy to feel through the thin padding. She squirmed around, trying to make herself more comfortable, glancing down at her legs. Long and bare, but with silver-shiny tape wrapped around her knees and ankles, holding them together!

'Mmmphhh!' She tried to call for help, but couldn't manage any sound other than a gagged groan, realizing that more of the tape had been wrapped around her face, sealing her mouth. She had to breathe through her nose as she tried to fight down panic, able to feel that her mouth was completely stuffed now, her cheeks bulging against the tape.

She squirmed around more on the bed, able to feel more violations of her body – something hard was nestled inside of her pussy, a wire on her thigh connecting to a battery pack taped into place. And, worse than that, there was something in her asshole! She'd never let her past boyfriends do anything back there, and now there was a hard, fat lump forced into her, and part of that was between her buttocks. She tensed, trying to strain and force it out, but it was so large that it was impossible, staying firmly lodged in place.

As she rolled on the bed, a flash of movement caught her eye, making her squeak in surprise, managing to roll over to see it. A body-length mirror was propped up on the wall by one side of the bed, cracked and grimy, but letting her see herself more clearly.

Just like she thought – more duct tape over her mouth and around her head, and thick loops of the stuff on her wrists and elbows, keeping her arms behind her back. Her blonde hair had been left in ~~its~~^{its} usual ponytail, so at least that wasn't getting in her eyes, but other than the tape, she was completely naked! She growled, or at least tried to, feeling anger rise up, overpowering the shame from the forced nudity.

'Contestant Louise Palmer. Welcome to the game.' The voice came out of nowhere, flat and electronic, Louise squirming around even more trying to spot where it came from, before seeing

a speaker, propped up in the corner. And next to that was a camera on a tripod, recording her, little red light blinking away! She flushed with shame, curling up to try and cover herself.

‘The game will start soon. You will attempt to escape your captivity in the allotted time. Should you succeed, you will be rewarded, and the money you win deducted from your friend’s debt.’

There was an electronic pop-crackle, an antique television screen turning on, drawing Louise’s eyes. It showed a bright white room, almost surgically clean, with a polished metal gynecology chair in the middle of it. Sat in the chair, securely held there with thick leather straps was a young woman, one that Louise recognized.

‘Your friend, Rebecca Chalmers, owes rather a lot of money.’

Rebecca tensed up in the chair – she was completely naked except for her restraints, with her mouth held open by a cruel-looking metal shape, her tongue wagging around, dribble slowly oozing out, down her chest. A black tattoo had been inked onto her hip, the screen too blurry to make out the details, a blue-gloved hand appearing for a moment, smearing something over the dark lines.

‘While you try and escape, she will provide entertainment. The audience has already provided some entertaining ideas.’ The hand moved into frame again, this time holding a spiked metal roller. This rolled over Rebecca’s skin, making Rebecca tense and shiver as it jabbed her, eyes going wide with pain. ‘Should you fail to escape in time, then you will also be used to provide such entertainment. You can see what the audience thinks of you as well.’

Another screen popped into life – displaying a stream of text messages, scrolling upwards as new ones appeared.

Good body, she might be able to wriggle free.

Blondes never do well, she’s going to be fuck-meat soon.

I wanna see her and her friend get double-teamed!

Louise turned away from it, wincing as a loud klaxon-noise blared out, rattling her head with sheer volume.

‘You may begin. Or not, if you just want to surrender.’

‘Mpphhhh!’ Red lights blinked on – a digital clock, counting down from 10 minutes, seconds steadily vanishing. Louise whined into her gag again, shifting her arms behind her, trying to break the tape. Something inside the wet lump poked into her mouth, a hard lump amidst the damp blob. It held strong, tough enough to take her strength, firmly stuck to both her skin and itself. Kicking her legs outwards didn’t achieve anything either!

But she was able to wriggle around, coming to the edge of the bed and sitting there. The floor of the room was wooden floorboards, dirty and cracked, making her flinch away in case of splinters. She couldn't directly break free, but was there anything else in this room that might help? The walls were bare brick, badly painted – trying to rub herself against those would just hurt! She couldn't see any scissors or anything else she could use to break free, she'd have to do this on her own.

With some straining, she was able to twist her arms around, stroking her hands against her legs. On the screen, Rebecca was being tormented still, her pussy getting teased by the spiked roller, hard points poking against her clit, making her squirm and gasp, hips twitching around. Another blue-gloved hand was gently stroking at Rebecca's pussy, teasing her even more. Just seeing her friend being tortured was a distraction, Louise trying to tune out the sounds.

The messages on the screens were even worse, a constant cascade of threats, and discussion of how good she and Rebecca looked, and of what the unseen typists wanted to do with her! She grunted through her gag, straining further, managing to get her hands towards her knees, ignoring the faint aching of her spine. This was just like her warm-up stretches, just a lot more intensive!

She pressed down on her thigh, managing to get a finger beneath the tape, peeling it upwards and off. It pulled on her skin, the glue strong enough it took effort to peel off, stinging and throbbing a little, but she had just a tiny amount more freedom now! She twisted her legs, trying to pull her knees apart while peeling more of the tape away, fingers scrabbling for an end.

The position was making her chest and back hurt, but she kept at it, not daring to look at the clock, not wanting to know how much time she had left. She was making progress, but was it fast enough?

The vibrator inside her suddenly buzzed into life, a firm and steady vibration that made her gasp, her body going limp for a moment as she tried to adjust to the forced stimulation. She took as deep a breath as she could manage before leaning back over, her fingers finding a stray end and pulling, lifting her legs and unwrapping herself more, feeling the pressure on her legs start to fade away. More unwrapping, loops and loops, the tape sticking to her fingers, but she managed to unwrap her knees!

With those free, she kicked her legs more, greater freedom of movement letting her put more force behind the motion, her ankles straining on the tape. Not enough to break it though – instead she stood up, before squatting down. The movement made her desperately aware of the thing in her ass, her fingers sliding over her buttocks, before she felt the round metal base of the thing. Louise took hold of it, shivering as the lump moved within herself, twisting inside her bowels.

'Mrhphhh!' She growled in anger, before gripping it more tightly and then pulling. It started to stretch her asshole wide, the fat lump violating her on the way out, but she kept pulling. Her vision blurred, head spinning as it forced her tight asshole to open up, but she managed to pull it

out, feeling only a stretching aching afterwards, her hole slowly closing up. She let it fall from her fingers, then bent down further, reaching for her ankles.

Guess she doesn't like it in the butt!

Maybe she should be set up with a massive dildo, see what she can take?

Love her body, she'd be good in the stretcher.

Too much time had passed – she only had five minutes left! And the thing in her pussy was still vibrating, a constant distraction that slowed her movements even more. And she couldn't see what she was doing as she scrabbled around her ankles, desperately trying to find the end of the tape, fingers sweaty now, making it harder to feel the slight bump in the tape. When she did find it, then it took several tries with her nails to peel it away, and she had to let go and twist her arms to move them to the other side of her body to unwrap it further.

As it got looser, she wriggled her ankles more, feeling her ability to move steadily increase. Another loop, then another, and then she could pull her ankles apart! It hurt as she peeled the tape off her skin directly, little stings of pain, but now her legs were fully free.

Just over three minutes left though, and her arms were still trapped. She could move without hopping around, but was there anything useful she could do? Louise strained her arms and shoulders, the tape making it impossible to exert her full strength, the stuff strong enough to accept her efforts without breaking. The effort made her heat up, starting to sweat, anger starting to seethe through her, her jaw tightening on the soggy mass forced into her mouth. She strained again, bending her arms up in an attempt to reach her mouth, but couldn't contort herself enough to reach her mouth to get rid of the tape-gag.

Was there anything with a sharp edge she could use? A pair of scissors would be best, but even a pen, hell even a screwdriver or something with a point, could be used to jab through the tape and loosen it off! But there was nothing, just the old televisions – and, behind them, a door.

She's doing well, got her legs free!

But not much time left – has to get out, remember! And her friend is having fun.

Rebecca was being more aggressively tormented now, little electrical sparks appearing from two metal prongs, making Rebecca spasm and gasp, her pussy visibly wet. Louise winced but looked away, not wanting to get distracted from her own task.

The door behind the screens was wood, but well-made – definitely too thick to break down. Just in case, she tried the handle, turning around to grab at the metal bar, pushing down. The handle depressed, but the door didn't open, rattling against the lock. A keyhole stared at her, black crack taunting her.

Electricity bit into her hand, marking her arm cramp up, and she grunted in pain. Her fingers cramped around the handle, forcing her to pull away as she tried to avoid another shock. The pain made her fingers twitch, her control gone, but she still needed to break free!

What would be better to try and use to break herself with? The bed or the TVs? Both of them had mostly rounded, blunt edges – nothing conveniently sharp-edged she could use! And she didn't have the luxury of time to try and use several of them. She stretched her fingers out, trying to flick away the remnants of the shock, before reaching behind herself, carefully stroking fingers along the doorhandle – slightly shorter than her hand and flat-edged.

Still only lightly touching it, she pushed it *up*, finding that it hinged that way – and then she wriggled backwards, getting it into the gap between her wrists. From there, she pulled it against the tape, trying to use it to saw through the tape. Louise couldn't see the timer from here, but knew she didn't have long left, as she frantically tried to loosen the stuff from her wrists. Another shock, part of it snapping into her, but the tape seemed to loosen a little – did the heat-shock somehow make the glue weaker? Louise didn't care, she just wanted to get the stuff off!

She kept twisted her wrists, feeling her skin stretch out, the tape a little looser now. The vibrations coming from her crotch were even more intense now, threatening to distract her, but she tensed her thighs, trying to ignore the waves of desire she could feel. Another twitch, then another, and she could feel the amount of slack she had increase, letting her move her wrists apart. By twisting her fingers, she was able to hold the tape stretched out, pulling her other arm away from the tape.

Freedom, or at least partial freedom, was close now! More movement, and she had one lower arm free – still bound at the elbow, but she had much greater movement. But the door was still in the way, how could she get it open?

She tightened her mouth, feeling the damp stuffing inside shift around, with nowhere for the material to go. Her tongue probed against it, tasting her own spit, and soggy fabric. With her free hand, she was able to reach up to her head, pulling and peeling at the tape, ignoring the sting of pain across her cheeks and around her neck. Just a single loop and then it was done, and she could open her mouth.

The wad of stuffing was so large that it spilled out of her mouth without needing any extra effort, white wet cotton splatting onto the floor. She took in a deep breath, able to inhale freely now, panting for air, as a buzzer sounded.

'Sixty seconds left!'

'Fuck off! Bitch!' Louise yelled at the air, scrabbling at the door. The handle shocked her again, making her yelp in pain, but no matter how she shook the handle the door refused to open. A steady buzzing beat sounded out, ticking the remaining seconds away – where was the key?

'This isn't fair!'

She looked around – there were far too many places something as small as a key could be hidden. Under the bed? Beneath the mattress, or either of the screens? Or a hidden hole somewhere? She stepped forward, her bare foot squashing down that spat-out wadding that had been in her mouth. It was warm and sticky, making her shudder in revulsion, as her foot pressed down onto something hard.

She bent down, twisting to use her free hand, peeling apart the sheets of cotton. Buried between them was something hard – a metal key! The brass gleamed at her, as she stooped to pick it up, ignoring the grossness of her own spit. She turned around, facing the lock now, slamming the key in and turning it, as the countdown drumbeat continued to sound out.

The key turned in the lock, meeting resistance and then pushing through, the lock clicking open. She shoved, the door sliding open, cooler air sliding in, a clean, modern-looking hallway appearing, the walls plain and freshly painted. Another door, thick metal, was at the far end, next to a black screen, and with a plastic chair that had some dark and dull leather on.

As soon as Louise stepped forward, the screen flicked on, a cheery female voice sounding out – although still with a strange electronic buzz, either run through a filter or entirely artificial.

‘Congratulations, you’ve made it through a trial! Good girl, that’s going to take some off the debt. And I’m sure the audience will have enjoyed it. So the good news is that you get to go home! You can rest up before the next challenge. The bad news is that there’s some stuff that needs to happen first. There’s a hood and some handcuffs on the chair – be a good little girl and put it on, and then we can get it all done. The alternative is to wait until you pass out from hunger, and that’s just boring.’

Louise growled, kicking out at the wall in anger, still working to free her arms from the tape, the stuff still bound around her elbows. On the chair was a leather hood, dark and oppressive, along with some handcuffs. She stared at them with hatred – she wasn’t even out of one set of restraints, and now she was expected to put on another!

She kicked the metal door, feeling the pain shoot up her leg, kicking again and again, pulling her strikes as she jarred her limb, howling in anger. If she ever got her hands on anyone involved with this, she’d do everything she could to hurt them!

Her strength faded along with her anger, as she managed to finally get her arms free of the tape, plucking out the vibrator lodged inside of herself, then staring at the hood with hatred. But there was no other way out, as she slowly lifted the hood up, the material heavy and snug against her skin, making her start to sweat, a neck-band sealing it, with a collar-ring dangling down against her throat. There were small mouth- and nose-holes, but it kept her gagged and silenced, as she scrabbled around, feeling for the cuffs. Cold, hard metal, curves of metal which she clicked around one wrist, before twisting her arms around, locking her arms behind her back again.

All she could do now was wait for however was responsible for this to come and get her...

Chapter 2: Post-Match Checkup

Inside the hood, it was impossible to keep track of time, and thick padding over each ear blocked Louise's hearing as well. The cuffs on her wrists had a little bit of slack between them, letting her move her arms, but they were still behind her back, limiting her movement. And she was naked still, desperately vulnerable and exposed!

She felt a change in the air, a faint breeze against her body. Fear flared, and she pushed herself back against the wall, trying to protect herself against what might be about to happen. She couldn't even move her arms in front of herself as a shield!

Fingers brushed against her stomach, making her flinch and shudder, their touch eerily smooth, some sort of glove making them weirder than just normal touching. She backed away, sliding against the wall, but the fingers touched again, this time against a breast. Louise kept retreating, before bumping into a corner of the room, out of space. As she tried to slide down the wall, wanting to curl up, the fingers grabbed the collar-ring and pulled, yanking her forward.

She had no choice but to follow the pull, dragged off-balance and staggering forward, bare feet slapping against the floor. The pull continued, dragging her forward and pulling her head down, keeping her off-balance, her hands twitching in the air. She tried charging forward, attempting to knock her shoulder into whoever was pulling her around, but they simply changed the angle of the pull, guiding her around before slapping a hand against her belly, knocking the air from her.

Behind the hood, Louise couldn't respond, the leather tight enough around her head, keeping her from opening her mouth. The surface beneath her feet changed, becoming cool, dry tiles, the hand still pulling her forward, moving her around. Without being able to see or hear, there was no way of judging what space she was in – she knew she was inside, from the temperature, but that was about it! For all she knew, there could be an entire audience looking at her, and that thought made her heat up with furious shame, blushing behind the hood, hoping that wasn't happening.

Another pull, the hand on her throat, and then something hooked over her wrist-cuffs, pulling upwards. This put immediate strain on her shoulders, forcing her to bend over, forced into a stress position.

And then the hands started to roam and poke – she recognized the gloves now, as medical latex gloves. Starting from her ankles, firmly squeezing her ankles, pressing into her skin, before moving up onto her calves. The method of touching was familiar – it was like what she did to her own clients as a personal trainer, checking their body before and after a workout, making sure there were no injuries. Having this done to her when she couldn't see who was doing it, and didn't even know where she was, made it cruelly intimate though!

A tension-flash of anger ran through her, her body tensing, the hands giving her a warning squeeze as fingers pushed into the backs of her knees, making her dip down, her shoulders flaring with pain. Whoever they were, they were keeping a keen eye on her! And skilled enough to manage a physical assessment. The stroked over where the tape had been, where Louise's skin was still sensitive from having it peeled off, lingering there before moving upwards, onto her thighs.

The temptation to kick was still there, but with the cuffs on, as well as the hood, she was desperately vulnerable, and would have to endure whatever punishment this person wanted to inflict. That didn't make it any better as the hands squeezed her tense thighs, both front and back, before sliding up and squeezing her buttocks.

Louise shivered, reflexively tensing up from the groping violation of her body, her asshole still aching from the plug she'd had to pull out. Fingers slid between her buttocks, one of them lightly touching against her asshole, and she twitched, feet shifting on the tiled floor. She tried to tense and tighten up her butt, attempting to shake the hands off, the desperate sense of exposure increasing. The response was for the fingers to squeeze harder, a little more pressure against her asshole, before they moved away, Louise relaxing, just a little. Her hips and thighs were next, before a firm pressure against her stomach, and then fingers poked beneath her ribs, into her kidneys.

The sharp jabs hurt, making her gasp, the taste and scent of the leather heavy in Louise's mouth. She was starting to feel dazed and claustrophobic, locked into the hood, fear and uncertainty seething away, sensations she could barely keep in check. Gentler pokes, and then it was the turn of her breasts to be examined, both of them getting squeezed at the same time. Not harshly, but it was still a violation she didn't want to experience! And the touch lingered longer than was needed for just a checkup, whoever it was clearly enjoying the groping.

Louise tried to twist away, ignoring the pain in her shoulders from the forced position, one hand squeezing more tightly, the other giving her a sharp, quick spank. She gasped in shock, the surprise and shame worse than the actual impact, feeling her ass heat up from the strike. Fingers tightened on her breast, starting to squeeze the nipple, going from a firm pressure to actual pain, and then a cruel twist, before her nipple was released.

More stroking touches followed, up over Louise's back and shoulders – she couldn't suppress an involuntary shiver as they pushed against her armpits, her body sensitive there, despite her attempts to show as little reaction as possible. She didn't want anyone knowing where she was most sensitive, where to touch her to provoke a reaction! Her anger kept building, along with the sense of shame and powerlessness, before it was more than she could bear.

She kicked backwards, her position making the movement awkward, and putting even more stress onto her shoulders. It felt *good* to move, to do *something*! She felt connection, her bare foot hitting into a leg. The stroking hands vanished, Louise kicking out again, this time not feeling any connection.

Hands grabbed her ankle, pulling her leg up, forcing her to twist around on one foot. The grip was strong enough that she couldn't fight it, and the changes to her position made her shoulders ache from the torture of her own weight. She tried to pull her leg back, but the grip was too much, the gloved hands pulling her leg up behind her, and then a leather cuff was wrapped around her ankle. It was connected to something, keeping her leg bent upwards, forcing Louise to keep dancing around, unable to regain her balance.

She didn't dare try and kick out with her other leg, not wanting to be completely off-balance – and she didn't know where her tormentor even was!

Fingers slid over the sole of her foot, and she shivered again, unable to suppress the reaction. More touches, almost teasing now, and then nothing, Louise trapped in the brutal stress position. Something else touched against her sole – something thin and hard, a light tap. And then a harder impact, right against her bare and sensitive foot. This made her twitch in pain, her shoulders aching even more. Another impact, then another, before the narrow, hard rod poked against ribs, and she realized that it was a cane. This scraped and scratched over her chest, harsher and harder than the fingers had been, before flicking against her breasts, hitting both of them at once.

Pain flared, making her dance backwards, the burning in her shoulders more intense than anything he'd experienced before. Another strike, against her belly, and then the cane jabbed between her legs. She tensed up, not wanting to be hit against her pussy – that would be brutally painful!

Instead, the cane slid between her thighs, then between her pussy-lips, letting her feel that it was bamboo, with faint ridges along its length. The touch of it against her sensitive parts made her shiver with forced pleasure and stimulation, whoever was examining her continuing to slide it back and forth, getting Louise fully stirred up.

A more vigorous backwards-forwards thrust made her gasp, trying to pull air through the too-small holes in the hood, desperately wanting to see, at least to be able to know what was going on. Another cane-strike against her ass, slapping across both her buttocks, before more gentle and light finger-touches, this time stroking over her hips.

They moved towards her crotch, and there was no way for her to twist away as the touches slid towards her crotch. Teasingly seductive touches against her pussy, tickling against her sensitive spots, getting her excited against her will. She was hot now, her thoughts harder to gather, before two fingers slid into her. She was already excited enough that her body didn't resist, both sliding in up to the knuckle, making her shudder with forced pleasure.

Back and forth with torturous, pleasure-filled slowness, making her gasp into the hood, her one leg twitching and tensing. Her hips were aching from having her balance pulled around from her raised leg, but the desire she felt was even more intense. As she was stimulated, her hips started to buck and twitch in time with the fingers, her body moving against her will.

The inner heat built up and up, impossible to deny, before she was forced across the threshold. The orgasm filled her up, swelling inside of her and wiping away any other thoughts, her pleasure spilling down her thigh. The fingers probed deeper, stretching into her before pulling out, leaving her to spasm and twitch in the orgasmic aftermath.

She couldn't even properly enjoy it, having to stay hopping around on one leg or topple over, having to fight against the instincts of her body. Another brief, probing touch, the nerves of her pussy jangling again, making Louie twitch around even me, her suspended leg swinging around a little.

Sticky, wet fingers smeared her own juices over her belly, giving her a light slap there, Louie gasping and flinching away from the impact. Being treated like this was humiliating, especially when she was entirely powerless to resist, and couldn't even see who was tormenting her!

More slow, probing touches, a constant distraction that made it impossible for Louise to ever regain her focus, or even get her breath back. Whoever was doing this to her had identified where she was most sensitive, and was stroking and teasing her there, forcing shivering twitches from Louise, the heat of her body not lessening.

It was impossible to tell how long this went on for – the hood felt as though it was getting even tighter on her head, pressing against her, the leather merging with her skin. The taste of it grew on her tongue, impossible to escape, her head getting fuzzy from the constant straining for air.

Eventually, the touches stopped, Louise sagging as the forced stimulation vanished, feeling pain in her hips from having a leg held high. She desperately wanted to lower her leg, but wasn't allowed to do that, the aching steadily increasing!

She strained to hear anything through the padded hood, her own blood pounding through her ears – were those footsteps, or just her imagination? Metal, cold and hard, wrapped around her waist, just above her hips, snug and tight on her skin. She tried to shake it off, but it was firmly sealed there, pressing against her body. Then more metal, between her buttocks, a hard ring just above her asshole, coming between her thighs, a metal panel pressing tightly against her crotch.

Hands touched her wrists, making her spasm in shock, whatever hook was in place getting released, her arms allowed to drop. They'd been held in that position for so long that her shoulders were throbbing, her arms falling against her back, wrists still cuffed. Then her ankle was grabbed and released, letting her stand on her feet again, although her hips still ached from having to spend so long in the forced position.

The metal ring of her hood was grabbed, dragging her forward, keeping her off-balance. Louise tried to dig her heels into the ground, not wanting to be forced to move, but there was nothing to grip onto, and she was too weak, easily getting pulled forward, and then spun around. Was someone just having fun with her? It was hard to muster the energy to get angry though, through the haze of confusion and tiredness!

Another spin, and then a hard pull forward, Louie struggling to keep her balance. The grip was released, and she spun away, knocking into a wall, flinching backwards from the sudden solidity of it. Before she could recover, hands grabbed her from behind, pressing down onto her shoulders and forcing her down onto her knees, which hit into the hard floor.

She tried to flail behind herself with her hands, wanting to at least grab and harass whoever was tormenting her, but her flapping arms couldn't find anything before the cuff-chain was grabbed, getting her arms under control. More pressure forward, making her crawl, her knees touching against the flat metal surface, raised just a little. Walls pressed against her from both sides, and the top of her head as well. Had she been shoved into some box?

Louise twisted to the side, feeling a cold, solid metal panel there, tough enough to take her pressing against it without any sign of yielding. She tried to wriggle backwards, but hands slapped her ass and then shoved forward, forcing her further forward. Raising her head exposed how tiny the space was – she couldn't rise up at all, forced to stay curled up, her arms still cuffed behind her back. Another shove, and then a faint change to the pressure around her.

When she tried to wriggle backwards again, she encountered a flat metal panel blocking her – she was locked in now! She tried pushing against the walls and the top, but the metal was too strong, easily accepting her efforts. Even when she kicked backwards, there was so little space that she could barely get any force behind the kick, her heel slamming into the rigid panel. The darkness of the hood seemed oppressive now, crushing in around her, keeping her constrained and trapped. Panic began to surge, making her breathe faster and faster, her hands scrabbling against the top panel, desperately searching for some way to get out.

There was nothing though – tiny airholes, too small to get her fingers into, and nothing else. She could shake herself a few inches from side-to-side, but not enough to gain any momentum, no chance of forcing the metal apart!

And then a smell through the hood – sickly-sweet, making her feel queasy, but also making her eyes water behind the hood. It was harder and harder to breathe, her body going limp, her thoughts fading...