

# Scouting for Moms to Tie up

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“On my honor, I will do my best...

To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law...

To help other people at all times...

To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight”

The five young boy-scouts stood in attention, lined in a row outside of the wooden cabin that doubled as the headquarters of the scout brigade. The all recited the Scout Oath in one loud voice, which was more a syncopated, ear-aching mess, than a proud, tear-jerking speech.

Bradley was getting distracted by the plainest things like a fly passing in front of his nose. Shaun was too bored to articulate, his voice barely audible. Mark not-so-discreetly added the word “penis” at the end of every rhyme, and the O’Hara twins were waaay too loud on purpose, utterly annoying in their perfect synchronization (just between themselves, not with the group).

The five little rascals, all between the ages of 11 and 14, were not really the disciplined kind of children.

As the recital concluded, the five kids stood still, each of them in their brown shorts, lighter brown short-sleeved shirt, their green baseball cap and the signature green scout-tie. The actual reasons these five boys had been sent to the scouts to begin with was so that their poor mothers could get a moment’s peace. Their devil-children were a little too much to have around the house all summer long.

Much like a summer camp, they hope the scouts just might whip the unruly lil’ bastards into shape; at least more than their desperate moms have so far.

Bradley was the oldest (and biggest) of the group, a chubby, black kid with large myopic glasses and the tiniest attention span. Shaun was a spoiled, rich, white kid, with brown, constantly spikey hair. Mark

was a blonde, skinny boy, as white-trash as he was unruly. Finally, the O'Hara twins -no one ever bothered calling them with their separate names – were two identical copies of a small, freckled-faced, curly-haired ginger kid with a big, bunny-tooth smile. The youngest of the bunch, at 11 years of age.

“So, tomorrow is your test for the merit badge of your knot expertise, a very important skill for any scout” the 27-year-old head-scout, a slim black guy named Jerome announced, pacing like a Sergeant left and right before the 5 boys, with his wrists tucked behind his back and the signature, flat-rimmed scout hat on his head. Another chief scout of similar age, a Caucasian guy named Robert, was simply sitting on a picnic chair, observing the younglings silently.

“You have all been taut throughout the summer the art of creating knots and working the rope to your will. A vital survival skill for a young scout” Jerome spoke with a stern tone. “But in order to truly test your abilities with rope, your knots must be able to restrain an unwilling person” Jerome explained perfectly straight-faced, as the five little ‘soldiers’ faced straight ahead, listening to their leader.

“So your challenge, in order to receive the merit badge, is this: Each of you must bring your mother here in a bound and gagged state. Then we will judge the quality of your knots and if your ropes are deemed truly inescapable, you’ll earn the badge” the older head scout concluded.

The lined boy-scouts eyed each other with excited O-faces, chuckling at the chance to be a pain in their mom’s butt. This assignment sounded AWESOME.

“What if we have half a mom each?” the ginger twins asked with one voice, both having immediately raised their arms straight up, while next to them Mark was busy digging his nose with his pinky. “That’s... fine...” Jerome rolled his eyes at the dumb question.

“Now listen carefully” Jerome continued. “You must under NO CIRCUMSTANCES reveal this assignment to your mothers. They must never know why you are tying them up or where their being taken, so that their struggles are genuine and your rope-restraining ability can be measured fairly” Jerome explained the most vital of rules.

“You will also be judged on the quality of your gagging. How quiet a mom’s moans have been rendered will be counted into your overall score” Jerome added. “You may use whatever materials you find at your disposal for the gags” the young man concluded.

“All of you must bring your admissions in the scout headquarters by 7 o’clock tomorrow morning” Robert added from the comfort of his chair. “Understood?” Jerome asked in his intimidating tone. “Yes, sir!” all five pubescent boys yelled with a straight, serious face, struggling to contain their enthusiasm.

They would do their best to get that coveted merit badge!



## Home is where your bondage assignment is

“Scouts must always come prepared with everything they’ll need” Bradley, the geekiest of the bunch, announced. They had less than 18 hours to capture their 4 unsuspecting mothers and “deliver” them for rope bondage evaluation. Gathering the necessary supplies was in order. The gang quickly headed off to the nearest hardware store, stumbling around like lost, drunken little homeless people.

They grabbed a huge butch of hemp rope, 100 meters, having little clue as to how much a restrained adult requires. They also grabbed a couple of rolls of black tape, but forgot to buy anything that could be used as mouth-stuffing. Shaun paid for everything, using his very own credit card that his parents had gifted to him for his 13<sup>th</sup> birthday.

“Who should we get first?” they all asked. “Let’s go for mine” Bradley spoke out in his shy voice. “My dad doesn’t return from work until 2.30, so she should be alone now”. Everyone nodded and followed the chubby black kid.

Bradley’s mother, Leslie, was, like her son, a bit on the chubbier side, but while her kid was a round shape, Leslie simply was thicker in all the ‘curvy’ parts with a relatively slim waist. At 5’8”, the 34-year-old woman had some nice, heavy, F-cup tits, and bubbly, thick hips and ass. She was a groping man’s paradise. She had silky, wavy dark hair that she had caught with a floral, orange hairband. Leslie was a polite, demure and soft-spoken kind of person, never raising a hand and rarely punishing her beloved “cupcake”, no matter how much of a pain he could be (and he really could). She was a real caretaker.

The buxom mother was dressed in a cute, spotted blue dress with a cute white apron over it, doing the dishes in the kitchen, when she spotted her sonny boy through the window, followed by his scout buddies. “Hi sweetie! Done early?” she said as she rubbed another dish with her yellow rubber gloves.

“Mh-m” the boy nodded as his friends entered with two large opaque plastic bags. “Hardware store? What’s that about?” the smiling woman asked. “It’s a...project” Bradley answered vaguely. “What kind? Maybe I can help you with it?” the agreeable milf offered, turning towards the sink to place another dish on the rack, never registering the stealthy approach looming behind her.

“NOW!” Shaun and Mark yelled and all the kids jumped on the stunned woman, pulling her backwards until Leslie fell on the floor with them. A plate smashed on the floor next to them. “What are you

doinMNNNFFFHH!!!” the adult black woman watched in shock as her own child knelt over her and shoved a small, plaid-patterned kitchen towel in her mouth, having hastily grabbed it from the kitchen counter. “Scouts must be diligent and never leave things half-done!” a panicky Bradley repeated another scout wising to himself, stuffing his mom’s mouth to the brim for an efficient gagging. “Pmmnnghhh!” Leslie’s pleading cries were sound-proofed considerably.

Mark held the woman’s furiously shaky head in place with two tight grips of her dark hair, as Shaun got to wrapping the shiny black tape over the rags that were visible between Leslie’s pearly-white teeth, the tape’s tension stretching her jaw wider. He made a good duo with Mark, who lifted the woman’s head whenever Shaun needed to pass the roll of tape behind it, until he got a good, tight four wraps around Leslie’s face, her pink lips visible from either sides of the tape, the rags sealed in for good. “MNNNGGHH!” Leslie was looking up eye-wide and utterly shocked and what these young boys were doing to her.

Her beloved son and his friends were assaulting her!

While Leslie’s gagging was taking place, the twins were busy wrapping plenty of rope around the dazed woman’s exposed ankles, securing them with numerous square knots. Before Leslie had gotten a hold of her surroundings from the sudden attack, the two ginger boys were done with binding her feet and were now placing her gloved wrists together, synching them tightly with about 8 coils of rope, tying her hands along with her yellow cleaning gloves. They then passed the rope 5-6 times between the tied wrists, which only squeezed the woman’s skin more, before hastily tying it off.

“MMMMFFNNNGGG!” the eye-wide mother struggled and tried pushing off the 5 kids with her fused, rubber-covered hands, but the boys had overwhelmed her so much, whenever she tried to avert one attack, two others sprang up. Her overweight son had straddled his mom’s belly, his adequate weight enough to pin her to the floor. More importantly, he was now sitting on the woman’s bound, but still free to flail, arms, making the curvaceous woman easier to “handle”.

“We need to restrain her more” the boys realized, since they were still having difficulty keeping her at bay. Naturally larger than each boy individually, Leslie was writhing like a wild animal caught in a trap, her screams for help stifled by the three rags taped inside her mouth. She could easily overpower one, but five kids was quite the challenge.

“Let’s blindfold her! That way she won’t be such trouble” the always crafty Mark suggested, and despite the floored mother looking at them with pleading, scared eyes, they all nodded to his proposal. “NNngg! PlhhhhN!” (*Nooo! Please!*) the poor woman shook her head, but the ginger twins each brought a rectangular dish-sponge in front of her face, having grabbed them from the sink the woman was busy with. They were still kind of wet and soapy from the woman cleaning the dishes. The boys placed the

softer yellow side of the sponges over her pretty eyes, their excited, mischievous little smiles the last thing Leslie saw before everything went dark.

A strong boy for his age, Bradley held off the woman's pathetic bucking with his weight, as Mark and Shaun then wrapped more black tape over the sponges and around the woman's head, the tape's tension securing them and pressing them snugly over her eyes, the green rough sides of the sponges peeking over and under the coils of the black, shiny tape.

Leslie might get some soap in her eyes, but it was a necessary evil, at this point.

Funny enough, Miss Leslie did calm down a bit, breathing deeply through her nose. Either that or she'd gotten tired from struggling. The boys stood their 20+ years senior victim up so that she was sitting on the floor. The blindfolded, gagged milf was keeping her fused legs together, folded rather femininely. Her knees were together not with rope, but with the fear that her dress would expose her underwear to these kids, if she opened them. And fear of what they had in mind for her, sure.

Her bound feet were clad in some very mom-fashion, 1-inch-heeled house shoes.

"We have to make sure she can't move her hands, right?" Shaun said what was on everyone's minds, as they all watched Leslie nervously turn her head around with her rubber-gloved hands timidly in front her heavy chest, her vision remaining the same despite the head-turning. "If...if we tie her wrists over and behind her back..." the shy Bradley stumbled through sharing his idea. "...then tie the rope off to her chest..." he added.

"Yes, that could work!" the kids agreed and the ginger twins swiftly got to work, connecting a long piece of hemp rope to the Leslie's wrist rope, between her hands. "MNNGGhfff!" Leslie renewed her worried moans, as she felt her arms forcefully being raised overhead by the rope that Bradley and Mark pulled upwards. "Oughta girl" the redneck boy's Southern mannerisms came out as Miss Leslie's arms were folded at the elbows. Her gloved hands were brought behind the nape of her neck, by the line of rope.

"Now wrap it around there" Shaun did some back-seat tying as the others worked together passing the rope around and below Miss Leslie's meaty, dress-covered udders and her back, actually discovering how to reverse the tension on the next wrap to keep the rope nice and vertical. Some wraps of the rope were passed over the humiliated woman's boobies, some under, a couple of lines actually wrapped tightly over the woman's tits, either in the haste of the moment, or because the boys were trying to graze their hands across the woman's ample chest. The black damsel was feeling absolutely mortified.

The rope was finally knotted behind the woman's back. It wasn't the most professional job, but at the end Leslie could not move her hands one bit, no matter how hard she pulled, all she did was find the resistance of her new chest-harness. Her shaved armpits were in full display, as her arms were raised and tethered on either side of her head.

The kids caught their breath to marvel at their accomplishment. They had actually incapacitated this woman, who was softly groaning behind her gag, trying in vain to free herself. "Your mom's got some real knockers!" Shaun said to Bradley, as all pubescent boys' attention was stuck on Miss Leslie's swaying jugs as she struggled to free herself and particularly on the piece of rope that was harshly digging into the soft titty-meat. Even over the woman's pretty dress and her bra, the rope was visibly biting right over Miss Leslie's areolas. It was a bit hard to see under the tapes covering half her face, but Leslie silently blushed at this embarrassing remark. Her son's buddies were talking about her as if she wasn't even there!

"We can't keep her here. My dad will come back from work and free her" the chubby boy changed the subject. "Maybe we lock her somewhere until we bring her at the camp?" Shaun shrugged his shoulders.

With no better idea, that was the plan. But where should they store the bound-and-gagged mother? In Bradley's closet? It was too close to the other room's for the woman's door-pounding to not be heard. In the basement's tool closet? Dad might go down there to get something. But the family did have a small backyard, where they coincidentally had tossed a bunch of old appliances, waiting for the recycling crew to pick them up. Amongst these was an old fridge, a rather old-fashioned one, very heavy and with a locking handle. The paint was missing from the rusty corners of the fridge's door.

"MMNNNGhf!" Miss Leslie renewed her struggles when she realized she was getting picked up by the boy-scouts. The twins were holding her bound feet while Mark and Shaun each grabbed her from her elbows, which bound as they were had become very handle-like.

Bradley led them out the back of the house, the electrical appliances being at the far end of the yard. His mom blindly flailed while being carried flat, like a long bag. "NNNNn! PLlhhh Brdmmhh, dNnnt D' Thuhhh!" (*Noo! Please Bradley, Don't do this!*) Leslie begged whilst feeling her son push her bound form inside the defrosted fridge. "Stay put, mom. We'll come and get you in a little while" Bradley lied as he closed the fridge door and pulled down the handle, locking his mom. It was gonna be a good 14-15 hours until they returned.

The mother's gagged screams were additionally soundproofed by the fridge's encasing. The slightest occasional wobble of the fridge would be easily misconstrued by Bradley's dad and older sister as some squirrel running round the yard's garden.



## When in doubt, keep 'em bound

With their confidence boosted by the first successful 'mission', the group headed to Shaun's mansion. His mom would be there for her weekly massage appointment. Cadence, the boy's bitchy and kind of distant mother was a 38-year-old cougar, with round, drool-inducing, D-cup tits, an anniversary gift from her wealthy husband. She had already started "maintaining" the tight-skin of her youthful face with monthly Botox "touch-ups". Her short, dark hair had blue highlights, in a very "Karen" short of uneven hair-style. The woman was a true meaning of the word "milf" keeping her 5'9" tall and lean body in great shape with daily exercise and proper diet, mostly to keep her sugar-daddy of a husband (Shaun's dad) around.

As someone might expect, Cadence didn't really have a job, which meant she spent most of her day either preserving her alluring appearance or day-drinking with her similarly care-free girlfriends.

And shopping. Lots and lots of shopping.

The woman constantly scolded Shaun, not so much for parenting, character-building reasons, but because he was being bothersome to her and stress would cause her wrinkles. Besides the visiting female masseuse, no one else would be around the huge house at this time of day. Cadence liked to enjoy her massage in peace.

Shaun and his buddies went for a more stealthy approach this time, sneaking in the house through a kitchen back-door (one of many). The skinny boy tip-toed with the rest of the boy-scouts following in a line behind him, until they heard some soothing, ambient music coming from one room. Shaun peeked through the keyhole to see the Asian (stereotypically) masseuse lighting some nice-smelling candles on the counter, while his mom was undressing to nothing but her purple, lace panties.

Shushing and shuffling, the other kids pushed him away, sneaking a look at the milf's nice "melons". The marvelous sight was taken away from them, when the Misses laid face-down on the massage-table, putting her face through the little hole on the top. "Take some deep breaths to relax and I'll be with you shortly" the younger masseuse said with a soft voice, placing a white bath towel over the woman's tight, Pilates-maintained bum, before stepping into the linked bathroom to prepare her essential oils.



“Scouts must take advantage of opportunities and act fast” Bradley whispered, as if reminding himself self-affirmation each time. “It’s now or never!” Shaun added a little overdramatically, though he wasn’t wrong. The time window was short. The boys conjured a plan of action, behind the door, then slowly pushed it open.

The meditative music was loud enough to cover the sliding of the door, as well as the boys’ tippy-toing towards the unsuspecting, relaxing, and practically naked woman. With her face buried in the round face-hole of the massage table, Cadence did not notice anyone enter her sacred Spa-temple, her field of vision limited to the auburn-tiled floor right beneath her.

The boys silently signaled to each other, pointing with their eyes towards the cougar’s back and head. All five kids were now standing around Cadence’s massage-table. Shaun gave a 3-2-1 count with his fingers and then the ginger twins literally jumped on the woman’s back, each small boy kneeling on one shoulder blade. The sudden pressure cut the air from the woman’s lungs and she let out a breathless, mute groan.

Simultaneously, the strong Bradley placed his forearm against the back of the woman’s head, locking it down on the head-rest. The four-eyed boy added force by leaning onto his arm with his weight. Meanwhile, Mark grabbed the cougar’s ankles, pinning them down on the soft leather of the massage table.

All Cadence felt were simply different hands weighing her head and body down on the table. Within that first second that everything happened, she tried to back her head off the face-hole, but found the stiff resistance of Bradley’s push. As she was getting some of her air back (presumably to scream for help) the woman was shocked to see her own son kneel from under the table, where her face poked through. He had a vindictive smirk on his face, whilst holding a white hand towel on his hands, taken from the masseuses’ counter.

“Sorry mom, your spa-day has been postponed” he mocked his mother as he stuffed the middle of the white towel deep past the pinned woman’s teeth, making her cheeks bulge. “Mmm? MMNNGGh!” Cadence moaned furiously, simultaneously feeling two pairs of little hands tying her wrists behind her back. She jerked and twisted her entire naked body with all her strength, but she could achieve nothing but squirm under the boys’ grip. “SShhh” Shaun put his finger in front of his mouth, a gesture that he had seen his mother give him way too many times, before applying a strip of black tape over his mom’s lips. He then placed another strip to be safe, pressing it with his hand and sealing the small, balled-up towel in the woman’s yapper.

During her gagging, Cadence was feeling not only that she had lost all agency of her arms, with not only her wrists strictly tied behind her back, but also elbows, painfully fused together, as well as her legs, since Mark and the twins were now doing her ankles as well as her knees, tying the rope tightly around

her shapely legs. The woman's angry moans were a little too loud to be covered by the "Massage Music 10-hours" file that was playing through the small speakers, so Shaun pinched his mom's nose shut with his index and thumb.

"Mmm...Mmmm...!!!" With no air to exhale, the short-haired brunette's protests became much quieter, even though her struggles did not lessen whatsoever. "Quicker, I can't hold her off forever" Bradley whined whispering, struggling to keep the bucking bitch's head down the face-hole.

Meanwhile, inside the bathroom, the cute, Asian masseuse was humming a little song as she was sitting on the toilet with her panties around her ankles. The sounds of the Yoga music barely penetrated through the well soundproofed room. None of her client's desperate moans reached her.

"Ok, ready!" the twins and Mark said and immediately, having securely restrained the woman's naked legs at the ankles and knees. Bradley let go of his friend's mom's head and it flinged back him with the woman's applying force. It was time they bailed.

"MMNNGGHFFfghgh!" LH Mmm GHHH U wwh GRRRHNDDD! (*Let me go or you're grounded!*) Cadence's insistence on getting released was fully ignored by the five boys, who helped lift her onto Bradley's strong (in comparison) shoulders. "Come, let's go!" Shaun whispered urgently and the kids exited the room, holding the door for the fat teen, who was singlehandedly carrying Miss Cadence with an arm wrapped around her slim waist.

"Hello?... Miss...?" the masseuse opened the restroom door confused to find no one on the massage table, the waist towel lying on the floor.

"MMMNNGG! PHh Muhh DDnn!" (*Put me down!*) Cadence kicked her fused legs up and down with an angry look in her eyes, her fake, but firm boobies hanging behind the boy's back. The other four kids tried staying focused, though with a naked rack dangling in front of their faces and an undressed, helpless lass at their mercy, puberty had taken the reins.

"To the garage" Shaun led the running mob, with a kidnapped mom struggling on a boy's shoulders. Mark was not even looking to where he was running, his eyes fixed on the furiously moaning mommy's breasts. The twins were alternating between slapping the woman's asscheeks and her face as they run, making her madder. Bradley was fully red in the face, just from touching a full-grown woman so intimately, simply feeling the woman's tits bouncing onto his back and having her ass next to his face was better than any porn he had come across.

The teen abductors finally reached a huge indoor garage, basically a private underground parking lot. There must have been over a dozen cars parked there, all expensive and sparkling clean.

“The Mercedes, dad doesn’t use that anymore” Shaun thought cleverly, and the kids carried the bound and gagged milf over the dark-blue luxury car, which was parked on a remote corner in relation to the other cars. Shaun had snagged the keys to the car on their way there and opened the trunk. The boys helped lower the woman from the panting Bradley’s shoulders, inside the empty trunk. The cougar mom looked up at them with a new expression, twitching her head left and right in fear. This was getting far too real!

“Wow, your mom’s boobs are so big!” Shaun said with an excited intrigue. “They’re fake, that’s why” Shaun already knew a little too much about his mom’s anatomy. All the kids stared at Cadence’s helpless D-cups for a long moment, with that inexperienced, horny curiosity.

It was like Christmas had arrived early.

Alas, it was time to leave the bound cougar alone. Two more mommies needed tying. “Let’s tie her ankles to her wrists!” the twins said in one voice. Though every boy was picturing a hogtie they didn’t have the vocabulary for it. But having all these organic ideas for how to tie someone up sure meant they were all naturals.

“NNNGg! NNnn!” (*Noo! Noo!*) Cadence moaned, this time pathetically and not defiantly, her pride having taken a hit from being violated by 4 schoolboys. “We do need to make sure she’s not kicking the trunk’s lid” Shaun pondered. “If we tie the rope around her neck, she will definitely not kick, right?” he pushed the envelope further. “Will that be safe?” the always softer Bradley asked. “Yeahhh she’ll be fine” Shaun waved it off, having no issue with putting his mother through the wringer. “She does yoga all the time, she can stretch”.

“NNNNNNNGGFF! PPPLLGGHHH” (*NOOO! PLEAAAAASE!*) the bound milf tried opposing this idea by basically wiggling her bound body in place, but five pairs of small hands easily grabbed her and connected a string of rope from her bound ankles to her neck, forcing her pretty legs to fully fold at the knees. “Don’t leave too much slack” Shaun said as the boys wrapped 4-5 rope-coils around a struggling Miss Cadence’s neck, leaving about two-fingers of space. “Gmmgff...ggnn...!” the woman immediately had trouble breathing. Unless she kept her toes pointing up her back, she’d be in trouble.

“Bye mom! See you later!” Shaun waved as a hogtied, panicking Cadence saw the lid close over her, before hearing the \*peep\*peep\* sound of the car locking. “Who wants McDonalds?” the rich boy said

over his mom's faint, muffled moaning, waving two 50s he had snatched from his mom's purse.  
"Hurray!" the boys cheered, as Shaun pocketed the Mercedes' keys.



## **Eat. Sleep. Restrain. Repeat.**

After the boys had a fun lunch break and chatted way too extensively about Shaun's mom's nude body (with a bag full of kidnapper's tools next to them in the booth) it was time to head over to Mark's trailer park since it was getting late and the sun would soon drop.

Rosemary was a 28-year-old single mom, who, like many in her poor community, had lots of unprotected sex and a teen pregnancy at age 16. She tried to keep her naughty boy Mark on a short leash, but that was often impossible. So whenever Mark wasn't getting a proper asswhoopin', he was basically free to roam around the neighborhood, his momma changing boyfriends every couple o' months or so. The young woman was a skinny lass, 5'5" tall, with long blonde hair, blue eyes and small titties, never wearing a bra unless it was New Year's Eve "or something". She had a nice pear-shaped body with a mighty fine, round peach of an ass.

An ass she was currently highlighting in the red, skin-tight, miniskirt she currently had on, getting ready for a date inside the tiny bathroom of her trailer-house, by putting in some red lipstick and make-up. "Hi mom" Mark casually greeted, walking in with his five scout-buddies. "Haven't I told ya to ask me before bringin' people ove'?" the woman scolded him, with little energy to actually invest. "There's pizza rolls in the freezer" he told her son while looking at the small mirror and fixing up her hair.

"Ok!" the boy yelled from the "living-room" of the house, a small area with a couch and TV, while grabbing a hold of his schoolbag and turning it upside down, all the books dropping down with a thud. Mark was never a "delicate" boy.

"Whachy'all doin' here anyway?" the young mom came from the bathroom, looking curious and smoking hot in a drapey black top, her hot miniskirt and 4-inch heels. She had some large flashy earrings on her wavy blonde hair had been puffed up with hairspray, falling down her chest. "Just thought we could hang out is all" Mark replied with that innocent look that his mom had fallen for too many times in the past. At the same time he spotted the laundry bin inside the tiny bathroom, a couple of his dirty socks peeking out from the edge of lid.

"Just don't break anything" Rosemary said, having lowered her expectations long ago, as she moved towards the exit.

"Wait!" Mark yelled with no plan, seeing the clueless victim about to walk out, free. "Can you put the pizza rolls in the oven for us? I don't want to burn them" Mark said with too-an-angelic of an expression. "Jesus Markus, it says it raght on the packagin'" the young mother sighed and having her date delayed,

walking over to the fridge. As she opened the freezer she did not see, but only heard her son scream “NOW!” before feeling the boy’s schoolbag being swiftly pulled over her face, as Bradley and the twins grabbed the blind-sided woman’s arms and pulled them behind her back, Shaun bringing in the rope. “What the fuck are you doing? Let go of me!” the prettied-up woman’s kind of muffled voice came from the inverted schoolbag-turned-hood, as she struggled to push off everyone. Mark kept the two ends of the bag down with all his strength, keeping his hottie mom from seeing her attackers.

In the panic of the moment, Shaun basically wrapped many coils of rope around the young woman’s exposed belly and arms, pinning her elbows to her sides, but leaving her forearms free. Not the most effective, but it would do for now. “I swear I’ll beat the shit outta you!” Rosemary groaned and stumbled without her sight, unable to dislodge the bag from her head. Her free hands wiggled towards everywhere, in their narrowed freedom. It was kind of a funny sight.

Amidst the chaos, the twins came up with the quick idea to trip the swinging woman. Rosemary of course never saw that coming, dropping on the carpeted floor with an ugly thud. The boys looked at each other with a “whatever works” shrug and swarmed the floored, half-bound damsel. While the others were busy tying up Rosemary’s very exposed legs together, Mark roughly pulled the schoolbag from his mom’s head.

“If you don’t untie me RAGHT NOW, you’re grounded for three FUCKING months!” blondie never had much apprehension about swearing in front of her child. Even more so now that she was fuming from her boy’s shenanigans.

Mark was kneeling right beside her head and simply produced three of his dirty socks, with a gleeful, naughty smile. “Mark, i am NOT kidding, undo these ropes RIGhmMNNFF!!!” the single mom’s telling off was rudely interrupted by the three stinky socks being shoved past her red, glossy lips.

“NNNG, HTTTPP!” (*NOOO, STOP!*) Rosemary groaned with a mouthful of laundry socks. The taste was horrid! Her now sock-stinking breath would definitely not do for her incoming date.

“Tape” Mark asked straight-faced like a seasoned slaver, after just two captures, pulling it with a satisfying zip and placing the silver-grey strip over the head-jerking, bucking woman’s lips. Then holding the roll, he looped it several times around his mom’s pampered blonde hair, the duct tape ruining her date hairstyle by pressing against the hair roughly.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMGHGHH! Uh hmmh’ um’ FUKKNNNN KHHH YHHH!” (*I swear I’ll fucking kill you!*) the young Southern Belle twisted like a banshee under the boy’s busy grip, cursing her son and

his little gang out. Her sexy red miniskirt had ridden further up her thighs, exposing her black, dollar-store pair of panties to all the teen boys. It had a cute little ribbon at the top front. Her red heels were clicking together next to each other, since her ankles were bound as one.

“Since we tied her up like that, maybe we can secure her wrists to her thighs” Shaun said smartly, eliciting a fearful “MNng?” from the tape-gagged hottie. When you have your arms pinned to the sides and five pairs of hands grabbing you, you can offer little resistance, as Rosemary found out. “MMNnn! GNNN!” she let out these cute eye-wide little moans of disbelief, seeing the boys had little shame about pulling her (already not concealing) miniskirt up to tie the hemp rope at the top of each of her naked thighs, basically her wide, child-baring hips.

“It’s for your own good, ma” Mark petted his distressed mom’s hair as the other four worked in pairs to connect the girl’s right wrist to her right upper thigh, and the left wrist to the left thigh. With the added bondage of her heeled ankles and her knees, the sexy young momma was thrashed up like thanksgiving turkey. Every couple of seconds, she let a miserable groan from tasting her boy’s filthy socks. The little bastard had been running around in them the whole day yesterday.

**\*Knock\*knock\***

“Rosemary, ya’ there?” the paper-thin door was being knocked by Rosemary’s buffy date, who thought to surprise his date by picking her up. The boys shared a terrified look for a split second, before Mark rushed over to the couch and grabbed a pillow. “HMMMNGNGM MGNNNNNFFFFHH!” the latter half of Rosemary’s desperate plea for help was drowned as her son pressed the pillow over her face, fully smothering the bound and gagged woman.

“Scouts must adapt with every new set of circumstances, Scouts must adapt with every new set of circumstances!” Bradley mumbled repeatedly to keep himself composed. Things were getting too hectic!

The suffocating Rosemary tried to lift her bound legs in order to stomp her sexy heels to the floor and alert the man to her need, but the boys held every end of the young woman pinned down to the floor, weighing the frantically struggling woman down with all their strength. With her hands attached to the sides of her juicy thighs, no pulling helped Rosemary; she could only open and close her palms with the tension of someone in urgent need of air.

**\*Knock\*Knock\***

“What is it babe? Thought we had plans...” the man’s puzzled voice behind the door followed another couple of knocks. Rosemary’s tied, wailing and shuffling body was only about 3-4 steps from the door and him. Mark was asphyxiating his ma’ for the past 20 seconds, pressing the pillow over either side of her face with both hands, so the young blondie could not turn her head away from it. He just hoped that duffus would up and leave, so that his dear ma’s lungs wouldn’t burst.

20 more silent seconds followed, until the boys heard the man’s foot-steps moving away from the trailer. A disheveled Rosemary took a hungry inhale of air through her nostrils as Mark finally removed the pillow from her face. She was staring daggers up at her son.

A simple detention wouldn’t do for what was taking place.

“We should wrap some tape around her hands, she might be able to grab things that way” Mark pointed to his mother’s barely usable, but still very “wiggly” fingers. The boys followed the advice and soon, Rosemary found herself with some tape-mittens for hands, stuck to her sides like a slutty penguin.

“Where should we store her?” the boys gathered over the mom’s bound and gagged form, discussing her as if she was an object. “Get ‘er to the washing machine” Mark said, the implication causing Rosemary to perk right up, fearfully moaning and protesting once more. The boys paid no attention to her muffled curses, picking her up from under her neck and her legs, moving her over to the machine, next to the kitchen sink.

“MMNNGghh! MNNGH!” Rosemary uselessly swung her shoulders back and forth and kicked her tied, heeled “monoleg” towards the boys, who easily stayed out of the small effect-area of the girl’s double heel-stabbing.

The scouts pushed the squealing woman inside the washing machine, through the 15-inch wide, round hole. Rosemary had to fold her body in half, as well as her tied legs, in order to fit inside the tiny metal enclosure of the machine. Before she could storm towards the round hole, Mark swung the door shut, all but hitting his pretty mom in the face. It locked with a reassuring click.

“MMMNNNGNGH!” the woman’s furious moans were a tad muffled by the encasing effect of the washer, her distress very visible through the clear round glass. “MNNNNNGN!” she groaned and shoulder-bumped the door multiple times, not doing anything but bruising her shoulder.



“Stay put ma’, I’ll be playing in my room” Mark tapped on the glass, as if he was talking to a fish in an aquarium. “Dnn LHHVVv Mm Hhuhhh MMuuk, Mhhrk Uh HMmm T GGhhh! MMMMUHHHHk!” (*Don’t leave me here, Mark, Mark I swear to god! MAAARK!*) the woman’s muffled warnings, in tandem with her body slams against the door, were ignored by the young boys, who were already walking towards Mark’s room and his used PlayStation 2.



## When you see a mom, tie that bum

The boys enjoyed about four hours of video-gaming, not bothering at any point to check on the gagged woman who was locked in the washing machine, dressed in her sexy mini-dress.

The scouts agreed to get the ginger mom, the twins' mother, a little before the deadline, so that they wouldn't bother "storing" her. So they sat and played at Mark's almost all night, until about 4 AM they decided to keep their mission going. To keep the energy up, Mark made everyone coffee, something few had tasted before. The sudden commotion in the living room woke up the bound-asleep Rosemary, who looked through the door with groggy, tired eyes.

"Should we get her with us?" Mark wondered. "I gotta bring the car over first" Shaun replied, knowing how to drive at age 13. Wouldn't be the first illegal thing the boys had done today.

Lana was a real fire-haired beauty, with a gorgeous, curvy bod all along her 5'8". She had those plump, natural, bouncy F-cup breasts that crave to be suckled, and a slim enough waist to make everyone wonder how she had given birth to twins. She was really loving and caring almost to a naïve degree, turning a blind eye to most of her naughty boys' misdoings.

Besides the same color hair and freckles as her two boys, she had the same cute bunny, upper front teeth. The 31-year-old mother was sound asleep like an angel, dressed only in her cozy cotton socks covered with cute pink hearts, some dark-blue panties and a matching satin negligée. Her very wavy, ginger locks were gracefully falling down below her modestly concealed jugs; at least as much as a nightgown could conceal them, since no bra was holding them up. In the middle of a peaceful, deep slumber, the stunning woman never heard the door slowly creaking open, as five little devils stealthily entered her bedroom.

In the room's almost complete darkness, only the moonlight passing through the window, five small, shadowy figures gathered around the blissfully napping woman's bed. The two tiny twins motioned to the thin, white sheet that covered the woman's body up to her neck. It could be used to restrain her more easily. "Scouts must be able to use the environment to their advantage" Bradley mumbled another scout-lesson, barely audible this time.

"Go!" the twins said in unison, as one straddled his mom's juicy chest and the other pulled the edges of the sheet over Lana's face, so that now her whole body was under the white sheet.

“Wh...what?...HEEEELPmmmmMMMMGH!” the woman’s initial startled, sleepy question turned in a panicky scream which was quickly muffled by a boy’s small hand clasping over the white sheet and her mouth. As the hot milf struggled to deal with this sudden peril, the rest of the gang was folding and wrapping her bed-sheet around her every curvy outline of her lower body, from her belly to her toes, then Bradley got to winding rope around the woman’s ankles, her knees as well as her waist, to “package” the struggling woman efficiently.

“Do her boobs, neck and mouth next!” Shaun ordered around, as the gradually-mummified lass bucked and screamed half-blindly, in her offspring’s hand-gag. Bradley rushed over to the head of the bed, first wrapping numerous coils of black tape around the woman’s mouth, over the sheet.

“NNNNNN! PHMMMMMM! HLLPP!” (*Noo! Please! Heelp!*) Lana pleaded desperately to her little kidnapers, who only worked diligently to secure her with rope. The twins kept the sheet nicely folded over and around Lana’s half-naked body as Bradley wrapped more rope around poor Miss Lana’s neck, moderately stifling her initial energy by the sheer pressure of the rope around her windpipe. He then wrapped the rope over the woman’s jaw-dropping boobs, with little reasoning besides his libido’s guidance.

Lana only kept struggling and moaning pitifully very much like an old-timey, fictional damsel-in-distress, as her boobs were squeezed by the taut rope over the white sheet. For the final touch, the sheet over the woman’s pretty green eyes was also tape-wrapped, to completely take away the mummified woman’s sight.

The boys got off their sheet-wrapped prize, letting it roll helplessly from side-to-side on the bed, only able to fold its knees and wave its featureless head around, waiting until the milf tires herself out.

Lana looked like the curviest, sexiest worm the boys had ever seen. The ten cute, nail-painted toes that were sticking out through the end of the sheet were a cute hint of what was giftwrapped inside. They just the scoutmasters would not disqualify them over using the sheet as a bondage aid.

“Let’s get her down to the elevator, I have the car parked outside” Shaun said as Mark was ogling the vulnerable, mummified woman. “I’ll take her” sneaky Bradley volunteered, simply wanting to hold the pretty woman’s body up close to his. Lana gave him some trouble, as she was rather “squirmy” in the teen’s arms, shockingly acting like she DIDN’T want to be abducted from her own bed.

“Shoot, we didn’t use any gagging materials this time” Bradley said nervously while carrying the bound mom through the apartment building’s corridor, but one look at Lana’s difficulty to be heard even through 5 feet, with her neck half-squeezed by her new tape “choker necklace” and her mouth covered with 5 layers of tape and a couple more of sheet, convinced everyone that her silencing was sufficient. “Hush, mommy, you’ll have company in the car very soon” the two twins patted their mummified mother on the head, which didn’t calm her down at all.

They weren't lying either, as upon opening the trunk of Shaun's dad's Mercedes, it was much more crowded than initially. Next to a leg-cramping and surprisingly teary-eyed, Cadence, who was hogtied for half a day and had suffered like hell in the dark boot of the car, was a motionless, debilitated Leslie, sweaty on her dress, apron and very exposed armpits, from a full day's worth of struggling in her bonds, still with her yellow rubber gloves tethered behind her head. The blindfolded and gagged mom was cowering towards the far end of the trunk, her legs balled up to her large chest.

Finally, Rosemary was seen "tagging along" the other two moms, stashed next to Leslie in the right side of the trunk. Still in her sexy date attire, which had not gotten the use the girl was hoping for, Rosemary renewed her groaning and bond-pulling, her tape-mittens on the side of her thighs wiggling adorably.

"Make some room ladies" Shaun arrogantly talked down to the four adult women, as the sheet-wrapped Lana was pretty much deposited on Leslie's and Lana's legs, causing muffled pained groans from each. "Sit tight gurls, the camp is only a half-hour drive" Mark said as the boys closed the trunk-door over the four moaning damsels.



## Leave your mom more bound than you found her

A dark-blue Mercedes passed through the wooden gate of the scout-camp, a place surrounded by trees, with four little cabins amidst nature, surrounding a large camp-fire spot and some bare tree-trunk poles, used for target practice and other activities.

The sun was starting to rise, coloring the sky with a calm, blue hue. Jerome and Robert, the two scout-masters were sitting on the main office cabin of the camp, having their morning cup of coffee.

**\*BLAM\***

The cabin's door was kicked wide open by two small shorts-wearing legs, belong to the Ginger twins, they were carrying their sheet-mummified mom by her two "ends", one holding the struggling woman's fused ankles while the other held her squirming torso. Following right behind was Bradley, carrying his bound mom over his strong shoulders, the woman's heavy tits swaying from side to side along with the fat kid's stride, dangling over his back.

Then came Shaun, who was dragging his hogtied, naked mother across the grassy ground by folded knees, the blonde cougar facing behind him and groaning uncomfortably into her gag.

Lastly, it was Mark who burst in the room, carrying his displeased damsel/mom in his arms. Rosemary was budging from her boy's arms, only so that he wouldn't drop her.

All four bound milfs were deposited on the wood-board floors, in front of the older scout-masters. "We're ready for our evaluation!!!" Shaun played spokesperson for the group, addressing the two young men, who eyed the four bound females that were squirming in their sons' grasp.

Soon, all four terrified damsels found themselves secured onto each of the four wooden poles in the middle of the campsite. Besides Cadence's neck-to-ankle rope being cut, the specimen's bondage was left untouched for evaluation. Only a few wraps of rope have been added around the underside of their breasts and the large poles, to keep the moms upright or (even more hilariously) keep them from trying to hop away to safety.

No other boy scout was present in the camp at this day. But the five kids, stoically waiting for the rope knots to be graded, did not know everyone else was off to an expedition at the lake.

“Hmm” Robert, the white scoutmaster, approached the moaning, blinded Leslie. He examined the boys’ rope-work, not shy of touching the pretty black woman wherever and turning her whenever the bondage was out of his sight. He gave the scared, unsuspecting woman a small tickle on one armpit. “MMMG!” poor Leslie flinched, not able to close her arm or even move it away. “Good tension with the arm bondage, they are perfectly folded and don’t budge, which is important” he praised the boys who all beamed with pride.

The man pulled the tape off the damsel’s eyes, the two sponges falling off. Leslie’s eyes were a bit bloodshot, both from lots and lots of crying, as well as some soap getting in there. They looked at the young scout master with utter submission.

“Creating a chest harness is often a good solution for tethering body parts” he continued, observing the helpless mom’s nice milkers, already trapped between two layers of tight rope. “MMNGGmmmm!” Leslie whimpered as the young man pinched her chocolate-colored thigh, to check the pull she could exert on her knee-bondage, as well as gauge her noisiness. As her legs instinctively jerked, the rope around her knees didn’t budge much. Her ankles appeared nicely fused, too.

“Good start and the noise levels are relatively low” Robert concluded, moving on to the next bondage ‘admission’, Cadence. The cougar’s pretty, brown eyes looked up at him pitifully, as well as confused by this whole setup. The fact she was completely naked did not improve her feelings about this ‘test’. She strained against the rope going under her nice tits, only finding its firm resistance.

“Nice technique on the elbow bondage, it’s good that they are touching for maximum restraint” Robert said while examining his rope students’ handiwork on Cadence’s skinny, hurting arms. “PLllghh! GH mm Uuht ug thuuhh”! (*Please, Get me out of this!*) the blonde cougar incoherently begged the two men, softly squirming up against the wooden pole. “Worse gagging on this one. Too loud” Robert critiqued, rather than reply to the milf’s gagged plea.

Like all the other moms, she hoped they would be reasonable and put an end to this madness, but all they did was study their degrading bondage; like their young boys were trainee slavers.

“But, the rope work is again excellent and the fact that you demonstrated a hogtie has to be taken into account” the brown-haired guy said fairly, glancing at the shapely momma’s nude body a bit more than she would have liked.

“Nice thinking with taping the fingers” Jerome praised the boys’ cruel bondage of the gag-cursing Rosemary, still feisty despite the over 10 hours of bondage. “And the gagging is rather secure, I can

barely hear her screaming” he added truthfully, as no matter how much Rosemary was straining her lungs, no one was bothered by her muffled whining. He pinched and prodded at the white lass’s ass and hips, seeing that her ropes held her pretty well. The white bitch was less than squirmy, even though she tried her best to dislodge her hands from her hips.

Finally, Jerome turned his attention to a bedsheet-mummified Lana, tethered to her pole like the others, softly weeping into her tape-gag. “Points for creativity” he shrugged at the sight and gave the big-breasted mother a nice grope on her nightgown and sheet covered jugs, eliciting another adorable gagged yelp. “No stuffing on the gag” he shook his head disapprovingly, but noted the strict, inescapable knots the boys made on the woman’s body.

“I can safely say your boys have passed the test” the two scout masters announced to the ecstatic group.

Miss Leslie, Miss Cadence, Miss Rosemary and Miss Lana were still as bound as before, squirming like Native American sacrifices, roped onto their totem poles. Normally, they’d be thrilled to be present in their sons’ medal ceremony, but now they appeared less than happy.

“I hereby present you with the Expert Knots merit badge” Jerome and Robert said, pinning the metal buttons with the image of a knot onto the lined up kids’ scout uniform, while their four distressed mothers moaned a few feet away.

“You must be tired from this challenge. Go to the dorms and get some rest” Robert offered, and the sleep-deprived boys obliged happily, heading towards a cabin.

“Are they gone? Finally...” Jerome sighed, rolling his eyes, his demeanor taking a drastic shift from his previously apprenticing one. “I think all four are good. Right?” Robert asked his business partner, like checking out products at a grocery store. He had made his mind up on the disrobed, Karen-looking cunt, the younger white bitch in the slutty mini-dress and the thicker black mommy.

“I think so, let me just make sure” Jerome said in the same no-more-bullshit tone, taking out a switchblade and approaching the fourth gift-wrapped prize, the ginger mom. Holding her objectifyingly by her taped head, he made a cut on the sheet, from her neck down to her legs, opening it like the curtains to a theater show. “MMMGG!” Lana cried out, sensing a blade in close proximity to her flesh.

Even without seeing the redhead’s beautiful face, her negligee-clad body, meaty and thin in all the right spots, was a certified moneymaker. “Good thing you’re pretty otherwise we’d have to get rid of you” Robert gave a little ‘oughta girl’ smack at Lana’s taped and sheet-wrapped face.

“Lucky whore...” Jerome seconded the notion. Couldn’t have any mommy walk away from this.

Robert took out his phone and made a call as the four tabled damsels watched silently, but with worried, puzzled eyes. What were these two planning to do with them?! “Yes, I got four cute sluts, just like the order specified. Yes, they’re all confirmed mothers....alright, we’re waiting” the call ended almost as soon as it begun.

The ruse had worked like a charm. The scoutmasters had a profitable side-gig as secret slavers. They had gotten a request to gather as many hot moms as they could, for a client’s ‘particular’ tastes. All things considered, four sexy mommy-slaves was a pretty good catch.

“I assume we have some time with them, before they are shipped off” Jerome proposed suggestively. “Yes, yes, we do” his partner replied, approaching the buffet of white meat. “Mmnnf!” All women, even the still blinded Lana, shook their heads with desperate disbelief, whimpering in their packed gags.

These guys were about to have their way with them!

“Sup’ sweet-cheeks. Care for one last fuck before your trip?” Robert said as he unzipped his scout-shorts in front of a terrified, stunned Rosemary, whose mini-dress was exposing her panties, riding up her wrist-to-thigh-bound hips.

“I’ll take the rich slut” Jerome said, approaching an eye-wide, squirmy Cadence. “You’ve probably never been fucked by a black cock before, have you? I’ll make the experience memorable, I promise” he said to the white, pampered milf who was now pitifully sobbing behind her stuff/tape gag, pleading with her eyes. Nothing like the feisty, arrogant attitude Cadence usually possessed.

The young, lean men took out their scout switch-knives and cut off any “obstructing” ropes from the women’s bonds, namely on their knees and ankles, allowing access to their helpless pussies. Lana and Leslie could only watch in bound dread, hoping they weren’t next.

“HHMNNNGG! HHHHHLLLLPP!” both Rosemary and Cadence screamed into their gags as loud as they could, trying to alert anyone in the secluded, wooded area. It was too bad that their own sons had made their gags too good and soundproofing for their moms to alert them of their danger. The boys were



already snoozing peacefully on their beds on the cabin only about 20 meters away, with an accomplished smile painted on their faces.

Ignoring the two cunts' gagged screams, the two head-scouts grabbed their legs and lifted them, held in their arms. The tight rope around the whores' chest kept them from sliding down the trunk.

With her red miniskirt now fully lifted around her waist and "out of the way" and with cute black panties cut at the crotch with another snip of the blade, Robert securely grabbed the squirming white girl by her hips, spreading her legs and eased his 7-inch, girthy cock inside her pussy. "NNn! NNN! GNNNNNNNN!" Rosemary's protests were never disregarded and the third 'nooo' was a muffled cry of pain from the sheer stretching pressure in her poor white-girl cunt, as Robert penetrated her raw.

Next to her, Cadence had been "set-up" a bit differently, with Jerome having rope-tied one of her ankles and secured it on the pole high above her head, forcing the elastic yoga-mom's leg to lock fully raised with her naked foot next to her head. He re-tethered the other ankle to the bottom of the pole, keeping the wealthy slut nice and exposed, her clean-shaven pussy on fully display.

"HMmmff! GGNNN!" Cadence tried to get away from the strong, muscular black dude, twisting and shifting her very compromised body to avoid his 8-inch, scary-looking erection, which was already rubbing against the side of her tight ass. Her fully naked, bound body was trapped between Jerome and hard wood.

Between two hard woods, in a way.

"Whoa, relax lil' one. I betcha you'll enjoy it after a while" the younger black dude 'comforted' his rape-victim, whilst pushing his 8-incher past Cadence's (still) tight sex-hole.

"So nice..." the guy exclaimed, feeling Cadence's pussy squeeze his veiny cock so delightfully. The unlucky Caucasian brawd was so helpless, the young man had full freedom to use his hands to grope her fake titties and choke her some. Rough her up.

Meanwhile, Rosemary was letting out pained, crying moans linked to the rhythm of her pounding, Robert holding her under the knees, using her legs as little more than handles for more leverage.

The two young black dudes certainly had their fun with their new "merchandise", before it would be shipped half-across the globe to their buyer. When they were ready to "bust" they made sure to include their bound audience.

Robert lifted Lana's rope-tied ankles up and held them with one hand while ejaculating right onto the young mother's lovely soles. His slaver-partner cut off Leslie's chest-rope and let the bitch drop to her fused knees. Rubbing his precum (and Cadence pussy-juice) covered cock all over the poor mom's taped face, holding her hair firmly and pressing her face onto his hard-on, the man soon busted onto the mommy's nice udders, his cum "pooling" in a little river down the cleavage of the her cute polka dress.

Without any semen clean-up whatsoever, Leslie, Cadence, Rosemary and Lana were picked in pairs over each shoulder of the strong, youthful men, each carrying two bound cunts like feathers, despite the women's urgent wiggling and writhing. They placed each damsel inside individual, rectangular wooden crates, which allowed for no room but the smallest shuffling.

"MMNNNGGHHHF!" their muffled cries went unanswered as the crates' lids were hammered shut over them with many nails. "Guess it's not that hard to be a scout-master" Jerome joked with his buddy, as they stacked the crates, containing their living cargo, on top of each other.

When the five boy-scouts would wake up, their respected Scoutmasters would simply inform them that they untied their moms, explained the boys' challenge and sent them on their merry way, while in reality the four sexy moms would be boarding a ship to a strange destination, to be part of their new owner's motherhood-based slave harem.

