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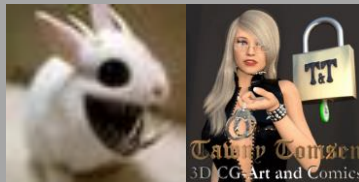
# THE LOVE BURGLAR

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Part I



Story by AtomicWick  
Illustration by Tawny Tomsen  
January 2019

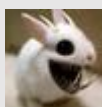


An AtomicWick and Tawny Tomsen collaboration



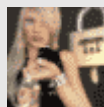
## The Love Burglar (Part 1) © 2019

Story by



[AtomicWick](#)

Illustrations by

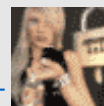


[Tawny Tomsen](#)

Featuring [berseh](#)



and [TawnyT](#)





*Greetings! You are about to enter the world of The Love Burglar. She is an enigmatic adventuress who not only robs people of jewels and other valuables for fencing, but she also steals the love they didn't even know they had for her. It can be a blessing or a curse, and both scenarios occur within these pages quite frequently. Our heroine rises above it all by ardently navigating these tides while making bank on her victims' riches.*

*Oh, and she also makes time to grab some love of her own. Because along with our enchanting, street tough Tawny, there is also the swan-like Berseh to share her bed. Tawny and Berseh learn the highs and lows of their devotion to each other while balancing (or perhaps escaping from) the toils of everyday life. Their is a journey of how each woman completes the other.*

*I suppose I should mention that Tawny's capriciousness leads to one or two slaves to decorate their domestic surroundings. Berseh may have her own issues with this, but neither woman would have the other any other way.*

*Within these pages, you will meet a variety of characters both good and bad, villainous and chivalrous, spiteful and benevolent. Being a love burglar doesn't mean everyone is your friend, but neither are the enemies quite as clearly defined. The Love Burglar's nights are rife with ambiguity and thrill. Danger and safety are certainties in this world, but one is never certain when either takes precedence over the other. Especially not the Love Burglar.*

*The only true certainty in the Love Burglar's world is . . . there is love out there for the taking.*



## Content

Preamble.....	2
1 - Feathering the Nest .....	4
2 – Once a Month .....	7
3 – Practice Run.....	11
4 – The Black Cloud.....	15
5 – Rescue in Blue.....	20
6 – Out of Town.....	28
7 – Steal Betty .....	34
8 – Abandon Steve.....	37
9 - Nicknames.....	39
10 – Gag Kissed.....	42
11 – Alone Time.....	44
12 – Rest Stop.....	48
13 – Jukebox Exchange .....	51
14 – The Particulars of Cru.....	54
15 – Meeting Cru .....	59
16 – Spa Treatment .....	64
17 – What Else You Got?.....	69
18 – Captive Doll.....	73
19 – Not Unfunny .....	76
20 – A New Toy.....	79
About .....	83
Portraits .....	84



## 1 - Feathering the Nest



My name is Tawny, and I am no ordinary thief. I get by like many other of my ilk, stealing what I can where I can when I can. I fence jewelry and other rare and valuable items, but those sparkly bits and baubles are the last things I purloin. Whenever I choose a victim, the very first thing I steal is love.

To be a burglar takes a lot of skill, which I have. If I could not pick your pocket or bypass your security system, I would not last long in this profession. However, artisans of the craft crave some quality of which to distinguish themselves. I choose love and I'm quite well-suited to get it.

I'm blonde, which seems to be a desirable quality in mysterious women. I'm also athletic, as this job requires peak physical prowess. But I also have dangerous curves, along with a healthy bustline. And if I do say so myself, I look hot in tight black leather.

Well, that's what my victims tell me. Who am I to argue?

Of course, I choose marks that I can handle physically. All the easier to tie them up. And since, by that point, I know they're into me, it's not difficult to charm them into letting me keep what I want. Even if it's them.

Case in point.

One night, I was scaling down the side of a high-rise. I'd heard tell of a loaded apartment that would put me in fine living for quite a while. My reflection was only half visible because of my black attire. My long hair flailed in the breeze like tall grain on a vast hillside. The full moon glinted off my hips as if bouncing off an arced blade.

When I got to the right level, I attached a frame with a motorized diamond tip. Soon I laid a perfect circle of glass aside and I slipped into the apartment. I replaced it, held in stasis by suction cup attachments, so the breeze would not disturb anything.

Though the lights were out, I could tell the residence was plush and very posh. There would likely be many items I could purloin. And I do love purloining so very much.

Just as I was getting my bearings, the lights flashed on.



"Oh my!" said a lovely voice. "You are here!"

I twirled to see a lovely, pale brunette in the nude. She looked a tad familiar, but I had to act fast. I drew a chloro-sponge from my pack, closed the distance between us, and clamped it over her nose and mouth. She wilted like a gentle flower bowing in the rain.

I couldn't let her beauty stall me. So, I bound her wrists behind her and tied her ankles together. And to preclude any feistiness, I put her into a hogtie. I gagged her with several strips of tape and laid her on the coffee table. Then I looked around to see what I could purloin.

To the bedroom!

There were many wonderful items on the dresser, the nightstand, and in the bureau. I also found her wallet, took the money, and read her driver's license. That's when I heard her stirring.

Since she was naked, I thought it was only polite to reciprocate. So, I stripped off my burgling clothes and gear. I sat on the couch, facing her as she opened her eyes.

"Hello," I said. "As you may have surmised, I am here to rob you."

"Mmm!"

"Yes, you are hogtied quite securely. But you should be used to that. I learned who you are. You are berseh, the world-famous bondage model."

"Mmm!"

"What a lucrative career you have. Being a stunt double for actresses who do not wish to be tied up for their roles. And modeling as the bound and gagged captive for many monster, sci-fi, and detective magazines."

"Mmm! Mm-mm!"

"You wish to speak?"

"Mm-hm."

"Very well. Although I do like the appearance of you gagged very much. And I love the sweet kitten sounds you make. But beware I can always apply another gag later."

I peeled the tape off slowly, because I did not want to hurt this beauty. And her lips stretched so prettily as they came free.

"Oh, thank you," said berseh. "I've been hoping you'd come."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I've heard about you. About how you don't just steal things, you steal hearts. So, I put the word out that my place was ripe for picking."

"Is this a trap? I swear if there are police coming, I will take you away and you will not like your next bondage!"

"Oh no, nothing like that."

"Then what?"

"I heard how you almost got caught a couple of times. I don't want that because I have dreamed of being tied by you. If you are caught, you can no longer keep rich people on their toes. So here is the deal: You get to use my penthouse as a home base. And I get to be tied by you whenever I am not out on a modeling job."



"You want me to keep you tied up while I rob other people? This sounds like a strange deal to me."

"Like I said, I hear the stories of how you steal hearts. It is in the hearing that you have stolen mine. Plus, in my job, I am tied for long periods. I am used to it. And I need to keep in practice. I can't think of anyone I would rather keep me."

"You are kinky. I like that."

"So what is your answer, Miss Love Burglar? Will you stay and be my queen? And I forever your concubine?"

This would not require much hard thinking. Berseh was quite beautiful and perfectly willing to be my bondage trinket, the very best kind of jewelry. She was also right in that my previous couple of escapades were close calls. And because of that, my jobs were getting riskier. I hesitated to accept some if I did not have a safe retreat.

And now this Berseh, this beautiful swan in ropes, wants to become the feathers for my nest. I picked her up from the coffee table and laid her on the couch. Then I lay next to her. There was a warmth emanating from her paleness that enticed me. I put my breast to her mouth and she knew exactly what to do.

I decided to accept Berseh's offer. So, I replaced the tape over her mouth, and I placed several strips over my own. Sort of to seal the deal with sealed lips. We gag-kissed for hours.

So, to all you police and rich targets out there. It will not be so simple anymore to pursue me. I have a home base. I have a beautiful woman's resources and more. Hide your pretty things from me if you think it will make a difference. I will not come solely for those. I will come for your love.

And I will keep it with me forever.





## 2 – Once a Month



He begged me not to leave him.

"Please, my goddess! Don't leave me!"

Yeah, he's one of those. Every now and then I rob someone who is way too into it. And they regard me as a deity from some kind of Olympian paradise. They don't know what paradise is. But if any mere mortal had even the slightest concept, it might be Dr. Thaddeus Brooch.

Thaddy, as he likes to be called, is a Greco-phile. He colors his life with legends of the gods. Especially the goddesses. Apparently, I'm his Aphrodite. To me, he's the portly bald man strapped naked to a chair. He's heaving in anticipation, but will receive no release. That's not what I do.

I don't give love. I steal it.

Except in one case, but that will come later.

"These five Rolex watches are all you have?" I said.

"Oh yes, my goddess. I'm an early collector, you see. I can get more, if only you'll come back."

Oh brother.

"Don't lie to me, Thaddy. It endangers my trust."

"But that's all I have!"

"And your wife? What does she have?"

"No, you can't."

"Ah, so she does. You will tell me."

"No!"



I strutted towards him, like Marilyn Monroe in slow motion. I straddle his lap and unzipped my catsuit down to my belly button. Glory be to the wonders of double-sided tape.

"Are you sure?" I said.

"Oh Lord . . . oh, dammit! All right! Third drawer down to the left on my wife's bureau. The key to it is in an empty perfume bottle. The one with a heart-shaped cap."

Bedrooms always have the best stuff.

I found a dozen gold necklaces with various pendants of emerald, diamond, and ruby. Thaddy's wife would be very upset.

"Please," said Thaddy. "My wife will be very upset."

"Not my concern, Thaddy," I said. "These will feather my nest quite nicely."

"Oooo! You! You're such a scoundrel! I want you more than ever!"

"The straps attaching each wrist to the opposing ankle say differently. As do the ones criss-crossing your torso and thighs."

"What are you going to do to me, my little night minx?"

Gross.

"Dear Thaddy, I have already done it. I am taking my leave."

I laid a ballgag on his lap. When his wife got home, she would know what to do with it.

I donned one of Mrs. Brooch's long coats and a rakish hat. The watches and necklaces were secure in my hip holster. I simply walked out of the apartment, rode the elevator down, and strolled through the lobby. Any who saw me, even if they recognized the coat, likely assumed I was a mistress or some sort of night masseuse.

All these baubles will find a new home, but the part of Dr. Thaddeus Brooch I will keep forever? Those last words as I shut the door: "Ye gods, what a woman!"





I hurried home to be with my berseh. Tonight, was a special time of the month for us. An agreement we reached that benefited and satisfied both of us. As I divested myself of my take and my working togs, I found her on the couch. She was watching Key Largo on the TV.

"A wonderful classic movie," I said. I plopped next to her, our naked bodies already giving warmth to each other.

"You know, Tawny," said berseh, "the fat guy in the bathtub looks kinda like your target tonight."

"He does. Except my target didn't smoke. And he was weaker than a bowl of pudding."

"He held out on you?"

"For a moment or two."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing beyond my expert teasing, my swan."

"Good. I want to be the only one you more than tease. Speaking of which, this is the first night of our agreement."

"How could I forget? I'm looking forward to it."

"I'll get the chains."

Our agreement.

Once a month, I would be hers to bind and gag as she pleases. It took a bit of negotiating. I was unwilling to give up any control at first. But I began to think differently. It was my choice to give up control, however briefly. So perhaps that is also a kind of control.

berseh didn't want to be in control a lot. She reasoned it was necessary to know bondage from both sides. Though she preferred one side over the other, she had a good point. And she said she would not rush me into it. She would wait until I was comfortable in my own mind with it.

Finally, after three weeks (I was a hard sell), I relented. I made it clear it wasn't an issue of trust. Just that it can be difficult to give up something precious. But as our closeness evolved, so did my perceptions of surrender and control.

I was so excited I could not stretch the tingles in my body away. It was difficult to stay still as she shackled my wrists behind me. Then she shackled my ankles. Padded shackles, of course. Then she wrapped chains around my thighs and torso, and locked them in place. Snug, but not constrictive. A difficult balance to achieve when binding with metal. But it felt fine so far.

"Is this all of it?" I said.

"Almost," she said. "I want to try a gag I saw online."

I'm sure my face has a quirk of worry on it.

"Oh, don't worry," said berseh. "It's not complicated."

"If you say s-mmmf!"

She placed a ball in my mouth, then overlaid it with strips of clear tape. That was it. Secure and filling. My swan laid me on the couch. Then she draped herself along my body, embracing me, her face cheek to cheek with mine.



berseh picked up the remote and turned the TV on again. Casablanca was on, and we laid that way through the whole movie. Her caresses became a bit aggressive during the singing of La Marseilles, but we enjoyed the movie. And it was once a month.

It's not easy giving up control. But it helps to give it to somebody you trust. Though we'd only been together a short while, I trusted her. I also trusted that once I was freed, our roles would reverse.

After the movie, berseh unlocked the chains pinning my arms and legs, but not the shackles. The marks weren't deep, but she massaged them away. She was on top of me, kissing my gag passionately, giving herself to the moment. Which is why she was shocked when I pulled her arms behind her and bound her wrists with my shackles.

"How did you get free?" she said.

I removed my gag and said "I would not be much of a burglar if I could not escape. I have been captured many times, but never caught."

"Damn, I was hoping this would last all night."

"It's after midnight," I said, shackling her ankles, "so technically it did."

"Just you wait till next ti-mmmf!"

I pressed the clear tape firmly and then kissed her. The warmth from her lips was a solemn promise to the morning.

As she laid behind me, I spilled the contents of my pack on the coffee table. The Rolexes I laid side by side. And I gently untangled the necklaces. 24K gold deserves a gentle effort.

"I wonder which necklace would look wonderful on you," I said.

"Mmm!"

"The braided chain?"

"Mm-mm."

"The little bell charm?"

"Nmm."

"The emerald."

"Mm-hmmm!"

"You can only wear it here, I'm afraid. But the rest will fund my enterprise quite nicely."

I placed the necklace around the neck of my beautiful swan. The emerald pendant glittered on her chest like sweat from Aphrodite's passion.

"All that remains," I said, "is taking this haul to my fence."

I looked back to my shackled bird. Her eyes were liquid, yet still. Ponds unwilling to ripple until I dove into them.

"But I suppose that can wait till later."

I dove in, and we swam until dawn.



### 3 – Practice Run



People say to me "Tawny, you're the most wanted jewel thief in the city. And you're shacking up with a world-famous bondage model. How do you keep from being recognized when you go out?"

Actually, they don't say that. I do. And going out is not hard to do when the authorities know me more by reputation than by sight. That is largely due in part to my so-called victims. The ones whose love I have stolen, along with their most valuable jewelry.

"Oh, officer. She moved so quickly I could not see her."

"No, officer. The wig was blonde. I didn't see her hair."

"I think she spoke with a French accent. Or was it Swedish? Japanese maybe?"

"She didn't say much except 'goodbye.' Um . . . do you have to untie me right now?"

Women and men, all too rich to care about most of the stuff I purloin. I don't take paintings or sculptures. They break too easily. The economists have it right when they say the future is in gold and silver. But it's also in gems.

Still, I cannot totally rely on lack of word of mouth. So, I suppose it's necessary to make a few alterations before I go out. It does not take much to be different. A blonde wig, but a few shades darker and a few inches shorter. Wide glasses to distort the shape of my face. Even a change in accent when I speak.

I donned a new raincoat and wide-brim hat and said goodbye to my beautiful swan, berseh. Late afternoon and she was still in bed. But then, so was I till a few minutes ago. She had an evening shoot scheduled, so she would be leaving soon. It was the perfect time to meet with my fence.

The rain was mostly mist hanging in the air, wetting people like walking into curtains. But there were some large raindrops meant to remind people nature was boss. No matter how close I drew my collar, some random drop managed to spatter beneath my eye. Other raindrops pelted my coat like pebbles kicked up by children skipping rope. The air was so heavy, it was hard to breathe. Not the ideal weather for burglary.



I stepped into a greeting card shop, waved to the vendor, and went downstairs with a key only I and a few others had. My fence is very particular in whom he buys merchandise from. I walked down a wide hallway with windowless doors on either side. At the end was a counter with an old-fashioned cash register. There was no cage between buyer and seller. If my fence did not buy from you, he shot you.

That or you found out what was behind one of the doors.

His name was Carson LeGroin.

Don't laugh. It's not pronounced how it looks. It actually sounds like "Le-grawn." But he lets people get away with it. He likes being underestimated.

Carson is short, wiry, and hirsute. Bald, but too much hair on his shoulders. Large nose and lips, small ears and eyes.

"Ah, Miss Tawny," said Carson. "What have you brought me today?"

I spilled the contents of my pack on the counter.

"Five Rolex watches and eleven gold necklaces," he said. "All high quality."

"I never bring anything less," I said.

"Even so, one necklace seems to be missing."

"What do you mean?"

"You hit the Brooch penthouse, did you not? The wife's most valuable necklace has an emerald in it. Is it too pretty to give up?"

"Carson, you've never known me to keep anything for myself."

"I'm just saying, Miss Tawny. But what do I care? You want to hold onto it for a while, bring it in later. That's all right with me. But you will bring it. Do not think I am soft on you."

"I know, Carson. You do not like women."

"I don't like anyone. That way, no one can play games with me."

"How soon can you sell these?"

"Very soon. High quality, as I said. Come back in two days. I will have your money then."

"Pleasure doing business with you, Carson."

"Bon nuit, Miss Tawny. Oh, a tip for you."

"What is it?"

"If you see money on the sidewalk, do not pick it up. It is a trick by the cops. They photograph anyone who falls for it, for future reference."

"And I thought you didn't like me."

"I like business, not people. You are good business."

"Why Carson, you flatterer."

I exited the card shop and started back home. What a weird word is home. I haven't had one for quite a while. But when the word pops up in my head, Berseh's face is next to it. I walked by a newsstand and saw her on the cover of a monster magazine. It showed Frankenstein slogging through a swamp with muck-encrusted trees. He carried in his arms a bound and gagged Berseh dressed in a sheer silk gown.



Apparently, the monster was gallant enough to carry berseh over all the muck and grime, but not enough to untie her.

As berseh was still away on a shoot, I thought about going on another spree. I didn't really need to, but I like keeping Carson busy. And there was another penthouse I'd been reading about. It was owned by a retired stage actress named Virginia Blue. She retired at 40. An early age, but she had the money to do it. Plus, she was rumored to appreciate the ladies. It was certainly an enticing prospect, but I had to be careful.

Too many jobs too close together made a trail to be followed. I could afford that before because I had no home base. And the last thing I wanted was to be tracked to the one I have now.

Yet I felt determined to do this.

So, I decided to do a practice run. For that, I would have to wait for berseh to come home.

I was naked as she walked through the door, which was her cue to get naked for whatever I had in mind. I explained about this caper that seemed too good to pass up. Usually, I smash and grab because I'm only after specific things. But pulling this job so close to the others required some prep. I'd already gone over layouts and security. Now I needed to practice tying a woman up quickly, yet comfortably.

"Oh, my goodness!" said berseh. "A sexy night scoundrel has invaded my personal territory! Whatever shall I do? Whoops, there go my clothes!"

"You do not have to sell it so hard," I said.

"Oh no! She has bound me hand and foot! Now she's attaching a crotch rope! Goodness me! What kind of girl does she think I am?"

"A girl who will spend the night in the closet if she does not stop making me laugh." I attached a hogtie to the crotch rope.

"Oh, she has hogtied me! I am now a helpless worm squirming exclusively for her pleasure! Perhaps if I satisfy her, she will not gag me!"

"Right now, I am hard to satisfy." I took her handkerchief from her shirt, puddled on the floor, and filled her mouth with it. Then a roll of bandage tape around her head till it ran out.

berseh does not particularly like this gag because it mats her hair down. Even though it is not very sticky, she likes her hair to be free. However, no one can argue against a well-wrapped gag making a lovely countenance.

"This would have gone quicker if you had not made me laugh," I said. "My task depends on timing."

"Whmm-mmrm."

"Whatever? As in whatever can I add to your bondage? You are quite secure now. I can always make you more secure."

"Gm mhmm, mmk mm dmm!"

"Talking like Dirty Harry will not make it easier."

"Sm whm?"

"Oh, the attitude from you. So, you would like a harness around your arms and boobs? More ropes around your legs? A toe tie attached to your gag?"

"Plm nmm!"

"Please no what?"



"Mmstrmmf."

"That's better. Mistress is pleased. Now as a reward, give me fifteen orgasms."

"Fmftmm?"

"Okay, five. Can you not take a joke?"

Later, I was laying in bed, researching the history of Virginia Blue. berseh, still in the same bondage, laid next to me. She awaited my attention patiently, because I made it worth waiting for.

Virginia Blue, now 45, platinum hair (used to be dishwater blonde), quite voluptuous, and a regular visitor of the local dungeons. So however, I tie her up like I've done to others lately, it won't intimidate her. Unless, perhaps, I go hardcore. Which brings up the issue of time. And if she's an escapologist, I have to plan for that.

This was beginning to get complicated.

However, Miss Blue had a large stash of gems and bracelets and other of my favorite kinds of baubles. It really was too good to pass up. But I'm not a stupid burglar. Stealing her love may not be difficult. Keeping her prisoner is a different story. This woman was crafty. I needed to do more than just read up on her.

I closed the laptop and snuggled up to berseh. My swan felt so soft tonight that she slid against me like warm ice. I removed her bandage tape gag and replaced it with me.

Tomorrow I would visit Virginia Blue's favorite dungeon. I would submit myself to her Dom for a few hours. Then I would know everything I need to get what I want.





## 4 – The Black Cloud



Sometimes I hear a little voice that says "Tawny, you are trying to do too much."

Usually, I listen to it. Getting gold and jewel fever is a bad thing. In that light, going after Virginia Blue's hoard was bad for me. But the jewels weren't the challenge for me this time. It was all Blue.

Virginia Blue, a 45-year-old former stage actress with a strong kinky side. Lots of loot in her hands, but also lots of anticipation to overcome. She would not be seduced by my usual methods. Maybe I had gotten lazy by robbing too many men lately. Maybe I was losing my touch.

That is why I was going to visit The Dark Sun Stroke, one of the more progressive bdsm dungeons in the city. Only open at night and by appointment. So, I called in a reservation for 'Tommi Jensen' tonight. My real name is not known, and I plan to keep it that way.

I left berseh some slack in her nightly bondage so she could easily get free on her own, as she likes to do. But that is only after she lingers in it like a long embrace.

As I walked down dark and corroded sidewalks, I stepped out of cones of light cast by streetlamps. The smart muggers do not bother you if they cannot see your hands. By the scuffing of my feet, I could tell the washers had not been by in a while. A flap of paper rattled as it stuck to the toe of my boot. Wads of gum poked my heels like peas under the mattress of a princess.

I saw a five-dollar bill on the ground and recalled the admonition of my fence, Carson LeGroin.

"It is a trick by the cops," he had said. "They photograph anyone who falls for it. For future reference."

So, I continued until I reached the entrance to The Dark Sun Stroke. The door was metal, with the figure of a woman embedded within it. Apparently, she was encased from the other side. Her rear faced outside and had a steel knocker over those generous buns. I knocked three times, which caused the woman to moan.

It was the best idea for a doorbell I had ever seen.



The door opened and in the space stood a lovely, petite Asian woman. She wore a leather studded thong bikini and top, knee-high boots, and her dark hair ran straight to her waist. She had not quite a doll face because I sensed passion beneath those fierce eyes. Though she was not heavily endowed, her hips were hypnotic.

"Miss Jensen?" She said. "The 9 o'clock?"

"Yes," I said.

"Welcome. I am Louisa Cho, though most people call me Louie. But for tonight, you will call me mistress."

"Yes, mistress."

Louie led me down the hallway past an assortment of padlocked wooden doors. Screams came out of a few of them. Also, various emotional interpretations of the word 'YES!'

"In here," she said. It was the last room on the left.

Louie shut the door and somebody padlocked from outside. I heard another door being unlocked across from us.

"We cannot leave until we are done," said Louie. "Now strip."

"Yes, mistress."

"Now to business. What do you expect out of tonight?"

"Four hours of inescapable bondages," I said.

"I can do three to six different kinds in a standard four-hour slot, depending on how long you want each one to last."

"Three is fine. It is my first time here."

"And yet you asked for me."

"I have heard you are the best." Actually, I had heard she was once Virginia Blue's dom.

"Which is why I'm not cheap."

"And why you are worth it."

"So, let's begin."

She slipped an armbinder on behind me. It had buckles for the elbows and wrists. It would not be slipped off. Then she had me step into a single boot that zipped all the way to my upper thighs. It had buckles for the knees, ankles, and thighs. It fit like a second skin, yet I could not bend my knees.

Louie picked me up and set me against the wall. Bindings were hanging on either side of me, which she firmly fastened. The straps went across my shins, mid-thighs, waist, and above my breasts. The penultimate strap was a gag with a huge choke pear. I had never been totally immobile before.

I could only move my eyes. But there was a strap for those too.

Now blinded and immobile, Louie occupied me with interesting sensations over every exposed part of me. I am a lady who will not use the most aggressively apt descriptions of this part of the session. One's imagination will have to suffice.



This bondage lasted over an hour, but it felt like seven. I was floating on a black cloud the whole time. The only image in my head was berseh. She was beckoning me to come over to her.

After a few minutes for recovery, Louie started again.

The armbinder and boot stayed on. A special harness gag was added. It encased my head with straps as it held a tough chewy ball in my mouth. She placed a collar on my neck with a chain she attached to my ankles. I was bent over, but Louie was not done.

She attached chains to loops at my wrists, elbows, waist, and the top of my harness gag. At the flip of a switch, I was hoisted up into a suspended strappado. I hung there, seeing my shadow cast on the wall like some forgotten letter of the alphabet.

I thought that would be it, but then I saw the riding crop. None of her touches were harsh enough to make noise, but they did evoke some from me.

This Louie Cho was amazing. There was no physical pain that I suffered. However, I did feel some small longing to remain at her mercy. This was getting dangerous. And after this part, I still had an hour and a half to go.

"You're really enjoying this," said Louie.

"Yeff, mifftreff!"

"It's almost like this is a vacation for you."

"Un uh wuh, mifftreff."

"Aha! You're a dom! But you're taking a break from it."

That explanation sounded good to me.

"Well, this last bondage has vacation written all over it."

Louie put mittens on my hands that balled them into fists. Then she wheeled over a strange little platform. It was cushioned and appeared to conform to the shape of a woman. She had me lie on it and folded my legs up to my chest. Once she strapped me down that way, she strapped my arms to my calves. Next, she slipped a leather headrest over my hands and feet. Lastly, a panel gag that fastened my head into a sort of cup.

I became a human chair.

Louie sat on me and opened a book. She read and rocked back and forth for the next hour or so.

It was a unique experience. I had never been bound like this before. Being unable to shift even a small iota was disconcerting. The adrenaline came first. Then the fear, as tears came out of my eyes, followed by pointless whimpers. I thought I knew how to give up control. Now I was learning how far I still had to go.

I felt a door begin to open inside me.

When Louie freed me, she stayed with me until I was fully recovered. Not much to do until then, so we chatted.

"First time giving up control?" she said.

"First time giving up that much," I said.

"You impress me. Most doms are unwilling to go that far."



"If that's the case, most dogs will never go far enough."

"How do you feel?"

"Like every part of me is still being compressed. But I can breathe as if my lungs are unfettered by my rib cage. I feel like I am drunk."

"A bit of hypoxia is expected after engaging in forniphilia. Which is why I'm keeping you until your color comes back. Even experienced forniphiliacs pass out from time to time."

"How long . . . do you stay with them?"

"As long as it takes. You should lie down on the couch."

"I think I . . . will."

I went black, but I still felt tiny, strong arms lay me down on the couch. I felt a blanket spread over me. Louie sat by me, turning pages in her book, until I woke up.

An hour later, I was back at the apartment. berseh was sitting on the couch, watching old movies. Her bondage was different. She had freed herself, like I thought she would. And she tied and gagged herself again.

I stripped and sat next to her. She tilted her head as if asking if I wanted to remove her cleave gag. I shook my head no.

"I just want to cuddle with you while Bogey and Bacall keep us company," I said.

I spread a blanket over us, snuggled up close to my swan, and fell again into a black cloud.





The next night, I set out for Virginia Blue's rooftop penthouse. Taking an elevator up would not work as there was a key to get up there. There was a balcony loft three floors below Blue's. It was owned by a young socialite known for jet-setting and violating public decency laws in extravagant resorts and restaurants around the world. She liked her naked body, and she liked showing it off.

When she answered the door in the nude, I immediately embraced her and began kissing her. I shut the door as she moaned and wilted in my arms. Apparently, for her, the butt was a strong erogenous zone. And there was a lot of it, so I continued grabbing ferociously.

The girl became a puddle of flesh at my feet. And why not? I had shocked all of her erotic sensibilities to the forefront. She was now catatonic with pleasure. I recognized her 'YES' from the dungeon last night. So I found the lengths of rope I knew she had to have.

I hogtied her tightly. I blindfolded and gagged her thoroughly. I left her to squirm in delight as I went out to her balcony.

I shot the grappling hook and felt it land secure on the ledge of Blue's roof. I hooked the gun to my belt and let it reel as I scampered up the wall with my hand claws and special treaded boots.

This is when I felt the most alive. With the night and the breath of the city at my back. The wall before me stretching down to infinity. When the yelps of traffic below mixed with wind in my ears. Such an immersion into the senses was the purpose of night. An endless pool only for swimmers who knew precisely when to come up for air.

Let everyone else wiggle in the kiddie pool. I loved living in the deep end.

I peered over the ledge and saw no lights beyond a few emergency fluorescents as required by building codes. The patio was bathed in eerie green from the outdoor pool. I rolled over the bannister and slowly skulked between the various wicker and wire chairs. They were scattered as if there was a party earlier.

I smiled, thinking Virginia Blue would be exhausted from hosting, and even more unable to resist me. It turned me on, but not so much that I could not see the tripwire. It paid to have sharp eyes in this business.

I stepped over the tripwire into the apartment. That is when I crossed the electric eye. Two nozzles came down from the ceiling and sprayed me in the face. I could not feel my legs. I did not even know if I was still standing. The only thing I felt was fear.

Before I passed out, I heard footsteps. And I saw a busty silhouette in the hallway that could only belong to Virginia Blue. Once my knees hit the floor, my eyes rolled back and closed. I fell into the black cloud once again.





## 5 – Rescue in Blue



Tawny, Tawny, Tawny.

I always repeat my name three times to myself when I get into trouble. Kind of a mental head shaking in shame when I can't even move my head. Waking up just now, I could not move anything. I was naked and totally immobilized. I was strapped to a pole stand, my hands shackled behind me. Padded shackles, of course. Just from how the straps felt, my body must have resembled a candy cane of sorts.

Even the gag held my head fast to the pole.

A blurry figure stood before me. It soon came into focus as Virginia Blue. Dressed in a sheer azure gown that had no illusions of hiding her spectacular body. She was muscled, but not overly so. She was well-endowed, but not as soft as I had expected. I could see a fight with her, even if it went well for me, would not be easy.

Her platinum hair was tied back in a bouncy ponytail, hanging off her right side. A queen's lock. And her fierce lioness glare was clawing at me.

"So, you are the jewel thief," said Blue. "It's almost impossible to find any mention of you."

"Mmmm!" I strained against the straps. Not that I thought I could break them, but I needed to know their strength. They didn't have any give. All I did was make them dig into my flesh.

"Almost impossible, but not entirely," she said. "I'm friends with Thaddy Brooch. Remember him?"

I narrowed my eyes, as I could not nod.

"He had quite the infatuation with you. If I hadn't known him, and worked him over, I probably never would have found you."

"Mmmm!" I tested the shackles on my wrists.



"When I saw the effect you had on him, I had to find out if you would have the same on me." She palmed both my breasts.

"Mmmm! Fmkm bmm!"

"Such language from one so beautiful. What you did to Thaddeus was masterful. Even after I broke him, he still called out to you. I left him to his wife's tender mercies."

Virginia Blue walked behind me, running her fingers along my buttocks and thighs.

"Apparently, you've had this effect on several men lately. Those I've found, and I haven't found many, I've broken into telling me all they could. But even broken they remain devoted to you, dreaming of a time when you may rob them again. This infuriates me."

Blue came around in front of me again.

"I can break any man into doing anything for me. Yet they do it more out of fear than anything. Women, too. But they cannot give me the bliss washing over their faces when they think of you. Why is that?"

I simply rolled my eyes. It was clear to me she would never understand.

"I'm going to remove your gag. Screaming won't do you any good this high up in the city. Still, if you annoy me, I give you fair warning. I've been known to dislocate jaws with one punch."

"I believe you," I said.

"What is your name?"

"My first initial is U. Followed by what's between my legs, you cunt."

That almost got me a hard slap, but she hesitated.

"Very good," said Blue. "You're very good at stirring up emotions. You made me want to lose control, but I stopped myself. I may not evoke emotions in others as you can, but I can stop myself."

"Untrue," I said. "Or you would have stopped that horrible dye job."

Blue's eyes flickered with anger again. But again, she reined it in.

"Okay, the gag's going back on."

"But I have not commented on your atrocious makeu-mmph!"

"The device you're bound to is called a B.A.R.O.O.M.B.A, standing for Bound And Restricted Of Ordinary Movement By Access. When I flick a switch of this wrist strap I'm wearing, the platform follows me like a remote-controlled robot. It moves when I move and stops when I stop. Like a puppy would."

Blue walked toward the patio and the BAROOMBAs dutifully tagged along. Built in sensors helped it avoid running into furniture. Now we were both outside in the crisp night air. Without the protection of my catsuit, my flesh chilled and my nipples became erect.

The city was beautiful. Though this rooftop was sixty stories high, there were plenty of taller buildings. All speckled with tiny gold rectangles containing the movements of unseen creatures. Those windows were pores opening on skin relaxing in a sauna beyond mortal comprehension. I felt fortunate to be even a mere mite prancing on its surface, rather than a sebaceous clog oozing up from underneath.

As Blue strolled around the patio, she looked over her shoulder. Smiling at the bound and gagged automaton moving at her merest whim.



"I want this to be your last look at the city," she said. "After we go back inside, you are going in my trophy room. A hidden space only I can access, But it's behind a two-way mirror. You can see out, but no one may see in."

Blue twirled like a ballet dancer. The gown flowed as water in the breeze. She truly was beautiful. On the outside.

"I'm hosting a party tomorrow. Everyone will primp and preen before the mirror, and you will be unable to notify anyone of your predicament. You will be forced to watch them pleasure themselves, or each other, until you are unable to resist the pleasure building inside of you."

How fiendish! I could definitely appreciate the fetish of being forced to watch pleasure while strictly bound. Though I preferred to be the one pleasuring herself.

My first thought was of berseh. She would be missing me soon and I had no way to let her know what had happened to me. As we headed back inside, Blue paused by a full-length mirror against the wall facing the living room. She pressed a nipple on a small statue of Aphrodite and the mirror slid open. Using her wrist control, Blue maneuvered the BAROOMBA so it backed into the close cubbyhole. Some trophy room.

Then the mirror slid closed and locked. Blue waved goodnight and left me alone.

Oh, berseh, my swan. What can I do? "Mmmph! Mm-mmph!"





My name is berseh and I'm curiously alone. My queen, Tawny, should have been back by now. She went to a rooftop penthouse owned by Virginia Blue to procure a selection of jewels. Okay, she went to steal them. Just as she has stolen my heart. But that's what she does.

She steals, and people let her keep everything.

I was loathe to wiggle out of the light bondage in which she put me, but I was growing concerned. It was near five in the morning. The session at the dungeon was over at one. Something must have happened. I had to go out and find her. But not alone.

No shoots were scheduled for me today. I had been in some kind of bondage for practically the past 36 hours. Not that I was tired of it, but lounging around the studio was quite different from being bound in the arms of my queen.

My first stop was the dungeon. I had never been to The Dark Sun Stroke, but surely nothing was strange about a bondage model visiting a dungeon. I clanked the handle on the molded buttocks in the steel door. The muffled moans told me they weren't just molded.

The door opened and I saw a lovely girl encased within the door itself. Only her eyes and nose were exposed as she resembled a nude statue embedded in a smooth surface.

I was greeted by a buxom black woman with very close-cut hair.

"Do you have an appointment?" she said.

"No," I said.

"No problem. We take walk-ins too."

"I'm looking for someone."

"There's no looking unless you take a session."

"What?"

"Four hours, padlocked in a room with me or a dom of your choice."

"I'm looking for a particular dom. I need to speak with her."

"You can speak while she ties you down. Who is she?"

"Louisa Cho."

"Louie? How do you know her?"

"My . . . friend had a session with her last night."

"I can arrange a session for you with her."

"If she'll talk with me, I will do it."

"Excellent!"



The door shut and the beautiful black woman led me down the hall. She opened a thick wooden door and beckoned me into the room.

"My name is Alice, Miss berseh."

"You know me?"

"Of course. You're my favorite model. I'll go get Louie for you."

She shut the door and locked it, and I took in the room. The walls and floors were gray, cobbled stone, with various attachment for straps and chains sprouting on all sides. There was a plain metal table, and a comfortable looking couch, deep green with plush cushions.

The door opened and a cute Korean girl walked inside. She was dressed in dom attire, which clashed with her petite appearance.

"Strip," she said.

"But I need to . . ."

"No talking until you're tied up!"

Soon, Louie had me strictly hogtied on the table.

"First," she said, "let me say what an honor it is to have you here, Miss berseh. Out of deference to you, I will comp you this session if you will help spread good word of mouth about us."

"Of course," I said.

"Fine. Now what would you like to ask me?"

"My friend had a session with you last night."

"You'll have to be more specific."

"Blonde, bedroom eyes, beautiful breasts . . ."

"Bedroom eyes? The Jensen girl. She is your dom?"

"She is my queen."

"Interesting. What of her?"

"She did not come home last night."

"This isn't a habit of hers?"

"No. She would never desert me."

"I sure wouldn't. So you want to know where she went? I don't know that."

"I know where she went. I need help getting her back."

"You want to rescue her."

"I can't do it alone."

"Interesting." Louie walked around me, checking the knots in my bondage. She cradled my face. I knew that look. The same look Tawny had while deciding which gag to put in my mouth.

"I will do it," said Louie.



"Oh, thank you, Miss Cho," I said.

"There are conditions. If I do this, you and Miss Jensen will come to me for regular sessions every week."

"You want to dominate us both? I . . . I cannot decide that for her!"

"I won't do it otherwise. But it's your choice. Either you both are my submissives, or she remains somebody else's toy."

"For my queen, I will do anything. I agree."

"Excellent! Where are we going?"

"Virginia Blue's rooftop penthouse."

"Ginny? She's a dom here."

"Is she a good one?"

"Mmm . . . it depends. Ginny's one of the rougher ones. Not who I'd recommend for first-timers."

"Goodness, we simply must save my queen!"

"Not until after our session, sweetie. Now open wide."

Louie stuffed three pairs of panties in my mouth. She assured me they were clean. Dirty ones tended to scare first-timers away. Then she secured them with a tight scarf.

And then I went through four hours of loving attention to perhaps rival that of my queen. But of course, Tawny could never be surpassed.





One o'clock in the afternoon. After nearly half a day in the so-called trophy room, I was beginning to feel a bit cramped. Still, I kept as limber as I could through isometrics. People think, when I wiggle in bondage, that I am just being sexy. Actually, constant and gentle flexing of the muscles is my key to escape. When an opportunity comes along, I will be spry enough to take full advantage.

Guests were filtering in for Virginia Blue's afternoon party. I could see and hear everything. A small speaker filtered every sound inside from a microphone in the living room. Blue also had a microphone so I could hear her encourage guests to pleasure themselves in front of me.

"Alisha, you and Terra must go over to my mirror. It's full length and excellent for watching yourselves ravage each other."

"Marvin! You and Lola will enjoy a few minutes in front of my mirror. No cameras. I promise!"

"Oh, Sarah. The mirror is wide enough for three people to ogle each other."

"Why, Destiny, you scamp! Pleasure yourself all you wish."

Even Blue pleased herself in front of me a couple of times. That's how it went for the next hour or so. Some exhibitions I enjoyed, and some I wished I could unsee. I was going to have to make an opportunity soon if one did not happen along.

And then I heard a snippet of dialogue that spurred me to action.

"Louisa Cho, I never thought to see you here."

"I keep telling you it's Louie."

"And you brought special guest! What an honor to have the world famous berseh at my humble penthouse. And you have her bound, gagged, and on a leash. How stylish."

"She dropped by for a session and I suggested we extend it long enough to attend your function."

"I can't tell you what this means to me," said Blue. "Miss berseh, I would be deeply honored if you would deign to be hogtied and displayed on my coffee table."

"Mmmph!" said berseh. And from the sound, I estimated at least two pairs of panties stuffed in her mouth. Perhaps three, if one pair was thong.

I could see Blue lead berseh to the coffee table. Once displayed, her face and torso were visible in the upper right of my view. Which made it interestingly erotic as random guests pleased themselves with her in the background. The next person in front of the mirror was Thaddy. He began to strip and palm his pulpy, hairy body.

That is when I decided it was time to leave.

I had been shifting my hands in the padded shackles all this time. I thought I had the padding softened enough to dislocate my thumbs and slip free. It worked! But my poor wrists were scuffed raw.

Keep moving, Tawny. It is the price of freedom.

The waist strap was tight, but I was able to move my hands in front and unbuckle it. Finally, some relief!

I had to move faster. Thaddy was twirling a studded bra in the air and he was not slowing down.

The torso strap and gag strap were now undone. I almost coughed a lung up as the huge choke pear popped out of my mouth. With the thigh strap off, it was simplicity to slip out of the ankle strap.



Thaddy was only getting more frenetic, with weirdly elliptical gyrations I would not have thought possible for a small man. Up to the right, I saw berseh looking across the room. She tilted her head towards me. That had to be a signal.

I brought my legs up and braced them against the glass. This room was a tight fit, but the right push might dislodge the whole panel. Then I could save my brave, beautiful swan. And punish the vicious Virginia Blue.

Now Thaddy was shaking violently, like a stick of gelatin covered with patches of short and curly hair. Other guests were retreating in fear. One of two gaped in awe. Blue saw this was disrupting her social function and came over to admonish the gyrating fireplug.

That's when Thaddy exploded. His meaty arm thwacking Blue in the mid-section. All her air went out of her. I pushed against the mirror in a powerful burst. It sprang out and clanged on the top of Blue's head. The glass did not break.

Thaddy fell down on top of Blue, who was unconscious, and he screamed and thrashed in pure ecstasy. Guests flew toward the patio, somehow realizing the elevator was not a viable option.

I went straight for berseh and put her over my shoulder like a bag of candy. I saw Louie standing around all flustered. Later, she would tell me she was frustrated she did not get to punch anybody.

We headed for the elevator together. A good thing one of the patrons came with us. I overpowered her, tied her up with her stockings, and took her clothes. The mini-dress was a tight fit. I was spilling out of the top and bottom. But at least her shoes were comfortable.

It was time to go home.

EPILOGUE 1: berseh and I were cuddling on the couch. She bandaged my wrists and kept giving me short sweet kisses.

"It's too bad you didn't get any of Virginia Blue's jewels," she said.

"I walked out of there with the most valuable jewel of all," I said.

"Um, that being said, I have something to tell you. I made a deal with Louie if she would help rescue you."

"What kind of deal?"

EPILOGUE 2: Virginia Blue woke up in the hospital with no memory of the past three days. Concussions can have that effect.

Police responding to the disturbance at her penthouse discovered the trophy room. And the cameras. My source in the department told me no recordings had been recovered. They had been removed.

I wondered . . . was there a new player in the game?

EPILOGUE 3: berseh and I went to The Dark Sun Stroke for our weekly session that was promised. Louie tied berseh up in the same hogtie and gag as before. She called Alice in to help tie me up.

Soon, I had Louie and Alice bound and gagged back to back, sitting in cross-legged ties. With three and a half hours to go, I figured I would read a book.

Like I said, I'm a tigress. I am tamed only when I want to be.



## 6 – Out of Town



After the events of the past week or so, Berseh figured it was time for a vacation. I suppose even a bondage model who loves her job needs time away.

But Tawny, I said to myself. She wants time away with you.

And no matter where we went, I figured there would be some way to make a small profit. Though before we went anywhere, I had to free Louie and Alice from their bondage. I had promised they could tie me up if they could escape my ropes.

Curiously, they made no serious attempts at escape.

Berseh and I were relaxing in bed. She cuddled up to me, and I caressed her in my embrace. Louie and Alice were each mummified to one of my bedposts. Only the most beautiful parts of them remained exposed. And, of course, their noses.

Before we left, I had a matter of business to conclude with my fence. But I lingered a couple more hours in bed. Perfect moments did not come by often, and I wanted to stretch this one out.

And Louie and Alice looked and sounded so cute in their struggles.





The long hallway lost no eeriness on every visit to Carson LeGroin. It was always so gloomy. I was never completely sure if the walls were gray or green. Not even the light above Carson's cubicle resolved the mystery. And the solid, windowless doors on either side unsettled me. I speculated perhaps they contained sellers who had attempted to cheat Carson. Perhaps they languished in those dark rooms, fettered in heavy chains. Any regrets or grievances silenced by suffocating restraint.

When I first met Carson, he seemed the type who would not mind throwing me down a pit for pinching one dollar. Over the years, he has appeared to warm up to me. But I knew better than to underestimate him. He was quite capricious, but loved good business above all else.

I do not know if Carson has any love to steal. I have wondered how I might go about it. But miscalculations in this business are risky. Best not to tempt an unpleasant fate.

"Miss Tawny," said Carson. "I did not expect you, mon cheri."

"Of course, you did, Carson," I said. "Because I am selling something."

"I heard about the Blue incident. So, I cannot guess at what you have."

I held up the one item I brought. Even in darkness, it caught the sparest shreds of light and shimmered on its chain.

"Ah, the emerald pendant," said Carson. "You finally brought it. And just as I found a buyer for it."

"You have had a buyer all along. You just have not yet told him he wants it."

"You know me so well, Miss Tawny. You've held onto this item for a while. Did your lover enjoy wearing it?"

"H-how did you know I . . . ?"

"Ah, you simply must stop falling for the old tricks. I did not know, but now I do. Holding an item back, as you did, is unusual for you. Only love can make one so . . . capricious."

"Well, that is a lesson learned. I am going out of town for a while. So, I will pick up my money after I get back."

"As you say, Miss Tawny. And if you happen to acquire any interesting souvenirs, I hope you might give me first refusal."

"You were always my first, Carson."

Did Carson smile after that remark? It was hard to tell with all those whiskers. One would think those large lips of his betray emotions easily, but he was much too well-guarded for that.





Upon returning home, I found Berseh sitting on the couch looking a bit sullen. Laying on the coffee table was a thoroughly hogtied and gagged Alice. There was a note taped to her generous buttocks. It was from Louie.

*"Tommi, (she still did not know my real name)  
Alice is going through her annual sub phase now.  
Perhaps accelerated by you. So I must take on her clients  
at the dungeon in addition to my own.  
Since you're going on vacation, Alice has expressed  
a desire to be your accessory for the duration. I can't  
blame her. It was enjoyable being kept by you for the week.  
But I can't be tamed for long. You understand this.  
Alice, however, adores you. You may return her if you wish,  
but I implore you to allow her this experience. Especially  
if it makes her a better dom.*

*Gags!  
Louie"*

"I don't like it," said Berseh.

"It is not up to you, my swan," I said.

"This vacation is supposed to be ours. Together. Nothing against Alice personally, but she is not your girlfriend."

"No, but she has given herself to me, have you not dear Alice?"

"Mmmph!"

Berseh clicked her teeth. "I'm not going."

"You are. And it is a good thing you are already naked."

"Why is that?"

My answer was quickly binding and gagging her in much the same manner as Alice was.

"You will both be my accessories," I said. "Your lovely bound forms will beautifully adorn any hostel in which I stay."

Berseh had packed her things prior, but now I needed to pack her and Alice. Luckily, Berseh had a padded trunk perhaps for just such an occasion. They fit snug together front to front. Alice's prodigious bosom bunched up between their faces.

"Enjoy yourselves," I said. "This trip may take a while. Just do not orgasm until you are loaded in the van. I would rather answer no questions."

I closed the trunk. It had vents to give them plenty of air. Now I needed someone to help me load them up without knowing what was happening. I pressed the intercom for the front desk.

"This is Tommi Jensen, Miss Berseh's secretary," I said. "My employer has gone on to a retreat. I need help loading her luggage so I may bring it to her."

"Right away, Miss Jensen," said the front desk.



The bellhop they sent was a slender teenage boy. His features were a bit too big for his face, but the rest of him would catch up in a couple years. He would be quite handsome then. But now he was simply adorable.

"Make sure this end goes on the dolly first." I pointed at the end where Berseh and Alice's knees rested.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Is there any other luggage?"

"Just that. You seem to be quite strong."

He blushed a bit. "Thank you, ma'am. I've loaded quite a few of these."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Chip, ma'am."

On the ride down the elevator, I unzipped my coat. My shirt, though tight, displayed a bit of cleavage. It was enough to draw his glance for a quick moment or two. Poor boy. His age precluded me from giving him anything more. Still, he was a gentleman despite how uncomfortable his pants became.

He passed this test.





The van was a smooth ride. A fact I am sure my lovely trunked captives greatly appreciated. I could only imagine their sensations of silky closeness inside that cushioned conveyance. Their bosoms rubbing against each other, whether they welcomed the pleasure or not. They were like two socks, clung to each other by erotic static. Some part of me imagined them pressing their gags in sweet restrained kisses. I was tempted to stop by the roadside and see if that trunk had room for three. I could hear them moaning through the vents.

But that fantasy faded quickly as I saw a blue strobe behind me.

"Quiet, you two," I said. "We're getting pulled over."

I shut the engine, rolled down the window, and prepared something special just in case.

"This is Deputy Sheriff Bo Crumb. Do you hear me, driver?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I am approaching on your side. Please remain calm."

"Of course," I said, dropping the sir.

Deputy Sheriff Bo Crumb was a bulky bald man of medium height. He walked with arms wide, as if to project a muscular posture. But the lower part of his shirt had a couple of extra buttons to contain, or restrain, his gut. He stood before me, looking down. Ripples bulged under his chin because he had no neck. Even the act of looking down pushed up the flesh of his face.

His eyes became worried slits. His lips pursed out like compressed marshmallows. And the sweat rolling off his pale brow had to be from constriction of some facial artery. Redness played across his wide nose as it breathed in flatulent rattles.

And he stared at my breasts. I still hadn't zipped up after giving Chip a complimentary thrill.

"Are you aware of how fast you were going?" said Bo.

"Sixty-nine on cruise control . . . officer."

"Would you mind stepping out of the car, please? I need to detain you, for my safety and yours."

"Of course."

As I exited the van, Bo Crumb's hand went for the handcuffs. That was the side where I drove my taser into his not-neck. His arms flew out and he quivered like a crucifix made of jello. And as he hit the ground, his belly popped the extra buttons on his shirt.

"You are no legitimate sheriff," I said.

"Ugh-ugh-ugh," he went.

"You did not identify your county. You did not ask me to keep my hands on the wheel. You never asked for my license or registration."

"Ugh."

"And you stared at my breasts."

I drove the taser into his crotch this time.



"G-g-gaahh! G-gg-gaaaahh!!!"

Bo Crumb had two pairs of handcuffs. I hogtied him with them and checked his vehicle for recording devices. There were none, but there was a woman cuffed and gagged on the back seat. I freed her and let her take Bo's car to wherever she needed to go.

I gave her a couple hundred dollars and waved goodbye. Then I turned my attention to Bo.

I rolled him on his side and kicked him in the liver. Then I stepped away as bile spewed out of his mouth. He was wracked in convulsions not unlike being tasered.

I got back in the van and left.

Several miles down the road, I pulled off at a small motel. I checked in and parked right by our room. It wasn't quite dark out, but I was tired. Fortunately, no one was around to see me carry two naked bound and gagged women into the room.

I laid them gently on the floor and untied them.

"I was enjoying that," said Alice.

"I was not," said Berseh. And then "Okay, I was."

"I am not in the mood for bondage tonight. Not after what just happened."

"Are you in the mood to give us clothes?" said Berseh.

"No."

The room was spartan, but homey. It had one queen-sized bed which would fit the three of us. A nightstand with a lamp and a tv remote. It was the only light in the room. One round table with two chairs. A small bureau, with the tv on it, facing the bed. And a coffee maker with a stack of paper cups. The wallpaper had patterns of various watches and clocks throughout history.

And the bathroom barely had space for the toilet, sink, and shower.

"Did you have to bring us here?" said Berseh.

"I had to get off the road," I said. "This place is cozy."

"Cozy as a litter box."

"You know, that gag is replaceable."

Berseh sulked next to me in bed. Alice laid on my other side.

"It's just for tonight, my swan," I said. "That fake sheriff upset me and I just need to let it flow away."

"I understand, my queen," said Berseh. "You know I can't refuse you anything."

"I can't either," said Alice. "But even though we're all naked in bed together, I'm looking forward to sleep."

"Both of you may snuggle up to me and sleep," I said. "I will watch a bit of the news channel and then embrace you both till morning."

The late local news did have a story worth watching. Bo Crumb was apprehended after a local girl informed police of his location. She had gone to the hospital and gotten help. I had a fear she would vanish, as some victims are wont to do, and Bo Crumb would get away. If he had, I would have paid him a return visit.

But this girl reaffirmed my faith in humanity.



## 7 – Steal Betty



I have always been an early riser, so it was still dark out when I got up. Berseh was a heavy sleeper, and apparently so was Alice. It was not hard to extricate myself from their embrace. I had seen shadows walk past the curtained window and was curious. I peered through the slit and saw a young couple holding hands. They looked to be mid-twenties, both fair and blonde, and they looked a bit sad.

The boy was slender and fit. A runner, or perhaps even a swimmer. The girl had curves. She was shorter than me, but her breasts were the same size as mine. Which made them look huge on her.

I got an idea, but I had to prepare for it. Thankfully, Berseh and Alice did not wake during my preparation. I grabbed one of Berseh's tank tops from her suitcase. It was small on me and did not completely cover my breasts. I slid one of Alice's tube tops on for a skirt. Anything covering breasts as big as hers could cover anything.

I stepped outside and walked to the vending machine, bending over as I selected some drinks. Of course, they noticed me. What impressed me was how loudly the girl gasped. And I could hear them whisper. After listening to city breezes at night, while scaling buildings forty stories high, overhearing conversations was simple for me.

"How about her?" she said.

"I don't know," he said.

"Look, if I'm going to get this out of my system, they can't meet just your approval."

"Suppose she doesn't go for it."

"With my body? Besides, I think she smelled me as she walked by."

"I'm nervous about this."

"I think she's listening to us."



"I am listening," I said. "If you two have something to ask me, go ahead."

The boy hesitated, even as his lover looked to him. A moment of silence in pre-dawn was overwhelmed by the movement of birds rustling in hundreds of nests. They would be awake and singing soon.

"We want to tie you up," she said.

"Yes, that," he said.

The girl went on. "I have these urges. I want to make love to a beautiful woman. I want to tie and gag her and just . . . have her. For a while. And then Steve and I make love while she lies next to us."

"And does Steve agree with this?" I said.

"I don't have much choice," he said. " But it's what Betty wants."

"I don't want to be unfaithful," she said. "Still, I need to know some things before we . . . you know?"

"I think I do," I said. "Let us go to your room."

There was some struggling, but ten minutes later we all came back outside. I had them naked, on leashes, and their hands bound behind them. Unfortunately, Berseh's tank top did not survive the struggle. I led them back to my room.

"I will fulfill your wish," I said. "But I will be in control."

"Why do I have to be tied up?" said Steve.

"You will see."

As we entered my room, I could see Berseh and Alice were awake. They were wiggling and squirming on the bed.

"Who are they?" said Betty.

"They are mine," I said. I shut the door and locked the deadbolt.

"What are they wearing on their heads?"

"Black velvet hoods. Overlaid with black leather muzzles. Of course, under all that are packed cleave gags."

"Are they all right? They have so much rope on them."

"They are fine. They just did not expect to wake up hooded and hogtied."

"What are you going to do to us?" said Steve.

"I am glad you asked."

I tied Steve to one of the chairs, binding each ankle to a different leg. Soon he was standing tall even though he was sitting down. Then I gave him quite the full packed gag. After all, we could not wake the neighbors.

"This is so hot," said Betty.

"Sit down, dear."

She did and I tied her to the chair using even more rope than I did on him. Something told me she really, really liked this. I scooted the chairs until they faced each other. I slipped some protection on Steve, smiling as I did so. He nearly exploded right there. Then I sat securely in his lap, facing Betty.



"Where's my gag?" she said.

I simply pointed at my mouth, leaned forward, and planted my lips on hers. I held her head fast while caressing her breasts with my other hand. The heat coming off both of them was delicious. Made even more so by Alice and Berseh's muffled protestations.

I got up off Steve and straddled Betty, burying her face in my bosom. Oh, this was love thievery at its finest!

Soon, I stood behind Betty and stuffed one long knee-high sock in her mouth. Then I secured it tightly with the other sock. So tight that the tails could reach back around and be knotted in front.

Then I went back to bed.

Hey, stealing love was tiring. It was not just making people want me.

Steve and Betty were horrified. They tried to protest, but their gags swallowed much of the noise. I left them facing each other, drinking in the sight of each other's bondage.

I rolled Alice and Berseh until they were perfectly placed. Alice's boobs were flush against my back. Berseh was snuggled up close in my arms. I pulled up the covers and let sleep overtake me again.





## 8 – Abandon Steve



Tawny, I said to myself, you love to travel. But you do not need to do it alone anymore.

That is why my relationship with Berseh was so unique. In the short time we have been together, we have become inseparable. Granted, she was often too tied up to get away from me, but she did not want to get away. And I did not want to leave. Me, the epitome of a woman on her own, had found someone to love.

But I am the Love Burglar. So why do I feel like I was stolen?

We were together, so that question need not be explored too deeply. And it was time to get back on the road. I brought the trunk in the room and laid Alice inside it like before. Then I freed Berseh so she could help me with Betty.

Betty and Steve, still tied to the chairs. Having them prisoner was exhilarating. There were moments I could not sleep, so I looked over and watched them struggle for a bit. Especially Betty. She was new to this and was enjoying it. Steve was enjoying Betty's bondage. His own, not so much.

Betty's gag looked rough with the knot in front. So, I tied a scarf over it to give it a cleaner appearance. I made it tight to elicit a delicious squeal of surprise.

"What are we doing with them?" said Berseh.

"She is going in the trunk with Alice," I said.

"Whmmm?" said Betty.

"Why is she coming with us?"

"Because Alice needs company in there. And I want you to ride with me."

"Well, it's about time."

"Is that sarcasm? I never said you would ride untied."



"I would rather be untied for a while."

"Then help me with her."

We took Betty from the chair and hogtied her like Alice. Then we placed her in the trunk, facing Alice. Their bosoms bulged against each other beautifully. The blush playing across Betty's creamy skin reminded me of wine-stained sunsets in the city. She squirmed and squealed with eyes closed, and soon Alice was doing the same.

What little room those girls had to move, they made use of. I ran my hands along their bare rumps, drinking wisps of sexual heat as if through a straw.

"Your fleshs must be so soft rubbing each other," I said. "You two will be enjoying much closeness on this trip."

I closed the lid, and Berseh and I loaded the trunk and luggage in the van. All that was left was us and Steve. He was still bound and gagged fast to the chair. Flushed crimson with equal parts rage and confusion.

"What about him?" said Berseh.

"I am leaving a bit of slack in his bondage," I said. "Enough so he will get free in an hour or so. Enough time for us to abscond with our trunkful of stolen love."

"Gggrrmm!" said Steve.

"Do not be upset, dear," I said. "This is what I do. You both walked into it. Betty just happened to discover something new about herself."

"Rrrmmph!"

"Oh, you will get over it. And Betty will come back to you. If she wants."

"Mmph! Mm! Mm!"

"Now see, you tightened the ropes again. Let me give you a bit of slack again. If you can keep from being angry, you will be free by lunchtime. If not . . . well, you had best conserve moving against your bladder until then."

"Suppose people hear him soon after we leave," said Berseh.

"Good point, my swan."

I got a terrycloth towel from the bathroom and tied it over his gag. It would muffle him long enough to avoid discovery for at least an hour. By then we would be in the next state. We would be closer to my ultimate destination.

After Berseh got in the van, I had a little chat with Steve.

"You had best forget us when we are gone. Just keep this little memory for future reference whenever you get . . . excited again. I do not recommend pursuing us in any way. If you do, I know ways to make it regrettable. But I also have ways to be thankful for the next time we meet, if at all."

I slipped a new condom over him and got on my knees between his. It seemed the towel was a fine sound suppressant after all.



## 9 - Nicknames



After a couple of hours, we stopped at a small diner. It was perched on a hill above the exit from the interstate. As the noon sun grinded overhead, only feathered jet trails caught flakes of gold peeling off the heliosphere. And the diner was a shelter against the glare.

We parked in a shaded area, which was good for Alice and Betty because they were still enjoying each other. The trunk sang with Betty's sweet squeaks and Alice's guttural moans. Romantic bondage love was hard to find, but extremely satisfying to steal.

We walked into Walt's Diner, which was basically an old train dining car on struts, surrounded by a stainless-steel skirt. Though not polished, it gleamed like a treasure sought by decrepit prospectors. Berseh and I were clad in tee shirts and jeans, which meant we should have blended with the clientele. But they were all men. And our shirts were a little tight.

Everyone, meaning five people, looked at us as if we were the freshest drinks of water. The men all showed signs of wear, of having been on the road for a while. They went back to their meals once they realized they had been staring at us too long.

"Welcome to Walt's!" said a girl behind the counter. "Please sit anywhere you like."

She was a lovely wisp of a girl, with long and sleek black hair, and a pleasing oval smile. Her nametag read 'Sala.'

As the counter was full, Berseh and I sat in a cozy booth. Sala brought us glasses of water and menus.

"What can I get you ladies?" said Sala.

"You have an interesting name," I said.

"It's a nickname. Spanish for 'room'."

"This is a nice little place."



"Thank you. I've worked hard for it. It's mine."

"You are Walt?"

"Another nickname. I figured it would look good on the masthead."

"How many more nicknames do you have?"

"Six."

"Six more names?"

"No, that's my last nickname. Because I can tell if someone's nice inside of six seconds."

"Did we pass the test?"

"Oh, of course! Some of these guys behind me didn't, but I let them sit there anyway."

A frazzled, fifty-something guy turned to us and said "I stopped passing tests when I dropped out of high school."

"Drink your coffee, Dupe," said Sala. "It's getting cold. Like my heart."

The other men cackled and jeered.

"Dupe?" I said.

"Short for DuPont," said Sala. "It's a Pennsylvania thing."

"Well, I am Tom," I said, thinking up a nickname for Berseh. "And this is Butch."

Sala gave us a big, toothy smile like she was now in on the joke. We ordered coffee and chicken salad sandwiches. Two for us and two for my trunk lovers in the van. Sala went back to the kitchen.

"Why must I be Butch?" said Berseh.

"It was the first one came to mind," I said.

"No, your nickname was the first. Mine was the worst."

"So I will give you another one."

"I want to choose it."

"No."

"I want to be . . . Jacqueline!"

"That is not a nickname."

"It is now."

"Nicknames are supposed to be short. Like my patience."

"Ooo! Patience. That's my other nickname."

"You are far from being patient."

"That's why it fits. It's ironic."

"Well, my other nickname is Punch. As in your lights out if you do not finish your sandwich. Eat up, Butch."



Now back in the van, I opened the trunk and untied Alice and Betty enough so they could eat and drink. When they were done, I tied them back up and changed their gags. They both had packed cleave gags overlaid by scarves. I leaned over them and gave their breasts some sensual caressing. Before I closed the trunk, they pressed their gags together, rubbing them sweetly as Eskimos would their noses. I took Berseh out of view of the diner and kissed her, sharing my joy over possessing such softness.

Then we went back on the road. I thought back to Sala and her warm smile, imagining ways I could fill it with different things. Perhaps I would see her again. But I had to focus on the road. I did not have to turn on the radio to enjoy music. The car was filled with climaxes of stolen bondage love.





## 10 – Gag Kissed



We stopped at another motel off the main road. The accommodations were a bit less spartan than before. There were two beds. One for me and Berseh to cuddle. The other for Alice and Betty to snuggle beneath the sheets. We all napped for a couple of hours.

Later, I turned on the new and there was Steve. He had freed himself and now he was wearing a blanket and being interviewed. He said he was overcome by three female wrestlers who tied him up for a night of love. They were each twice his size which is how he had no choice but to submit.

There was no mention of us. Not even Betty.

"I underestimated that boy," I said.

"Three wrestlers?" said Berseh.

"Technically true, my swan."

"I'm surprised he didn't spill the beans," said Betty.

"Girl," said Alice, "your boy got dominated by the hottest thief on the east coast. And she hinted she may be back for more. I'd say he's Tawny's puppy now."

"I never thought he'd like being dominated by me," said Betty.

"You mean me," I said.

"Oh, of course, mistress."

"Are you two feeling independent? Maybe I should take care of that."

"What are you going to do?" said Alice.

"I will not tell you," I said. "I will simply show you."



I went over to their bed and began tying them hand and foot, knees and elbows. Then a secure hogtie. By now, they had both gotten used to submitting to my whims. And the smiles they wore while being bound were simply darling. Too bad I had to stuff and cleave gag their mouths.

I beckoned Berseh over to the bed and we laid together. Betty at my feet, and Alice at Berseh's.

"Berseh and I are in need of some good relax," I said. "You two will kiss our feet until I say stop."

Both girls went "Whmmm?"

"You heard me."

It amused me to see my hogtied cuties look at each other in a small measure of fear. But they had no other choice, because they were mine. Betty began rubbing her gagged lips up and down the sides of my feet. I could not suppress an impish smirk. Alice also went to work, but Berseh looked unsure.

"This is so weird," said Berseh.

"But it is beautiful weird," I said.

"I don't get it."

"What's not to get? You have a beautiful woman, bound and gagged, lavishing attention on your feet. Nothing is more sexy than this."

"Well, I'm . . . um, I am . . . uh . . ."

"Are you enjoying this?"

"No, it's strange. It's . . . um, okay I like it."

"Just lay back and enjoy, my swan."

"I'm not sure they enjoy this."

"Perhaps not, but they enjoy being mine. Right, girls?"

"Mmmph!" said Betty.

"Mmm-hmmph!" said Alice.

Berseh and I embraced, kissing and fondling. While Alice and Betty gag kissed our feet for the next couple of hours. Even after I untied them, they kept the gags on and continued for the rest of the night.





## 11 – Alone Time



Tawny, I said to myself, some alone time with Berseh would be good for you. I had to agree with myself, because it was really a good idea. Sometimes I have to steal moments for myself, or I never know when the next ones arrive.

So, Alice and Betty went in the closet, strappadoed to the hanger bar, blindfolded, and heavily gagged. Berseh-time is special, and I wanted no interruptions for the next couple of hours. Besides, most of the interruptions came from her.

"Just like the fir-r-r-rst time!" sang Berseh. "Not like the la-a-a-ast!"

"What have I told you about singing when I tie you up?" I said.

"Nothing as of yet."

"It makes me laugh. I cannot tie you securely when I laugh."

"That's why I do it."

"I see I have to gag you first from now on."

"Not if I get away. Like so. And I go-o-o-ot, I got so far awa-a-a-ay!"

"That is not how that song goes!"

"Ow! My elbows!"

"They are kissing each other to make the pain go away."

"They've never kissed each other in front before."

I did not actually make them kiss each other. But I bound Berseh's arms so she was hugging herself. Then I began to tie her legs in crossed style.



"Too bad my knees won't kiss each other," said Berseh.

"I will make them kiss your chin if you keep making me laugh," I said.

"Gee, I haven't been ball-tied in a while."

"What a wonderful idea!"

"Tawny, I was only kiddi-mmmph!"

"Ball gag for a ball tie. Bear with me. I have not done this in some time."

"Mmmmph!"

"Oh pooh, it will not be that bad."

Eventually, I finished the ball tie. It is such an all-encompassing bondage that it takes time. I slacked the elbow ropes a bit more so Berseh's arms would not turn purple. And I readjusted her legs so they were tied together and brought them up toward her chest. I ran ropes from the chest harness over her shoulders to her knees. Then I tied her big toes.

Now we were ready for some cuddling.

I slipped into a world of dreams.

I was transported to a dark city environment.

I stood on top of an old apartment building. It was about ten stories tall, not my usual kind of target. I love the taller structures. But this was the kind of structure I started with early in my career. Which is when I realized I must be sorting through those memories.

I wore a halter top in those days, because I loved feeling the night air around my bare arms and stomach. The top of the building was littered with gravel, detritus flaking off taller buildings, forming a layer. The ledge was solid rock and a good hold for my hook. I rappelled down the side and saw stains of recent rain stretch down as shadows of vicious teeth.

As I passed between rows of windows, I caught glimpses of lives preserved in amber. A thin woman sobbing over a kitchen sink. A little girl not quite tall enough to reach a cookie jar. A man making peanut butter sandwiches for him and his son, who anticipated the first bite as his dad trimmed the bread crusts.

I stopped five floors down and peered through the window. Lights were out, but I heard movement. The window opened easily, since it was so old. I was in the living room. An acrid metallic smell hit my senses. That is when I realized this was not just a dream, it was an actual memory. And it felt so comfortable, I did not realize I had no control over my actions. If I did, I would jump out the window and scamper up to the roof as quickly as possible. I would have avoided the cloth that clamped over my nose and mouth.

The advantage of this being a memory, my unconsciousness was immediately followed by waking. I was being tied, very securely, to an office chair on wheels. I was not naked, which meant my captors were more business than pleasure. The one tying me gagged me with a thick towel. It was a good muffler. I would not be able to alert anyone outside the room.

But screaming was never my style.

The room was dark enough so the two men were only dark, faceless wraiths to me. But their hands were solid enough to grope me as they searched for identification.



Carrying ID was not my style either.

"Who the hell is she?" said one, who had a deep voice.

"No ID. No tags," said the other. His voice was a bit higher.

"You think she was sent by . . ."

"Shut up. Maybe she wasn't sent by anyone."

"So take off the gag, dude. Let's ask her."

Sometimes you do not know how tight a gag is until it comes off. My face felt like a car's airbag expanding after a crash.

"Who are you?" said the tenor.

'Right now, I am yours," I said. I leaned forward, causing my body to bulge between the ropes. Especially my breasts, which were slipping free of my top.

"Damn!" said the bass.

"I knew it," said the tenor. "She's some kind of night vixen. Out to steal what she can and confuse us with her sex."

"Uh, yeah," said the bass. "That's what I thought too."

"You idiot. She's already got you."

"No she ain't."

"She's pointing her boobs right at you. You're weak for her."

"I ain't shit."

"Gag her again before she has you dancing naked. Do it!"

I said "We can still talk abo-mmmph!"

The gag went in really tight this time.

"And tie another towel on top of that," said the tenor. "I don't want any noise getting out of this room at all."

Now the lower half of my face may as well be encased in plaster, the gags were so tight. I could not make a sound. Only puffs of air through my nose.

"Now watch her while Sally and I continue in the back."

Sally. So there was a woman with them. And they did not let her deal with me. But tenor left bass here. Which meant something was a bit more important than trusting bass-man with it. Amazing how much a girl can learn while gagged and bound to a chair.

"Don't try nothing," said bass-man.

"Mmmmp!"

I twisted around in the ropes. Making sure his eyes followed my breasts and the whipping of my long hair. I made my eyes plead as helplessly as I could. Mewing through my gag like a thirsty kitten.

"Stop that."



"Mmm! Mmmph!"

"Stop it!"

"Mmmph! Hmmmff!"

"I ain't falling for that shit."

But he was. I had wiggled my breasts free enough so the nipples were out. And they were aroused. A few more minutes of squirming and he would take me off the chair to ravage me on the couch. Despite tenor's warnings. And that would give enough slack to free my hands.

Then tenor and Sally came in the room.

"What the hell!" said the tenor. "She's turning you into pudding. You can't let her do that."

"What?" said bass-man.

"Jeez," said Sally. "She's got you limp in the brain."

"No," said tenor. "His brain's hard as a rock because it's in his pants."

"It ain't."

"Whatever. You come back with me. Sally will watch her."

The men went away. Sally sat in a chair facing me. She undid my halter top.

"Might as well free those things since they're coming out anyway."

This surprised me. So, I relaxed my gaze.

"Not gonna work on me, bitch," said Sally. "You're cute, but I'm tough."

However, all that squirming I did before gave me some good slack around my wrists. Sally walked by the windows, looking out over the city. I managed to work my hands free and detached my ankles from the bottom of the chair. It would have to be enough. I could not risk removing my gag or untying my legs.

I thrust myself toward her and punched her on the middle of her lower jaw. She wilted like drying seaweed. But just for good measure, I stomped on her solar plexus. Twice.

The men were coming, so I got a hidden blade from my boot and cut my legs free. The gag was too tight to cut or untie in time. I had to face two men while gagged, armed only with a two-inch knife.

And then I woke up.

My chest still heaving from the thrill of escape.

My body beaded with sweat.

Berseh laid next to me, snug in the ball tie. Dozing like a sweet kitten. I gently undid her bonds, but left the gag on her. My skin had dried out by then and I was chilly. As if on cue, Berseh snuggled closer and warmed me up.

I heard a few soft moans of pleasure from the closet, then I drifted back to sleep. I would not go back to that dream. At least not tonight.

Tonight, we were alone.



## 12 – Rest Stop



Obey the speed limit, Tawny.

I had to remind myself after the incident with 'officer' Bo Crumb. I doubted I would meet many more wannabe lawmen, but many real lawmen may not look kindly on transporting bound and gagged women in the back seat.

"What's the matter, officer?" I would say. "You never need to stop for a bondage break?"

I do not know why more travelers do not do it. But think about it. You have been on the road a long time. Weary, hungry, and thirsty. Aside from stopping for a meal, what better way to refresh than enjoying bondage with a few pretty girls?

Of course, some travelers may balk at the sight of them naked and bound at the picnic table. And if most people walked their dogs on a leash, why could I not walk my girls the same way? They looked so cute, sitting patiently as I tied their shoes on. Now they could hop around to their hearts' content.

Berseh stood next to me, wearing a short robe, hands tied in front. A thick cleave gag parting her lovely lips. Alice and Betty squirmed around in the grass, frolicking in the sun and delighting in their restraint.

A heavy-set man in olive-drab work clothes approached me. His dark crew cut was balding slightly on top, almost in the style of a monk. He had a kind face sagging like a bloodhound's, and a frustrated look.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" His nametag read 'Clarence.' "Is . . . ah, everything all right over here?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "We are fine."

Berseh stood behind me for protection and nuzzled my neck. Alice and Betty had ceased frolicking and looked at Clarence. My arm held Berseh back, but could not resist caressing her thigh.

"Um . . . well, some people have expressed concern for you and your lady friends."



"How so? If they think I am kidnapping them, I assure you they are bound and gagged by their own consent."

All three girls nodded and mmped in the affirmative.

"Mmm, yeah," said Clarence. "Well, y'see . . . you all make them feel a bit uncomfortable."

"All of them?" I said, noticing his growing bulge.

"Most of 'em."

"I see. And they would like us to leave?"

"Most of 'em."

"Ah, well. I suppose my girls have played long enough. Will you help me load them into my car?"

Clarence's face reddened. His pants grew tighter. And he helped Berseh into the passenger seat. Then he helped my load Alice and Betty.

"Oh goodness!" I said. "They have grass all over their bodies. Can you please help me brush the off? This van is a rental."

I brushed off Betty, who took great delight in my quick caresses, squirming and undulating as I gently paddled her pale flesh. Clarence seemed to be having difficulty with Alice.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"I . . . um, it's just . . ."

"Please, Clarence. I need your help. If you do not brush her off now, that grass will only get into places not easily brushed."

"Mmmph!" said Alice.

"I think I'm not telling my wife about this one."

He brushed Alice, gently at first. But the grass had stuck to her sweat. So Clarence had to brush harder, practically spanking her and smacking her huge breasts. Alice really enjoyed it.

I stood and watched until every piece of grass was gone.

We were back on the road. Our little rest stop frolic having exhausted itself. There was a comforting quality to the monotonous whine of tires rolling on tarmac. Almost a sedative, but I was eager to stay awake. It was hard because it reminded me of trains rolling past my hometown between midnight and three in the morning. A locomotive lullaby, if I let it be. I haven't slept to it since I was small, and my own room was a safe place.

Alice and Betty, their ropes and gags off, were napping in the space behind the luggage. Before untying them, I had put down some comfortable bedding for them and spread light blankets over their nakedness.

Berseh, in the meantime, had managed to take her gag off as well. She looked at me while untying her wrists with her teeth. I had left it a bit loose so I could watch her do that. I found it really sexy.

"I am not stopping you from putting clothes on," I said.

"You're not telling me either," she said.

"I prefer you with no clothes anyway."



"Most people do."

"Do I detect a rebuke?"

"Oh no, just getting a bit weary."

"You? World famous bondage model? Who travels far to get tied up in the most remote and exotic locations?"

"There's nothing exotic about this trip."

"Oh, I see. Adventure is not enough. You want some intrigue."

"I want a house by the French Riviera. And champagne."

"Oh ho! The swan wants to swim!"

"You have to admit, it's more exciting than cheap hotels and a bland interstate in the middle of nowhere."

"Well, maybe you will think differently at our destination."

"Which is where?"

"Iron City."

"To do what?"

"Deliver a package."

"We have no package."

"Alice is the package. I did not read you all of Louie's note."

"And what about Betty?"

"I am holding onto her."

Berseh crossed her arms and pouted.

"Why are you sulking?" I said.

"I want to be the only one you hold onto."

"Oh, honey. You are my love. But Betty is different. I stole her. Now she belongs to me. I guess you could say she is my loot."

"Your ill-gotten booty?" There was that impish smile.

I had to laugh. Berseh was good at making me do that. And I would need all the laughs she could make me have. Because I was not just delivering Alice to her new dom. I was meeting my equipment provider. And this was not a person one dealt with lightly. The last time I sassed them, I was put in sensory deprivation for a week.

That was the scary thing about Cru. They always had somebody in the chamber.





## 13 – Jukebox Exchange



The Iron City skyline never failed to impress when exiting the Fort Pritt tunnel. It was a reward after two minutes of orange underground dimness. The sky always seemed twice as blue upon emergence. And the signature gothic high-rise buildings gathered a fantasy realm quality. Whenever I made this drive, I always expected the spires to be swarmed by clouds of gargoyles, handsome or lovely in their beastliness.

I liked to fantasize about them swooping people off the streets and carrying them to their lair. There they would be kept as bound and gagged decorations. Much in the same way stone gargoyles adorn real buildings. A rather erotic style of revenge. For all we know, gargoyles really are alive. And they are the prisoners here.

I could not tell if Berseh was impressed. She was used to more extravagant means of travel. While was adept at moving off the grid. She had slipped in a satin robe. Now that we were cruising along city streets, it would not do for local authorities to see her naked. The rear windows were polarized with the flick of a switch. I would also rather not answer question about the two naked women in the back.

Pritt Avenue was lined with wonderful eateries, both elegant and conventional. Several delectable cuisines flashed before my eyes: Japanese, Thai, Kenyan, German, and Polish. I was imagining a plate of steaming stuffed cabbage rolls when we passed the lone magazine store on the street.

Since traffic was paused, I could see one of Berseh's cover shots in the display window. 'Bound for The Maldives' it said. And there was Berseh, bound and gagged underwater, squirming sensuously above a colorful coral reef.

"That was a quick shoot," said Berseh. "They had to swim and catch me before I landed on the coral. It wasn't easy getting permission for that."

"They prosecute people who damage it, do they not?" I said.

"I almost became property of the government. But we made good money. Even after we paid fees."



Traffic moved again. I pulled into what seemed to be a run-down parking garage. But I had a scan-pass that made the arm go up. I drove up two levels and parked in the large hangar-like area. Only one other car was on this level. A long black limousine. I stepped out of the van just as the back door of the limo opened.

She was a gorgeous black woman, dressed in dark spandex and leather resembling erotic formal attire. We greeted each other with an embrace and a kiss as we always did. She grabbed and kneaded my buttocks as she always did.

She called herself Jukebox. She saved my life once. So, I let her grab my butt sometimes.

"So good to see you, Tawny," she said.

"When Louie told me, I was delivering to you, I could not believe it, Jukes."

Only I was allowed to be so familiar with her. Anyone else who nicknamed her got stuffed in a very cramped place.

"You have grown your hair out," I said. "It looks good straight."

"It's the only thing about me that is. So, where's my cargo?"

I opened the hatch to the van and took the blanket off the girls. They were kissing and canoodling.

"Hello, Alice," said Jukebox. "Back for more again."

"Hello, mistress," said Alice.

"Who's the Betty?"

"She's mine, Jukes," I said. "And her name actually is Betty."

"I'll give you extra for her."

"I said she's mine. I stole her."

"Say no more. I know that rule."

Jukebox put a foam ball in Alice's mouth and wrapped a roll of blue gauze around her head. Then she bound her with black leather straps all over her body. Lastly putting a small strap around each of her breasts.

"Help me load her, will you?"

"Of course," I said.

We carried Alice over to the limo and placed her on the floor in the back. I caught a glimpse of several other women sitting bound, gagged, and naked on the seat.

"Been busy, Jukes?"

"I like a lot of company when I travel."

"No doubt your company likes you."

"Damn right. Or else they . . . hey, who's that in your front seat? Is that who I think it is?"

This was something I had been getting used to. Berseh never traveled in my circles, but she was known by many who did.

"It is!" said Jukebox. "Oh my god! Berseh, I'm your biggest fan!"

"Hello," said Berseh, flashing a sweet, heart-melting smile.



"Tawny, how did you meet her?"

"I tried to steal from her. We stole each other instead."

"Damn, that is . . . Miss Berseh, can I get a picture with you? No one's gonna believe this."

"Of course, you may," said Berseh. She stepped out in her flimsy satin robe. Jukebox emitted a sound I had never heard her make before: a fangirl squeal.

I held the camera as the girls stood side by side. Berseh opened her robe so one breast was exposed. I took a few more shots for good measure. On the last shot, Jukebox grabbed Berseh's butt.

"Hey!" I said.

"Sorry," said Jukebox. "But I'll never get another chance."

"It's okay," said Berseh. "It was nice meeting you."

"Oh god, my day is made! Thank you, Miss Berseh! Thank you so much!"

"You're quite welcome. And it's just Berseh."

As the limo pulled away, Berseh closed her robe and had a slight smirk on her face.

"So that's how it feels," she said.

"How what feels?"

"She grabbed your butt too."

"She saved my life. I give her a little latitude."

"Don't we have somewhere else to go?"

"Yes. And I am thinking Betty needs some company in the back."

"If she must."

"On second thought, get in the front. I will take care of you later."

"You'll get revenge later?"

"Oh, honey," I said, putting the van in reverse, "I never get revenge. I simply take my share."

A slight glimmer of fear on Berseh's face was all the currency I needed to buy this moment. And then we were on our way.





## 14 – The Particulars of Cru



"Tawny," said Berseh. "Who is this Cru we're going to see?"

I was afraid Berseh would ask that question. Not that asking is bad, but the wrong answer was dangerous. I have known Cru since my early days. Ever since I found out they made the best burglar equipment of all. You want to make a career of robbing hard-to-access places, you go to Cru. Just be careful about your manner. I was young and sassy. The wrong word to Cru got me turned into a display model for various devices for four days.

And my second flip off to him earned me a whole week. But those are stories for another time.

"Cru is someone to deal with delicately," I said.

"What does that mean?"

"It means Cru respects the rules. But they will look for any loophole."

"Why do you use 'they'?"

"Because Cru is not a him or a her. They prefer gender neutrality. Cru dresses at the edge of femininity, but there are masculine overtones. Do not try to figure out a spectrum for Cru. They like being undefinable."

"You sound scared."

"I prefer to sound respectful in the highest degree."

"What kind of loopholes are you talking about?"

"If Cru sees an opportunity to take any of us, they will."

"Surely not me. Betty, perhaps."

"Any of US," I stressed.



"Ridiculous."

"Only I will talk to Cru. I will prepare you and Betty in such a way that they can lay no claim on either of you."

"Why would he . . . I mean they claim us?"

"See, that is what I mean. A mere slip is an opening to them."

"Well, this Cru sounds too particular for words."

"Particular is right. If Cru sees who you are, Cru will want you to stay for a while. To be host to the famous Berseh would be a coup in our community. And if I do not allow it, Cru would see that as being rude."

"And you won't allow it."

"Of course not. You are mine."

"So how will you hide who I am from him . . . um, them?"

I threw her a sideways glance, but it must have been more salacious than I intended. Because she recoiled in fear.

Cru's palace was still an hour away. So I pulled over at an empty rest stop and prepared Berseh and Betty for meeting Cru. I had to consider all options. Cru never outright stole anything belonging to anybody, but did like seeing anything interesting they had. And if what you had was significant enough, Cru would at least try to become associated with it.

So, if Cru knew I had Berseh, I would be spending a couple of days at their residence. Just so Cru could ingratiate themselves to a world-famous bondage model. And if I showed a problem with that, I would spend the weekend mummified in the closet. Or to a bedpost.

Not if I could help it.

Cru called their residence an estate, but it was really a vast underground dungeon. The hallway of unassuming plain doors at Carson LeGroin's secret pawn shop? He got that idea from Cru. Except Cru has a corridor of such doors the length of a football field. Any visitors to the estate drove through that corridor to get to Cru's carport.

With Carson there was some question as to whether any or all the rooms were occupied with prisoners. With Cru it was absolute certainty. Nearly all the doors' red lights were on, showing occupancy. Only half a dozen were green.

As I parked the van, I saw a slender figure enter the garage. Six feet tall, with dark hair braided back in the style of goat horns, dressed in sleek black leather with a fur-rimmed open chest down just past the belly button, modest cleavage bunching under a chin tipped with a golden pharaoh's beard, and gloves tipped with two-inch blue talons. Eyes lined Egyptian style with lines connecting with corners of the mouth, also lined in dark lipstick.

Cru.

Cru was smiling like a beast who no longer needed to eat. A beast whose sustenance came from other kinds of savagery.

"Tawny, darling!" Cru bellowed. "So good of you to pop back in."

"Hello, Cru," I said. "I am here to buy your best equipment."

"Well, the best is all that I carry. Is that a van? You don't usually drive those."



"Not usually. But I delivered a sub back in Iron City."

"Ooo! A little favor for Miss Cho? How gallant of you."

Another particular of Cru: Never assume he knows nothing. Cru does not know everything, but it is a close community. Still, I am confident Louie never mentioned Berseh and I were an item.

"Still have cargo in the back, I gather?" said Cru.

"I made an unexpected pickup, so yes," I said. "Would you like to see?"

"My dear, I thought you'd never ask. I do so love seeing the evolution of your taste."

I opened the hatch so Cru could appreciate my preparations.

"Oh my! So you've got two dames hogtied in black nylon with leather accents. They're bound together front to front; their mouths sealed together in permanent gag kiss. Ooo, and that's not all. You've got them in a suspension web of the most devious straps and buckles. I bet those crotch straps give a little gear shift as you drive over those rumble strips, knowwhumsayin?"

"Exactly why I did that," I said. "Who needs to listen to radio?"

"Oh, my darling!" Cru cackled for a few seconds. "You simply slay me. You are my wittiest customer. These two are hooded, but I can tell they are adorable. Are they perhaps for sale?"

"Sadly no. I love them."

"Do you? Well, who can blame you? Those posteriors are positively hypnotic. By the way, you must tell me something."

"Yes, Cru?"

"That business down the road," Cru said, baring perfect long teeth. "With the so-called sheriff. Was that you?"

"It was."

"I knew it! Had your signature, dear Tawny."

"I used your taser."

"Oh, that makes me SO happy!" Cru clapped their clawed fists in short applause. "I'm so glad I had a part in emasculating that charlatan. And the girl?"

"I gave her some money . . . and piece of mind."

"Meaning he can't . . .?"

"No, he can't."

"Darling, YOU are my hero! Too bad you're a thief. Oh well, let us repair to my parlor and talk business."

Yet another particular about Cru: Cru may know everything at times, but they love catching you in a lie. I always say 'watch what you volunteer, you will have nothing to fear.'

Cru's parlor was designed in naughty Victorian. In addition to the décor of the age, there were paintings of women and men in various states of undress and carnal relations. Cru perched next to me on the couch, crossing their legs. They did not have the hips of their favorite feminine icons, but that did not stop them from emulating them in poses.



"See anything different, dear Tawny?"

Anytime Cru asked a direct question, my adrenalin surged.

"Your boobs are bigger," I said.

"Top marks, my dear. That's what I should call you. Top Marks Tawny. I'm afraid a heavy-C is as far as I can go without more . . . intricate surgery."

Conversing with Cru was never boring. Cru spoke with maestro's movements, conducting every work with those blue talons carving the air.

"Alas, dear Tawny, I can never achieve your pulchritudinous perfection."

"Well, mine are natural, Cru."

"I'm so jealous. It makes me remember other times."

I flinched. Cru was referring to when I was prisoner here.

"You don't mind me bringing that up, do you?"

"You can speak of whatever you like in your house, Cru."

"Quite right. You were so lovely all wrapped up. Whether deep in my dungeon, suspended over my bed, or decorating my den. You were my favorite piece of furniture."

"I . . . appreciate the compliment," I said.

"Oh, you've gotten better at this game. But enough chit-chat. We have business." Cru clapped their taloned hands twice. I thought I saw sparks. "Bring the tea service, puh-lease!"

An elegantly dressed young man brought out a large caddy. He was svelte and very attractive. His hair coiffed in the style of powdered wigs. And his leggings, though period perfect, were tight enough to show the propensity of his . . . durability.

I almost did not notice the woman incorporated into the caddy. Visible only from the waist up, it was safe to assume her lower body was strictly bound. She was helmed in leather so no facial features showed. Merely a vent for breathing. I once wore such a hood. The smooth façade belied the mouth-filling gag beneath.

The woman's breasts were quite large, bigger than mine. Cru poured two cups of tea and squirted milk from a breast in one cup.

"One squirt or two, darling?" said Cru.

"One is fine," I said.

"Pish-tosh! Two for Tawny!"

The girl moaned, shaking her head. Her sleek brown ponytail shimmering like a prize-winning ribbon. And as her breasts wiggled, I saw the cross-shaped mark between them. I knew this girl.

"Ah," said Cru. "You recognize my new tea caddy."

"What did Brekkia say to you this time?"

"Much worse than anything you ever did. You could replace her, if you feel bad for her. I do allow for that."

"Nobody replaced me back then."



"Splendid move, my dear! Let sinners suffer their sentences!"

The small talk was over. Cru had tested my mettle and was satisfied. And so I calmly and confidently presented my order.

Two dozen spools of grappling line. Cru's carbon fiber line never broke, but I did lose some on occasion.

Two dozen grappling hooks. Again, they never broke, but could get left behind in a hurry.

Sixteen multi-volt tasers. One can never have too many of those.

Two dozen remote controlled dildos, with precision sensation control. Or those.

One thousand smoke pellets. Sometimes I needed to obscure my exits.

Fifty flashbang grenades. To be used sparingly when engineering an escape.

And a dozen thin weave Kevlar jackets, with high impact shoulder pads. Not bulletproof, but certainly ricochet resistant. Also, proof against most stabbing weapons.

No night goggles or other head gear?" said Cru.

"Still well-stocked in those," I said.

"Oh, by the way. The dildos have a new shock feature if you should ever use them to enhance interrogations or . . . other situations."

"Cru, you are the best."

"Honey, I know."

Satisfied, I opened the hatch to the van. I undid the strap web with a special key only I had. I shunted Berseh and Betty to the side so my supplies could be loaded. I caressed their butts and elicited grateful moans from their drooling mouths.

"You have been very good girls," I said. "We will be going home soon. A different route, of course. Also different bondage."

They both mmphed their approval, but could do little else as space became cramped. Now we could finally go back home and do much relax with each other.

*Epilogue: Cru strolled into the control room, puffing their cleavage up with both hands. Then placing the talons upon the shoulders of a woman sitting at an advanced computer console.*

"Have we heard anything useful yet?" said Cru.

"No," said the technician. "She swept the van before leaving. The bugs were thrown a mile out."

"Clever girl, Tawny. You're a clever girl. Are we still tracking her route? Why isn't she moving?"

"It's been like that for ten minutes. We think she found the trackers too."

"Not with anything she bought from me. She has another vendor. And if their devices can detect mine, they must be rather good."

"Should I dispatch the drones? Put out an APB to follow her that way?"

"No need, my dear. No need. She has won this round. Oh Tawny, I look forward to our next meeting. Eventually I will possess you again."



## 15 – Meeting Cru



It was our time of the month again. The time when Berseh was allowed to tie and gag me however she wished for one night. She placed my arms in a jacket binding them across the front, cradling my exposed breasts. My legs she tied together in a leather boot that came up to mid-thigh. And she blindfolded me with a solid domino mask. She was building up to something. The anticipation made me consider doing this twice a month. But a world-famous bondage model's schedule was hectic. Who knows if she would have time?

But tonight, I belonged to her.

"Tonight, you belong to me, Tawny," said Berseh.

"So, what is your plan?" I said.

"I'm going to use different gags on you."

This sounded very enticing. And apparently, she was going to do it while snuggling up to me with her gossamer-soft body.

Betty was not included in this. She was strapped naked, gagged, and blindfolded to a pole in the closet. Tight enough to hold her, but allowing for circulation. I installed that pole myself. Sometimes I just had a desire for a girl tied up in a closet. With a voluptuous young woman like Betty, who wouldn't?

"Here comes your first gag," said Berseh. She placed her lips on mine. A very enjoyable way to keep me silent. Especially as she ran her hands over parts of me that challenged silence.

"Now for the second gag," she said.

Berseh shifted next to me and I felt a nipple being placed between my lips. Hers. So I accepted it with all my passion. I really liked this gag. I could keep it in all night. But it did not last long.

"I wonder what the third gag will be?" she said.



I was about to make a suggestion, but something large and chewy entered my mouth. It was a gel-filled choke pear. At once my mouth was full, my tongue smashed to the floor of my mouth with no way to move it. My mouth was frozen solid.

"Like it, Tawny?"

"Mmmm!"

I wore this gag in Ireland when I gag-kissed the Blarney Stone. I knew I had to save it for you."

"Mmmmm!"

"Okay, time for a nap."

Berseh snuggled up to me and nestled her face between my breasts. We both fell soft asleep. I could not fathom her dreams, but mine went back to the time when I was new to my choice of career. Specifically, when I first met Cru, and learned a harsh lesson in respect.



Like I said before, I first met Cru early in my career. Back when I wore a cleavage-baring halter top and tights instead of a full body catsuit. I was naive to the world of burglarizing, but learning has to start somewhere. I was living in Iron City back in those days. And when else might I meet someone who would become significant in my life than on the job?

I was rappelling down a building because the stairwell door on the roof was deadbolted from the inside. If I had known Cru sooner, I would have had a device for such an occasion. But only if absolutely necessary.

Even today, experienced and equipped as I am, I prefer to feel the breath of the night all around me.

Cru was different in those days too. The empire Cru ran was in its infancy, but it was growing at an exponential rate. I just happened to break in the window of its temporary headquarters.

I entered silently as always. Cut a small circle in the glass, reached in for the lock, and crept inside. Easy to do since most windows twenty stories up were not fitted with heavy security. But I stepped on a pressure sensor. Several shackles on chains shot out of nowhere. I avoided most, but one caught my ankle as I dodged one going for my neck.

Two muscled men came into the living room as the lights came on. They smirked, thinking I was easy prey. But as they tried to add more shackles, I elbowed the one behind me hard on the sternum. The one in front was slow to react. I punched him square in the larynx.

They both fell in pained wheezing. That is when I heard applause. One person clapping, walking at leisure into the room. Dressed in a long, satin, ecru robe, with sheer accents on the sides. Chest length blonde hair that flowed over barely-B-cup breasts. And long golden fingernails. Practically a negative image of Morticia Addams.

"Hello, darling," said the sneering figure. "I am Cru. And you are . . .?"

"Ready to punch your throat if you get too close," I said.



"Oh tsk," said Cru. "Rudeness right in the middle of introductions. That simply won't do."

"Hey, you caught me. But holding onto me is another matter."

"Is it now? Is that a challenge?"

"A fact."

"Ooo! Listen to her snap!" The henchmen were recovering, but in no shape to handle me. "Rodrigo, Alton . . . you may retire for the evening. I will take care of this feisty little night vixen."

As the men left, Cru reached into a cabinet and pulled out a canister resembling a fire extinguisher.

"You going to foam me to death?" I said. "I will just hold my breath."

"I like your chutzpah, my dear," said Cru. "Which is why you get one chance to apologize."

"Screw you," I replied. "Upside down and all over town."

"A challenge it is, then."

Cru aimed the nozzle at my feet and fired. A thick stream of green liquid pooled around me. It started to bubble and grow. Cru emptied the canister. The green foam was oozing up my legs, up my torso, growing like moss on a tree at super speed.

"You have about ten seconds to tell me your name, darling. If you want me to ever get you out of that."

The foam was enveloping my head, hardening over my entire body. I was becoming petrified.

"T-Tawny . . ." I said, and then I was completely covered. All I could see was green. Until my air ran out and everything went black.

### **FIRST DAY:**

I woke up strapped, blindfolded, and gagged to a pole next to Cru's bed. I knew that because Cru told me where I was. There was warmth emanating above my head. And I heard Cru turning pages of a book. I was made into a lamp.

I heard Cru eating something as well. It was candy, chocolates and jelly-filled butter mints from the smell. And from sensations, I could tell the candy dish was supported by the strap at my waist. Cru was smoking, so there was an ash tray next to the dish.

So not only was I a human lamp, I was a snack caddy. I was also enraged.

"Grrrrmmph!"

"Oh, dear Tawny," said Cru. "You're finally awake. I've been reading for hours." I heard a book closing, a thick one. "You really brighten a room, dear. And not just because you're naked."

"Mmmmmh! Mmmmmph!"

"No use struggling, kitten. Your hands are mittened."

And quite well, as my balled fists behind my back attested. Hard leather mittens.

"Now I know you're new to the game, Tawny darling. So I'm informing you of the rules. Anytime you flash me attitude, this happens. You become a thing. My thing, to decorate my domicile as I please. How do you like being lamp, by the way?"



"Fmmk ymm!"

"Oh my! Still with the coarseness. You've just bought yourself at least another day."

"Whmm?"

"Yes, I was going to release you later, but your indignation is so delicious. Hmm, three more days. That sounds right."

"Nmmm!"

### **SECOND DAY:**

Cru was getting inventive. Strappado with a twist today. My legs strapped to a short pole. Arms raised up behind me in a single glove. And a heavy panel gag to make it hard to lift my head.

But I said there was a twist, did I not?

I was positioned near the entrance of the penthouse elevator. The floor with Cru's personal lodgings, as I learned yesterday. My arms were suspended by a chain that I could pull, but only so much. People who walked off the elevator spanked my bare butt hard. That was my cue to yank the chain and sound the bell.

I was made into a human door chime, announcing everybody's arrival. And there were many arrivals that day.

### **THIRD DAY:**

My hands still mittened, I was put on my hands and knees onto a metal cart. Wrists tied to the front corners. Legs strapped up so my feet kissed the backs of my thighs. A cushion provided for my knees. A tray screwed down on my back over the cart's poles. And a harness bit gag that held my head up so I could see where I was being pushed.

I could hear porcelain sets of dishes and cups being set on the tray.

I was made into a human tea service.

### **FOURTH DAY:**

Cru had me sitting on the coffee table. My arms box-tied behind me and my legs cross-tied. My ballgag had a little chain from my mouth to a rope going down between my legs, and the knotted rope fastened up to my arms.

"I hope I don't have to spell out what's at stake here," said Cru.

"Nm-mm," I said.

"That sounded almost humble. Have we learned something?"

"Mm-hm."

"Perhaps not to take my hospitality too lightly anymore?"

"Mm-hm."

"Well, congratulations on your transformation."

"Cn mm plm gm nwm?"



"Of course, you can go, Tawny. Just one little thing first."

"Whm?"

"You know what that rope between your legs is for."

"Ohm nm."

"Oh yes. Give me one for each day you've been here, and go free. I'll even give you a discount rate on future business for being a good sport. The stuff I'm making will revolutionize the burglary industry. Believe me, kitten, you want to get on the ground floor of this."



I woke up in a mild sweat, breathing hard as if from a nightmare. Which is exactly what Cru was to anyone mouthing off to them. Those four days were etched in my skull. For the first time, I understand how it felt to be completely in someone else's control. Not just that, but completely unable to control myself.

I did not like that at all.

Only once more over the years would I have the gall to talk back to Cru again. And the resulting rage from Cru guaranteed me a week-long stay in one of his locked rooms. I used to laugh about people put in there. No more.

Berseh was dozing beside me like a contented pet. Those soft mews she made while sleeping drove me wild with lust. I was able to slip out of the strait jacket in a fair amount of time. And I quietly unlaced the single boot encasing my legs. The gag was a different story.

I felt behind my head for a buckle or clasp. No such luck. There was a keyhole, but no key in sight. I got out of bed carefully and began searching the room. Then I searched the living room. No luck again.

I paused by the bay window overlooking the city. All of its darkness oozing down sides of buildings in gooeey strips of licorice. I came closer to the glass and found my reflection was pensive as I was. Gagged and naked like me, and trying to fins something unquantifiable in the night.

Another soft moan told me I should be getting back to bed. I crawled up next to my beautiful swan, still wondering where I might find the key to my gag. And then I caught a glint of something between her legs. A tiny chain perhaps just right for holding a key. I fingered the end of it like one might lift a drop of water from a melting icicle.

That turned into a caress of my favorite zone of her body. Which elicited the most darling little coo from her throat. Still asleep, she instinctively reached out and cuddled up closer to me than the gag on my face.

I figured I could leave the key to my gag where it was till morning. Late morning most likely. And then I did something I would not have when we first met. I found a set of padded shackles that bound my hands and feet together in front. The same set I once made Betty wear as a bondage maid.

Then I nestled myself back in my swan's arms. Again, she made the most adorable squeal. And I lost myself to sleep, snug in the warmth and security of Berseh's arms.



## 16 – Spa Treatment



Thaddeus Brooch happily hopped behind me as I led him on a leash through his apartment. I was just going to tie him hand and foot, but he insisted on extra ropes around the thighs and torso. I had concerns a short and portly man would keep his balance. Yet he seemed rather stable, even if he was getting excited.

"Colder," he said, as I walked one way. "Warmer," as I walked the other.

"Thaddy," I said. "I appreciate how you have turned robbing you into a game, but I really do have other places to go."

"Other people to rob, my luscious little night vixen?"

"I am losing patience. This was fun at first. But if it gets unpleasant for me, it gets really unpleasant for you."

"But my dear, I've told you about my seizures. How your mere presence is a balm. How the thrill of being bound naked by you, and consequently robbed, keeps my condition in check."

"I think they call that a fetish."

"For me, it's treatment. I can't have another attack. You don't want to see me have one."

"Not again."

"Again? What do you mean?"

Tawny, I said to myself, you're slipping. Thaddy never knew you were there at Virginia Blue's apartment, helplessly restrained and gagged behind a two-way mirror. He doesn't know you know how bad it gets.

"Um . . . sorry, thinking of something else." I flipped over a couch pillow and found a pair of ruby-studded lace gloves. "Are we done now?"

"I picked those out for you, my dear," said Thaddy.



"I do not accept gifts," I said. "That defeats the purpose of stealing."

"Oh you must! The thought of you wearing those gloves, and only those, makes my loins swell like the ripest of fine winery grapes."

I threw up a little in my mouth.

"Time to go back to your room, Thaddy."

He was disappointed, but what could he do. A good yank on the leash and he was dutifully hopping behind me again.

We entered the bedroom where his new fiancée laid on the bed. Thaddy's wife had left him for another woman, and so she didn't sue for anything in the amicable divorce. Soon Thaddy met a lusty, bronze Amazon who loved being attached to a rich man. She was quite busty, had a healthy posterior, and her straight, black hair went down past her waist.

Extrema, as she was called, laid flat on her back. Her wrists bound over her head to the backboard. Her ankles bound to the footboard of the bed. Her smooth, dark body pulled taut. The only movement allowed her was a slight twist to either side. But that motion was enough to slosh her firm 19-year-old breasts like mounds of jello. Even if they did fall to the sides.

The duct tape over her mouth was beginning to peel away. Small wonder, since there were three pairs of granny panties trying to burst out from behind it. I fixed that by wrapping four nylon stockings over the tape. With that thick, tight layer causing her cheeks to bulge, her whimpers were fainter than a leaf scratching the wind.

Extrema appeared frightened at first, but my caressing of her huge breasts relaxed her. She began to undulate, wanting to approach orgasm. But I stopped and instead laid Thaddy across her so his member poked her belly button. I mouthed a silent curse for not enjoying that sensuous innie beforehand, but made up for it by priming her pulchritude some more.

"You're not going to leave already," said Thaddy.

"Like I said," as I put him into a hogtie. "Places to go."

"I was hoping this misadventure would last longer."

"It will. As long as you struggle to free yourself and your lover. That is, if you want to get free."

"Maybe not too soon, right Extrema darling?"

"Mm-hmmph!"

"Well," I said. "It seems there was some love left to steal after all."

Thaddy began to grind on Extrema's stomach. I found a couple of clothespins and put them on her nipples. Of course, I kissed the nipples first. The knots on Thaddy's wrists were tied so they would slacken a bit after an hour or so of gentle struggling.

"Oh look, Thaddy," I said, picking something off the nightstand. "The ball gag from last time. I hope you washed it."

"Oh you know just what I like, my little night vi-mmmph!"

I grabbed my haul and went out on the window ledge. My rope was still firmly hooked on the roof above. I climbed up the wall, pulling on my line with slip-resistant gloves, and steadying my boots with their cleat attachments. Only the best wall climbing gear from Cru.



Once on the roof, I packed my gear and went down the fire escape on the other side. It stopped about a dozen feet above ground and I had no key to unlock the ladder. I tossed my impact-resistant bag to the ground. Then I leaped off the rail, flipped forward in mid-air, back-flipped off the opposite wall, and landed easily on my feet.

I made a mental note to thank Cru for the high-impact boots.

It had been a good night, but I was tired. I needed to relax and unwind. And with some special gear I bought from Cru, a better ending was in sight.



"Everybody strip," I said, as I began removing my Kevlar catsuit.

"My queen?" said Berseh.

"Mistress?" said Betty.

They had been watching an old movie, *The Big Sleep* with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. It was at the scene where Bogey pretends to be an antique book expert in a store specializing in such merchandise. It was an amusing scene, one which belied the craftiness of the Philip Marlowe character. And I liked watching people in the movie go on confidently as if they could never be fooled.

But of course, they were.

I had an amusing scene in mind for my love and my pet. So, I paused the movie, knowing we would enjoy it later.

Berseh assisted me in tying Betty. We tied her arms behind her in reverse prayer style, with ropes running around the torso above and below the breasts. Her legs were tied together at the ankles and below the knees. I made Betty sit in a kneeling position, making it clear her lap was to be my pillow. I would give her a special gag later.

"How has your night been, my queen?" said Berseh.

"It is about to get so much better", I said.

I quickly got behind Berseh and tied her arms the same style as Betty's.

"Oh no!" she said. "I should've known that meant we'd both be tied up all night. And just when the movie was getting good."

"But you're being tied by me," I said. "That should make your heart fat with pleasure."

"Yes . . . ungh! . . . my queen."

"I am frog-tying your legs so you can move around me a bit as I am laying down."

"Move around? What is it you expect us to do?"

"Hold on. Let me gag Betty first."



Now came the special gag. A kind of shackle that clamped over the mouth and locked behind the head. But the front was unique. There was an open hole with a tube that went in the mouth to obscure speech. However, there were threads inside the tube designed for screwing in specific attachments. I put the same kind of gag on Berseh.

Betty's attachment was a small ventilator fan. She would blow and cause pleasant cool breezes. Berseh's attachment had a thick pad of velvety soft fur.

"Here is what is happening," I said. "I am exhausted and need attention. You two will give me bondage spa treatment."

Betty and Berseh looked at each other in a mixture of excitement and fear.

"Betty, as I lay in your lap, you will breathe out your gag and caress my body with gentle, cool breezes. Do not breathe hard or Mama spank. Be good and I may flutter my eyelashes on your nipples for an orgasm.

"Berseh, you will pass the fur over my entire body. Focusing on my favorite places as I mention them. Your job is to induce me into a nice and soothing nap."

As I laid back in Betty's soft lap, she leaned over and blew soft breaths as I commanded. I could feel heat from her breasts hanging over my face. They smelled sweet as warm pie cooling on a windowsill.

Berseh started with my feet, moaning softly as she passed the fur between my toes and up and down my legs. It felt so good, I turned over and bade her massage my bottom. Every nudge of the fur on my butt cheek riddled my body with Sisyphusian pleasure. As if Berseh was the mythical denizen of Tartarus forced to forever push a boulder up a hill, only to have it roll back down again. Except in this case, the boulder was pleasure and the hill was my butt.

She continued this, driving pleasure through each cheek, while Betty's gentle gusts soothed my back.

The two forms of pleasure clashed in a weather front over the base of my spine. Raining in sheets of ecstasy, but never quite thundering.

After Berseh had essentially scrubbed me head to toe, I changed her gag attachment.

"I have work very hard tonight," I said. "So, I think I deserve some makeup. First my eye shadow. A subdued shade of midnight blue."

I closed my eyes and let Berseh carefully paint my eyelids with the small applicator. She had a very light touch despite her strict bondage. And her breasts ran over my own as she applied the shade.

I changed her gag attachment again.

"Now I would like some mascara. Not too thick, with short and swift strokes. That is it, my swan. You are very capable at this."

"MMmmph!"

For each task I assigned her, I had a different attachment for Berseh's gag.

"Next you will add some pretty blush to my cheeks. I like looking pretty for you. Be careful, I do not want to look like a clown. Betty, a little more air, please. Good girl."

I almost fell asleep again, With Betty shifting her lap at times, it caused Berseh some consternation. But she was patient and adaptable.

"I have a capricious desire for lip gloss. I want my lips smooth and shiny. And do not go beyond the corners."



Berseh took great care in applying the lip gloss. I think she wanted to stretch the moment out as much as she could. I was quite willing to lie there and smile as she gently touched up my lips. The long, slow caress of all these applicators on my face was absolute delight.

Then I sat up and changed both their gag attachments.

"You two will brush my hair. Use slow downward strokes. Do not pull or there will be spankies."

Betty did pull a bit. So, I put her on her stomach and gave her ten spanks. Five on each cheek. I sat her back in place and cautioned her.

"I do not blame you for doing that once. But one more time means being ball-tied. And that just means more work for Berseh."

I changed the brushed out for roller attachments. Now came the real relax.

"Time for roller massage," I said. "Betty, you will massage from my shoulders to my lower spine. Berseh, you will massage the bottoms of my feet, the backs of my legs, and my butt."

I laid on my stomach and told them to get to it. I would reward them each with special attention later. But for now, I let them work and knead all tension from my body. All stress from scaling buildings and tying up people to rob them ebbed out of me in a tide of molasses.

This was going to take a while. Luckily, my i-pad was on the coffee table. So, I read comics while they worked. Classics like Sweet Gwendolyne by John Willie and Pleasure Bound by Stanton. And new favorites like Sunstone, volumes 1 through 5.

What a perfect treatment.

Just what I needed to recharge so I could rob more people the next night.





## 17 – What Else You Got?



I did not always have to rappel down tall buildings to rob people. I also like climbing up concrete walls from dark alleys. Sure, an elevator would be simple. But one's skills are never kept sharp by simplicity. I do not do this just for the money, or for the love of a victim. I do this because challenging the night and winning is the best way for me to be alive.

The risk. The adventure. The discovery. All of it combines to remind me of life's worth. I discovered my love for Berseh while robbing her some months ago. I stole Betty during an adventure on the road. She has been a loyal and adoring pet. And risk is always present when dealing with people like Carson Le Groin and Cru.

Now I was crawling up to the seventeenth floor of a building full of rich targets. Some of whose love I was also certain I could steal. The special cleats in the gloves and boots I bought from Cru gripped the concrete securely. And the wind slipped down between my breasts as it fanned my hair. My jacket flapped as infant wings ready to soar out of the nest.

This is what alive meant to me.

The cleats on my gloves had a special diamond tip for cutting glass. As usual, I cut a small circle for my hand to go through and open the lock. Cru also sold me a scanner for pressure alarms and electric eyes, which I used before stepping inside. There were none.

The place was very dark, but my eyes adapted very well to low light conditions. Night vision lenses would just erode that natural ability, so I never wore them. The apartment was modestly sized for the price. But many Chi-Chi apartments like this cost more for their location than anything. Berseh's apartment was more spacious and cheaper, but still pricey. And affordable on a high-earning bondage model's wages.

From the decor, I could determine the renter liked art and sculpture. Several female, and a few male, nudes adorned the walls and tables. And the place definitely had a feminine flair to it.

I was sure the jewels were back in the bedroom, so I tried to find that. And maybe a woman whom I could seduce into giving me everything I could carry. Along the way, I passed between two short pillars, each a foot and a half high. I soon found out they weren't pillars.



I realized too late they were motorized fabric rolls. I had arrogantly put away my scanner. Walking between them activated a sensor, which made them spin around me and wrap me like a mummy from toes to top. A thin backboard came up from the floor. The rolls spun again, working their way down, wrapping me in a second layer as it pinned me to the board. I could see, but only with one eye through a flaw in the wrapping.

Luckily, the fabric was porous enough to breathe through.

The rolls disappeared. Then the board spun slowly as a roller appeared and coated my body with clear resin. Except for my head, I was covered in the sticky stuff. I continued spinning moderately as the coating hardened. Then the process repeated for two more coats.

I was spinning for almost an hour.

Finally, everything stopped, and I lingered while the last coating solidified. Then the lights came on and a sultry figure entered the hallway. She was a beautiful brunette with shoulder-length hair and she was nude. Gorgeous bronze skin over a lithe dancer's body, and perky handfuls for breasts. She had a hunter's glare in her eyes.

"You're not my ex-boyfriend," she said. "He doesn't have tits. At least not that big. But he could have gone bigger since the operation."

"Mmmph!" I said.

"Oh shush. I laid this trap for him, that stalkerazzi bastard. I'm seeing a hole in my open window out on the living room. So, I guess I caught a thief."

"Mmmph!"

"I said quiet! I was going to finish him with plaster, then another layer of fabric, and then mail him to an Egyptian museum or something. Maybe someone with a mummy fetish. I could still do that."

I could not move at all except to breathe. Even so, my cocoon was not very yielding when it came to taking deep breaths.

"Well, the trap's all shot now. I guess he's not coming. You know, you look hot in all that. Your breasts and hips have a good balance. I like that in my women. But I haven't had much sleep lately. If you can hang there a couple hours, I'll be back to cut you out and maybe we can have some fun."

"Mmmph! Nmmmp!"

"Shut up or I'll plaster your head. I'm going back to sleep."

The woman left me to contemplate my predicament. She laid a trap for her ex. I walked into it. She expressed some admiration for my restrained form. Most people did, whither I was restrained or not. My legs were bound too tight to be of use, but I was still wearing the gloves with the diamond-tipped cleats.

A little over an hour later, I was free. The resin was not impossible to cut through, nor was the fabric. But there being two layers of that, plus three coats of varnish? I am lucky this woman did not think to dip me in a vat of tar. Still, spending time as a slow-spinning hallway ornament merited some punishment.

I removed my glove and boot cleats and sneaked into the woman's bedroom. She was sprawled naked on her back, the sheets twisted into serpentine tangles around her body. Cuffs at the ready, I leaped onto her body. This action took the wind out of her so I could cuff her wrists to the headboard. She was still catching her breath as I crossed her ankles in front and tied them.

"I guess I don't blame you for being upset," she said.

"Upset does not cover what I feel," I said. "Who are you?"



"Victoria Rold," she said. "And I was within my rights to keep you tied up. You broke into my home."

"You call it breaking. I call it a living."

"Ah, so no mere thief. You're a pro."

"Just tell me where the goods are. I would rather not make a mess."

"I see. You want to play. You want to draw it out of me, so you'll get a charge out of it. Seduce me all you want. I've been tied better than this."

"Oh, I have not even started yet."

I took the cuffs off Victoria and tied her wrists in front with rope. Then I bent her arms back over her head, tied another rope to her hands and led that beneath her groin. I attached it to her ankle ropes, so when she pulled with her hands the rope rubbed her genital area. I sat Victoria up in bed and bound her elbows together behind her head. This position restricted her ability to look to either side and to look up. She was a sweet little statue, unable to move or flex in a comfortable manner. Her natural inclination was to bend forward, but that was impossible without inducing orgasm past a certain point.

"Ugh . . . this is pretty good," said Victoria. "Guh! Hard to get comfy. Hard to sit still and just breathe."

"You almost sound like you enjoy it," I said.

"I respect it. Ungh! Apologies for not respecting you before, by the way. ACK!"

"You going to tell me what I need to know?"

"Ugh, no. I'm curious to see what else you've got."

I unzipped my tunic down to my waist. I did not see any cause to get naked, but I was overheating. Exposing skin was the fastest way to cool down.

Victoria's breasts were taut because of her arms pulled over her head, but they were sensitive as I discovered when I caressed one and kissed the other.

"Agh . . . you bitch," said Victoria. "This is intoler-oh god, I love it!"

She came strong, if not loud. Undulating despite the tautness of the ropes. Now she wanted to slump over and relax, but she could not. Still forced to sit up and grind against the crotch rope, another wave would be arriving soon. Her eyes now glimmered with understanding and fear.

"Oh no," she said.

"Oh yes," I said. "I can make this continue ad infinitum. It is one of my specialties after all. Shall I proceed?"

Victoria glanced up from beneath her brow. Sweat was dribbling down her face. "What else you got?"

She was challenging me the only way she could, but I was up to it. A lot of my targets think they have what it takes to outlast me. They soon learn I am the one who takes everything they have.

I tied ropes around Victoria's upstretched arms at the level of her mouth. After stuffing her own panties between her teeth, I cinched the ropes on either side of her head. Not only did it hold her arms even more securely, it made a wonderful gag. And every time she tried to free her hands; she pulled the gag tighter.

Next I uncrossed her legs and tied them together traditionally at the ankles, knees, and thighs. I took her from the bed and put her on the chair. It was an ornate sitting chair with cushioned seat and backing. A fancy version of an old-fashioned wooden chair. But it still had rungs underneath.

Of course, I tied a more thorough crotch rope and attached it to her gag ropes. her legs I tied to the rung in back, which bent them to make her thigh ropes bite nicely into her flesh.



"Mmmmp!"

"Here is what else i got. I am simply going to search for your valuables. You are going to try to sit still, but I have tied you so you cannot. Every subtle shift you make inevitably causes a tug on your crotch rope. You are going to have uncontrollable orgasms till the sun comes up."

"Mmmph! Nmmmp! Ymm bmmph!"

"Calling me a bitch will only encourage the crotch rope. I could do more, but I think I will save it for a future visit."

I scoured the room and found several nice bracelets, ten pair of earrings, ornate necklaces, and a small chest full of jeweled nipple clamps and vibrators. I placed two clamps on her breasts and a vibrator between the crotch ropes.

"I have placed a disposable timer clamp on the main knots behind your head," I said. "Once it cuts the knot, you will have a bit of slack. Be patient and you could be free before tea time."

"Ngggh! Bmmph!"

"Yes, indeed. But think about this. You had me at your mercy and you decided to take a nap. You want to know what else I got? Everything you will never have."

I turned on the vibrator between her ropes and emptied the rest of the nipple clamps into my tote. They would look wonderful on Berseh. Along with absolutely nothing else.





## 18 – Captive Doll



Sometimes my best laid plans gang aft aglay. That is Robert Burns' way of saying anything can go wrong, especially anything plotted out to a tee. But unlike the poem, or the Steinbeck novel inspired by it, I am neither a mouse nor a man. I am a tiger, never trapped and always with some kind of egress.

The police were out in force tonight. Not for me, at least not that I gathered from my personal scanner. I was on the street, with no alley to duck into for hiding. So I tried a series of small stores along the sidewalk. None were open. If I did not find an unlocked door, I would have to break some glass. And that would attract too much attention.

Miracle of miracles, a small department store was unlocked. A tiny place called Coppola's Sporty Stuff & Stuff. I quickly went inside and dead bolted the door. Just in time, because a flood of cops flowed along the street in a river of badges and batons at the ready. Luckily, the lights were out, but sirens rang in the streets. The police were looking for something or someone, and they were practically declaring martial law to do it.

My heart was pounding. My breathing got heavy from the rush of adrenaline. I unzipped my catsuit down to my waist, to cool off from the sweat blooming on my skin. I laid my pack on the floor and tried to think through the fog.

Then I heard rustling behind me.

"Hey, who's there?" said a man's voice. "What are you doing in my store?"

Without thought, I plucked a knockout gas ball from my belt and threw it at the source of the voice. I heard the piff of the gas, followed by the slump of a body hitting the floor.

He was a slender gentleman, perhaps five and a half feet tall. Maybe a bit more. About 130 to 140 pounds, which made him easy to move. He was wearing thin pajamas, so if he was the store owner, he was sleeping here in lieu of an apartment. Just my luck he forgot to lock the door.

The man would not be out long so I had to work fast. This was a department store, so it had a little bit of everything. Especially duct tape.



I bound his arms first. Even for a slender man, he was quite flexible. His arms taped together nicely from wrists to above the elbows. Then I wrapped his legs from ankles to knees, and bound his thighs. Next I sat him up and wrapped his torso from shoulders to waist.

He was beginning to wake. I took a pair of knee-high socks off the shelf. I stuffed one in his mouth and tightly cleave-gagged him with the other. Then I opened a pair of ladies' nylon stockings, pulled them over his head, and wrapped his head in tape till only his nose and one eye were left exposed.

It was very tiring work, especially after the adrenaline rush. My whole body was sticky from the effort. I stripped naked and went to the washroom in back. I knew there had to be one.

By the time I returned, toweling off, the man was awake. He was squirming on the stool where I placed him. Not trying to get free. He almost seemed to be enjoying this. And when he saw me in my naked glory, he let out a long slow moan.

"I am sorry to be doing this to you," I said. "But as you can hear, the police are patrolling the streets. And I would rather not be answering their questions."

"Ggmmph!" he said.

"I had to make certain you would not scream or run away."

"Gggmmph!"

The man stood up and hopped toward the door. I grabbed him easily and slung him over my shoulder like a sausage. I took him to his apartment in the back, laying him on the floor while I gathered my pack and sweaty gear.

"I have to let this dry before I go back out," I said. "And that is only if the patrols have calmed down. So, I am going to keep you tied up and gagged for a while."

The man was squirming again. Not in pain, but some kind of discomfort. I discerned the reason and unbuttoned his pajama bottom so he could fully extend himself. This gave him relief, but thankfully not the kind I would have to clean up. Still, some preparation was called for here.

I looked around the store, but there were no condoms. However, there were many various household products.

Saran wrap worked for a first layer. I secured it with a few twisty ties. Not tight enough to constrict, but just to keep the plastic from unraveling. Next I cut the thumb off a dishwashing glove and pulled that over the tip. And I scotch taped around the area below it so it would not slip off. I still was not satisfied, though. So I dipped him into a can of liquid rubber and let the coating dry.

Now I could relax. I called Berseh on my cell to let her know what happened.

". . . so, I cannot leave until my things dry out and things calm down," I said.

"Well, I'm glad you're okay," said Berseh.

I heard an mmph in the background.

"What was that?" I said.

"Oh, I needed a footstool while watching an old movie. So I volunteered Betty for the job."

"Mmmph!" said Betty.

"SHUSH!" said Berseh. "I can always put more gag on you!"

"What movie are you watching?"



"To Catch a Thief."

"The one with Cary Grant and Grace Kelly on the French Riviera?"

"Yes, my favorite."

"I will switch it on here. It will be like we are watching it together."

"A wonderful idea! I miss you, my queen."

"And I miss you, my swan."

I watched the movie and it was like my little kitten was there in my arms. But even though I was relaxed, something was not quite right. I looked to my captive on the floor. And then to the pole supporting the ceiling. I got an irresistible idea.

Soon I had him mummified in skin-colored stockings. I slipped a sexy mini-skirt up to his waist. Then I put a double-D cup bra around his torso and filled it with water balloons, taping them so they would not fall out. I found two mannequin arms from a female statue in the back. I affixed a harness of leather and chains. Then I fit a woman's stretch shirt over top, finagling the arms in place through the sleeves. The shirt's tightness gave his water-filled bra a bit more support.

Then I found a wig of long auburn hair that went down to his shoulders. After I used red lipstick to draw where his lips would be, I stood back.

"You look so pretty," I said. "Hop around the room for a bit."

He complied enthusiastically. The mannequin arms, though outstretched, withstood the effort. They were light and would not come off. I was proudest of his breasts. They jiggled and wobbled in the tight shirt just like a woman's would. And the wig stayed in place. The flipping of its hair enhanced the man's damsel-in-distress look.

"That is enough," I said. "Hop back over here."

As he did that, I guided him to stand against the pole. I found some thin black belts from the women's side that would serve nicely as straps. I fixed him to the pole at his ankles, above the knees, the waist, below the breasts, and a snug one at the neck. I made sure he would not choke.

Now he looked almost like any other female mannequin modeling the trendiest of college girl fashions. Those fake arms frozen in the midst of casting a spell of eternal beauty.

"That should hold you the rest of the night," I said.

"Mmmph!" he said. He tried to squirm, but only managed a twitch of his hips.

"Since I am going to be here a while, I may as well lie down."

I moved his bed so it was in his line of sight. Then I dimmed the lights so only a honey-hued glow oozed down the walls. It was not even midnight yet. I had plenty of time to relax.

So, I stretched out on the bed, indulging in the delicious softness of my own body. I imagined Berseh gliding over me. Her breasts pressing against mine. Her lips and mine connecting in a long, moist kiss.

All the while, my new girl doll watching me enjoy myself the whole night long.



## 19 – Not Unfunny



Carson LeGroin heard familiar footsteps come down his dark hallway. The figure stepping in and out of cones of light was unmistakable. The sultry and jacketed curves of me, The Love Burglar. My face in shadow beneath my glossy, blonde hair, but the light pooling on cleavage juggling slightly with every step. I had no totes or sacks on hand. Which meant I was here to pick up.

"Miss Tawny," said Carson. "I was just counting your money."

"You mean you were saying goodbye to it," I said.

"I am loathe to part with large amounts of cash, but your latest merchandise was better than top grade. I may have counted it more than once."

"Do I have to wash that money?"

"You wound me. But I will chalk that up to your small attempt at humor."

"I can be funny."

"Of course, you can."

"Seriously. I am a funny girl."

"As you say, Miss Tawny."

"Now who is wounding?"

"Not my intention, surely. But at the risk of sounding impertinent, you couldn't bake a pun if you put it in the oven."

"That makes no sense."

"Now MY puns are like butter, because they're on a roll."

"You are so confusing sometimes."



I pocketed my money and went out the upstairs exit from the fake greeting card store. The weather was bright and even the sidewalks looked clean. The amount of dried gum seemed reduced by half. I did not pay too much attention to anything else. I was thinking of suits I could buy that would be tight on me. And I was thinking of gowns for Berseh that would be sheer and flimsy on her. She was my swan, and such dressing would be beautifully feathering over her body.

The thoughts were making me damp.

But then I became upset because Carson implied, I had no sense of humor! How dare he! I AM funny, dammit! I KNEW chicks crossed roads to get to the other sides! Would an unfunny person laugh at that?

NO! SHE WOULD NOT!

So irritating. I was now in a bad mood. I needed to tie somebody up. Bondage always made me feel better.

When I got home, Berseh had left a note saying she was at the office of her modeling agency. They were planning her next shoot. She was to be a damsel in distress for crime novel covers. A very lucrative deal.

Thankfully, Betty was home. She was stretching and exercising in the nude. That would make it easier for me.

"Come here, Betty," I said.

"Yes, mistress," she said.

I crossed her wrists behind her back and attached them to a harness that accentuated her breasts. Yanking with her hands would make them pop out a bit more. I put her blonde hair up in a ponytail and fit her mouth with a nice red ball gag.

Then I tied her legs at the ankles, and above and below the knees. It was traditional bondage, mostly. But I was too upset to be too creative.

Of course, I added the crotch rope. I believed in rewarding my toys.

I attached a collar and leash and led her hopping around the apartment. The little mmphs she made and the jiggling of her flesh amused me. My inner tension, and anger towards Carson, began to ebb.

After a while, I simply tied Betty to a chair. I was getting so distracted; I was almost bored. The Love Burglar? BORED? Un. Thinkable. Damn Carson for what he said to me! I would have tied him up in spite, but that would ruin my chances of ever dealing with him again. And though he did not seem to be quite as dangerous as Cru, one never could tell. These days I underestimated nobody. Doing so in my early days cost me dearly.

Soon, Berseh came home. She was dressed in 1940s fashion, a wonderful dress like Ingrid Bergman wore in Casablanca. And of course, a lovely wide brim hat.

"Hello, my love!" she said.

"I am so glad you are home," I said.

"It appears so. Otherwise, Betty would be wearing the ropes meant for me. Let me change and we can relax."

"Time for that later, my swan. I need to talk."

"Uh-oh. What's up?"

I took Berseh to the couch. We sat and held hands as Betty looked upon us from her chair. I looked deep in Berseh's eyes.



"Am I funny?"

"What?"

"Do you think I am funny?"

"Who on earth have you been talking to?"

"Carson thinks I cannot make puns if I placed them in the microwave."

"That makes no sense."

"Exactly!"

"Your fence is a brute. Don't listen to him."

"You have not answered my question."

"Um . . ."

"OH MY GOODNESS!"

"Now just wait, my queen . . ."

"Do you seriously think I am not funny?"

"I'm . . . I'm just trying to decide which answer will get me tied up tighter."

"Oh, you are going to be tight all right."

Within minutes, I had Berseh laying naked on her stomach over a hassock. Each wrist was tied to a wooden leg in front. I ran ropes underneath from the legs in front and the legs in back to hold her knees together. Then I folded her legs up so I would not trip over her feet.

Then I brought out a special chain attachment. One end had a smooth metal hook. The other end was a harness bit gag. I put the gag end on first. The glimmer of fear in her eyes as I inserted the hook in the other end was sweeter than a dish of chocolate butter mints.

The hook pulled on the gag so her head would not droop. Holding one's head up in that position was very tiring. So this was a very helpful gag.

"Cannot answer now, can you?" I said. "Has the hook got your tongue?"

Berseh laughed as she squirmed in her bondage. Even Betty was smiling over her ball gag.

"Did I just make a joke?"

"Aw-haw," said Berseh.

"Mm-hm," said Betty.

"I knew I was funny! Wait till I tell that joke to Carson. That will certainly show him."

I felt a warm tingle go all through my body. It was comforting to know I was truly funny after all. I went into the kitchen for a while and came back with a cup of hot tea.

"I thought a cup of Earl Grey would help me enjoy my triumph over Carson, that old harrumph."

Berseh and Betty giggled again.

"How about that?" I said. "I do believe I was just funny again!"



## 20 – A New Toy



I was out on a rare afternoon, dressed in a tight white shirt, and blue jeans. I did not normally wake quite this early, but my capriciousness gets the better of me at times. I went to the department store where I hid out a few nights ago, Coppola's Sporty Stuff & Stuff. It was not too hard to find again, even though I was not paying much attention that night. Most of my attention was focused on staying away from the flood of police out then.

A newspaper headline told me they were on the lookout for a cat burglar, no other details given. Was it me they were searching for, or somebody else? It was time to take a break from robbing and fall back into stealing only love for a while.

If they were after somebody else, that would will out.

I found myself on a familiar avenue. I scanned the doors until one felt like the right one. And so I found it again, the window with a selection of various sporty and trendy clothing and products. As I walked inside, I knew just where to find the closed sign from last time. A small shingle hidden inside a display shelf by the entrance. I hung it and turned the dead bolt. The owner heard the click and faced me.

"I don't have a lot of money," he said. Then he recognized me. "Oh no."

"I am not here for money," I said.

"You're not gonna dress me up like a lady again, are you?"

"Just for a few days."

"What do you mean for a few d-mmph!"

Several smooth strips of tape kept his complaints to a minimum. I took a makeup kit from my tote and painted his gag to match his skin tone. Then I drew pretty red lips with my lipstick and put a lovely auburn wig on him. It had long bangs to obscure the eyes, but not blind him. He put his wrists behind his back for me to tape together. I guess he accepted his fate. I wrapped him in a long coat and tied the belt tight in front.



Now I could lead him back to Berseh's and my apartment.

In preparation for bringing back my new toy, I had placed Berseh in a full body manacle. A kind of cage that held her in a standing position. Naked, of course. Because why not?

"I am back, my swan!" I said.

"That was a fast trip," said Berseh. She was facing the window, but could see slight reflections in it. "Do you have somebody with you?"

I walked around to face Berseh directly.

"I have brought home a new toy."

"YOU WHAT?" Berseh's face contorted in rage as she shook in the manacle.

"He's going to stay with us a few days."

"What do you need HIM for? I'M your toy! Not him or that trinket you have chained to the pet bed in our room!"

"You are not just my toy, you are my love. You are life and he is just a few days."

"I DON'T LIKE IT! I can barely tolerate that ponytailed hussy, but THIS irks me! RAAHRR!!!"

"I can see you need a calming down period."

I placed a big red ball gag in Berseh's mouth and took my new toy to the bedroom to fix him up. Betty was curled up in the pet bed. The chain to her collar just long enough to let her walk to the toilet. The locked harness panel gag had a tiny hole in front for a straw in case she got thirsty. She stirred and sat up, staring at the new stranger.

"Betty," I said, "we are going to have a new guess for a few days. Let me introduce you to . . ." I turned to him. "You know, I never got your name."

"Mmmph!"

"Well, I cannot call you that. But something will come to me. Right now, it is time to dress you up."

"Nmmph!"

"You will soon learn being negative gets you nowhere with me. I gave you a gift of watching me before. This is your return payment."

I removed everything from his body. I did not let him speak. The first thing I did was redo his makeup gag so it was tighter and more blended in with his face. I added eye shadow, fake lashes, and liner. I also primped the wig to make it glamorous.

Before dressing him, I placed a cage on his front part so he would not achieve full extension. This would help him look more woman-like. I made him don tight gray fishnet stockings and a black spandex mini-skirt. I also procured large saline implants to put in his bra. They would be more appropriate than water balloons.

Then I gave him a tight green shirt to put on that stretched beautifully over his new breasts. I tied his arms behind him in reverse prayer style. Then I wrapped his torso in black electrical tape so only his green-shirted bosom showed. The fabric stretched over them tighter.

I put high-heeled shoes on his feet, then taped his legs together at the ankles, knees, and thighs. Next I attached a collar and leash.

"You are such a pretty package," I said. "Let me re-introduce you to Berseh."



I tugged on the leash and he was forced to hop behind me in those heels. But I was patient and watched how his chest quivered and bounced with every hobbled step. Finally, we were back in front of Berseh and I removed her gag.

"What do we call him?" I said.

"Call him SLUT!" said Berseh.

"That is not nice."

"How about Tramp? Or Strumpet?"

"I was just thinking how like a pretty bird he is."

"Mmmph! Nmmph!" he said.

"And how the tight bondage makes his voice a bit higher. Especially with that cage under there."

"Mmmph! Ggmmph! Mbmm!"

"I have it! Your name is Tweety!"

"I think I prefer Strumpet," said Berseh.

"I think I prefer the ball gag back in your mouth," I said.

"If you say so-mmph!"

Despite his protests, I led Tweety on some more hopping around the living room. I was greatly enjoying the difficulty he was having. And the sweeping of his hair in tandem with his breasts was poetry in motion. I was reminded of every helpless damsel in distress I had ever seen in television and movies.

But I guess I was enjoying it too much. Berseh became unusually vocal while gagged. I truly did not intend her to feel neglected. I needed to give her attention. She was my swan, after all. And I felt safe in her wings.

I led Tweety over to the glass coffee table, which doubled as a bondage display case. I had frequently contained Berseh's and Betty's ball-tied forms in the case while enjoying a cup of tea. It was also just big enough to fit both girls inside it, but only for a short time.

And while I was laying Tweety in the case, I had not noticed that Berseh was working her gag loose.

"P-tuh!" she said, the gag falling around her neck. "Serves you right, Tweety Strumpet! I belong to her, not you! Enjoy life as a drink coaster!"

"Time to take you out of that," I said to Berseh.

"Yay! I win!"

I gave her time to stretch and yawn, to go to the bathroom and freshen up. Then I tied her up again, but just at the wrists and ankles.

"Hey, what gives?" said Berseh. "Is that all?"

"I am going to take a nap," I said. "And I need a pillow."

"But you still have clothes on."

"So?"



"So I was hoping we could cuddle and talk about having chocolate creme pie later and then we could watch that movie about Morocco again because I just love how Rick and Ilsa feel about each other and then maybe you could turn me into a chair while you plan your next adventure and of course we could f-mmph!"

The ball gag went back in, a little tighter this time. Not so easy to spit out as before. I cuddled up close, laid my head on her chest, and let her breathing take me to sweeter places where only we could go together.





## ABOUT

### AtomicWick:

AtomicWick is a writer from Appalachia who grew up on a diet of comic books, poetry, science fiction, adventure television, and cheeseburgers. Of course, there was time for normal stuff like a lot of piano lessons, working in retail, and mowing neighborhood lawns.



He writes a wide variety of fiction and poetry. Elements of thrill and peril are key to the stories he has shared on Deviant Art. It's basically due to 70s television that his tales are infused with bondage. There are only so many times Wonder Woman and Daisy Duke are tied up before the impression becomes indelible.

He draws inspiration from various sources: current events, literature, bacon cheeseburgers, and Tawny Tomsen, just to name a few. Comments are always welcome on his pieces at his Deviant Art page, because he may even get inspiration from you!

If you want to read more stories from AtomicWick, then visit him at:

<https://www.deviantart.com/atomicwick>

### Tawny Tomsen:

Tawny Tomsen is a real person, even if she exists only in cyber-space. She was born in March 2007 as a character in the digital world of "Second Life®", and thereafter went her own way, without regard for the wishes of her creator.



With her Second Life friend Tina, she founded T&T Products, purveyors of fine bondage devices for Second Lifers inclined toward the BDSM lifestyle. The brand soon became the first choice for discriminating Masters and Mistresses of the digital world.

After 9 successful years at T&T Products, Tawny changed her career to 3D artist and brought in her expertise from years of developing bondage gadgets. In the new 3D artist environment, she met Berseh, and starting in the autumn of 2017, fell in love and developed a mutual BDSM relationship with her. With Berseh as her muse, Tawny's art has grown and she has built a large and loyal following among lovers of BDSM art, with sexy stories about the 3D Tawny Girls.

If you want to know more about Tawny and her stories, visit her at:

<https://www.deviantart.com/tawnyt>

### Berseh:

Berseh is an artist from Monaco who has been in deviantArt for three years. Berseh as we know her, exists in this form only in cyberspace, although from time to time anonymous photos of the wearer of her spirit appear, who herself is active in the model industry and acting.



Berseh wanted to participate actively in the 3D-EroticArt community and from the very beginning has commented intensively on the works of others in a constructive way. The commenting was too little for her so she started to write erotic stories (The Tales of Deviantshire was the first story of Berseh, illustrated by Goorzz). Was it the way she gave feedback? It has inspired many artists to use her original character in their stories and to illustrate Berseh's own stories.

If you are more interested in Berseh, visit her at:

<https://www.deviantart.com/berseh>



# PORTRAITS



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Mice**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Bersch**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Betty**



*The Love Burglar - Portraits*

**Bo Grumb**



*The Love Burglar - Portraits*  
**Carson LeGroin**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Clarence**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
Cru



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Extrema**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Juteboy**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Yolie Cho**



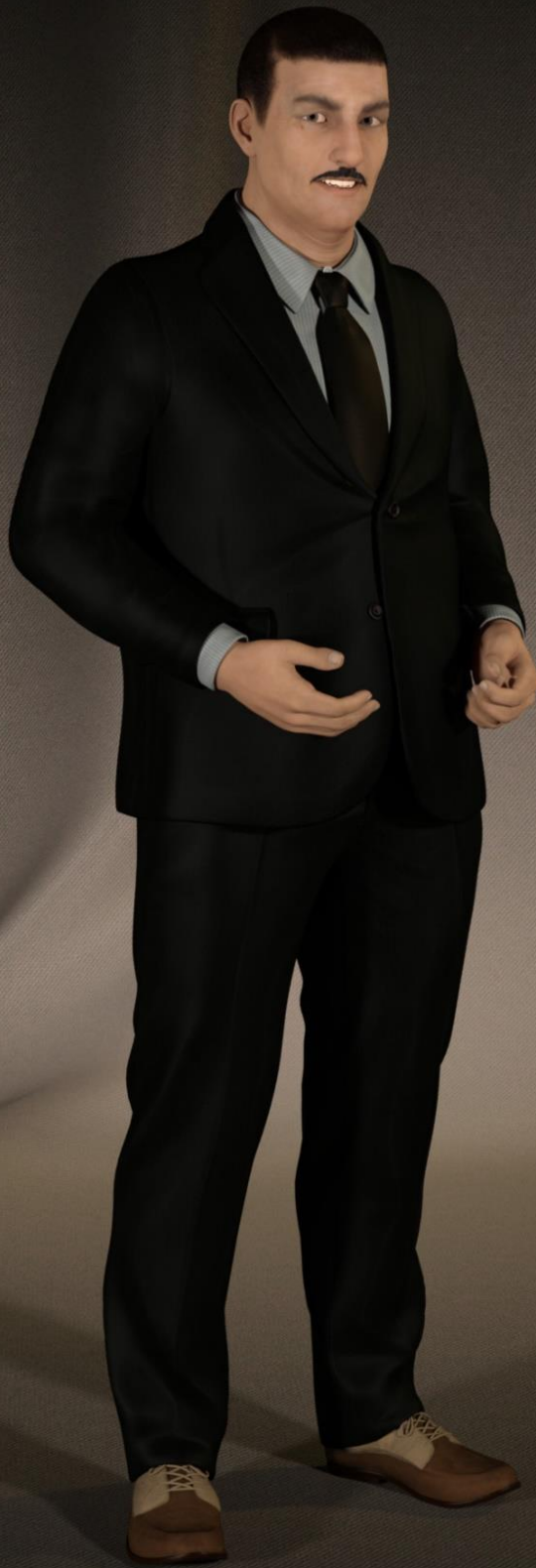
The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Sala**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Steve**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Lawny Lonsen**



*The Love Burglar - Portraits*  
**Thaddens Brooch**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Tweety Strumpet**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Victoria Hold**



The Love Burglar - Portraits  
**Virginia Blue**