



Story by AtomicWick

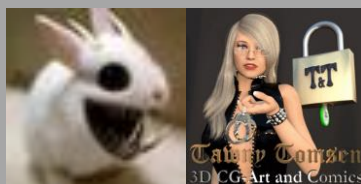
THE LOVE BURGLAR

Part II



Illustration by Tawny Tomsen

April 2019

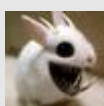


An AtomicWick and Tawny Tomsen collaboration



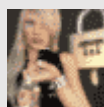
The Love Burglar (Part 2) © 2020

Story by



[AtomicWick](#)

Illustrations by

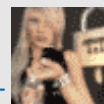


[Tawny Tomsen](#)

Featuring [berseh](#)



and [TawnyT](#)





Welcome to another sexy collection of Love Burglar! In these episodes, Tawny has more risky adventures and meets new characters. Some are good, some are bad, and some are just there to be tied up and gagged the way the Love Burglar likes. She becomes a human doll. She takes on a new initiate who has her own ideas about being a slave. And she has a powerful encounter with the enigmatic Cru.

Of course, Tawny gets tied up a time or two. There's plenty of tension in here for you readers, and not just in terms of traditional bondage. With all the risks ensuing, does the Love Burglar have any time to steal love? Read on and discover!



Content

Preamble.....	2
21 - Dark Underchat	4
22 - Petting It Up	8
23 - Changes in the Universe.....	11
24 - The Mansfield Blonde	18
25 - Kept Promises.....	24
26 - Tied Temptresses.....	30
27 - Dollified	34
28 - The Dream and the Garden.....	41
29 - The Factor of When	45
30 - A Tasty Night	49
31 - Bo Crumbles Again.....	53
32 - Taylor's Induction	56
33 - Slap Happy at Walt's Diner.....	60
34 - Bad Delivery	64
35 - Chandelier	69
36 - Carousel	72
37 - Cru's Control.....	75
38 - Lounging.....	79
39 - Trinkets	82
40 – Negotiations	85



21 - Dark Underchat



It was dark, and the taste of blood was in my mouth. But I was quite used to it in the course of my work these days. Over time, I accepted that struggle was inevitable. I liked to fight and loved to see the expressions on my opponents' faces when I would not go down easy.

Every one of them thought I was too pretty to take a punch.

But even with hands cuffed behind my back, I was a tough customer. When my opponent took time to gloat, I drove my boot through his kneecap. And just before he recognized the snap from his own tendons, I spun my other boot so it crashed into his face. His chipped front tooth hit the pavement a split second before his bloody mouth.

I looked up and saw the moon just coming out of a dark veil between the dark monoliths of the alley. My opponent twitched and then deflated like a broken bag of sand.

I did not waste time searching for the key to my cuffs when I had several kinds of picks in my belt. Picking cuffs with gloves on was tricky. The growing numbness in my fingers was proof of that. Still nothing I could not handle. Once free I put one cuff back on the wrist of his dominant hand. The other cuff went on the ankle below the broken knee cap.

Unfortunately, I had no time to stay and witness his pain upon waking up. I had an appointment with Carson LeGroin. And when I arrived for it, his tiny eyes widened at the swollen purple lump below my cheekbone.

"I can only assume," said Carson, "whomever gave you that mouse has suffered at least twofold in recompense."

"What do you mean by mouse?" I said.

"A boxing term. For when bruises swell to the size of a small mouse."

"Yes, it is still swelling. I got stupid and slow, and he tagged me good."

"And your . . . ahem . . . dance partner?"



"He will be off his feet for a while."

If Carson ever smiled, it would be for comments like that. Not that his face ever betrayed much emotion. But his heavy brow and large lips seemed to twitch in the slightest glimmer of appreciation.

"I am here for my money," I said.

"Of course, you are. Of course, you are. And the jewels acquired from Miss Rold brought a tidy profit. But I have another matter to take up with you."

"What could that possibly be?"

"Come with me."

As I pocketed the profits in my coat, Carson led me back down the hallway. We stopped before one of the nondescript doors. I once joked about him keeping prisoners down here, but I only half believed it. Carson unlocked the door, switched on the light, and waved his hand like a magician revealing a trade secret.

A woman sat taped and strapped to a wooden chair. Blindfolded and thoroughly gagged in multiple layers. Her hair was limp and straight. Her figure was softer and much less muscular than I remembered. But I still recognized Virginia Blue.

Carson looked to me for comment, but my silence persisted.

"You can speak freely," he said. "Her ears are plugged. She won't know you are here."

"How did . . . what happened to her?"

"As you can see, she has deteriorated since you last encountered her. She has withdrawn from the domination circuit. As much was told me by our mutual acquaintance Louisa Cho."

"Louie did this?"

"Mais non. Miss Cho informed me of Miss Blue's new status after I apprehended her."

"You tied her up. How did you know to call Louie?"

"Through our connection in the dark underchat. She is one of my online contacts and she posted about this."

"So how did she get here?"

"She tried to rob the store upstairs, not realizing it is a front for my enterprises down here. She quickly discovered we are a bit more formidable than the garden variety greeting card store."

"What will happen to her now?"

Carson looked at me as if I had forgotten my own name.

"She will stay here," he said. "For as long as I deem."

"Is that truly necessary?"

"Miss Tawny, are you feeling compassion for your former captor? Remember, she would have happily consigned you to a life of captivity."

"I know, Carson. It just seems . . . harsh."

"Perhaps, but I must set an example for those who think they may cross me with impunity. I cannot be seen to be soft."



As Carson closed the door upon my former nemesis, I felt a chill inside my chest. As confident as I was in my ability, and as much as I respected the people I dealt with in this business, I was reminded how thin the line was between social familiar and pariah.

The night was young, and the darkness coated streets and buildings like a thin layer of chocolate. One could bite through easily if they did not mind the surprise underneath. Tranquility is a sleeping beast awakened at one's own risk. Some beasts threw you off their backs immediately. Others waited a while before stomping you into the dirt. Becoming an experienced rider meant acquiring your share of injuries.

Just like the ever-swelling bruise on my face. It felt like it went from mouse to sewer rat. I would have to take time off. No going out on serious jobs with such a distraction as this.

Eventually, I wound up at the doorstep of The Dark Sun Stroke. As always, the molded derriere in the metal door was a welcome sight. I struck those steel buns with the doorknocker, and the girl encased within the door announced my presence with her moans.

The door was opened by a slender and lovely nude red-haired girl, wearing only a large red ball gag.

"I am here to see Louie," I said.

The girl waved me inside and led me down the hallway lit by wrought iron torches, just like in medieval dungeons. Or at least our cultural perception of such. She stopped by a thick wooden door and rapped on it with an iron bar hanging on a chain.

Louie's face appeared at the barred aperture.

"What is it?" she said. Then she saw me. "Oh, Taw . . . I mean, Tommi. Please come in."

As the door shut, I saw Louie's customer for the night. Another lovely girl with short, spiky purple hair. She was strapped, blindfolded, and gagged to a slow-spinning rotisserie spit over a bed of coals. The coals were fake, but the heat coming off them was not.

Louie excused herself for a moment to baste the girl with lotion. The girl moaned from the caresses of the basting brush. And her body glistened as juices dripped from her large breasts. I suddenly got some interesting ideas for being with Berseh later tonight.

"Okay," said Louie. "We can talk. She's sealed up good."

"Yes," I said. "I have just been with Carson."

"Ah."

"And you almost called me by my real name. You have known who I was all along."

"It's true. I'm one of Carson's pipelines for things that happen in the city. I didn't like keeping that from you, but Carson is particular about which information is shared, and whom shares it. And if he shared this with you, we can now talk freely with each other."

"He has Virginia Blue in one of his closets."

"I know. It's sad. She was here a couple weeks ago."

"Working?"

"No. I put her through a session with this girl here and her lover."

"Blue has changed so much."

"That night at her penthouse changed everything. She's not the same person. She doesn't remember anything."



"She doesn't remember me? Keeping me captive in her secret trophy case?"

"No. I think she sees parts of that night in dreams, but she can't put it all together."

I swept my hair from my face, forgetting it was obscuring my bruise.

"Oh my god!" said Louie.

"It is nothing," I said. But it was throbbing fiercely.

"I hope whoever did that paid the price."

"He was still horizontal when I left him."

"Nice! How did you do it?"

"With both hands behind my back."

"You are my hero."

I knocked on the door to be let out. Louie stopped me in the doorway.

"A word of advice," she said. "I'm sure you know Carson doesn't share stuff with just anyone."

"I am aware of that," I said.

"If he told you about the dark underchat, then he has something in mind for you."

"Recruiting me as part of his pipeline?"

"Maybe, but since it's you it's probably not so simple as that. And there's nothing simple about Carson."

"Of that, I am especially aware."

We said our goodbyes and I went home to Berseh. My head was starting to feel twice its normal size. Bedtime could not come soon enough.

"Oh, my queen!" said Berseh.

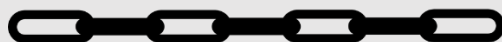
I was too woozy to say much. But my eyes pleaded for my swan's loving tenderness. She took me into the bedroom, stripped off all my clothes, and laid me on the bed. I could hear Betty mumbling from the closet.

"You SHUSH!" said Berseh. The mumbling and rustling stopped.

I tried to speak, but feeling so safe had a narcotic effect.

"Rest, my queen," said Berseh. "You are home and you're safe. I am taking care of you. Sleep and worry about nothing."

My last sensations before succumbing to sleep were Berseh's warm body snuggling up to mine, and the unbruised side of my face gently pelted with her soft kisses.





22 - Petting It Up



I decided once a month was for the birds.

The agreement be damned. Berseh and I had been together for a while now. Long enough to really trust each other. Especially considering that I was essentially a thief hiding out in her home. But now it was OUR home. She had given herself to me freely, so if I wanted her to tie me up anytime I wanted then dammit I was going to have her do it.

I trust Berseh, my swan, completely.

I was physically recovered from the trials of my last few outings. However, I had developed a need for pampering. Betty had asked to go visit friends and family for a while, so I gave her leave. Tweety Strumpet had a store to run, so it would be a while before I brought him back to play.

This was time for Berseh and me alone. And nobody could hold me captive like her.

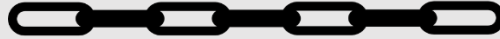
Berseh decided she would like me to be her pet for a while. She had plenty of complimentary bondage gear from her many modeling jobs. So she bound my arms and legs in special boots with cushioned treads. I walked around on my elbows and knees like a puppy. I even arfed like one because it made her smile.

Then she tied my hair up in a ponytail. She put a bowl of milk before me and told me to lap it all up. If I did, she would pet me for being a good little puppy.

Despite the fact that puppies do not drink milk, I happily complied. And she did pet me in the most gentle and loving of ways. She gagged me with a bit harness gag that had dog ears on the sides. As she led me around the apartment on a walk, I arfed repeatedly as a happy puppy should.

Berseh knelt down and laid me on the floor on my back. My puppy legs splayed out to my sides, wiggling in happiness as she gave me sweet and sensual belly rubs. The entire belly. And she placed her lips on my breasts, bringing me to further edges of glory I had never felt. And she made sure I could not tell her stop. And why would I?

This was my reward for being a good puppy.



I walked the night streets with renewed energy. Though the moon was out, it felt like a summer day. There were some food carts catering to other denizens of the night. My appetite had been sated earlier, but I still drank in scenes of people enjoying a quick hot dog and a coke.

And why not? This was how cities survived. Just as blood cells went to our lungs for oxygen, so did people take like sustenance from a local hot dog vendor. As I had taken sustenance from Berseh and her loving attentions. Both her and the night had something in common in that they breathed for me, and I could not exist without either one of them.

One vendor I passed was a round old man with leathery skin. He looked as if he once lived under the sun, but had now retired to existing under the moon. He was bald and his eyes were sad triangles holding up the flesh sloping from his forehead. I could smell sauerkraut, mustard, and kielbasa. It was a heavenly aroma, but it was not for me. At least not right now.

After I passed him, I heard commotion. I turned to see a skinny man hassling him with a pocket knife. He was gangly, gaunt, and desperate. I pulled a throwing star from my belt and let it sail through the air like a coin skipping on dark water. The star buried deep in his mid-thigh and he collapsed to the pavement in pain.

"Do not pull it out," I said, approaching him. "If you do, you will bleed to death before police arrive."

I plucked the knife from his hand and kicked his chin. He went limp and would remain so for quite a while.

"Thank you," said the vendor.

"You could not have much money to steal," I said.

"With people like him, it's never about much. Just what they can get. But I can't hate him. He's hungry and in withdrawal. I would've given him some food."

"He will get food in jail," I said. "I would appreciate it if you did not tell police about me."

"Of course," he said. "People call me Smaczny. Can I give you anything for the road?"

He waved his wizened hand over a display of sizzling sausages and juicy kraut.

"Meat would make me slow tonight. And I need to be quick. Perhaps another time."

I waved goodbye to my new friend and went deeper into darkness. I was looking for windows with inviting reflections. The ones with clairvoyant glimmers of the treasures that lay behind them.

When you walk in pet bondage, as I did for Berseh earlier, you are forced to move your joints differently. Namely the shoulders and hips. With the limbs constrained to half their length and mobility, a slower pace was required so as not to overextend any muscles. The gait one adopts becomes sultry and sensuous as the back is arched and the buttocks spread apart. The pet becomes extremely vulnerable, which in turn extremely turns her owner on.



Having done it, I realized I would become Beresh's pet anytime she wanted. I also realized walking while bound in such a way aided my stealth. Creeping with extreme care in the dark may look damn sexy, but it helped one to avoid making too much noise.

That always worked to my advantage. As it did just now as I finished tying up two college girls who were sleeping together. One white and one black. They were very pretty, and obviously thought so of each other by the way they embraced in sleep.

I hogtied them both. Fairly traditional, but I added a twist. I blindfolded them and connected their mouths together in a permanent gag kiss. They could struggle, but they had to be careful about moving around. As much as they enjoyed the kiss, they would not prefer to twist each other's necks.

Now I could search the place while listening to sounds of fear mixed with erotic bliss.

"This is a beautiful bureau," I said. "Is it cherry?"

"Mm-hm," said the white girl. "Mm muh grum-mum-mum."

"It is your grandmother's?"

"Mm-hm."

"Well, your grandmother had exquisite taste. As evidenced by all this beautiful jewelry. I will not take the older pieces, as they are obviously heirlooms willed to you."

"Hamk-um."

"You are welcome. I am not a cruel thief. However, I will take these newer items I recognize from the current catalogs."

"Nmm!"

"I am afraid so, darling. My sympathy only goes so far."

The girls struggled in frustration. Their flimsy bedclothes riding up their crotches. Their loose tops slipping down to just above their nipples. They seemed to get more upset the more noise I made. So I ran my fingers through another drawer full of new bracelets just to watch them fidget.

They were so sexy I could not help getting ideas. I also could not help kneading my fingers into their soft, cushiony rears. And that lasted a good long while.

Hey, I am the Love Burglar. I steal love, and also what I love.

Carson would give me a nice price for these items. He would have given more for the older jewels, but I had a soft spot for inheritance. And when I got home, I approached Berseh in bed, conscious of many other soft spots.

"How did things go?" said Berseh.

"I helped a couple make a connection," I said.

"I get to sleep late this morning. No shoots planed until later."

"Oh so we can play for a while."

"What would you like to do, my queen?"

I sat up in a pose and went "ARF! ARF!"



23 - Changes in the Universe



Mornings in bed were the best time. Especially on mornings with just myself and Berseh. Where I felt safe holding something soft and compliant in my arms. Someone I could squeeze and feel them nuzzle closer up to me. Berseh had that quality of being able to cuddle closer as she kept halving infinitely towards zero. Every iota of space she snuggled was half the size of the previous squeeze. And yet, coming infinitely closer together also mean being infinitesimally further apart. The physics of loving embraces was too complex to embrace when not completely awake.

I could not comprehend how many physical laws I broke just by crushing Berseh's body against mine. It was as if universes collided and expired as we pressed against each other.

But I had to wake up. And I had to untie her. Just not before breakfast. One of my simple joys was Berseh bound and gagged naked to a kitchen chair as she watched me eat my favorite cereal, and check out the internet news sites. Nobody's patience was infinitely sexy as Berseh's. I wonder how many laws that broke?

I had gotten a message from Louie Cho on my cellphone. Apparently, I had an appointment scheduled with her tonight at 7pm. I did not remember making one, but I was curious. A feeling welled up inside me that I would not regret any chance to submit to Louie's touch. She was very respectful and professional, with me and Berseh. She never tried to get romantic.

But sensual? Oh yes!

When breakfast was over, Berseh had to go to work. I kissed her goodbye, which took twenty minutes, and went back to the bedroom. Since the sun was out, and it would be sometime before my appointment with Louie, I would catch up on some sleep.

But not alone.

Much to Berseh's slight chagrin, Betty had returned from vacation. I needed something soft to cuddle if I was going back to sleep, and she fit the bill. Of course, she had to be properly bound.

"So," I said, tying her wrists above her head. "How was the trip?"



"Interesting," said Betty. I attached a wrist rope to rungs at the headboard.

"Well, that does not sound ominous at all."

"I walked in on my cousin tying herself up."

"Oh my." I tied Betty's ankles to the footboard. Her body was taut, but no so circulation was cut off to her hands and feet.

"She was really embarrassed. But I think it helped when I told her I did the same thing."

"How old is she?"

"She's old enough."

"I assume you and she had a talk." I bound Betty's legs above the knees.

"I gave her some safety tips. How not to do it too tight. And never do it right after you eat. Stuff like that."

"Also, to her someone nearby if things go wrong. Doing it in secret is sexy, but you have to trust someone if you want to be safe."

"Yeah, that's what I offered."

I was bringing a panel gag with a choke pear up to her mouth, but stopped mere inches from her lips.

"What are you saying, Betty?"

"I'm going to spend more time back home. To help her through this. She can't talk to anyone else about it."

"Are you moving away?"

"Yes. I'll still come back here on occasion, but my cousin needs me."

I put the gag in her mouth and buckled it snugly in place.

"I understand," I said. "I support you in whatever you need. But for now, I am going to enjoy a nap with my beautiful pet."

"Mmmmh!"

I pulled up the covers and snuggled up to Betty's body. I twined my leg around her, embraced her, and nuzzled her chest. Her softness was not a chisel, and I allowed it to carve its memory onto me. She would be missed, by me if not too much by Berseh.

But Betty, though loved, was not A love. That place would always be held by my swan. I would miss Betty as one would a loyal pet, or a cherished memory of a roadside tryst.

Maybe I would see Betty again sooner than I thought.





At 7pm, I found myself at The Dark Sun Stroke knocking on my favorite doorbell. It was the same girl as ever. The moans coming from her as I rapped on her steel-encased derriere were familiar to me now. Louie answered the door in ravishing attire. Her 'gown' was a long strip of translucent cloth lopped around her neck, coming down over her lovely small breasts, to a chain at her waist. The ends of the fabric were gathered and hung in front like a long loincloth.

Of course, nothing covered her beautiful rear. And her long, straight, black hair poured over her collar bones in sleek hypnosis.

I found her stunning.

"Thanks for coming," said Louie. "Let's go to my room and we'll talk more."

As Louie led me down the hallway, I could not help staring at her butt. It was a perfect shape, similar to Berseh's. But not better than, of course. Still, I enjoyed the see-saw interplay of both cheeks as she walked.

She waved me in, followed me, and someone shut and padlocked the door. By the back wall, I saw a treadmill, with chains hanging from the ceiling. And I saw a table with a computer and a dock for thumbdrives.

"Is this a session?" I said.

"Of a sort," said Louie. "I hate to make you strip off all your gear, but this has to be authentic."

"What is going on here?"

"I told you Carson had plans. This is for the best."

"How so?"

"Someone has put a contract out on you. A bondage contract."

"What does that mean?"

"If you're captured, you are bound, gagged, and delivered to whomever put it out."

"I see."

"So Carson thought to recruit you in the dark underchat. You're part of the pipeline now. And we have resources to protect you from those contracts."

"Okay, so how does this work?"

"I download stuff for you on thumbdrives and you do consulting work."

"Sounds simple enough."

"It takes three and a half hours to download and encrypt. So we have some time."

"Uh oh."

"Strip, slave!"

"Yes, mistress."

Louie commanded me not to talk, so I could not ask what she had in mind for our session. She brought out an armbinder with a hood on it. My arms, shoulders, and head were completely encased. Only a nose vent exposed any trace of skin above my breasts. Louie buckled the built-in straps at my wrists, above my elbows, over my mouth, and over my eyes. Even though I could not see to begin with, the strap pinned my eyelids from any twitch, involuntary or otherwise.



I felt straps go around my torso below my breasts, and around my upper and mid-thighs. She sat me down and slipped a knee-high single boot over my feet and laced it good and tight. Then she led me hopping blindly across the room.

"God you're so hot like this," she said.

"Mmmmh!" I said.

"Take it slow. Just a little while longer. Okay, now big hop. We're going up."

"Mmh! Mmh!"

"Good girl. You're on the treadmill now."

"Mm-nmh!"

"Oh yes!"

I hear Louie grab the hanging chains. I felt them being attached to a loop at my fingers, and a loop on the top of my head.

"Mmmmh!"

"Easy. This won't be that bad."

She pulled on the chains from another end. As each link clicked, my arms went up and my head went back. Then I heard a switch. The treadmill began to move. Not fast, though. I was forced to hop to keep my balance, but the pace stayed slow and constant.

Louie simply wanted to watch me hop in bondage.

As a finishing touch, Louie connected my neck to my knees with a tough stretchy cord. I was forced to push against it in order to hop. My grunting and moaning became more and more involuntary, and I am sure this was music to Louie's ears.

"Last time I tried to tie you up," said Louie, "you turned things around on me and Alice."

"Mmh! Mgmh! Gmmf!"

"So consider this a little p[ayback. Especially since you haven't kept your promise."

Promise? I was confused. And then I remembered. For helping to save me from Virginia Blue, Berseh was forced to promise weekly sessions with Louie. We had come a couple of times, but we both became so busy we forgot to keep up. Fortunately, Louie was not too vindictive.

She spoke with a playful sing-song tone about it, which told me she was not actually upset. But I could tell she enjoyed tying me up. A lot of people seemed to enjoy tying me up.

The pace of the treadmill was such that I had to hop once about every five seconds. Not an exhausting pace, but Louie was about making it last, not hurt. As I hopped, she stood behind me and smoothed her hands on my rear. She squeezed and kneaded the cheeks, but did not spank them.

"You're as wonderful as I dreamed," she said. "For someone so tough to be so soft is a true dichotomy. I'm going to enjoy figuring you out at our weekly sessions."

"Mmmph!"

"I can do twice a week if you like."

"Nmmph!"



"Oh cheer up, it's not that bad. In fact I . . . oops."

"Whm?"

"I think I enjoyed myself too much. I made bruises."

"Gmdmmh!"

"Language, dear Tawny. I'm sure Berseh will understand. Now let me get the brush."

The brush was a modified horse crop. Instead of a leather whip at the end, there was a thick tuft of soft hair. Like I said, Louie was not about pain. She ran the brush in circles on my butt, and along my back and stomach. She paid special attention to my breasts, which had been ignored till now.

Then the computer pinged.

"Oh look," said Louie. "The download finished early. I guess I can send you back to Berseh."

"Thmk gmm!"

"Hey, I didn't say I'd free you. I said I'd send you. You know what that means."

"Ohm nmm!"

"Oh yes!"



My queen's absence made the place seem too empty. Even though I was happy Betty was leaving, and Tweety was a more infrequent visitor, Tawny not being here felt like a sharp pain in the gut. I knew she was out there in the night, laughing at danger, and tying up the bodies and hearts of her targets. But she always came home to me, to tie me up and adorn my bare body with pretty things that she stole. I laid back moaning to the expectation of what my loving queen would bring home tonight.

Then a knock at my door.

"Special delivery!" said a man.

I donned a satin robe and went to the door. Through the peephole, I saw a delivery man in a brown outfit. His nametag read "A. Wick."

"Yes?" I said.

"Are you . . . um." He checked his clipboard. "Are you Miss Berseh?"

"Yes, I am."

"I got a package from Louie Cho to you."

He held the slip up to the hole and I recognized Louie's signature. I unchained the door and saw a man of a bit more than medium build, but not heavy set. His dark brown hair was crew cut with a stripe of gray above the right corner of his forehead. I admit, I was curiously drawn to the hazel eyes under his dark eyebrows.



"You ARE Miss Berseh?"

"Oh, sorry."

"Here's your package."

Next to him was a dolly cart with a crate laying down on it. It was about five feet and several inches long, two and a half feet wide, and about a foot and a half deep. Why would Louie be sending me something so huge?

"Sign here please," said A. Wick.

He handed me the clipboard and I noticed his arms had wavy hair on them. Again, I looked a bit too long.

"Miss?"

"Sorry. Here you go."

"Thank you. Now where can I set this for you?"

"Um . . . in the living room. In front of the couch."

"Of course, Miss."

I watched as he wheeled the cart inside, locked the wheels, and gently slid the crate onto the floor. He had nice arms.

Then I noticed the Dark Sun Stroke logo on his shirt.

"I thought you were a dungeon," I said.

"Yes, Miss," said Wick. "But we're also a legitimate post office. We send out letters, supplies, and people. But we only do that last one locally. Can't have packages dying in transit."

"People?" I looked at the crate and began to realize something.

"Here's the key to undo the padlocks," said Wick. "If you like, we can pick the crate back up in a day or two. Or just keep it until you need to send something else out in it."

"I'll let you know."

After Wick left, I sat down on the couch. I held my hand over the crate and knocked on it three times.

"MMMPPH!"

"Oh my goodness!"

I opened the crate and saw my queen, bound in a head-and-shoulders covering armbinder, straps on her thighs, and a knee-high single boot. She squirmed in her cotton packing so deliciously. I almost didn't notice the note on her chest.

"Dear Berseh," it said. "Please accept my apologies for the liberties I took with your queen and mistress Tawny. It was necessary, but she can explain in greater detail when (or if) you free her. Make sure she doesn't lose the thumbdrive I put around her neck. It's extremely important! Take care! Gags and kisses, Louie. P.S. I look forward to seeing you both in two weeks."

"Two weeks?"

"Mmmh! Mmmph!"

"Goodness, let's get you out of there."



I put Tawny over my shoulder and carried her to the bedroom. Then I laid her on the bed and inspected her bondage. Looking for the best way to undo it. But then I saw the marks on her bottom.

"What is this?" I said.

"Mmmph?"

"These bruises, are they . . . ? Did she . . . ? Oh, I can't believe this!"

"Mmmph! Bmmph!"

"Don't plead with me right now. I'm upset."

"Mm srmm."

"Yes, I know you're sorry. It's not your fault your butt is so beautiful, soft, and tempting."

Tawny arched her back, making her bottom pop out more.

"Stop it," I said. "Stop hypnotizing me with your butt. I'm too upset to obey it's bidding right now."

"Mmmmm-hmmmm!" It was one of Tawny's sexiest moans.

"I can't . . . I just can't do this. I need to calm down. So I'm going to stand you in the closet until I'm ready to play with you."

"Nmmh!"

"You have no choice, my queen. Here, these wall straps you used for Betty and Tweety Strumpet will work just as well for you."

"Mmh! Mmh!"

"There! Now I'm going to relax with a cup of tea. Then I'm going to come back in here and wonder aloud how I wish I could check my closet for a thing to play with. And when I find you, I'm going to say 'Oh my what a dream come true! I can't wait to play with this thing!' And then I'll play with you, switching bondages on you till morning. I'll even pretend we're stuck together and the only way to get free is to love your boobs. But first . . . time for tea."

I shut the closet door and heard Tawny panting in anticipation. She was well on her way to the first of many climaxes. In the kitchen, I started a pot of water and prepared a couple slices of lemon bar. A little dusting of powdered sugar made them just perfect.

And the best cup of tea was the second one.





24 - The Mansfield Blonde



Tying people up was part of my repertoire as a burglar. If I was going to rob someone properly, I had to bind them properly. Otherwise, why be in the profession at all? Most thieves tied people up any old way just to get their valuables. Only I could do it in such a way that I would also steal their love. And that meant practice.

And as Berseh was not yet home this afternoon, I would practice on Tweety Strumpet. Betty was gone, though she was still mine. She had pressing family concerns to attend to.

Tweety Strumpet was encased in a canary yellow spandex cocoon. It covered him from head to toe. Before I zipped him up in it, I stuffed his bra and padded his hips and butt to accentuate his feminized form. The good thing was the material was thin enough to breathe and see through. The bad thing, for Tweety Strumpet at least, was that it was so strong and tight his arms were forced behind him.

I suppose he would complain if the thick cleave gag I tied did not bite so deep into his face.

I affixed black straps above and below his breasts, at the waist, upper thighs, below the knees, and the ankles. I made him sit on his knees and strapped him in that position. The finishing touch was a wig, one with long and curly black hair.

Then a knock at the door. I did not expect Berseh home so early. I opened the door and was stunned to see Alice! She was like a dream. Still tall, voluptuous, and gorgeously dark. Her hair had grown out from the pixie cut into a long bob cut with bangs.

"Hi," she said. She stood like a twisted piece of candy, her arms bunching her breasts up between them. And her face wore the most darling of pleading expressions.

I embraced her, crushing her against me before I realized I had not said anything yet.

"I guess you're happy to see me?" said Alice.

"Happy does not cover it!" I said, looking her over. "What are you doing here? I thought you were still with Jukebox."



"I was until recently. Can I come in?"

"Of course! Come in and we will talk over tea on the couch."

Two quickly poured glasses of iced tea later, we were on the couch.

"I don't mean to interrupt things," said Alice, gesturing at my feminized toy.

"Oh, Tweety Strumpet does not mind," I said. "He is testing out a new full-body restraint bag."

"He's got a nice rack . . . for a he."

"Enough of that. Tell me what is up with you."

"Well . . . you know I went to Jukebox's academy to burn through my sub phase."

"Oh, yes."

"Turns out it's not a phase anymore. It's what I am."

There was that pleading expression in her eyes again. The bashful biting of her lower lip.

"What are you saying, Alice?"

"I'm saying I'm yours. Yours to play with, adore, cherish, order, and appreciate. I'm giving myself to you."

"You are sure about this?"

"I've always been yours. Ever since you tied me and Louie back to back, I've been in your possession. So I left Jukebox and came to tell you that."

"Took you long enough."

"Also, I need to pee."

"Say again?"

"I need to pee . . . mistress."

"Very good. Relieve yourself and come back naked. I need to give you a proper welcome back."

I had almost forgotten the lushness of Alice's body. But I was quickly reminded as I bound her with white cotton rope. I suppose I may have used a bit too much, but I loved how i bit into her dark skin. And I loved how her mouth welcomed the cloth I pushed between her lips. Also her sweet squeal as I knotted the cleave gag just a hair too tight.

Tweety Strumpet watched in silence as I caressed Alice's huge breasts, and then let my fingers disappear between her legs.

And then, a knock at the door.

Berseh was quite surprised to find Alice back with us. Perhaps not as much as I expected. She tolerated Alice much more than she ever did Betty. But she wondered aloud if we were running an orphanage for bondage waifs. She crossed her arms and pouted, turning away as if hurt. I might have believed she was if she did not look back.

I came up behind her and embraced her, nuzzling the back of her neck in the way she liked. I swept her hair and gave soft kisses behind her ear. Her body heat spiked right then as she sank submissively in my arms.



Whether our clothes came off or I imagined them gone, I am not quite sure. All I know is I spread over her like warm rain as she laid down on the couch. Our lips slid together in soft breezes as we both began to breathe as one. Our passion inducing amnesia of us ever having been apart.

Alice sat on the end of the couch, unable to keep from moaning through her thick gag. She bent over and brushed her nipples against the ropes above her knees. The sounds of her climaxes were thunder for the storm of my and Berseh's orgasmic rain.

And all the while, Tweety Strumpet sat compliant in his feminized bondage. He could do nothing but watch. If he made any noise, I could not hear it over the lightning in my ears.

But that was an hour ago.

Now I was on the rooftop of an old brownstone. Not the tallest of buildings, but enough to enjoy the night air circulating around every love-damp curve of my body.

I had followed a couple home from a party I happened to notice on my patrol. A lesbian couple. One was black, very slender, with short gel-matted hair, and dressed in a tuxedo like Fred Astaire. Her mate was a tall and voluptuous Jayne Mansfield kind of blonde. She was dressed in a sleeveless white gown that was sheer going down both hips. Her breasts practically screamed to pop free of her dress, each one jiggling like a balloon full of milk.

It was obvious Little Miss Astaire could not wait to get the woman home and dive into the ripples playing on that perfect porcelain body. And Baby Jayne loved being pretty for her lover. They danced close at the party, her cleavage bunching up between them like a rising tide of cream.

But it was the emerald necklace laying on those breasts that got my attention. A weighty gift that floated in a most pleasing way. I already had a plan for tying both ladies up.

I was all set to scale down the facade when my ear twitched. The night was airy and full of voices, but I could always detect a boot shifting in gravel. In this case, it was many boots.

The three ladies in black did not expect me to turn in the middle of their approach. On instinct, I grabbed a throwing stick from my thigh holster and tossed it. The club hit the girl on the left directly in the throat. She collapsed, going out of the fight.

The girl on the right charged me, to the dismay of the one in the middle. Having opposing plans for takedowns was bad for them, but very fortuitous for me. The charging girl put all her power in a punch. I ducked it and swept her legs. As I came up I drove an elbow into her temple. She crumpled like a cut puppet.

My real fight was with the middle girl. Maybe she was angry the odds were not even. Or perhaps she had taken my measure where I had no clue about her. She expected me to charge her, which is a common response when filled with adrenaline. But I did not fight stupid.

I kept my position by the ledge. If my suspicious were correct, she would not toss me over. I, however, had no compunction against doing the same to her. I think she realized that, which is why she ran away, deserting her partners.

Examining each girl, I found they brought enough straps to mummify me. So I hogtied them both, with gag straps pulling their heads back tight to their ankles. Then I stood them on their knees and bound them facing either side of a roof vent. With enough straps, they looked like a natural part of the architecture.



Neither girl was awake, so I did not bother asking them to excuse me. I still had business down below.

It turned out the Mansfield Blonde did half my work for me. Little Miss Astaire was bound spread eagle on the bed, a leather bit gag parting her lips, She was writing and moaning on red satin sheets.

The Mansfield Blonde straddled her lover's waist, running a soft brush up and down her torso. She had no clue when I grabbed her and took her to the floor.

A perfume ball filled with chloroform mist daze her so she would not scream. From there it was easy to strap her arms together from wrists to above the elbows. Then I hogtied her legs and sat her up.

"Where's the necklace?" I said.

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

"Almost nothing. If you tell me where the necklace is."

"Please, that was a gift."

"Which I will gratefully fence to feather my nest."

"Please no."

I had to change tactics.

"You call that bondage?" I said, gesturing toward her slender lover. "Let me show you how to tie up a woman."

I freed Little Miss Astaire from the spread eagle, but not her bit gag. She did not resist as I searched her nightstand and found many lengths of cotton rope. Doubling each length, I soon had her bound, cinched, and hogtied into a tube of naked helplessness. Her shins, thighs, arms, and torso each had three coils of rope containing them. The hogtie rope was fixed to the ropes above her elbows. And I added a crotch rope with three special knots.

The girl was a skinny version of Alice. A bit too thin for my tastes, but still very pretty. Despite her masculine role in the relationship, she was a cute damsel in distress.



"Dear Lord!" said the blonde.

"That is a Tuesday night with my lover," I said. I took off the bit gag and replaced it with an O-ring gag I found.

"I've dreamed of being tied like that."

"You can keep on dreaming, Miss Mansfield. Now, the necklace."

"Tie me up like that and it's yours."

"I used up all your rope, but I have more straps."

"Do it. And gag me good."

"Actually, I have an idea . . ."

I took Miss Mansfield and laid her on her back. Naturally, her froggied legs spread out. I pulled Little Miss Astaire up between the legs, abutting her O-gagged mouth with Miss Mansfield's crotch. I used the remaining straps to fix them together that way.

"There," I said. "Now your girlfriend will be forced to pleasure you in bondage. And I've placed special disposable timer clamps on a few main knots. When they go off, they will be cut, and she should be able to struggle free in about an hour or so."

"How long are the timers set for?"

"Depends on whether I get that necklace."

"It's in the other nightstand. Top drawer, secret compartment in the back."

"One hour."

"There's a matching bracelet in there with it."

"Two hours."

"And a brooch."

"Three."

"Oh, thank you!"

I collected my prizes and set my timers. And I spanked Little Miss Astaire to get her started.

"Hey," said Miss Mansfield. "Where's my gag?"

"Oh, sorry."

I balled up two pairs of panties and stuffed them in her mouth. Then I found a couple of scarves. One I tied in front so the knot cleaved between her lips. The other I knotted tightly behind her head to pull the other gags deeper in her mouth.

Before I left, I put my mouth on one of Miss Mansfield's nipples and suckled her into her first of many orgasms to come.

The two ladies in black were still hogtied fast to the roof vent when I got back up there. And they were awake.

"I know about the contract," I said.



Both girls mmped as they adjusted in their standing hogties.

"And I think I know who put it out. So when, or if, you get free, tell them I take no chances. Next time I shed blood."

I left them and started back home. Back home to Berseh bound in my arms, and Alice bound at our feet. As for Tweety Strumpet, he fit nicely in the clothes hamper where he could hear everything. Everything except words in our eyes, meant only for me and my swan.





25 - Kept Promises



Louie Cho was very upset with me. With me and Berseh, but specifically me.

For her assistance in extricating me from the clutches of Virginia Blue some time ago, she forced Berseh to promise me to show up for regular sessions. But our busy lives had made that impossible recently. Inducting Alice and Betty into my world. Dealing with Cru. The many hazards of life as a Love Burglar.

Betty was now gone to deal with family affairs. Before that, Alice left to explore her sub side elsewhere. Recently, I happened upon Tweety Strumpet, whom I borrow from his life from time to time. And now Alice has come back into our life.

Our life.

Berseh has been with me through all the changes. When I first snuck into this apartment to rob her, I never expected to be the thing that was stolen. Though she happily accedes to my bondage whims, I gradually find myself more comfortable bound in her embrace. I will do anything for her, and she for me.

I had intended on visiting Louie more often. If not to help honor Berseh's promise, then to complement our new working relationship. Louie revealed she was an information consultant for Carson LeGroin, my fence of choice for all my stolen goods. She also revealed someone had put out a bondage contract on me. So Louie and Carson inducted me into their consultation network, the benefits of which are protections from nefarious pursuers.

So now Louie and I have sessions when she passes me thumbdrives with data for me to examine and disseminate. They take about 3 to 4 hours to download, so why not get tied up while I wait?

Except this time Berseh will be with me. And I am bringing Alice along for good measure.

Louie greeted us at the door of The Dark Sun Stroke. I did not get a chance to ring my favorite doorbell. If a woman is going to be embedded in a form-fitting steel cocoon in a steel door, then customers should be allowed to indulge her torment. Still Louie's attire made up for it.



She was dressed only in knee-high, laced-up, high-heeled, leather boots. And a sheer, long sleeve, nylon halter top. All so we could focus on her glorious rear as she led us to her room.

"Everybody strip," she said, which we started to do almost immediately beforehand.

There was another woman in the room. Also Korean, but much taller than Louie. Over six feet, I would guess. And her breasts were gigantic. She was bound to the wall the same way I was prior to my meeting Virginia Blue. Arms buckled behind her in a single glove. Long legs fastened together in a single boot, encasing them up to her upper thighs, with buckles tight around the ankles, knees, and thighs. Strapped to the wall at the ankles, thighs, waist, above the breasts, neck, and eyes. And her mouth full with a choke pear from her wide strap gag.

"This is my slave, Molly Park," said Louie.

Though Molly was completely immobile, she managed one mmph in greeting. I suppose it could have been interpreted as "hello", but it could also have been "my boobs itch."

"Alice," said Louie. "I'm doing you first."

Alice stepped over obediently, instinctively placing her arms behind her back. Louie placed her in the same armbinder and boot as Molly, but put her in a strappado position. She put on Alice a hood with a built in panel gag that had a metal loop on top. A chain from that loop went to her suspended wrists so she could not look down.

As an extra touch, Louie attached weighted clamps to Alice's large, lovely breasts. They dangled and chimed against each other as she wiggled in her bondage.

"Berseh, you're next."

"Oh my goodness," said Berseh. "Can't we reschedule?"

"You made a promise."

"A forced promise."

"And now a forced keeping."

Louie pulled Berseh across the room as a parent might an unruly child. I watched her combativeness to being restrained and became seriously aroused. Berseh was an old pro at this, and she knew how to be playfully non-compliant. She was that way with me many times. Nothing was sexier to me than Berseh pretending she did not want to be tied up.

"Hey," said Berseh. "You don't have to pull so hard."

"Get over here," said Louie.

"What's that thing?"

"A stockade bar. And you're going in it."

"NO!"

"YES!"

"RAHR!"



Louie shackled a collar to Berseh's neck. It had bars spreading out on either side, which had shackles for her wrists. Then she screwed a metal harness to the locking collar. It was a cage for her head, with tines that went in her mouth and kept it open. Next, Berseh's ankles were shackled to another spreader bar.

"Now it gets interesting," said Louie.

"Uguh!" said Berseh.

A chain came down from the ceiling. And I noticed the metal loops at her wrists, on top of her head, and the center of her ankle spreader bar. First she ran chains from her upper apparatus to the loop on the ceiling chain. They were sturdy.

"Uhhll!" said Berseh. She knew what was coming.

Louie lifted Berseh's spreader bar off the floor and fixed it to the hanging chain. She pulled until Berseh was in a mid-air, modified hogtie. At the press of a button, Berseh's chandelier-like form was hoisted above eye level. She was now totally exposed to any lascivious attention Louie deigned to give.

"How is that?" said Louie, palpating Berseh's left breast.

"Guh!" said Berseh. "GUHHH!"

Louie spun Berseh in a slow circle and came over to me.

"Now I get to pay some real attention to you," she said.

"It's about time," I said.

I turned and placed my hands behind my back. She tied me with plain cotton rope, which she had not used before. It had always been leather straps or containment devices. And she tied me quite thoroughly.

First my wrists, and then below and above the elbows. Torso ropes above and below the breasts, and more ropes to cinch them into a kind of harness that lifted and separated my breasts. She tied a little more rope across my breasts so my nipples were pinched between them. Finally, ropes around my waist to fasten my forearms to my back.

And that was just my upper body.

Louie had me sit on a stool while she tied my ankles. Then she tied my shins, and below and above my knees. Next, she tied a tight and knotted crotch rope. I could not help being aroused as she passed her hands between my thighs. And lastly, as I had hoped, she tied my mid and upper thighs.

"That's really tight," I said. "I feel like a Dave Annis cartoon."

"That's the second time you haven't called me mistress!"

"Oops . . . I mean, forgive me, mistress."

"We'll see about that. It took more than an hour to tie you all. So I need to rest a bit. Let me check on the download to your thumbdrive."

Louie walked over to the computer table. She smoothed her hands over her perfect, creamy butt along the way. The way she dug her fingers into her own flesh made me desire the same treatment.

"Well, gosh," said Louie. "I forgot to start the download. Guess the session is going to run longer than usual. But first a short power nap."

Louie came back over to me and brought a small sack of material. It only made sense she could not nap until we all were quiet.



"I was just going to use a ballgag," she said. "But you've displeased me with your lack of decorum."

"I'm sorry, mistress."

"You can be sorry with a full mouth."

Louie stuffed two, no three, pairs of panties in my mouth. It took a little work, and I made sure to whimper to test their sound dampening qualities. Next she took a foam tube from the sack, rolled it up in a white scarf, and tied the tightest packed cleave gag I had ever worn. I liked it, but it was also punishment.

"There," said Louie. "Now listen. Even though you're thoroughly gagged, you WILL reply 'yes, mistress' to everything I say. Is that clear?"

"yff miffrff."

"Very well."

As Louie stepped back from wrapping another scarf over my gag, I gave her my best pleading expression. One that begged for more attention. More ropes. Even more gag if she wanted. But it was her naptime now.

She pulled a bench out of the wall. It had a plush cushion lining. Much more luxurious than the wooden stool on which I was perched. Louie laid down facing the wall and fell asleep.

All I could do was sit and look around the room I looked at Molly and well-remembered being bound to the wall in the same exact fashion. For me, it was a lesson in immobility, tightness, and absolute helplessness. I could do nothing then, not even react, as Louie slathered my naked body with long and gentle strokes and soft kisses. All I could do was breathe as Louie's lips pressed moistly on every inch of my exposed flesh.

I looked at Alice, who was also nearly totally immobilized. At least she was able to wiggle her shoulders a bit. Her gorgeous breasts swung like pendulums with those weighted clamps on her nipples. She was smiling behind her gag.

And then I gazed at Berseh, who still spun slowly. AS much as she could, she pleaded to me with her eyes. I tried to convey with mine that this was only the beginning. Plus, her bondage was the least constrictive. She would weather the session better than the rest of us.

I kept my eyes on Berseh, to offer as much strength and encouragement as I could while strictly bound and gagged. Since Berseh's mouth was pried open, she could not help drooling. And as she slowly spun on the hanging chain, the drool formed a kind of moat on the floor beneath her. And as we were in a dungeon, I felt like her knight, waiting to rescue her. My armor traded for many lengths of rope. My gag cruelly keeping in the words I would speak to soothe her distress.

And then Louie stirred after what felt like hours, bit it was really about 20 minutes or so. She sat up and stretched like a panther pulling fatigue out of every segment of her spine. Then she strode lazily over to the computer and pressed a button.

"The download has begun," said Louie. "And there's a lot of info on this one. So it will be a while longer than last time. That means more time to play. Does that make you happy, Tawny?"

"yff mffrff!"

"Good girl." Louie approached me and pointed at Molly. "Hop over to her. Now."

"yff mffrff!"



I did as commanded and awaited her next order. Only by being beside Molly could I appreciate her height. Which was accented by the platform heel on the single boot. I stood at eye level with Molly's bosom.

"Tawny, I want you to nuzzle Molly's breasts until she climaxes."

"yff mffrff!"

I buried my face into Molly's enormous breast. It was warm and soft, and I greatly enjoyed the play of pliable flesh on my face. Molly's breathing and whimpering began to build. And I continued cuddling as her erect nipples carved indelible poems of ecstasy on my face. I moaned with delight in tandem with her own crescendo.

Berseh cast an evil glance at me for enjoying this, but I knew she understood. For the next few hours, we were prisoner to Louie's every erotic whim.

Molly screamed as much as her gag would allow. And she continued screaming as she could not move at all. As if the energy that otherwise would have rocked her body was transferred.

I did not want to stop, but Louie pulled me back.

"Very good, Tawny. I think you deserve a reward."

Louie held me from behind. She reached down in front and pulled on my crotch rope. The knots between my legs soon became slick and I gyrated my butt against her crotch.

"Goodness," said Louie. "It seems I'm getting a reward too."

The climax I reached was quite thunderous. I collapsed to the floor in pure delight, and drained of all energy. I lay curled at Louie's feet, a ball of skin and sex jacketed by coils of glorious rope. At that moment, I could live with being at her feet forever.

"Did you enjoy your reward?"

"ymmm! yff mffrff!"

"Good girl." Louie kneeled and put me in a hogtie. "Now squirm over to your lover. Lie beneath her and work your crotch rope some more."

"yff mffrff!"

Again, I did as commanded. Nearly climaxing again along the way. As I got closer beneath Berseh, I crawled through the moat of her drool. More drool fell on me, as if I was a cooked bird basted in its own grease. Berseh could not look down, but I had a clear view up of her body. Her breasts dangling as fruit of the gods, to make me immortal if I dared take a bite. Her sleek abdomen tensing as if trying to achieve climax against her will.

"I don't think she wants to," said Louie. "But she will have no choice once you get to work. Your job now is to climax again and again until she does from merely listening to you moan and thrust on the floor like an oversized larva."

"yff mffrff!"

"And don't hold back. Because she won't. Right, Berseh?"

"Uhh!" said Berseh. "Guh-uhh!!!"

"I do love your open-mouth moans."



I went to work right away. Making sure to start slow. Moaning as if the most delicious dessert was melting in my mouth. Because the most delicious dessert I could think of was the woman suspended above me.

My mind went back to the times I kissed her mouth and face. To every nibble and lick on those perfect, pale breasts. To every time I plunged my face into her chalice and drank sweet warm wine. I only every got drunk on the ambrosia of her loins. And she only became soft as feathers of the swan I pictured her to be.

I lost track of how long I writhes and wriggled beneath my true love. I was enveloped in mist as I listened to her adorable cooing through the sensual fog.

"That was intensely pleasurable to watch," said Louie. "But we seemed to have ignored poor Alice. She's just come back into possession by you and you haven't welcomed her properly."

"Mmmmh!" I said.

Louie undid my hogtie and made me hop over to Alice. I was made to kneel directly beneath her breasts. Then Louie removed the weighted clamps from Alice's nipples.

"You know what to do," said Louie.

"yff mffrff!"

Alice's pendulous breasts enveloped my head with their silky warmth. These breasts were natural, unlike Molly's. They had more give as I nuzzled my face between them. I shook and shimmered as if rinsing my hair under a shower of flesh. A boob shower was a good term as any to describe this experience.

I had indulged Alice's flesh many times, but never like this. Both of us bound and forced to give and take pleasure from each other until we were ordered to stop. Until we were commanded to cease plundering each other's treasures.

And then we were.

Louie dragged me over to her chair, where I kneeled before her. She removed all the layers of my gag, sat back, and spread her legs.

"You know what to do," she said.

"Yes, mistress," I said.

"Don't hold back."

Today was not merely about gathering intel from the dark underchat. And not necessarily about keeping promises made. Because in this world, you do not must make promises, you ARE promises. And as we were such for Louie, she demanded to keep us. We could not avoid this responsibility.

Louie grabbed my head, drawing me closer. Inviting me to drink deep from her chalice. And I slaked my ravenous thirst.

"Dammit," she said in a haze. "I think I pressed the wrong button before."





26 - Tied Tempresses



Berseh let me go to work with her one morning. It cut my sleep time down by half, but I would catch up on it later. With her. She introduced me as her girlfriend, which did not surprise anybody there. But I think they were curious to see me. Who was this mysterious blonde who only woke up at night? If asked, I would tell anybody who I was. I was Berseh's queen and she my swan. We belonged to each other.

Even as I tied her up, I was hers.

The studio was not large, though it was quite dark. Everything was except for the stage. Berseh and her male model companion were posing in front of a green screen. He was dressed as a 17th century Scottish lord, with his vestments parted so his chiseled chest and abdominal muscles were prominent. Berseh was held in the crook of his arm. She was dressed in the flowing gown of a chaste maiden, open so her breasts were in full view. Her arms bound behind her, and her sweet, moist lips parted by a cruel scarf gag.

He looked down on her as an owner would a toy. And she gazed up at him with the most adorable of pleading expressions. I was so taken, I immediately imagined myself as the Scottish lord smiling down on my pretty possession.

I had to fan myself, I was getting so hot.

The title of the book they were posing for was "Tied Tempresses of the Highlands." And it took around a hundred shots to get the perfect image. The photographer was Otto, a thirty-something guy of medium build and height. He wore polo shirts with popped collars and jeans that were any color but blue. Short black hair parted to the right, and dark-rimmed glasses. If he was not taking pictures of bound and gagged women, one would think he worked at a music store. And he was a wizard of directing behind the camera.

"Okay, Berseh," said Otto. "Tilt your head back a skinch ad bite down on your gag a little more . . . Good! (click-click) Now lean your head forward, stare upwards, relax your jaw . . . That's it (click-click) You're gorgeous. Now Alex, what if you cup one of her breasts . . . no, the one closest to me . . . Great! (click-click) Now look in her eyes as if to say she is helpless in your possession forever . . . Perfect! (click-click) So beautiful, Berseh-babe!"



Alex was the male model, of course. Chiseled muscles. Chiseled face. Sun-bronzed skin, so unlike someone of Scottish heritage, but who cared about that. He was Mr. Universe in a powdered wig, and Otto's boyfriend.

"Can we adjust the lighting?" said Otto. "I want to get a bit more shadow beneath the breasts."

That was the job of Camerlin, a twenty-something redhead of true Scottish descent. Her long, curly hair nicely offset by her pale skin. Though she wore loose and long clothing, I could tell she had a good body by the way she moved. She was pretty enough to be a model, but she was not one.

Once the shoot was over, I offered to carry Berseh to her dressing room rather than let Camerlin untie her. By now, Berseh was bound with so many ropes, she was a candy cane. Gone was the flowing dress. She wore only a few rags the modern age barely recognized as undergarments.

After I laid Berseh on the couch, I locked the dressing room door. Then I stripped and draped my naked body over hers. I removed her gag, but only after spending time kissing the parts of her lips spilling over it.

"We can do this at home, you know," said Berseh.

"But it is kind of sexy to do it here," I said.

I planted my mouth on her fertile lips, taking her breath as sustenance for my lungs. She moaned, and quivered beneath me as milk in a bowl. I knew those tremors well. The hot breath we blew between our faces condensed in a hanging mist of lust. I grabbed her breast, and as the same time slid my breasts over her skin. My nipples caught on the ropes containing her torso, but they may as well have cut the rope they were so hard.

My hand wandered down between her legs, a prospector searching out the most precious treasure of all. Soon I hit the motherlode of all veins of unmined ore. Our mouths still locked together, her kittenish moans tickled my throat like whisker kisses beneath my eyes.

Finally, I stretched out over Berseh's bound body and let out a low and sultry growl. As if I were a tiger satisfied with its meal, and now slept soundly in the carcass of its conquest. I pulled a blanket over us and we napped that way for a couple hours.



Later that night, in full armored catsuit attire, I was in the bedroom of another high rise apartment. I was sorting through a pile of various kinds of jewelry. The owner of the apartment, and the jewelry, sat bound to a wooden chair. I was bored with traditional chair bondage, so I changed things up a bit.

I crossed the woman's arms in front of her, which made her breasts bulge underneath them like marshmallows pushing out of small holes in plastic bags. Each wrist was tied to the opposite ankle, which was pulled up to its corresponding thigh. Torso ropes held her against the back of the chair. For her gag, I placed a foam ball inside of a stocking and cleaved her mouth tightly. Foam always was a good sound suppressor.

As she gazed at me pleadingly beneath her light brown bangs, I knew she would give me whatever I wanted. Especially if it was herself.



"You have a wide variety of baubles here," I said. "Some valuable and some fashion. Trying to hide rare valuables in plain sight?"

"Mmmph!" she said.

"The gold I can pick out right away. For people like me, the weight and feel are unmistakable. I can even smell the difference."

"Mmmmh! Gmmmp!" The woman tested her bonds, but all she did was make them dimple her flesh.

"Luckily, I carry this eyeglass for discerning the veracity of gems and other precious crystals. If I dare bring fake stones to my fence, I will wind up in one of his special rooms. And the bondage you are in will seem like being bound by tissue paper in comparison."

The woman kept straining. I realized she was trying to get me to look at something. She nodded toward the nightstand behind me.

"You want something out of there?"

"Mmmmh!"

I opened the drawer and saw what she wanted. All nine gel-filled inches of it. I slid it inside her and turned it on. Low setting, of course. She bit down on her gag and closed her eyes in ecstasy.

I did not think the stuffed stocking gag would be enough if she reached climax. So I got a towel from her bathroom and dampened it. I tied it tight over mouth. I knew when it dried, it would be like cement and muffle her cries even more.

Now I could take my time determining which jewels were the best ones to take. And my captive moaned her appreciation, curling her toes on every wave of electronically generated nirvana.



I decided to take the jewels straight to Carson LeGroin. No reason to delay. If I misidentified any of the gems, it was best to know right away. At least I could argue I was in too much of a hurry to catch any mistakes. Plus, I was curious about something.

He huddled behind his desk like a troll, secure in knowing his treasures were never at risk of being stolen. The light of the computer screen cast shadow in his deep eye sockets, defining every fleshy ridge of his brow. His large lips locked in a sneer, as always.

I have always wondered who was more dangerous: Carson or Cru. At least with Cru, I had some measure of their danger.

"Miss Tawny," said Carson. "What do you have for me today?"

"Nothing rare," I said, emptying my bag on his desk. "Some decent 24k necklaces and bracelets. Earrings and pendants with diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires. At least I hope so."

"You hope?" He was already examining the gems.



"Forgive me if a couple of those are not high quality. I could not linger at that place as much as I would have liked."

"Robbed a screamer, did you?"

"I gagged her pretty good. But she was a professional singer. I thought it best to avoid the high notes."

"I always enjoy your summaries."

"Why thank you, Carson. That makes up for saying I was not funny before."

"Ah, my dear Tawny. I was only having you on, cherie. Forgive me if I am amused whenever you get angry."

"Did I just get insulted?"

"It depends. Are you angry?"

Again, Carson gave the slightest of smirks. But his eyes were cold as ever. He was so hard to read. Yet I was confident we were on good standing with each other.

"Carson, I am curious."

"I wonder what about."

"Is Virginia Blue still your . . . guest?"

"She is."

"May I see her?"

"If you must."

Carson walked me over to the room he showed me before. There was no knob on the door. He simply put his hand on it and it opened. Yet I knew those doors to be locked solid.

There in the room stood Virginia Blue in strappado. She was blindfolded, gagged, and earplugged. Yet she looked up, responding to the change in air pressure. Then her head sagged back down in total defeat.

Carson closed the door.

"Why do you want to see her?" he said. "You do not gloat. And you do not empathize. My eyes may be small, but they see much."

"I do not know, Carson. She would have happily owned me forever. Perhaps I get satisfaction out of her suffering the same fate."

"For that I don't blame you. I will contact you about your money."

"I trust you, Carson."

"And I trust very few."

"You trust the dark underchat."

"Yes. And what are your thoughts on our recent findings?"

"The bondage contract on me is all too real. Cru is trying to circumvent their own game."



27 - Dollified



There are times when I take a break from burglarizing. And I relax with my girlfriend Berseh and my pet Alice. I tie them both up, make love to the former and play with the latter. And there are times when I must take a forced vacation. This was one of those times.

I told Berseh I would be out of town for a week to deal with the bondage contract put out on me by Cru. But in a moment of weakness, I stopped to rob an apartment that seemed to be easy pickings. And it would have been had I not been spotted by a beat cop.

He signaled for help on his radio as I skittered back up to the roof. I abandoned my gear and ran. I jumped rooftops as that young beat cop kept pace in the street.

Finally, I went as far as I could go up high. I had to go downstairs. My outfit had been seen. They would be looking for anybody dressed in similar fashion. So I took it all off and stashed it in a corner I hoped would not be discovered.

I was not wearing underwear. Too restrictive in that tight outfit. Luckily the door to the stairwell was not locked. I skittered down two flights and emerged on a catwalk level. This was some kind of factory. I had to find an office or something and steal some clothes.

Three flashlight beams swept the darkness below me. The beat cop had gotten help. If they came up the stairs, I was doomed. As my eyes adjusted to conditions in here, I saw one chance to avoid detection. Just up ahead to the left, part of the catwalk dead-ended at a wall. However, I saw outlines of a panel.

I crawled to it as I heard footsteps coming up. I pulled on a small metal ring and it popped open. It was a supply cache for paint cans and tarps. It was a tight fit, but I was able to contort myself. I spent enough afternoons encased in my coffee table display case to achieve that. I squeezed in and closed the panel just as the stairwell door opened.

"Where'd she go?" said one cop.

"I don't think she came out here," said another. "She'd still be out there on the catwalk."

"Are you sure she's in this building?"



"Where else was she gonna run?"

"I dunno. We'll search the place. If we can't find her, there's nothing else we can do."

"Hey, what's that?"

"What's what?"

"Up ahead to the left. Some kind of panel."

"That's electrical."

"You sure?"

"Sure as I helped install it thirty years ago as an apprentice."

"Damn."

"Look, kid. One little cat burglar isn't gonna make your career. We'll take a quick look around and scam. There's a lot more real criminals out there tonight."

"I just thought . . . well shit."

I know what he thought. He thought he could handcuff the pretty burglar and search her for contraband. Maybe feel her up and see what else she might be hiding. A great excuse for a cavity search. If a cop ever got the gumption to do that, they better tie me up good. If I can move even a hair one way or another, I can cause damage.

What he could now know was this electrical panel was apparently removed and hollowed out some years ago. Now it was a forgotten receptacle for dried paint and tattered drop cloths.

They gave up the search after twenty minutes.

When I emerged, the cops were gone. I saw a spiral staircase at the other end of the catwalk. It appeared to go down next to an office on the main floor below. That would be the best place to search for clothes.

Halfway across the catwalk, I looked down and saw a vat of clear fluid. Some kind of chemical by the weird sweet smell. I looked to the other side of the catwalk and was startled to see several naked women just standing around. They were not moving. I finally understood they were mannequins. My adrenaline, which had gone into overdrive, now crashed. I leaned on the rail in relief.

Then the rail broke. I fell directly into the vat. The fluid was thick and warm, but I climbed out as quickly as I could. I slicked my hair back, but could not get the fluid off me. It covered me completely. My fingers stuck together as I felt my body harden. My skin felt twice as thick as before. And now I could not breathe, yet I felt I no longer needed to. I should have suffocated, but I was fine.

I was losing feeling all over my body. My limbs stiffened as I tried to walk away. Panic electrified me in tingles all over as I froze in mid-stride. I could not move, but I could still see. My eyes stayed open, but they did not dry out. I was seeing through a film created by the fluid.

As I looked at the other mannequins, I began to understand. They were frozen as I was. This weird shellac all over our bodies preserved us somehow. I was now the latest addition to this collection of nude statues.





I spent the whole night standing in the last steps I took from the vat of strange, clear fluid. Unable to move. Unable to breathe. Unable to panic. I was completely helpless, and yet totally at rest.

As rays of sun slowly striped the floors and walls, I could again see the other women who were in the same predicament as me. They stared as blankly as Barbie dolls on the shelf. I wanted to reach out to them, tell them I would help. But I was as much of a doll as they were.

A garage door rolled up and I saw the shadow of a van blot out most of the sun. I heard it back up in the place, and then I heard two doors slam. Two men were speaking.

"Gotta tell ya, Suds," said one in a high voice. "This operation is something else. Other people sell real dolls. We rent the real thing turned into dolls. What an operation, I gotta tell ya."

"Shut up, Dog," said the other in a deep voice. "They can hear you."

"Y'mean they didn't die?"

"No. The process keeps them until it wears off."

"Wears off? I thought it was per . . . perma . . . what's the word?"

"Permanent. And no. The longer they dip in the pool, the longer they stay that way."

"Then they wake up and go home?"

"And they come back for more. It's good money."

"I gotta tell ya, Suds. This is the weirdest fetish I ever heard of, I gotta tell ya."

"It's the latest kink for hot, weird chicks."

"Hey, Suds. What's that?"

"It's another girl."

"I thought we was all booked up."

"She must've broken in, fell down, and froze up."

"Hey, we can make some extra bread here."

"You're tellin' me, Dog. Pack the others. I'll attend to our little extra."

Dog complied and packed the women into cushioned crates. Their blank Barbie doll grins were surreal as they disappeared under the lids. When Suds grabbed me, I better understood what happened to me. My skin was soft and supple again. My body had absorbed the coating and been transformed, albeit temporarily, into a poseable doll.

"You look like a smart cookie," said Suds. "You stumbled into something and now you're caught up in it. Nothing we can do. You're going to have to ride this out. I know you probably don't like it, but the others do. They're here by choice."

Dog approached us and said, "They're all packed and ready to ship. What about her? There's no order for her."

"I know a guy downtown who's been begging for one," said Suds. "We'll rent her at half price and pocket the profit."

"Sweet! That's spec . . . spelac . . . uh, what's the word?"



"Spectacular."

"Yeah! Spelacular!"

"No, it's . . . never mind."

Suds posed me like a mummy with my arms crossed over my chest. As he laid me in the crate, he gave me some final advice.

"Most of our clients know what we do. But this guy you're going to doesn't. Do me a favor and don't spoil things. I'll make it worth your while. I just hope you have no plans for the next few days."



The shipping went by in a blur. I barely had time to consider what Suds told me. I would be like this for a few days? Maybe a week? That was my whole vacation. And Berseh and Alice would not know anything until it was over. I was stuck like this.

When the lid came off the crate, I shocked to see who had rented me. It was Tweety Strumpet! I had been shipped to the man I used to feminize for fun. And he had no idea I was real, not just a real doll.

"Wow!" he said. "I was going to make you up to look just like Tawny, but I see I don't have to."

Tweety picked me up out of the crate and stood me up against a pole in his back room apartment. The very same place I bound him to when we first met. He uncrossed my arms and put them at my sides.

"Even the breasts are perfect," he said.

He reached out and squeezed them.

"So soft and supple. They did a good job making you. But I think you should enjoy your breasts too."

Tweety posed my arms and hands so that I cupped and squeezed my own breasts. Truthfully, I have always enjoyed them. It was surreal to be made to hold them.

There was still a few hours till closing time, so Tweety left me in the room while he finished business for the day. And whereas I was numb before, now I felt everything. I felt even more sensitive than ever. My boobs bulging between my fingers was getting me hot. But I could not squeeze on my own, and that frustrated me.

Soon, Tweety returned with a box of elastic tiedowns.

"I know I don't need to tie you up," he said. "But I've always wanted to see how Tawny looks in bondage. Do you mind if I call you Tawny? I know you're not really her, but it would make everything easier."

Tweety began fastening my legs to the pole. He stretched the tiedowns on really tight. Because he did not think I was real. But the fluid I absorbed protected me from the effects of overly tight bondage.

"When you first took me, I was scared, Tawny. But then I loved how you tied me up. I loved how you turned me into your woman-toy. And I never felt so free as when you crammed me into that display case. I understand if you're not into feminization like I am, because it's been a while."



Now he tied my wrists and elbows together behind my back. Then around my waist, below and above the breasts, and around the neck.

"I miss you taking me and stuffing me in tight places, Tawny. But I understand. Plus business is picking up for me. I just don't have time to be tied up. But now I have you. Or at least the next best thing."

He could not know how right he was. He opened my mouth and inserted a pump gag. After he buckled it behind my head, he squeezed the bladder until my cheeks dimpled over the panel covering my mouth. If I were not dollified, my eyes would be crying rivers of pain right now. The tightness of my bondage rivaled anything I ever suffered at the hands of Cru.

That reminded me Cru was searching for me. They did not know precisely where I lived. Nor could they overtly supersede their own rules. I know they wanted to possess me again, but their standing in the community was at risk. If I was publicly taken and imprisoned, Cru would be ruined.

Tweety detached the pump, leaving my mouth inflated. He grabbed my breasts and played with them for a while. Then he stood back and admired me.

"So beautiful, my Tawny," he said. "I'd give you a nickname like you did me, but Tawny is such a perfect name. I don't think she'd mind if you had it too."

I could not make a single noise. Not that this gag would let me do much if I was not dollified, but I always felt half the fun in being gagged, besides being gagged, was making gag sounds. When Berseh moaned through the gags I put on her, I wanted to explode every time. Helplessness was sexy. And sounding helpless was bliss.

"Good night, Tawny." Tweety had changed into his pajamas. "I will sleep soundly tonight knowing you are safe and secure in my loving bondage."



In the morning, Tweety took me down from the pole. And he took the pump gag out of my mouth. As usual so far, I felt no pain. But pleasure was a different thing.

"Today's my day off," said Tweety. "Store's closed. So I get to play with you all day, Tawny."

My hands were tied in front. The rope tossed up over a hook above and pulled until my arms were straight over my head. He lifted one of my legs up and out to the side. He bent it at the knee, tied a rope above the joint, and looped the end over the hook. Tweety pulled until the line was taut. He repeated the process with the other leg.

Now my body hung from hooks above the pole, totally exposed. He brought out a strange contraption and bolted it to the floor below me.

"I'm not sure the real Tawny would approve of this," said Tweety. "But I think you will like it."

From what little I saw, the device was a tri-pod with gears. There was a thick artificial male member on it, which he inserted inside me. He flicked a switch and the repetitive motion began.

For a finishing touch, he gagged me with a thick tube of wool. Of course, I could not make a sound anyway, but otherwise it would muffle me quite effectively. The gag was for aesthetic value.



"I'm going to shower, get dressed, and eat breakfast. Then go for a walk on this nice sunny day, thinking of you in here. I may even relax at the bookstore and have a coffee. When I get back, you should be primed for the afternoon."

Well, I was not going to wait for him if I could help it. But as long as I was a living doll, what else could I do but take it?

And then I felt something change. AS the motion of the device alternated between fast and slow, the waves of pleasure became more intense. I was still unable to move or vocalize my euphoria, but I could feel my weight again. It was gradual, but I perceived the heft of my body on the ropes. The constriction of the loops around my knees, the stretching of my arms in their sockets. The chemical my body had absorbed was wearing off, and sensation was returning at last.

I even began to moan into my gag.

Despite the pleasure, I thought of a couple of reasons how this was possible. I remember Dog and Suds saying this state lasts longer the more time you spend doused in the chemical. I was only in the vat briefly. A minute or two at the most. Also, I had to wonder if orgasms helped the body to burn out the chemical.

Whatever the reason, my body was nearing complete mobility. Even as I rocked with ecstasy, I was wracked with pain. The slightest wiggle felt like dislocating a joint. I swear I could hear and feels bones cracking beneath my skin. But the more I tried to move, the easier it became. Reacting to waves of sexual energy soon felt akin to sand rubbed between two rocks.

That took two hours. I needed to get out soon, before circulation was cut off. Because Tweety thought I was not real, he did not take care to allow for bondage safety.

I looked up, forcing my gag to dig deep into my face, and saw the hooks upon which I hung. They were cheap department store clothes hooks. Sturdy enough to a point, but they could not take a lot of punishment.

I began to swing my body. The machine still doing its work, making me scream into my gag. I grunted and pulled even as my arousal was reaching untold summits. Finally, a creak of metal and a crack of wood. Some more swinging would complete the job. I must resemble a sweaty pendulum of raw flesh awash in shades of ruby and pearl.

After another half hour or so, the hook holding my wrist ropes snapped off the beam above the pole. I sprawled forward as one of the hooks to my knee rope also broke free. I laid there catching my breath, my other knee still suspended. The end of the device had popped out of me, and was now angrily slapping my inner thigh.

My wrists were easily freed and suffered no damage from hanging for so long. There must still be residue from the chemical bath. No numbness. No redness, meaning no rope marks. My body was still flushed with excitement. I would gladly suffer no blood clots or embolisms.

Once all the ropes were gone, I stood up and removed my gag. Again, that took some time, but not too much. All said, I spent three hours in that situation. If I was not dollified, I might be dead or close to it.

I helped myself to a spandex jogging outfit from Tweety's store. All pink because black was not available: halter top, shorts, socks, and sneakers. Even a scrunchy for my hair and a sport visor. Dressing accordingly would avoid suspicion.

I do not know what Tweety may have thought upon his return. Perhaps that someone stole some clothes, and hey let's take this sex doll too. The less he knew the truth, the better I felt.



My gear was still on the roof of the factory where I left it. There were no dollified girls inside, and no sign of Dog and Suds. And surprisingly, my rappelling gear was still on the roof of the building where the chase started three days ago.

I decided it was time to go home.

"You're back early!" said Berseh. Her smile as she opened the door made everything I went through worthwhile.

"I just could not stay away from you for too long," I said.

"That's a cute outfit."

"You can tie me up in it later." I went to the couch and plunged butt first on my favorite spot. My other favorite spot plunged next to me.

"I was hoping you'd tie me up first. You've never dominated me in pink before."

"Where's Alice?"

"Washing dishes. In chains and a ball gag."

"You want to join her?"

"To wash dishes? No. Though I'd like to be in chains."

"I can do that."

Soon, I had Berseh naked, hogtied in chains, ballgagged, and resting her head in my lap. I caressed her butt, her breasts, and yet another favorite spot. I leaned back, closed my eyes, and let her moans take me away.





28 - The Dream and the Garden



I woke up around mid-afternoon. Berseh would not be home for some time, so I had to occupy myself. I sat up and stretched, arching my back, and then twisting at the waist. After a couple of cracks of relief, I stood up. I did not feel like going out. Nor did I feel like wearing clothes. But thankfully, I had something to play with.

Alice was curled in the pet bed, sleeping soundly. I opened a drawer in the bureau and selected her gag for the day. It was a delightful, white harness ball gag, with blinders. They would cover her eyes, though she would be able to see through a few pinprick holes.

She was awakened by the ball going in her mouth. Immediately, she sat up so I could finish fastening the harness. When that was done, I kissed each lip separately. She moaned in sweet gratitude as I unchained her from the pet bed.

I led Alice to the living room, by the couch. I refreshed myself by burying my face between her huge breasts. Smoothing them on either side of my face. She stood compliant, hands behind her back, until I was done. It took me a good while to feel completely refreshed.

"Down on your hands and knees," I said. "And face the couch."

Alice complied without hesitation. "I am going to use you to massage my feet."

"Mmmph!"

I sat on the couch and placed one of my feet between Alice's breasts. I made a comment of how my feet ached, but I really wanted to play footsie with those beautiful boobs.

And Alice enjoyed being used this way. She even rocked back and forth to pass her breasts over my feet like roller brushes in a car wash. She moaned how I liked her to moan. Even as I had her switch to smoothing her breasts on each foot.

That was pure heaven.

I was going to be well primed for Beresh when she came home.



I was dreaming now. Remembering a recent misadventure. It was a building not far from Berseh's, and a bit taller. My binoculars in hand, I scanned the surrounding buildings. I was looking for more targets, since I had already hit a couple in this building. Hitting too many targets in the same place can get you caught.

Only now in my dreams do I recall Berseh was one of my prospective targets that night. I watched her undress, smooth her hands up and down her naked, creamy skin, and fluff out her lovely long hair. Then she walked away as she spanked herself on the butt.

That is what drew me to her. The shimmer she sent through her own pale cheek. I knew I had to spank her for myself.

Just not that night.

Berseh would be mind soon enough. But my attention was caught by a glimmer from another building. I saw two beautiful blonde women by a bay window, one with a short bob cut and the other with hair down past her waist. They were naked, except for all those jewels. My favorite kinds of targets.

I noted the floor and side of building, and I arrived there in about twenty minutes. Only five floors down from the roof. Not a difficult distance to rappel, unless you did not like heights.

Slipping in was not difficult either. I was well practiced at it by now. I found their bedroom easily. I merely followed their contented breathing in sleep.

The long-haired blonde was draped over her lover's chest. Their bodies still dripping in valuables. Two empty wine glasses on the night stand and a mostly empty bottle. I smiled as things did not get much easier than this. I took their jewels off first.

The short-haired blonde I tied up first, binding her wrists to the head board and her ankles to the foot board. I made sure her body was pulled taut. I used a lot of rope on the long-haired lover. She was very cute, and I tended to add more ropes to the cute ones.

I gagged them both the same way. Cleave gags packed with panties rolled up inside them. Then a thick layer of detective gag over the mouth. And I could not resist adding more ropes to long-hair.

I just love when the cute ones keep getting more helpless.

I tied ropes from her wrists to the ones binding her upper thighs. And before that I added a triple-knotted crotch rope. But I had to stop because the girls were waking up.

Short-hair noticed her jewels were gone. She tried to struggle, but she was so taut she could only manage to slosh her medium-sized breasts from side to side. Long-hair squirmed a good deal, but soon gave up when she realized how heavily she was tied.

"Hello, ladies," I said. "As you can guess, I am here to rob you. But your jewels are not the only thing I came here to steal."

I leaned over short-hair and sucked on one of her nipples until she had an orgasm. As her girlfriend watched, she unintentionally worked the crotch rope until she also arrived.



I took long-hair off the bed and stood her up. Her body was striped with thick bands of rope. And she was helpless to prevent me from enjoying her larger breasts. I even turned her around and spanked her to see the tremors in her flesh.

"I am going to give you some exercise," I said.

"Mmmmph!"

My fingers curled around the ropes criss-crossing her chest and pulled. I led her hopping around the bedroom. She moaned pleadingly with every hop. She wanted to stop and enjoy the crotch rope, but I would not let her.

I sat on a hassock and bent the girl over my lap. The wrist tie I did forced her flesh to bulge. I whapped both cheeks until they became a deep crimson. Her pain-laced mewls made me hot, and drove the other girl to another orgasm.

Then I stood her up before her lover on the mattress.

"I have no place to stay tonight," I said. "Is it all right if I stay here?"

I caressed long-hair's breasts and got her to moan my permission.

"Well, maybe not the whole night. I do need to take a nap. That means a few more ropes for you, darling."

"Mmm-mmmph!"

I laid long-hair on the bed and hogtied her. I even tied her hair to her feet so she was completely immobile. Then I rubbed her butt to make some of the redness go away.

Short-hair seemed to be upset.

"You want more ropes,too?"

"Mmmmph! Mm-hmmph!"

"Perhaps I can retie you a bit."

I detached her from the bedboards. Keeping her hands in front, I tied them to ropes I added around her knees. Then I folded her legs into a modified hogtie, running a rope from her ankles to torso ropes above her breasts. And then I cinched her elbows together.

But of course, I added a crotch rope. I am not cruel.

I laid between both girls, in the nude myself, and commanded them both to sing me to sleep. So they each worked their own crotch ropes, as much as their immobility allowed, and I drifted off to harmonious moans.





I awakened to the sound of the apartment door shutting.

"I'm home, my love!" said Berseh. "Ready to be bound in your arms!"

"Over here," I said.

As Berseh walked over to me, I saw Alice sitting on her knees with hands behind her back. The position I assigned her if I ever fell asleep. Sitting patiently as a slave awaiting orders.

"What have you been doing all afternoon?" said Berseh.

"I had Alice give me a foot massage with her breasts."

"I wanted to do that." There was Berseh's adorable pout.

"You still can," I said. "But I would rather you massage my face with them first."

"And then work my way down?"

"You are so smart." My entire body curled with anticipation. "Go pick out your favorite gag and we can begin. I will take care of Alice."

Berseh clapped her fists together and squealed with joy. She ran off to the bedroom, and I could already hear her clothes hitting the floor.

I bade Alice to lay on the coffee table. Then I put her in a strict hogtie with white ropes, nicely offsetting her dark skin. Containing her voluptuousness heightened my yearning for Berseh's tender ministrations. Binding her wrists and elbows flush together, no more space between them than two bricks of an ancient pyramid. Seeing her buttocks bulge as I bound her thighs together. They begged to be spanked, but I had to save my energy.

I put Alice on her side, because I loved seeing her big boobs resting on each other. Berseh strutted into the living room wearing only an O-ring gag. I ached in anticipation for what she had in mind. A Berseh-breast facial was only the beginning.

She licked my entire body in sections, and buffed them dry with her bosom. Every part. Every limb. Every digit. Paying special attention to my breasts, my thighs, and between them. It was like being washed with champagne. Every nerve in those areas came sparkling to life and bubbling with heat. She turned me so soft, and she was as steel channeling cold and heat, her molten core sizzling on the forge of my skin.

When Berseh reached my feet, she bound them together with a silk scarf. My knees too, so my undulations would not strain them apart. And then she put her tongue to my arches, sending waves up my shins to wobble my thighs silly. Spaces between every toe were flossed with velvet thread. And the sides, and the heels, and especially the fleshy part just behind the ankle. I went limp from her attentions.

My arms splayed out as Berseh lifted my bound legs up to my chest. Before her lay the most fertile, quivering earth. And she sowed that ground, plowing long and gentle rows of seed until the garden was good and watered. Now the soil was teeming with life, squirming and wiggling orgasmic life. What grew from that planting was my love for her.

Only my swan could make me flower in such a way. Only she could turn me into a puddle and swim through me like I was a pool. A ruffle of feathers was all it took to spread me on the breeze until I rained upon her once again.

I removed the scarves from my knees and ankles and bound Berseh hand and foot. I gathered her along my side, within my arms, and kissed her gagged mouth. We became one again.

And again, the garden grew.



29 - The Factor of When



It was important to keep my skills sharp.

Not just for burglarizing, fighting, and shooting. I had accepted that getting tied up was a hazard I would frequently encounter in this line of work. Visiting the firing range was part of owning a gun. It maintained the muscle memory of using it. Likewise, being regularly tied up kept my escapability at a high level.

Ever since I learned Cru was trying to secretly bend their own rules so they could possess me, I knew I needed to stay sharp. If Cru ever got you by the rules, they had to let you go by them as well. No one has been able to prove that Cru has reneged on their own game. Suspicions float around, of course, but nothing is ever said openly without proof.

So I had to be prepared.

I made sure I was cleaned up and refreshed for what I had in mind. I got naked, did my stretching exercises, and I whapped myself with a paddle on my body. Not that I am a pain freak, but sudden shocks awaken the senses. If I were ever in a situation of being bound against my will, I needed to learn to be alert when it happened.

I say 'when', because 'if' is never a factor in this work.

"Alice, come in here," I said.

She came to me, naked and wearing a panel gag with a choke pear. As always, she got on her knees before me and placed her hands behind her back. She thrust out her generous bosom and awaited orders. I caressed her breasts as a reward.

"I need to practice escaping," I said. "So you will tie me up and measure my progress."

"Mmmmph!" she said.



Alice used to be a dominatrix with a slight sub side. But recently, she went full sub after an extended stay with my friend Jukebox. Jukes, as I call her, is very good at training subs, conditioning them to follow every order, and be totally obedient to their doms. Alice had been meant for someone else, but she was already set on being dominated by me. All Jukes had to do was drive in her compliance to my every wish, great or small.

"What's going on?" said Berseh. She was in the kitchen eating a small snack. "I want to be tied up too."

"Is that my personal stash of dark chocolate you are eating?"

"If you come over and kiss me, we can share the last piece."

I narrowed my eyes and she knew she was in trouble. That was MY dark chocolate!

"Uh oh," said Berseh.

"Alice," I said. "Add a new element to my situation. I want you to bind and gag Berseh. Her predicament will provide the motivation I need to escape. Even so, I may languish in bondage for a while until my motivation builds up. If it ever does."

Berseh gulped as fear spread across her face. She crossed her arms over her chest for protection, but there was no being saved from what she called my 'lioness glare.' It was part anger and part satisfaction. Because the punishment that followed was nearly as delicious as my precious imported Swiss dark chocolate.

"Would it help if I said I'm sorry, my queen?"

"The only thing that helps is that you are already naked."

I took Berseh by the nipple and led her over to the fireplace, where Alice was waiting with the device I had in mind. Her anticipation of my desires was what made her a wonderful sub.

"No, not that!" said Berseh. "Not the strappado carousel! Please, my queen! I beg you!"

"You eat the last of my chocolate, you pay the penalty. Now I have to wait until more is imported before I can feel its bittersweet snap between my teeth again."

"Forgive me, my queen! It was so good!"

I twisted her nipple a bit, because I loved the pleading expression she made. I really was angry, but also happy to see her in bondage that I enjoyed watching.

Berseh stepped onto the platform. Alice strapped her legs to the pole at the ankles, shins, knees, and thighs. I bent Berseh forward as I strapped her arms together at the wrists, forearms, and elbows. Then I attached a chain to her wrist straps and hoisted her arms up in the air.

"I hate this," said Berseh.

"I hate being without chocolate," I said.

"I thought I was your chocolate."

I smiled, despite how upset I was. She had that effect on me.

"Being cute will not get you out of bondage," I said. "It just makes your bondage more adorable."

"That's what I'm trying to-mmmmp!"

I put on her special harness panel gag with a large and chewy choke pear and a molded chin cup. It would give her jaw some support as I ran a chain from the top of her harness to the strappado chain. Now she was completely helpless, but that was not all.



I flicked a switch and the platform began to slowly rotate. It would do so continuously. And as Berseh stood directly against the pole, the vibrations would distract her a bit from the bondage. My job would be to escape from Alice's ropes and rescue Berseh. Just not right away.

That was MY dark chocolate!

Alice tied my arms behind me at the wrists and elbows, with torso ropes above and below the breasts. Then my legs were tied at the ankles and knees. She stuffed a wad of cloth in my mouth and tied a cleave gag tight enough so my lips touched each other over it.

Then she laid me on the coffee table and hogtied me. She ran ropes from my ankles to my torso, and cinched them down with ropes around my thighs. Next she took a long scarf and overlaid my gag detective style, tying the ends to a loop in the hogtie rope. She plucked the gag and hogtie ropes as if they were guitar strings. Then Alice sat on the couch, arms behind her and legs together, as if bound by invisible ropes.

She would remain that way until I was free or signaled surrender.

Fortunately, I was facing Berseh. Her predicament did invigorate me. She was already reacting to the continuous stimulation of the carousel. I could not help arriving a few times myself. Berseh was just so adorably helpless in bondage.

But I had a job to do. I could not stare at Berseh in bondage all day, much as I would like.

The knots to my hogtie were in reach. Tight, but not inescapably so. The purpose of this exercise was to maintain the dexterity of my fingers. Many times before, I saved my own life because I was able to read a knot as if it were braille. Pull at a knot the wrong way and you have doubled your time in bondage, at the very least.

So I squirmed and I wiggled, and I grunted on the table top. Alice and Berseh no doubt enjoyed watching me. But I was examining the pathways of the rope. Only by subtly testing the tension could I detect the best way to undo the knot.

It was tiring, and took a lot of patience, but I was well practiced at patience in bondage. It is not about if you get free, but when. If is not a factor.

In this case, the hogtie was undone in around a half hour. The tension released, my detective style gag fell away like a molted feather. I sat up on the table and expanded my chest in the torso ropes. I tilted my shoulders both ways to test the ropes around my wrists and elbows. I stood up and hopped around the apartment.

While Alice was tying me up, I tried to allow for a bit of slack by tensing my muscles. I did not have much, but even not much is usually enough for me. All the hopping I did let me feel the ropes around my elbows. And that let me know the best way to pull, even slightly, so they would eventually slip down to a looser position.

And they did, eventually. After an hour of hopping and taking breaks. Because breathing through a gag is difficult.

But the elbow ropes rode down a bit as the torso ropes rode up. Just the ones around my shoulders. My breasts kept the lower ones firmly in place.

I could not hop anymore. So I got down on my knees and worked the ropes in slow and steady motions. The upper torso ropes slipped off my shoulders. And the elbow ropes finally slipped around my wrists.

That was another hour.

My wrist ropes were quite solid. There was no way I could slip them off simply by squirming for another hour. I readied myself for what I had to do next. It was going to hurt, but it was the fastest way.



I slipped my wrists under my butt till they were beneath my thighs. The lower torso ropes bit into my flesh. Only a quick painful motion would work. I folded my legs, rolled on my back, and forced my wrists over my feet. The action pulled the last torso ropes over my breasts, chafing my nipples raw. But my arms were now in front of me.

Now it was simplicity to untie my legs and undo my gag. And I easily undid my wrist ropes with my teeth. I walked up to Berseh, who beamed with delight at my freedom. Her joy, however, did not last long.

"I did not say when I was going to free you," I said.

"Mmmph?" said Berseh. "Mmmph!"

"Whimper all you want. In fact, whimper all I want. Because I enjoy the sound."

I walked away from Berseh, toward the couch. She shook and shivered as the carousel slowly spun, but I made no attempt to free her.

"I heard a rumor that the more chocolate you eat, the more enjoyable bondage is. You ate quite a bit of my chocolate. So you should really be enjoying yourself right now."

"Mmmmph! Plmmf mm qummf! Lm mm gmmf!"

I sat on the couch and bade Alice to get on the floor. She did so and I commanded she massage my feet with her breasts until I said when.

"Oh I will let you go, my swan. It is just a matter of when. Because if is not a factor."





30 - A Tasty Night



Louie Cho hopped around the cell in tight self-bondage. She was quite proficient with those elastic ropes. How she bound herself into an intricate web of restraint was a long and arduous process. One I watched with great delight from the chair to which she bound and gagged me.

She struggled in front of me, working her own crotch rope to bring about her signature thunderbolt orgasms. The crotch rope she tied on me had a will of its own. Every time I tried to shift for comfort, I inevitably rubbed against the knots in it. It was devious, and why I appreciated being tied up by Louie.

And she had me tied up like Daphne from Scooby Doo. If Daphne was blonde, naked, and bound with copious coils of rope instead of just at her hands and feet. My arms were pulled behind over the back of the chair, with wrist ropes attached to the lower rung. My ankles were drawn under the chair and tied to the same rung. The slightest shift made ropes bite into every section of my body.

My lips were parted by a large red ball gag. Louie came close to me and stuck her tongue out through her O-ring gag. She licked my lips and then went to work on my breasts. Pretty soon I had my own thunderbolt.

This was the best way to pass time while information from the dark underchat was downloaded into a thumbdrive. The data I was given was not just about certain individuals or goings on in the city. It was also plans and risk assessments of various buildings. Through analysis of activities I could figure out which ones were ripe for robbing, and which ones to avoid.

I had become a kind of actuary for burglars.

Carson LeGroin inducted me into his stable of information gatherers and disseminator so the protections afforded its members would extend to me. It was Carson who found out there was a contract out on me. And I soon learned Cru had put it out.

Cru, who held themselves to a strict policy of comportment, was trying to make me a permanent fixture in their lair. There were two occasions on which I broke their rules in the past. And I was made to endure a period of punishment bondage each time.



Apparently, Cru had a personal stake in possessing me again.

The timer on the computer went off. Louie wriggled free of her self-bondage, which took about twenty minutes. Then she came to me and took the gag out of my mouth.

"Another session down," said Louie.

"So soon?" I said. "I could sit her another hour."

"I guess I don't have to untie you right away."

"Thank you."

The computer beeped again. "An email from Berseh."

"What does she say?"

"She says Alice's foot massages really the best. Oh, and your new order of dark chocolate has arrived."

"Thank goodness. I have been dying without it."

"She also says not to worry. She won't open it."

"I know she will not. Alice has standing orders to tie her up if she does."

"That must be good chocolate."

"Oh, it is."

Thinking about the chocolate made me shift in the chair. Soon I was again in the throes of pleasure.

"I should take you out of that chair," said Louie.

"Do you have to?" I said.

"Your bondage was progressive. Untying you should be too."

Many of the ropes on my body had been fastening me to the chair. Louie stood me up and checked the color of my arms and legs. No purpling or bluing. Just a slight blush of red, which was a good sign. She steadied me as I hopped over to the couch. I would have to lay there a short while before she untied the rest of my bondage.

"Tell me about Carson," I said.

"You've known him longer than I have," said Louie.

"But you know things I do not."

"What do you want to know?"

"Is he still holding Virginia Blue?"

"No. She's gone."

"Gone?"

"She left the city. I don't think we'll see her for a while. If ever."

"That is a relief."

"He makes you nervous."



"I did not think he was capable of what he did to Blue. But then there have been times when he was almost playful. And that was strange, too."

"Carson likes to keep people guessing, Tawny. Even the people he likes."

"And I like him. I guess I just do not like certain things about him."



Walking home at night was a simple pleasure. It certainly beat being shipped in a crate. Louie's assistant Wick was very respectful as he prepared me for shipping. It was a sign he could be trusted, but I never rely on just one sign. Time would tell if Wick could become a friend.

The sounds of night were what I loved. Car horns dying out around corners. Newspapers snapping in the hands of hobos hanging out past curfew at the shelters. Coins landing in overturned hats of people playing guitars for food. My blood was flowing strong, as it always did after a session with Louie. Now I was thinking of ways to make Berseh flow strong.

I came upon the old man I saved from a junkie the other night. Smaczny was his name. I looked it up. The Polish word for 'tasty' pronounced 'smatch-na.' A fitting name as he ran a cart with sausages and sauerkraut. Another favorite part of the night for me: the food.

"Look who it is," said Smaczny. "The ninja lady."

"I am not a ninja," I said. "I just dress like one."

"You're my ninja. Let me make you something."

"I have money."

"AH! Your money is no good. Have a kielbasa with kraut and mustard."

"I guess I did work up an appetite earlier."

"And a little horseradish, yes?"

My face must have betrayed me, because he spooned on some horseradish without looking. Smaczny was a pro.

And the kielbasa was heaven. Even with that and the kraut to dilute the fresh horseradish, my sinuses cleared like a band-aid ripped off the skin.

"Now you can breathe," he said.

"Mmmph!" My mouth was too full to speak. But I could breathe as wind shooting through a canyon.





As I handed my coat to Alice, I noticed the place was quiet. No old movies on tv.

"Where is Berseh? I said.

The cleave gag overlaid with tape kept Alice from speaking. She merely waved over to the kitchen. As I entered, I saw my package of chocolate on the counter. One corner of it was torn, but the package was intact. On the kitchen table was Berseh, hogtied and gagged.

"You could not resist, could you?" I said.

"Nmmmph!" said Berseh.

"I will have to hide this chocolate from now on."

"Mmmmph!"

"I think I will leave you like that while I shower."

"Mmmph! Mmmm! Gmmph!"

"No, you cannot join me. But afterwards I will carry you to bed. I will sponge you clean, dry you off, and powder your body for cuddling. How does that sound?"

"Mmmmmm-hmmmmph!"





31 - Bo Crumbles Again



Tonight was not a night for burglary. It was simply a night for walking. Financially, I was pretty well off. I could afford to soak up the night without having to look over my shoulder all the time. Since my gear would make me stand out a bit, I dressed casual. I wore my leather halter top jacket, a tight translucent tube top, tight blue-jean cut-offs, and knee-high stiletto boots.

High heels may seem impractical for most women, but not for me. If I got in trouble, the heels snapped off to become handy daggers. And the steel toe tips were perfect for kicking groins.

It was rare getting to dress this way. Feeling the night on my skin was almost as important as having Berseh against it. I could not care less if my top was slightly see-through. If people had a problem, I had a solution at the end of each arm.

I could smell the kielbasa from Smaczny's cart, but walked the other way. His food was delicious, but too much of it was not good. So I continued down the avenue, avoiding domes of discarded bubblegum and other sticky spots of mysterious origin. I saw people bend over to pick up five dollar bills only to be observed by undercover cops.

A scuffle was going on in the alley just ahead. I turned the corner to see a big man holding a slim, blonde girl. His dirty, meaty hand clamped over her mouth, his other hand cruelly held her wrists behind her back. I could not ignore this, so I snapped off my heels.

Giving him no indication I was there, I stabbed his elbow by the nerve. His fingers sprang off the girl's mouth. Then I jabbed his bulbous belly. He screamed as the girl ran behind me. I gave him a kick to the chin, then to the throat, and finally to the sternum. He collapsed like a pile of wet cardboard. His posture seemed familiar.

"I recognize that cowardly profile," I said. "Hello again, Mr. Crumb."

"Oh shit," he said, wheezing. "You're that bitch from the road."

"And you have not learned your lesson."



"Forget that skinny little skank behind you. I'm gonna take all my mad out on you."

Crumb spoke in a rasp. Perhaps a lingering effect of when I put a taser to his throat. He got up and came at me. Still holding the stilettos, I slashed twice and carved a perfect X between his eyes.

"Agh, you bi . . ."

I did not let him finish that word as I kneed him in the groin. He doubled over easily. Apparently, he had a lingering effect there as well. As he sank to his knees, I got behind him and put the stiletto to his bald head. And I drew a red line front to back.

His screams attracted two beat cops. They had hands at their holsters.

"Wait!" the girl said to them. "She saved me. He was going to rape me."

The cops nodded and one put the cuffs on Crumb. They stood him up and searched him. They found a spray bottle of chloroform. And a pair of cuffs small enough for a young woman.

"Hey, Jake," said one cop. "That cut on his head makes it look like a big dick."

"Well, now's your chance to book a dickhead," said Jake. "Are you ladies all right?"

"We are fine," I said. "His name is Bo Crumb. He attacked me once before while impersonating a police officer."

"That so?" said Jake. "We'll run his priors. You did good work. Even if it was a little harsh."

"Harsh? You mean like attempted rape? Or a repeat offense of it?"

"My apologies. I didn't mean . . ."

"I know. But if I am being too harsh, it means someone else was not. Look at him. Someone went easy and now he is doing it again."

"Point taken, Miss. We'll take him off your hands."

As the cops took Bo Crumb away, the girl ran up to me and crushed me in a teary embrace. I could feel tears soaking through my tube top. Eventually she let me breathe.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, wiping her face. My wet top was a bit more see-through.

"Do not worry," I said. "As long as you are okay."

"I am. Thank you so much. I got separated from my cousin. I've never been in the big city before."

"Who is your cousin? I will help you find him, or her."

"Her name is . . . oh, there she is!"

I turned to see a familiar blonde crossing the street. She was a dream in a tight shirt and jeans, with longer hair and more of a bounce than when I last saw her.

"Betty?" I said. "This is your cousin?"

"Yes," said Betty. "This is Taylor."

"You know her?" said Taylor. "THIS is Tawny?"

Before I could answer, Betty planted her lips on mine and embraced me. It was a kiss fit for a mistress. And I had missed the pressing of her bosom against mine.



"Your boobs feel bigger," I said, when Betty finally let me get air.

"They are," said Betty. "I guess I'm the generation that didn't skip."

"Suppose your cousin did."

"Nope," said Taylor. "I'm growing too. Just blooming late."

"We should talk more at home," I said. "Are you in town long?"

"Just a few days," said Betty. "I wanted Taylor to meet you."

"Well, if it is not too long, Berseh will not mind."

"She never did like me too much."

"To be fair, I enjoyed you a little too much at times. It was my fault she was short with you."

"But it's just you and her now."

"No. Alice is back."

"Uh oh."

"No, it's okay. Alice is a total sub now. Not a love toy. Berseh is okay with her now."

"So she's okay with just pure subs?"

"Yes, pretty much. Why do you ask?"

"Because Taylor needs instruction I can't give. I'd like it if you could take her on as a sub."

My eyes went wide. What would Berseh think about this?





32 - Taylor's Induction



At first, Berseh did not like it.

"I don't like it!" she said. The hanging bondage cage trembled with her anger. If she was not an immobilized cylinder of sex and fury, she would be rampaging the apartment. She might even try to eat a piece of my chocolate. The only part she could move was her mouth. And she was moving it to its full potential.

"It's a favor for Betty, my swan," I said.

"RAHR!"

"And she's not a sex toy or a pet. She's a sub."

"You promise?"

"Of course I promise. YOU are my toy, pet, and love."

"That's better."

"And since I will be training Taylor, you can have Alice for your sub."

"Really?"

"Yes, for when you are untied."

"And she'll do anything I want?"

"Of course."

"Unlimited foot massages with her breasts? Or with her tongue?"

"If you wish."

"Yay! Mmmph!"



I closed the metal brank with choke pear over Berseh's mouth. She was now totally immobile, save for her adorable doe eyes that pleaded for attention. Any other time, I would give it. But Taylor demanded my concentration for now. So I left Berseh to hang in the cage as a lovely ornament. Alice would watch over her and dust her to keep her clean.

"Am I your slave?" said Taylor.

"Essentially," I said. "Not a love slave, though the rewards I give for following orders are quite erotic."

"Do I get to be tied up a lot?"

"At first, yes. If you are going to be a sub, bondage will be involved."

"So when do I start?"

"I have to go over my rules with you. Only then, if you are okay with them, will you be my sub."

"I feel tingly all over."

Taylor shivered her slim body in a very cute manner. She was very similar to Betty, just not quite as voluptuous. She had nice curves. Her breasts were a medium C-cup. But what struck me was her waist-length blonde hair. It made her seem like a sultry elf.

"First rule," I said. "Do anything I say without question. Follow every order. Submit to every request. Total obedience. Are we clear on that?"

"Yes."

"You will always respond 'Yes, mistress.' Even while gagged. If not, you will be punished. And you will NOT argue."

"Yes, mistress."

"Second, you will wear whatever I give you to wear. Even if it is just a collar or a gag. If I want you naked, you will be naked."

"Yes, mistress."

"Third, you will be in bondage much of your time. You will make yourself available to be tied up at any time. No matter what you are doing, you are mine. I will bind you however I see fit."

"Yes, mistress."

"Fourth, when at rest you will always assume a bondage position. Your body may not be encased in rope, but you will be encased in my will. You will kneel before me with hands behind your back. This is how you will await my commands."

"Yes, mistress."

"There will be punishment. I do not expect you to know what to do automatically. It is a learning process. And much learning will be had. It is part of the game, if you are willing to play. If you cannot play, tell me now. This is your last chance to turn back."

"I am ready, mistress."

"Very well. Take off all your clothes."

"All? I mean . . . yes, mistress."



I let that little slip go. There would be plenty of lessons later. As Taylor stripped, I admired her lithe body. I reveled in having a virgin sub to train. Not many girls get the opportunity to control someone this pure. But she was choosing this life. How she reacted to me depended on her dedication.

I started simple, tying her wrists and elbows in reverse prayer style. Making a harness out of torso ropes above and below her perky breasts. And a crotch rope with only two knots in it.

"Have you ever been tied this way?" I said.

"I've tried to, mistress. But I could never get this far on my own."

"Oh, I will take you much farther."

"Are you going to gag me, mistress?"

"Yes. And for speaking without being spoken to first, the gag will be quite thorough."

I realized Taylor was perhaps trying to get punished on purpose. Maybe she was excited about finally becoming a true sub. So I tried to indulge her by affixing an elaborate gag. I rolled up a knee-high sock and stuffed it in her mouth. Then I cleave-gagged her tight with the other sock. I placed one of those toy foam soccer balls in another sock and tied that over the first cleave gag.

I should say before all that, I tied her hair up in two ponytails so they resembled puppy ears.

Next I wrapped white microfoam tape over all that gagging. And then a finishing touch. I wanted to make the gag more visually appealing. So I got some blue electrical tape and wrapped around the top and bottom of the gag. Then I wrapped carefully around the middle so the blue and white stripes appeared to be equal in size.

I told Taylor to make a sound and she could not. Except for making 'mmm' sounds through her nose, she was completely muffled. A slight widening accented the whites of her eyes. I do not think even she gagged herself like this when she played alone.

Her momentary euphoria was delicious. I took advantage of it to sit her down and tie her legs. Soon I had ropes cinched around her upper and mid thighs, above and below the knees, and her ankles. She leaned forward and back, gazing wistfully at how her flesh bulged between the ropes. At least I thought so at the moment.

Before I knew it, Taylor had induced an orgasm. One that engendered several cute moans from her. I loved it, but I was upset. She undermined my authority.

"I did not say you could do that," I said.

"Mmmh!" said Taylor, pleading with soulful eyes.

"I was looking forward to a pleasant afternoon of leading you on a leash, hopping around the apartment."

"Mmmmh?"

"But I cannot have you challenging me like this. I will put you in a strict hogtie."

"Nmmh!"

"You spoke out of turn. And you pleased yourself without my permission. So the crotch rope is coming off."

Taylor was quite upset. Even as I was hogtying her, she was whiny and unruly. It was such a struggle that I made an extra effort to tie her ankles to her upper torso. She could almost touch her head with her toes.



I saw Berseh cast a sympathetic glance from the cage. As if she was saying 'I would never disrespect my queen in such a manner.' Either that or 'I would throw that slut in a box and mail her to Canada.'

Alice, in her resting slave pose, also rolled her eyes. I was so exhausted that I put her in charge of watching Taylor as she struggled on the coffee table.

Berseh's eyes softened my temper as I took her out of the cage.

"I could've stayed in longer," she said.

"I am tired," I said. "She really tried my patience."

"She is so disrespectful! Not even Betty would do that. I can't wait till she's gone. Can we mail her? Please?"

"I cannot think about that now. I am exhausted and in dire need of cuddles."

"Come with me, my queen. You may have all the cuddles I can give."

Berseh took me to the bedroom. We laid down together and she embraced my head on her bosom. She was so soft, and smelled so sweet of honeysuckle, that I fell asleep almost immediately. The last thing I sensed was a purr of satisfaction and security.

I just could not tell which of us made it.





33 - Slap Happy at Walt's Diner



Training Taylor over the past week was exasperating. I was not only tired in mind and body, but my soul was weary. The point of playing was for everyone to have fun. However, Taylor was so contrary that no one was having fun but her. She apparently thought it was fun for everyone no matter how rebellious she was.

Alice could not bear to be beside her, bound and gagged or not. And that affected the enjoyability of her breast-on-foot massages I loved so much. Even Berseh became lethargic from mental exhaustion. And Betty was out of town until tomorrow.

So I borrowed the armbinder, boot, and wall straps that Louie used on me before the Virginia Blue incident. I bound and gagged her just as Louie did me. Except for Taylor, I used twice as many straps. I wanted her only capable movement to be breathing, with an occasional flare of the nostrils.

Things soon became much more pleasant around the apartment now that Taylor was reduced to a wall decoration. Even so, it was time for a break. I left Alice in charge of Taylor while Berseh and I took a trip.

I had been wanting to go back to Walt's Diner for some time. It was a remote little place with nice people. Plus I was hungry for a real burger. Not the kind that gets painted for commercials. One stacked with the freshest ingredients, shiny with steam jetting out the edges.

On the way, Berseh and I talked through some things.

"You're giving Taylor back to Betty tomorrow," she said. It was not a question.

"I am," I said. "I am so sorry about the past week. I had no idea she would be this difficult."

"She almost makes me wish Betty was back. Almost."

"I do not think she means to be so trying. I think she is so overenthusiastic about being bound, she still does not get how to be a true sub."

"Am I wrong or does she seem happiest when she's completely immobile?"



"You are not wrong, my swan. She is not sub material. She can only be a decoration."

"Some people are into that. They can't get enough bondage, so they want it too much. And they get a high that can only be sated by extended periods of bondage."

"Have you met people like this on your job?"

"Mostly women, but some men too. They can be dangerous because they don't consider the physiological risks of extended bondage."

"Blood clots."

"Or worse. They require constant supervision. Not just because you tie them up, but because they tie themselves up when they're alone."

"So they cannot be left alone at all."

"Exactly, my queen. Some of them have no sense of safety. I think Taylor might be one of those."

"I cannot watch over her if it takes away from loving you, my swan."

"That's why we need to mail her to Outer Mongolia or someplace. Maybe Antarctica."

We pulled into the parking lot of Walt's Diner. The tension from our conversation was leached instantly by the sight of gleaming stainless steel. All our worries dissipated like the gravel dust kicked up by the mini-van's tires.

The place was not as busy as last time. Only one other customer sat at the counter around the far corner. A youngish man, perhaps in his late forties. He was writing diligently in a journal, and occasionally sipping from a tall glass of iced tea. Sala had just refilled his glass when she turned and saw us.

"Hey!" she said. "I remember you two!"

"We have only been here once," I said.

"But the guys still talk about you. I think they fell in love."

"I cannot blame them."

Berseh raised an eyebrow at me.

"I think I remember your nicknames," said Sala. "Tommi and . . . Jackie?"

"Close enough," I said.

We sat in a booth as Sala brought us tall glasses of ice water.

"So what can I get for you ladies today?" Sala flashed her lovely oval smile. Her long black hair had been trimmed to neck length. I am not sure it suited her, but it was practical for her job.

"I liked the chicken salad sandwich," said Berseh. "I'll have that, with a side of carrots."

"And you, Miss T?"

"I would like a burger. And not a small one."

"I can recommend the Slap Happy."

"Why is it called Slap Happy?"



"It's a half-pound of grass-fed beef, with horseradish cheddar, burnt-honey bacon, and a jalapeno-raspberry aioli. Sweet and spicy to slap your senses silly."

"I cannot resist that," I said. "Jackie, you should have one too."

"Uh-uh, not me," said Berseh.

"Why not?" said Sala.

"My love here will burn it off because she's so active in her job. But as a model, I have to watch my meals."

"For her, a gram is like a pound," I said.

"What is it you do?" Sala said to me.

"I do . . . high risk assessment and consulting," I said.

"Like an actuary."

"Yes. Like that."

"Don't they just do a lot of math?"

"I am more . . . physically indulgent than most in my field."

"Sort of an active actuary."

"You could say that."

"Cool! I'll take your orders back and they'll be duck soup."

As Sala went back to the kitchen, I glanced over at the writer. I caught him looking at me and Berseh. He was not ogling, but he was embarrassed. We were not dressed provocatively, but we knew how to flatter our figures. Berseh was in a powder blue sun dress with a lacy frill above and below her breasts. I was in a denim vest, white tube top, and blue jeans.

I waited till the writer glanced over again and let him get a peek at one of my breasts. A two-second tug down of my tube top.

"Why did you do that?" whispered Berseh.

"That fellow over there will write about it."

"So?"

"He will put this moment in a story or a poem. Capturing it in time. Referring back to it anytime he wants to remember this day."

"How do you know he won't stalk you or something?"

"Because a good guy has the grace to be a little embarrassed."

"Is that so?"

"You should do it too."

"Are you crazy?"

"Yes."

"And impossible."

"Just think how much more perfect this memory will be for him if you flash him after me."



Berseh thought about it for a moment. When the writer inevitably glanced over again, she pulled the top of her dress down, exposing both breasts for a full second.

"You just did that to outdo me," I said.

"I suppose we could both go over there and put our boobs in his face. What a memory that would make."

"There is a difference between sweet and saccharine, my swan. Let us not spoil things overmuch."

"Would a kiss be overmuch?"

"No it would not."

As we kissed, I heard Sala drop our orders on the table.

"Sorry for interrupting," she said. "I made an order of Slap Happy fries. Compliments of the house."

"Now what makes THEM slap happy?"

"Fried in avocado oil, dusted with cilantro and parsley, and sprinkled with lime juice."

Berseh's eyes widened. "Okay, I can't not eat some of those."

Sala winked and walked away. I saw the writer's pen twitching furiously in his journal. He looked up and I winked as I crunched down on a slap happy fry.





34 - Bad Delivery



Louie Cho was having fun with me.

She tied me in such a strict hogtie, my wrists were tied below my ankles. She also ran ropes from my feet to my gag, which made it sink in further and puckered my lips like a fish. This was the polar opposite of being bound and strapped standing to a wall. The helplessness was intoxicating.

"Don't you look darling this way," said Louie.

"Mmmp!" I said.

"I could play with you all day, Tawny. But we only have a few hours."

"Mmmph! Mmmgmmph! Gmmgrmmph!"

"Such cute gag talks from you!"

Louie's favorite thing, for this session, was lifting me up on my knees and letting go. Then she would watch me rock back and forth as if I were a toy. I pretty much was a toy for these sessions, but Louie was the only other girl I trusted, other than my Berseh, to tie me up.

I could not tell her at the moment, but I enjoyed the rocking motion. Every time my breasts bunched beneath me, my nipples rubbed on the table's smooth surface. If Louie rocked me enough times, I could likely achieve orgasm.

But alas, an hour and a half of this bondage was not long enough. As tight as I was tied, I could not encourage any arrivals. Plus, coming in such tight bondage can be dangerous for anyone, even if they were not a novice.

So after a half-hour rest, Louie strapped me to a wooden wheel mounted on the wall. My wrists were put in shackled with grip bars. Each ankle was shackled inside a kind of shoe. My arms were strapped at mid-forearm and below the shoulder. More straps held me fast above and below my breasts, and at my waist. Each leg was also strapped at the thigh and shin. And of course, a tight gag strapped my head in place.



Now Louie could spin the wheel. And the kind of sensual torture she used depended on where I stopped. She had a variety of brushes she would use to paint my body in many shades of erotic bliss.

I felt like a prize on a wheel of fortune, except Louie would never lose a turn or go bankrupt. And every spin was a free play. She did not have to buy any vowels. Louie made me guess consonants as best I could while gagged. Today's phrase was going to be my new password for accessing the dark underchat. I could buy a vowel by letting her induce me to orgasm. And if I got a letter wrong, she left a hickie somewhere between my waist and knees.

This was my new favorite game. And if I wanted, I could get a new password every week. And then the session ended.

Dammit.

"That was really good," I said.

"I look forward to our sessions," said Louie. "You inspire me to try new things, to find new ways to make you helpless."

"I do not let many people make me helpless. That is how good you are."

"So until next week then?"

"Yes, and could you do me a favor?"

"Anything."

"Could you please package me and send me to Berseh? She really enjoys opening my bindings as slowly as possible."

"Of course I will. Oh, here's the thumbdrive. It's encrypted with your new password. Keep it in a safe place."

"I will," I said, as I put it in the safest place of all.

Since I told Louie that Berseh loved unwrapping presents slowly, she had been binding me in special wrappings at the usual points on my body. They could not be cut. They could only be unwound. The ends were kept in place by a special adhesive. Even the gag, be it cleave or over-the-mouth. They made for comfortable and snug bondage, and were made from recyclable material.

Environmentally safe restraint.

Once I was snugly bound and gagged, Louie slung me over her shoulder. She carried me to shipping and strapped me down in a woman-shaped container. Then she closed it and sealed it with steel bands, padlocking each one. She made sure I could breathe comfortably through the vent.

"You might lie here for a short while," said Louie. "Wick is running a bit late. But he will be here soon to deliver you. Okay?"

"Mm-kmmph!" I said.

"Good girl."





When the knock came at the door, I thought it had to be Mr. Wick delivering my queen to me via Louie's mail service. But neither he nor the packaged form of my beloved Tawny was in sight. Instead, standing in the hallway was Betty.

"Hello, Berseh," she said.

"Come in," I said.

"Is Tawny here?"

"No. I was expecting her, but I guess the mail's running late."

"The mail?"

"Long story. Never mind. Let's go to the couch. I have iced tea."

The coffee table had a large pitcher of blackberry sage iced tea and two cracked ice tumblers. Alice, who had prepared the service, dutifully knelt by the table. Her arms behind her back. Her gag for the day was a metal harness with a brank covering her mouth. Tawny gave me the key for it before she went out for her weekly session with Louie.

"I had forgotten Alice was back," said Betty.

"She returned just recently. She was in sub training for someone else, but she was totally dedicated to Tawny and me."

"I know the feeling."

Betty and I sipped our tea, and she looked at the wall behind me. That's where Taylor was bound, strapped, and gagged in complete immobility. I saw the disappointment in Betty's face. I truly felt sympathy for her.

"I suppose you have the gist of things," I said.

"I do," said Betty. "I was hoping Tawny could tame her. Even a little."

"Taylor is just too wild. If we allow her even a bit of movement, she flails and rages until she's totally tied down. She doesn't obey her mistress. I don't think she's capable of obeying any mistress."

"It seems not. I should have seen this sooner."

"She's only happy when she's turned into a statue. It's impossible to have any kind of relationship with that."

"I'm so sorry she's been such a burden. You all must hate me for dropping her on you."

"Oh no! Nothing of the sort. In fact, I think I was a little hard on you when you were here."

"Not really. I was okay with it. If you and Tawny were happy, I was happy."

"Well, now I kind of wish you were back."

"If only. I have to take my cousin home and take charge. No more handing her off. I'm going to figure her out, or else."

I saw a new kind of steel in Betty's eyes. Something that told me she had now evolved beyond the status of a mere sub. Perhaps for her, being a sub was a kind of chrysalis, a stage between caterpillar and butterfly. Maybe she had not yet emerged from her cocoon, but she was well on her way to getting her wings.



"By the way," I said. "How is Steve?"

"Oh, we're back together."

"Really?"

"Yes. In fact, he lives in a cell in my basement."

"Oh my! He's your sub?"

"Mm-hm. I keep him naked and gagged at all times. Except when we go out, of course. Otherwise, he's at my feet."

"Good for you! And for Steve! Many men wouldn't do that."

"Well, after I left here to help Taylor, he came to me saying he would be in my life any way I wanted. As long as we were together."

"Wow, what a man."

"I said I didn't have to dominate him to love him . . ."

"But?"

"But he really likes it."

"I'm so happy for you!"

"Thanks, Berseh. That means a lot to me. Truly."

"You will both have to visit us sometime."

"We will. Now, I must take my cousin home."

Alice helped me get Taylor free of the straps holding Taylor to the wall. Then we removed the armbinder and single tall boot. They were borrowed from Louie, after all. We kept her blindfolded and gagged as we helped her get dressed. We were not taking any chances.

Betty took some scarves from her purse and bound Taylor's arms tightly behind her back. She attached a collar and leash and gave Taylor a serious tug to show she meant business. Tawny would be so proud.

"Won't people question you leading a bound and gagged woman through the lobby of this building?" I said.

"I don't care," said Betty. "By the time they decide what to be outraged over, we'll be on the road."

"I wonder if I'm looking at a Tawny Jr. here."

"When you see Tawny, tell her I'll always belong to you both. I owe her so much."

We hugged and said goodbye. I now found myself wishing she'd never left. I was so proud of her. Tawny would be so happy to hear how much Betty had grown up.

But Tawny was not here.





I had been in transit for quite a while. Longer, in fact, than it usually took for me to be delivered to my and Berseh's apartment. Had Wick taken a longer route? I could only wait until journey's end.

Finally, two hours later, the truck parked in a garage. I was unloaded and felt the padlocks to my container being undone. As the lid raised, a wave of horror rushed through my tightly bound body.

"Welcome back, my dear Tawny!"

Oh my god.

"I can't tell you what it means for you to be in my company again."

Oh no. This cannot be happening!

"Oh I'm sure you expected to be home by now. But in a way, you are. This is your home now."

"Crmm!" I said.

"I admit, I could never find where you were living before. You have an annoying talent for dropping off the grid."

"Mmmph!"

"But that dungeon you went to. All I had to do was become familiar with Mr. Wick's route home. And when he was away from security, make sure he had an . . . obstacle getting to work. Then it was a matter of substituting one of my subs for him. After I duped his security clearance, of course. I'm sure Miss Cho will close that loophole soon."

"Mmmph! Mgmmpmph! Crmm!"

"I just realized I made a funny. I subbed a sub for a sub! Isn't that hilarious?"

I was not laughing. I was bound and gagged too thoroughly to object to anything. My greatest fear was now realized. I was now a possession of someone who did not let go of things easily. Louie did too fine a job of binding me for Berseh's pleasure.

I was now totally enslaved to Cru.

"I know how your mind works, dear Tawny," said Cru. "You're already planning how to escape. But I will make it impossible. No one knows you're here. And you're not going on display like before. You are my private toy."

Now the chills were going through me. And now my beloved Berseh seemed so far away.

"Oh wait," said Cru. "There's the matter of the driver who brought you here."

Cru drew a pistol and fired. I heard a body hit the floor. Cru fired two more times.

"Okay. NOW nobody else knows you're here."





35 - Chandelier



Cru kept me in the bindings that Louie had unwittingly provided. They were tight, and they stretched as I struggled, but they never came loose. If I had been delivered to Berseh as intended, we would have had a long night of struggling bondage love and fun. Instead I was diverted to Cru's lair, beyond the knowledge of anyone who would help me.

Berseh did not know where I was. Louie would not know where I was taken. And the 'delivery man' who made Wick late for work was shot, executed by Cru. There was no trace of my abduction.

Cru placed my bound and gagged form into another woman-shaped container. It was clear plastic and custom made to fit me. It closed around me like a vacuum seal. The only openings were for my eyes and nostrils. I was a plasticized statue of myself.

I was then stood up and strapped to a pole on a B.A.R.O.O.M.B.A (Bound And Restricted Of Ordinary Movement By Access). Cru clicked a button on the remote and walked down the hallway with me in tow.

The presence of this device should have been a clue. And while Cru walked, we talked. Or rather, I was talked to.

"I know what you're thinking, dear Tawny. I broke all my own rules to possess you. But no one knows it, ergo I cannot be ostracized from the community."

"Mmmmp!"

"Don't strain against the plastic, dear. It's completely unforgiving. When I possessed you the first time, I was quite angry with you. In fact, I was happy to see you go. You were such a trampy upstart."

"Grrmmph!"

"But the second time changed everything. No longer were you the wild cat burglar, stumbling along rooftops in the night. You had purpose. You were in control of yourself. You showed true skill. You'd made a quantum leap from the clumsy coquette you used to be. You had my attention."



"Mmm! Mm-mmmph!"

"Oh do stop struggling. Except for a few vents to keep your body from overheating, that container is quite solid. You're mine now, and nothing can change that. And because of your proficiency at escaping, your bondage will be quite . . . stringent. If you did escape, I'd be ruined. Can't have that."

"Bmmm! Mmm-glmmph!"

We entered a room I assumed must be Cru's private chambers. The walls were decorated with intricate tapestries depicting ancient battle scenes from Britain, Italy, Egypt, and India. Some of them appeared to be original. There were several rugs on the floor in the patterns of the big cats like tigers and leopards. I hoped those were not original.

I also saw several statues of women in cases like mine. Including one of Virginia Blue. Then I realized they were not exactly statues.



It was totally Tawny to be late getting home from her work. Whether she was tying up a number of victims in the acquisition of valuable items, or she had to escape some nefarious bondage trap.

It was totally NOT Tawny to not call if things were running long. Which made me think she ran afoul of some nemesis, or some situation that hindered her freedom. She had fallen into such traps before, and gotten out of them. Still, a girl worries sometimes.

I get nervous when my goddess is not here to tie me up for her enjoyment.

Alice was doing chores, walking around the apartment with a feather duster and wearing only a red ball gag. She truly was a vision with her lovely dark skin, her huge gorgeous breasts, and a smooth plump rear that begged to be grabbed. But that was only fun if Tawny was around.

Then the phone rang. Alice immediately brought it over to me. She knelt and held it out, maintaining that position for the entire call. It was Louie Cho.

"Berseh, I've got some bad news," she said.

"What is it?" I said.

"I think Tawny has been captured."

"Well . . . she has been captured before."

"Not like this. Wick was running late because he was attacked. So somebody else delivered her. I'm so stupid!"

"Oh . . . oh no!"

"It gets worse. I think whomever took her fulfilled the bondage contract."

"Who . . . who took her? Where could she be?"

"Is it really so hard to figure out?"

"Oh my dear goddess, no!"



The next morning, at least I think it was morning, Cru took me out of the plastic case. They removed my gag, but kept the rest of Louie's bindings intact.

"This room is so drab," said Cru. "I need a new chandelier to brighten things up. And you're elected, dear Tawny."

At the snap of Cru's fingers, two muscled women altered my bindings. They hogtied me and frog tied me to an elaborate light fixture. It had lots of dangling crystals.

"Why are you doing this?" I said. "I have been a good customer."

"Mmm, yes," said Cru. "One of my best. Still, my infatuation with you overrides all that."

"You're in love with me?"

"No, no, my dear pumpkin. At least not romantically. I just think you look so darling in bondage. Especially when it's inescapable. You're like my pet."

"I am a pet for no one!" I shook the light fixture so hard that every crystal sang a jagged tune. Cru actually looked a bit worried, but my shackles and ropes held. One of the muscle women put a ball gag in my mouth. Then she overlaid it with several passes of tape around my head.

"Is she secure?"

"Yes, Cru," said a muscle woman.

"Hoist her up and plug her in."

The muscle women pulled on a chain and I was lifted over a dozen feet in the air. Every pull made the floor seem another mile away, the distance increasing exponentially as I realized there was no getting out of this. As soon as the light switched on, I felt less of a person and more of a thing.

"And the Lord saw the light," said Cru. "And said that it was good."

"Mmmmmph!"

I shook as hard as I could. The fixture wobbled out a symphony, but held fast. I do not know why I did that. I was already helpless. Maybe people and animals did the same futile gestures when they finally realized freedom was then a lie.

Cru stood beneath me and looked up.

"It's best you accept your new life, Tawny. Just like all these other girls have. Just like you, they were all so certain they were in control of their lives."

"Crrmm, fmf ymf!"

"Indeed. Your fellow prisoners all said something to the same effect. Right before they gave up."

Cru walked to the exit and turned my fixture off. I hung there in the dark, watching their silhouette. And then the thick door closed. All I could sense was the slow breathing of my fellow captives below me.



36 - Carousel



I lost track of how long I had been hanging in the chandelier fixture. Had it been hours or days? Even so, I was surprised my body had seemed to suffer no deleterious effects from extended bondage. So either I had been made to believe it has been a while, or Cru did something to me. Injected me, perhaps, with something to help me endure.

Most likely, the latter was true. One of the women encased in plastic below me was Virginia Blue. She was, of late, a guest of Carson LeGroin. I had last seen her weeks ago. She must have run afoul of Cru after leaving Carson's care. When I last saw her, she was not in the best of shape. Now she appeared much more fit. A bit more muscle mass and definition, but apparently not enough to save her from this fate.

Standing next to Blue were four women I had never seen before. Two of them were black twin sisters from the look of them. The next woman was Latina, or Indian. The plastic case made it hard to determine facial features. The fourth was a diminutive blonde with lovely large breasts. All the other girls seemed to be around six feet tall, give or take a few inches. But the mystery blonde was maybe five foot five.

Who knew how long these women had been here? They were alive. I could see them breathe. And they were apparently resigned to their fates. Even Blue. All women looked in top physical shape, but they were all bound and gagged inside form-fitting clear plastic carapaces.

And an empty case stood next in line to Blue. It was shaped to conform to me. When I was not a chandelier, I would be standing in permanent bondage next to my erstwhile nemesis. I wondered how long it might be before I gave up. These women did.

But then, these women did not have their very own Berseh.





I was going insane.

My Tawny, my queen, owner of my body and soul, had been stolen.

Alice sat next to me on the couch, embracing me and holding my weeping head in the crook of her neck. Her naked breasts slick with a glittering sheet of my tears. She had to support me completely. I was a physical wreck at the news of Tawny in the evil clutches of Cru.

"It's been three days," said Louie Cho, pacing by the coffee table. "We need to form a rescue plan."

"Oh my queen! My love!" I said. Alice held me closer as wet sobs wracked my body.

"We know where she is," said Alice. "Why haven't we moved?"

"One does not simply move against Cru," said Wick.

All heads turned toward Louie's delivery man sitting in a chair. Till now he'd been silent, taking all the details of the room and the people in it.

"Cru is the chief supplier of equipment on the eastern seaboard," said Wick. "Their status is such that an unwarranted move would backfire horribly on us. There's no law enforcement to rely upon here. We fail, we don't prove anything about Tawny's kidnapping, and the community leaves our fates up to Cru."

"What does that mean?" I said.

"It means, Miss Berseh, that Cru takes possession of us by right. By their own rules we will have wronged them and incurred a debt of slavery."

Louie crossed her arms. "It means we'll belong to Cru."

"And he'll still have Tawny," said Wick. "With no one else the wiser."

"It all feels so hopeless," I said.

"It isn't," said Louie. "We have two things going for us. One is the dark underchat. Carson LeGroin has valuable information we can use."

"What's the second thing?"

"You're the only one of us who's actually been in Cru's lair."



Cru had repurposed all six of us prisoners. One by one, the two muscle women put us in new custom carapaces. Each of us were made to resemble a horse rearing up on its hind legs. Our molded forms were then attached to pedestals on a carousel. We were then dressed with fringed saddles and harness bit gags with handlebars.

Cru turned us captives into their personal merry-go-round.

Cru sat on my back. One muscle woman sat on the diminutive blonde. The other one sat on Blue. At the flip of a remote switch, we began to go around and around. Each 'horsey' went up and down in opposition to the other. And the music warbled like a drowning flutist missing a lung.



"Oh this is such fun!" said Cru. "My own private bondage carnival!"

"Haw haw!" said one muscle woman. "I like the tiny girl."

"Oui," said the one riding Blue. "They are cute when all tied up."

"Oh, how rude of me," said Cru. "Tawny, I never introduced my over-muscled cohorts."

"Nnnngh!" I said.

"The bulky one riding dear Virginia is Pansy."

"Enchante," said Pansy.

"And the bruiser riding lovely Maxine is Petunia."

"Please ta meetcha. Haw haw!"

"Petunia, I must commend you on no longer smoking your pipe in my private quarters."

"I learn my lesson, boss."

"Indeed. So enjoy your reward. We'll be riding all night."

"Si vous plait," said Pansy. "May we switch horses after a while?"

"Of course, darling," said Cru. "We're breaking them in. I can't believe I've never had this idea before. See how you inspire me, Tawny dear?"

"Mmmmmngh!"

"Haw! I like how their butts go up and down! A-haw-haw!"

"Mais oui. If only we could show them off to someone special."

"Why my dear Pansy," said Cru. "That is a most delightful idea!"





37 - Cru's Control



I could feel my Tawny, my queen, my owner body and soul, call out to me in my sleep. I could see her tigress eyes pleading from behind a cruel gag. She was calling my name despite the restriction of her speech. Tawny's gagged entreaties for the balm of my heart echoed hauntingly in my mind. In my dreams, she screamed until her gag flew apart in tatters.

That's when I always woke up.

Now into the fourth day of my love's captivity, sleep was a clever animal knowing exactly how to avoid capture. I was no longer a huntress dress in the pelt of her prey. Insomnia was now the beast of chase.

My bedsheets reeked of sweat. Every night they became tangled as I thrashed out of helplessness. Alice had taken to holding me when she heard me crying in pain, but I couldn't feel her body at all. She was so wonderful to try and comfort me, but I refused to feel any naked body next to mine except my sweet and loving Tawny.

Only she could save me now. But how could anyone save her?



Thinking of Berseh was the only thing keeping me sane. Being kept in strict bondage was enough to drive anyone crazy, but I had the warmth of Berseh's heart to keep my mind clear. Panicking would not help any of us now. I knew I would see Berseh again. I knew it. I had to or else I would submit totally and forever become a mindless bondage toy.



The five other girls with me had accepted their bound and gagged status. Except one, it seemed. The diminutive blonde called Maxine. She had the same fire in her eyes as I felt in mine. If ever I was going to escape, she was the one I would free first. Somehow I felt she would be of great help.

Cru and the muscle women had tired of the merry-go-round. One by one, Pansy and Petunia tied us up and placed us back in our standing carapaces.

"I do not understand," I said.

"What don't you understand, my dear?" said Cru.

"These cases already hold us tight. Why must we be bound and gagged inside them?"

"Pure aesthetics, my dear. You're not just imprisoned. You ARE imprisonment."

"I still do not understand."

"Allow me to put it in janitorial terms. You can wipe stains off a sink with a cloth and it looks clean. But you spray it with lysol and wipe it again . . . well, that's clean-clean. Get it?"

"Yes, I g-mmmmp!"

Pansy stuffed my mouth with cloth and wrapped around it with the same elastic tape binding my body. She stood me in the case while Petunia closed and latched it, careful not to pinch my skin. Even bound as I was, the carapace was a snug fit. Still, I did not feel helpless until the final latch was snapped in place.

There was being kept. And there was being kept-kept.



Getting out of bed was not easy, but Alice and Louie accomplished that task. They carried me to the bathroom and prepared the shower. I was completely limp with despair. The thought of my queen in Cru's control was enough to rob me of all independence.

"You can't help Tawny by turning into a puddle of sweaty flesh," said Louie. "So Alice and I are going to wake you up."

I didn't see how they could. Alice held me standing up as Louie cuffed my hands in front of me. Then she attached the padded cuffs to a chain. She pushed a button and the chain went up, pulling my arms over my head. The chain stopped, and I hung in the shower with my toes barely touching the tile floor.

I knew what was coming, but I was too lethargic to speak up.

"This is really going to wake you up," said Louie.

She adjusted the showerhead and sprayed me. The water hit me hard and forced my muscles to react and try to move my body to safety. But I had no footing. I could only writhe in place as I hung like a side of sexy beef.

Then Alice grabbed a bottle and squirted soap all over my body. She walked around me, making sure every inch of skin got coated. Next, she and Louie scrubbed me all over with sponges. They were rough and irritated every nerve ending, but especially my nipples.



"Stop this!" I said. "This is not fun!"

"It isn't supposed to be fun," said Louie. "It's supposed to start you up and get you moving again."

"I AM NOT SOME CAR YOU CAN TURN ON WITH A SOAPY KEY!"

I struggled and tried to kick them, but Louie was right. Laying in bed like I did was bad. My muscles got stiff. Before long, they would get soft.

"Do her back again," Louie said to Alice. "I will buff the front."

The back-scrubbing actually felt very good. Especially on my butt. But when Louie scrubbed my chest again, my nipples burned.

"ARRH!" I said. "Cease this sudsy farce! I will not be subjugated by your spongy torture anymore! PUH! PEH! PAH!"

Again I tried to kick, but it only looked like I was running in place.

"I think she's awake now," said Alice.

"And we haven't even rinsed her yet," said Louie.

"Let me down!" I said. "I will rinse myself, thank you! All this is very impolite!"

"Stand back, Alice. I'm turning up the pressure."

"Do NOT turn up the pressure!" I said. "I must be gently washed and powdered with precise care! I am a delicate flower, dammit!"

The water slammed into me like concrete. Now I was really struggling, kicking, and pulling myself up on the chain. The spray hit me everywhere: my face, my chest, my back, my butt (which I enjoyed, but who wouldn't?), my crotch, and my legs. It didn't feel good at all (except for the butt), like every inch of me was scoured by sandpaper.

When the water stopped, my entire body throbbed as if it still thought it was being punished. I could feel every drop coming off my skin. All my nerves were tingling, oversaturated in pain. But I slowly realized it was good pain.

For the first time in days, I was truly awake. Like a heavy bedsheet had been pulled away. I almost felt I could fly.

"Look at her eyes," said Louie. "She's awake now."

"I'm awake," I said. "Now let me down."

"Not yet."

"What do you mean not yet?"

"We're going to let you drip dry while we prepare your wardrobe."

"You're not making sense."

"You're going to a party."

"A par . . . NO! I am not going to a party! Tawny is being held by a detestable villain. This is no time for a party. PAH!"



That's when I snapped. I let loose with a stream of angry curses I never knew I had inside me. I screamed until my face was red and raw as the rest of my body. Then Louie shoved a ball gag in my mouth and Alice buckled it tight.

Louie held up the invitation and everything made sense. She and Alice left me hanging and gagged in the shower as they went through my closet. As I hung there in disbelief, I went over the wording of the invitation in my mind.

Greetings, Miss Berseh!

You have been invited for an evening of bondage fun and excitement!

Come tomorrow night and honor us with your beauty and presence!

We promise you will not be disappointed!

Bring one companion if you like, but no more!

Looking forward to hosting you at our humble residence!

Very sincerely yours,

Cru





38 - Lounging



I could not believe my ears when Cru said they were inviting Berseh over for a private bondage party. But it made sense. Berseh is the most popular bondage model in the world. In those social circles, just to be seen with her would increase one's status. And to have her attend one's private party? Well, that could boost one close to divinity. Berseh was practically the goddess of bondage.

I knew the feeling. I never took for granted the privilege of binding and gagging Berseh every night. She literally gave herself to me and I have strove to be worthy of her gift. Every length of rope or chain enveloping her form was a rung on the ladder to heaven. Every muffled utterance through her stifling gag was a line of scripture from the testament of our love.

And sometimes we switched. That she would steal me, the Love Burglar, was such sweet irony, I would languish in her chains forever. At least until it was time to tie her up again.

Now, however, I was stolen by Cru. The androgynous and deceptively lethal equipment supplier for every burglar on or near the east coast of America.

Cru was known to have strict rules of conduct while doing business. If any of those rules were broken, Cru would simply take the offender and teach him or her a lesson. I had twice been the recipient of such lessons. Once when I tried to rob Cru, and again when I sassed them. Each time, I was subjected to the most stringent bondage I had ever known. And each time, I was released after a week.

Over time, Cru had apparently developed an attachment to me. Our dealings became sessions of verbal sparring as well as an exchange of money for product. If Cru could get me to break the rules again, they could possess me again. But I was too smart for them.

It seemed that attachment became an obsession. Because I was kidnapped outright, outside of public awareness. The awareness of our shared community. If nobody had proof that Cru took me against their own rules, nobody could doubt or rescind their reputation.

All six of us prisoners were out of our cases, but we were all strictly bound and gagged. Cru was relaxing in their lounge, with us strewn about the room as decoration.



Virginia Blue was stringently hogtied on the coffee table. There were candle lamps on either end of her. Cru sat in an ornate wooden chair with cushions on the seat and armrests. The black twin sisters knelt on either side in strap bondage. They each wore collars that were chained to an armrest.

The blonde woman known as Maxine and the Latina girl were hogtied on the floor before Cru. Their mouths were gagged so they were connected in a permanent gag kiss.

I sat on a love seat to Cru's side. I was bound with so much rope, even my big toes could not move. And like all the other girls, I was gagged so tight my cheeks bulged over.

Cru sat in the chair, looking over each of us. Licking lips like a beast taking in the sight of juicy, helpless prey. Gnawing fingernails as if sharpening claws.

"I suppose you're all wondering why I've called you all here," said Cru. "Ha-ha! Forgive me, I'm just enchanted by the sight of you. All you lovely ladies bound to my will, subject to my every whim."

Pansy set a tea service on a caddy to the side of Cru opposite to me. For a girl heavily muscled as her, she was quite deft at pouring tea and slicing the cakes and tarts into tiny, delicate morsels.

Petunia, the brute, stood in shadow. Ready to deal with any possible upset in Cru's cultured routine.

"Excuse me!" Cru said to the girls on the floor. "But you two were gag-kissed for a reason. Now work those crotch ropes and entertain us."

Maxine and the Latina squirmed and moaned, and Cru smiled. They sat back in the chair and took the tiniest bite of a finger-sized lemon bar.

"Forgive them, Tawny. They're new at this kind of bondage. And they don't quite approve, them being sisters. Well, step-sisters really."

"Mmmmmph?" I tried to sound inquisitive.

"Oh, yes," said Cru. "Maxine here is an agent for a company specializing in investigation. Undercover bondage, if you want to get fancy. She was sent to gather intel on my . . . extralegal proclivities. I was onto her from the start. And when she wasn't going to report back, the agency sent her sister - sorry, step-sister - Avell, to check up on her. That was three months ago."

"Mmm-mmmph!" Both girls were writing so much, it was hard to tell which one was moaning.

"They've been my little pets so long, I doubt they remember why they came here."

"Mmmmmph!" I shifted in the love seat because my own crotch rope was rough against my tender parts.

"As for those black beauties, they were models for some second-rate bikini magazine. Easy to procure. I've had them for years. My prized pets living only to be bound by my desires. I forget their names. And so do they. I've taken to calling them Smoothy and Silky."

I looked at those two, hoping to see some spark in their eyes. Hopefully the same spark Maxine still held. But their expressions were bland, except when they looked to Cru in adoration. I feared these two were lost.

"And you know Virginia Blue, of course. Once an esteemed bondage queen in her own right. Until her infatuation with you brought her life down into a crashing ruin. So sad. Still, for a . . . girl in her 40s, she's quite limber. I do so enjoy tying her up now."

Against my will, I began to cry. Not from sadness or hopelessness. My gag was so tight I could not help my eyes watering. Cru saw this and took another tiny bite of the lemon bar.



"So delicious," they said.

I batted my eyes to clear them, but that just made more tears come, streaking my gag as they poured. Maxine and Avell writhed and moaned at Cru's feet. Smoothy and Silky cooed in worship. And Blue was emotionless.

"I simply cannot wait until the party tomorrow," said Cru. "When my idol Berseh sees what I hath wrought, she will elevate me to demi-god status. My place in the community will be strengthened. And so will my business."

What Cru could not know is that Berseh had been here before. Back when I made a personal visit for a supply run. She had been hooded so Cru would not recognize her. And so Cru could not know Berseh and I were together. That was my slim chance for escape.

Berseh no doubt received an invitation saying she could bring a guest. Depending on whom she brought, my chances of escape increased.

"Oh, the idea of hosting a celebrity such as Berseh sends every nerve in my body a-titter. I can hardly stop tingling in anticipation!"

My loins were being chafed raw. My gag was soaked. Berseh, my swan, we will be together soon. I swear you will be bound in my arms again.





39 - Trinkets



"Okay, Berseh," said Louie. "Now what did I teach you about kicking ass?"

"Go for the pressure points," I said.

"Such as?"

"Behind the jaw, just below the ear."

"And?"

"Grabbing the collarbone."

"And?"

"A sharp jab to the larynx."

"Then what do you do?"

"Bring the face down on my knee. Knee the ribs under the arm. Kick the crotch."

"Right. You may not have time for all that. Maybe two things. So what do you do then?"

"Max damage in as little time as possible."

"Good girl."

"I just want my queen back. And me back in her arms."

"You'll have just that, Berseh. I promise."

"Why can't you come with me?"

"Cru knows me. But Alice has never been there."

"I'm scared."



"Alice is a nastier fighter than me. Don't worry."

"We will get her back," said Alice. "Your queen. My mistress. She WILL return to love and own us as only she can."

Right then, I gave Alice a boob-crushing hug. She wasn't my queen, but I needed emotional support. And as my tears dampened her shoulder, I shuddered at what my queen must be enduring now.



The only good thing about everyone else in the room being gagged is Cru would not stop talking. Normally, that would be wearing on even my, the Love Burglar's, patience. But so assured was Cru of the permanence of our captivity, there was no secret untold to us.

Cru liked to brag. And Cru bragged about many interesting things. Like how they captured those two undercover bondage agents, how they bagged Virginia Blue. Mostly about how I was brought into the fold. That was the best secret of all.

All the girls and I were bound and gagged back in our cases. Instead of being in a row, we were spaced apart throughout the room. Blue was erected next to a tea and coffee service. Maxine and Avell stood against the wall, bookending the fireplace. Smoothy and Silky were placed on either side of Cru's personal chair. They were prized possessions and would be near Cru always.

As for me, I was the lampstand between the couch and the other lounge chair. My case was modified to expose my breasts. Tugging on a chain from my right nipple turned the lamp on. The left nipple turned it off.

Cru and their muscle women had left us alone. I could not see much around me because of the lampshade above my head. I could make eye contact with Virginia Blue. No one else was visible above the waist.

The silence was pervasive enough to have a sound all its own. I could hear the others breathe. My senses were sharp. And they told me Virginia Blue was panicking. The confinement was becoming too much. Her mental strength was at such a low ebb, she would lose herself much like Smoothy and Silky did. And in much less time.

That was the dark side of bondage. If applied irresponsibly, the subject soon became a slave . . . or a vegetable.

I lost track of time. Footsteps approached the door and Cru entered, smiling wide with arms outstretched, a bondage-themed Liberace. A flowing fur-rimmed robe lined with diamonds in the pink fabric. Then came my Berseh, with Alice bound and gagged led on a leash. Finally, Pansy and Petunia, who unabashedly stared at Berseh's rear end in a backless aqua-sea green dress.

That angered me to no end. Nobody, and I mean NOBODY, leered at MY Berseh!

"Welcome, Miss Berseh, to my private bondage parlor," said Cru. "What do you think?"

"The Victorian couches are quite lovely," said Berseh. "As are the, um, extra furnishings."

"Oh those ladies are trinkets I came across in my travels. All of them here of their own accord, of course. Please, my dear, pour yourself a beverage."



Berseh saw Virginia Blue by the table and shuddered.

"Oh," said Cru. "You know Ms. Blue?"

"I've met her once or twice. We travel in the same circles. What is she doing here?"

"She came to me, of course. She needed the work, so I gave her a position here with me."

"Oh that's right. I heard she'd given up her penthouse."

"Did you bid on it, dear Berseh?"

"No. I considered it, but I'm quite happy where I am."

Berseh made eye contact with me. I thought she might cry, but she held her composure.

"I see you noticed my new lamp," said Cru.

"She's rather striking," said Berseh.

"Indeed. Do go over and tug on her chain. She needs to be turned on."

"Where did you get her?"

"Tawny is a . . . recent acquisition. A, uh, friend of mine indulges in fornophilia. He fixed her up for me. She wanted to explore herself as an inanimate object. I confess, I'm not sure how long she'll stay here."

Berseh pulled the right chain. Its tiny links rubbed my nipple as it went through the clamp holding it in place. Then she yanked the left chain and the light went off. Like a child with a new toy, Berseh turned me on and off so many times I thought I might come in the case. I certainly moaned like I would.

"She's simply delightful!"

"I'm so glad you approve, Miss Berseh."

"How much?"

"E-excuse me?"

"You heard me, Cru. I want her."

Cru's eyes widened in a semblance of fear. This was not expected. Not at all.





40 – Negotiations



Quick recap: I've been Cru's illegal prisoner for several days now. They decided to host a private party showing me and a few other girls bound as human furniture. And the guest of honor was my very own swan, Berseh. Cru was her biggest fan. Now she and Cru were negotiating a sale of a piece of furniture. And I was the piece.

"I want that lamp," said Berseh.

"Sh-she's not for sale," said Cru.

"Nonsense. Contact the furniture company. Whatever you recompense them for this woman, I will match that and more."

"I must say I am surprised, Miss Berseh. None of your society interviews ever hinted you leaned toward this particular fetish."

"And none of them ever will, dear Cru. It's something I keep close to the vest. But . . . seeing this magnificent woman . . . so luscious and beautifully restrained . . . she must be mine."

"Er . . . are you sure I couldn't interest you in one of the other girls? There's an adorable blonde by the fireplace. Her breasts are much larger. I'm sure she . . ."

"No," said Berseh. "I appreciate your apparent attachment to this one, but I will not leave without her."

I could see Alice's eyes widen above her ballgag. Apparently, this was not the plan. But what could she do except continue playing the demure bondage slave? Berseh was hatching a plan of her own.

"What did you say her name was, Cru. Tammy?"

"Tawny, Miss Berseh. And I'm loathe to let her go."

"But you do have a number in your head, yes?"

"Well . . ."

"I knew it."



"I went to a lot of trouble to acquire her."

"Cru, I assure you she will be well imprisoned in my bed chambers. I can have a clear vacuum sealed tube installed at any moment. I already know which wall she'll be decorating."

"Oh my, I'm . . . I'm so overwhelmed right now. I didn't expect to negotiate with my favorite bondage celebrity."

"I'm your favorite?"

"Miss Berseh, you are my hero! I'd do anything for you."

"Does that include setting a price on this fine piece of pulchritude?"

"Oh dear . . . I think . . . I mean, I guess . . . well . . . twenty-five thousand."

"Done!"

"Actually . . . um, there may be a five thousand dollar fee . . . for the furniture company."

"So thirty thousand then?"

"Um . . . okay, yes. Thirty thousand it is."

"Excellent!" Berseh clapped her hands in joy. "I'll cut you a check now. And you can have your lovely, large assistants box her up for me to go once we've finished enjoying each other's company."

"Pansy! Petunia!" Cru snapped their fingers. "You heard Miss Berseh. Package Tawny up good and tight in my guest's vehicle. Then you may indulge in your own time. I won't need you anymore."

"Mais oui, sire," said Pansy. "Right away."

"Okay, boss," said Petunia.

With that my case was removed from the lampstand. Petunia carried me over her shoulder like a cord of lumber. I caught a quick glimpse of Alice and Berseh before we left the room.

In the garage, Pansy and Petunia took me out of the case and untied me for repackaging. I was essentially free. Berseh had successfully bought me. However, I thought I would sell it by trying (not too hard) to get away. Thanks to isometrics, I was still somewhat agile. I skittered out of their grasp and made for an exit.

Not too fast, though. I could have gotten away, but Cru would have spared no expense to get me back for Berseh. Pansy grabbed me around the arms and clamped a meaty hand over my nose and mouth. Now I was good at feigning weakness, but Pansy took no chances. I was actually too starved of oxygen to put up anymore fight.

"This one's a tiger," said Pansy.

"Why dincha you punch her out?" said Petunia.

"Idiot. She belongs to Miss Berseh now. You want to explain to Cru how you damaged a gift to their favorite celebrity?"

"Duh . . . no."

"Indeed. Now get me those black bindings on the third shelf, second drawer to the right."

"No ropes?"



"No. And though we cannot damage little miss love burglar here, that doesn't mean we can't tie her up tight."

Pansy put me on a metal table. My whole body was rubber from lack of oxygen, but I was getting better. My arms were boxed behind me in a leather binder. I could not move my fingers around at all. Next my legs were strapped at my ankles, knees, lower thighs, and upper thighs. Pansy folded them up into a hogtie and chained my ankles to a loop in my armbinder. Then came the gag, which was a harness with a large, chewy choke pear. The pear expanded to fill my mouth as the gag was buckled in place. Lastly, Pansy ran a chain from the top of my gag harness to my ankle straps.

"Now that's a tight package," said Pansy.

"D-uh, she looks like a puppy wit'out arms and legs," said Petunia.

"She certainly whimpers like one."

"Mmmph!" I really had to sell my helplessness now. "HmMMMph! Mmmmm!"

"The once might, self-styled love burglar," said Pansy. "Keep struggling, honey. Cuteness won't get you out of this. Cru enjoyed having you. But now they are extremely satisfied you are a toy in the ownership of Miss Berseh. She will keep you in permanent vacuum bondage. And she will play with you anytime she feels like it."

That did not sound so bad, actually. But the roles would be reversed. I already had images of Berseh hanging on the wall, rubberized in a vacuum frame. Oh, the possibilities.

Pansy loaded me into a crate with a molded foam interior. It was soft and conformed to every one of my curves. And then it solidified, as if activated by my weight. There was air space around my face so I could breathe through a vent in the front. And as Petunia fastened the lid on the crate, I became trapped as a fly in amber.

I could tell it was Berseh's van in which she loaded me. The interior smelled of her sweet nakedness. It was enough to start a wave building up inside me.

I estimated at least three more hours in this state while Cru feted Berseh to their heart's delight. She would have to play the grateful and charming guest until the party was over. I also estimated another two hours in the box on the way home. If I know Cru, they would call Berseh later with the release code so the box would open. Only then would Berseh take me out and enjoy me at her leisure.

Which I would let her do for a little while in celebration. Because I was now free of Cru. Free to get back to being me. I still had a lot of time to languish in bondage before that, but it was worth it.

However, I had a lot of unanswered questions. And the people I wanted to ask would not like giving me the answers. Not at all.

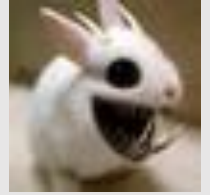




ABOUT

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
Max



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Mice



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Abell



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Bersch



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Betty



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Bo Grumb



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Camerlin



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Carson LeGros



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Cru



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Juteboy



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Yolie Cho



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Waxine



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Molly



The Love Burglar - Portraits

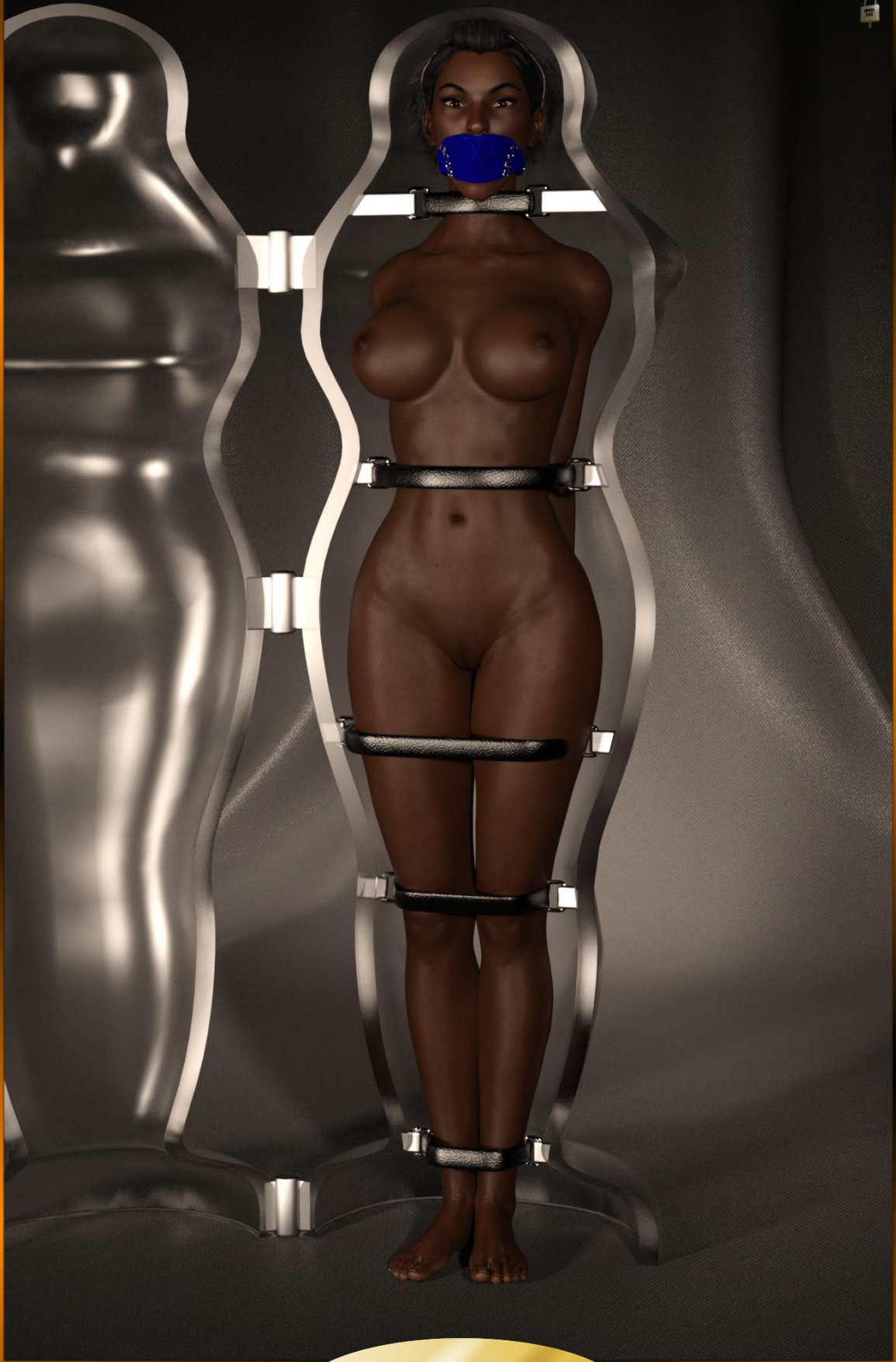
Otto



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Pansy & Petunia



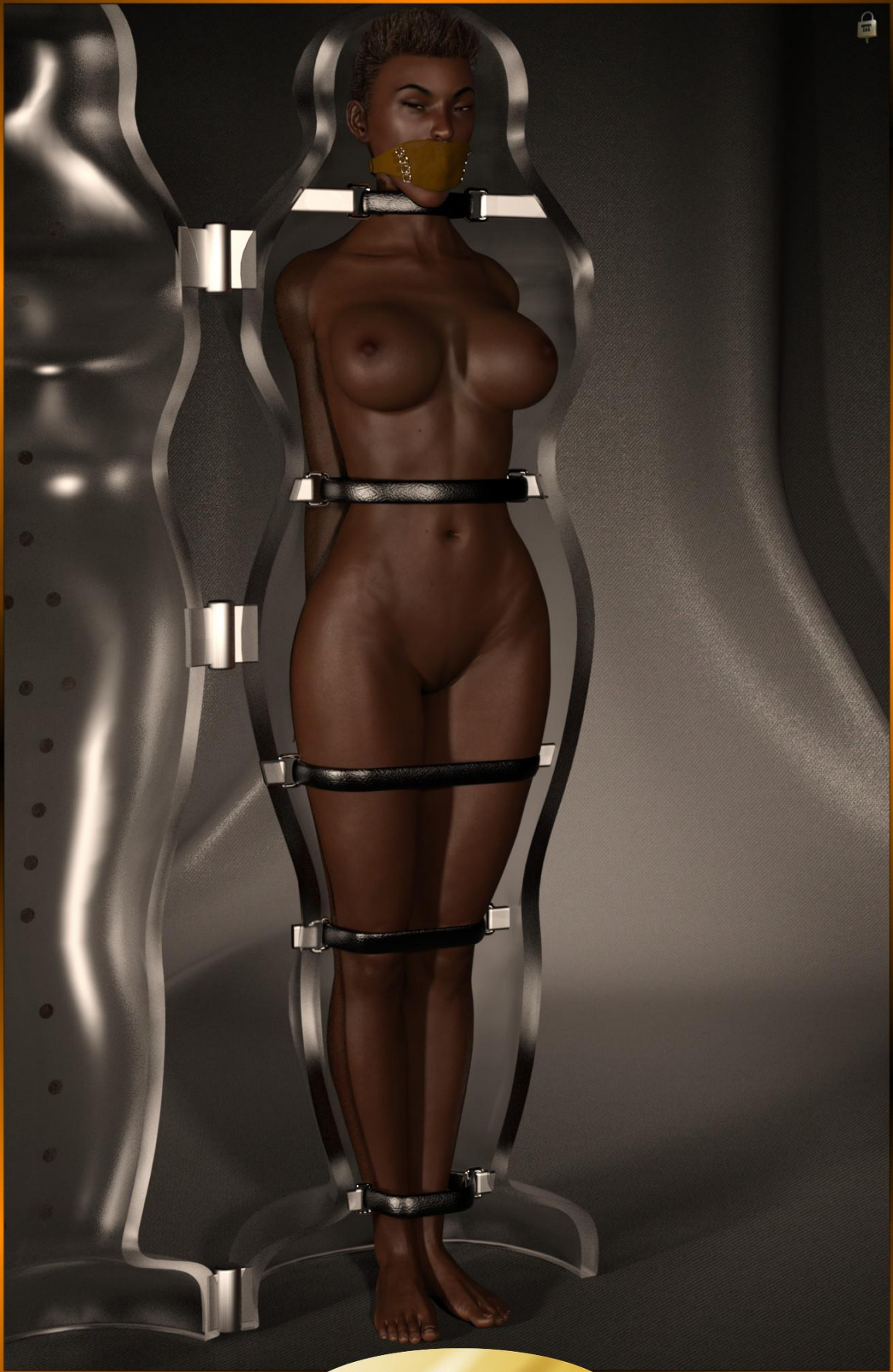
The Love Burglar - Portraits
Sala



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Silky



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Smaczny



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Smoothy



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Steve



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Lawny Lonsen



The Love Burglar - Portraits

Zahlor



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Tweety Strumpet



The Love Burglar - Portraits
Virginia Blue



The Love Burglar - Portraits
A. Wick