

A Ghost & A Heart

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This story was inspired by the characters, writings, and encouragement of my close friend,

Laura Gibson. Thank you, Laura, for all of your help

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**The characters and events in this story are entirely fictitious.
Any portrayal or resemblance to actual people or places is strictly
coincidental.**

PART I: A GHOST

Segment 1

“All right, sir, your circuit's open again. Problem was your DNS record was wrong and pointing off to Pakistan, or some other foreign nation. I went and remoted into your router to see the log files of updates it got. I would suggest filtering updates from external sources...Thank you, and you too, sir. Have a nice day.” I hung up the phone and dropped my earpiece back on the desk and sat back in my chair, running my fingers through my hair to relax.

The beauty of being a network technician is that you serve a very specific purpose. You don't answer to a whole lot of people, at least not directly. My name is Ios. I work for a data center that specializes in research and development for system and network protection. I work in the Network Operations Center (NOC) as a support technician. So, whenever something's wrong with the network, the higher ups call us. I've been working here for a few months now and I'm starting to get the hang of things. At least, I think I am. Watch, the next call is going to come through and rip me apart.

“Hey, check camera 13 out,” I'd heard from my left. It was Lin, my close friend and colleague, keeping an eye on the surveillance. Lin was always watching out for things, me in particular. Working for very sensitive information and private data, you really need to keep an eye out for stuff that looks out of place. What was out of place at the moment was a car pulling up to our side of the building. We're a small team working on the far side of the building that has its own, small parking lot. CEO was nice like that, he tended to give us the room we needed to function at our best. What got out of the car was actually a young lady.

“We got any meetings today?” I'd asked my other coworker, Mal, whom was working behind me.

“...Not on the schedule,” he replied having not even looked up from his laptop. “Though, I do seem to remember that we have a new Call Coordinator s'heduled to begin this morning. She was set to begin at 1000. And she appears to be early, a fine start, I should say.” Say what you will about me, but I loved listening to his elegant, British accent. Mal was a very rich john bull, extremely well-spoken, and devilishly handsome. When I say “rich,” I mean that in the sense that he was very deep, strong, varietal, and all-around pleasant. He's a nice man and I am happy to have him as a fiend, a colleague, and an adviser. He was an older guy, about 65 maybe? He was tall, and incredibly thin, and he wore a very nice English gentleman's outfit, consisting of a red tie, tucked into a black vest, over a white dress shirt, dark slacks, and dress shoes. His black hair was long with various grey patches reaching to his shoulder blades pulled tightly back into a tail. He looked seasoned, yet experienced, wise. His brown eyes looked up from his laptop and caught me from behind his glasses as he lifted an eyebrow. “Is there something I can do for you, Sir.”

“No, not really,” I answered back with a grin, glancing back at the cameras to see the new girl walking in through the halls. I could sense myself getting a little excited that a girl was going to be working with us. It's a bit sexist, I'll admit. But the truth is, IT needs more girls! It's a highly unbalanced profession that is, more often than not, a total sausage fest.

“Huh, she's kinda pretty, isn't she?” Lin chimed in, tilting his head. He touched on probably the real reason I was a bit excited. I was going to be working around a girl. Not just around her, with her. She was going to serve on my team, pushing calls to us—to me! I should mention, I'm shy around girls. It's not because I think they're gross or some such rubbish like that. It's that, well, I'm interested in them and want to not come off as unappealing or stupid or creepy. Although, I guess my appearance doesn't help me, does it?

Kinda short, 5'9", at maybe 130 lbs. That's about 175 cm at 59 kg, if you're not American and fat. I'm really slender, but not exactly frail and weak. Eyes kind of an oceanic green-blue; not the ocean color you see from space, the ocean color you see looking off a pier. I have long, strawberry blonde hair reaching the small of my back. I wear black t-shirts and black pants most of the time with some glasses for nearsightedness. I didn't feel like the prettiest flower in the field. I felt like I kind of put others off a little to be honest. I just hoped I didn't unsettle this new girl on her first day. “What is her name? Do you know?” I asked the guys.

Lin checked the bulletin whiteboard on the near wall, leaning back in his chair, “Uhhhhh 'New Call Coordinator: Pam' and she starts today.” Lin never rubbed anyone the wrong way, not like I did. He dressed more of your standard guy. He wore a white t-shirt with a plaid overshirt and jeans. He was a buff guy, incredibly strong and fit. Pale blue eyes and short, blonde, spiky hair. I dunno how he didn't have girls fondling him. Guys didn't go for him either. And he's not even an ass or anything at all! He's nice and considerate, doesn't do anything that makes people uncomfortable. Good guy Lin: could probably steal all of your boy/girlfriends, stays completely invisible to them.

My manager came walking in with Pam at his side and the three of us stood out of our chairs to greet them.

“Hey, we have Pam startin' today,” he said with a very thick, southern US accent.

“Hello,” she said with a delightful British accent (Brits! Brits everywhere!). She had a syrup-sweet smile and a very slight tint of blush.

“She's gonna be sittin' at the desk over here as our new Call Coordinator. Ios, here, is just a few months ahead of ya. He'll be a first team member with you to help facilitate what he's learned by teaching it to you. Ios, you make her feel welcome and help her get settled in. If y'all have any questions, let me know. Pam, welcome aboard!” he said turning to her.

“Yes, thank you! I'll do my best.” And with that, he smiled and gave a nod, turning back to head out of the room to his office. “Ios, such an unusual name, does it mean anything?” She asked with a glimmer of curiosity in her lovely green eyes.

“It's an island in Greece. I think my parents had a sense of humor about them,” I said joking at my expense. My heart was actually jumping at the sight of her.

“No, it's a lovely name! Very uncommon,” she said turning to set her bag down next to her desk and sat down. “Would you happen to have my logon information?”

“I think I might by now,” I said turning to my colleagues who turned to their machines and checked their emails as I did the same. Before I could finish searching, Mal messaged me on our chat engine we had for within the company. I read allowed to her, “Uh yes! Username, your full first name, dot, last name. Password... PamelaIsley123, ha ha a joke on your name,” I said rolling my eyes at the dork who probably set that up.

She giggled over the sound of her typing and commented, “I always felt more like Batgirl than I did Poison Ivy. Her, or Power Girl. Love the heroines with their tight-fitting spandex outfits and superpowers.”

I raised my eyebrows thinking quietly, “...*She's a nerd too.*” And I felt my face grow warmer... and warmer, glancing over at her smiling as she got logged into the system.

Segment 2

I was flushed at the thought. She's lovely, she's charming, she's nice, and she's a nerd. If she were only-

“So do I have an email account here? Can you instruct me on this?” She had interrupted my thoughts. I looked for support in Lin and Mal. Lin gave me a thumbs up, Mal just gave a single nod. Before I stood up, Mal glanced to my screen. I noticed he'd left a message for me silently,

“Be respectful and courteous. A gentleman will assist a lady and retain dignity. Do not succumb.” Thanks, Mal... shouldn't be too difficult. I got up and walked over to Pam's desk and leaned over. Trying desperately not to look at her, I focused on the phone itself.

“The phones aren't too complicated. The way you transfer a call is by this sequence, remember,” as she paid close attention to my hand movements on her dial pad, “Transfer, Target, Transfer. So you have a call on the line, hit Transfer, and that'll immediately place them on hold. Meanwhile, you dial the Target which is one of our extensions, or somebody else in another dept., and you can either supervise it by waiting for us to pick up and ask if it's okay, or just hit Transfer again and that completes the connection. It'll go to their extension and they'll either answer it, or it goes to their voicemail. Y'understand?”

“Coach me for a test one?” she asked looking up at me. I couldn't stop myself by meeting her eyes with her lovely smile. In an instant, I got warmer and felt myself starting to sweat inside my shirt.

“Uhm, yeah, of course,” I answered. I got my cell phone out and dialed in the main line for our center. It started ringing and she lit up, picking up the phone.

“Thank you for calling Support, this is Pam. How may I direct your call?” She handled that very well. I sure as hell was impressed.

“Very nice response, that's exactly how we answer,” I said into my phone.

“Oh! It's a test, yes of course! Okay so what next?” She brought the receiver down to look at the display, then said back into it, looking at me in a coy manner, “Yes, let me transfer you to someone who can assist, one moment, please.” She pressed Transfer, and looked at the spreadsheet next to the phone which had my name on it, dialed the number listed, and it started to ring. At which point, she finished it off with Transfer again and her screen went blank as she hung up.

“Perfect! You're a natural.” I hung my cell phone up. She smiled and sat perched upright ready to start. “So if you get solicitors, they have the wrong number. It doesn't matter if they intended to call here, they have the wrong number. If you get a customer, ask for either their Circuit ID or a ticket number and forward it to one of us. If you get someone looking for someone else, just

send it to them. Again, either they'll answer the call or it'll go to voicemail. We're not responsible for those.” She nodded and had taken notes on a little pad on her desk.

“Anything else?” she asked looking back to me. This time I could not help look her dead square in the eye and take her in. She was a gorgeous young lady, probably younger than me, about 21 perhaps. She had a fairly slender build, thick dark brunette hair reaching down her back. She wore a white blouse with jeans and a thin long sleeve overshirt. Mal will yell at me for this, but her chest was marvelous. I could only wonder if they were real as the shirt strained to hold together against her breasts. A white flash shot across my eyes as I saw something in my head only for a microsecond before I blinked it away.

“That's my question to you,” I said shyly, trying to sound knowledgeable for her. I slowly backed off, returning to my desk. I felt the beads of sweat falling down my underarms, but I didn't say anything. I glanced at Mal, he was glowering at me with a crooked smile... he knew. He shook his head and rolled his eyes at me. Sorry, Mal, I'm not quite the oak you are.

I sat back down and saw there was a new message, *“I think I got the hang of this! And no, I don't think I need anything else. Do I just wait until someone calls?”* She was indeed a fast learner!

I responded silently, *“Yep, just be here, on standby, I'll do routine stuff and if you wanna talk or just ask questions or take an interest, feel free.”* I looked over at Lin and back at Mal. They could already tell, man they knew me really well. Lin pushed his hands, palms out, towards me in an underhand upward motion. Mal just hoisted an eyebrow, but eventually shrugged and nodded. I wanted to say something on my mind but was struggling to push it out. I was afraid of how she'd react...

“Really!?! Thank you so much!!” I saw her messaging... What just happened?! I looked back at the chat and I said it, I actually said it... I'd messaged her so nervous that I didn't even realize I'd sent it.

“You're really pretty...” I said.

“This may be forward but would you like to have lunch with me today? I'm feeling new and shy and you're being so kind. I'd love to eat and chat with you if that's okay!” My heart was racing. She asked me to lunch! Oh lord this can't be right, she's asking me to lunch?! Why?! Nobody asks me to lunch! Especially not a young and lovely girl like her. Clearly she's made some sort of mistake here.

I was about to respond saying she might be better off without me, but Mal shot a message first, *“Don't you dare.”* I looked back and his eyes were wide with daggers at me. *“A gentleman will happily accept the invitation of a lady to lunch. Do not make her feel inadequate. Go on...”* Lin glanced over at us and at my screen, asshole! He nudged me and they both kinda pushed me into it. I heaved a sigh slowly and caught my bearings.

“Absolutely, I'll be glad to eat with you.” It was done... I was gonna have lunch with the new girl.

****A ROUTINE COUPLE OF HOURS PASS****

And that hour approached where the state-demanded lunch hour that says, “You must take a half-hour lunch or we will yammer your ear off—HEAVEN HELP YOU!!” By then, my other coworker, Rik, had arrived to take shift. “Taking lunch,” I called to him. I gathered my bag and locked my machine. Lin gave me a pat on the back for encouragement as I got up and Mal just nodded in acknowledgment. They stayed behind while I went, alone... guys!?! Pam stood there excited as I walked to her, and then she walked with me out of the room. We started down the hallway and walked through the other offices until we reached the large break room where there was a full kitchen (minus stove and oven). There were large stools and tables, a couple deep-seated couches, and several vending machines with sodas, juices, and water. Of course there were candy machines; but for some reason or another, candy doesn't appeal to me while at work.

I sat down across from her and she got her stuff out. She fiddled with a cell phone for a brief moment before setting it down and asked, “So, what're you having?”

“I got some leftover fried rice, and yourself?” I sat down with the plastic take-home container.

“A bowl of soup and some oyster crackers,” she got out a glass tupperware container and a small bag of oyster crackers.

“We have a microwave for you if you wanna heat that up,” I offered.

“Oh! Yes thank you! That would make this much better.” She got up with the soup and walked over. I went with to grab a large serving dish which I put in the microwave just before she popped her bowl in. “What's the dish for?” she asked.

“I imagine the soup's gonna be hot; so you grab the dish instead so it doesn't burn.”

“Very resourceful,” she said with a smile. We sat back down and I set my utensil aside, not starting without her. “So you like Batman, comics, and superheroes too?”

“Yeah, I'm a major nerd like that. I liked the animated cartoons more than I did the live action shows or movies. I guess it's because cartoons were another form of drawing, easier to convey the same scenes and effects that comics did. Working here, it gives me time to catch up on some of the comics.” The buzzer went off for the microwave. She got up and grabbed the dish, giving the bowl a light touch.

“Ooh! It's very hot. I would have burned my little fingers. Thank you for the idea!” and she sat down. I smiled and nodded nervously. “So does anything exciting happen here?” she asked stirring and blowing on the steaming lunch.

I thought of an answer while I waited for her to take a bite first before I did myself. Mal taught me that one, “A gentleman will never eat before the hostess takes her first bite. Wait until your food is cold if you must but always wait for your company.” The waiting didn't bother me,

despite it being the hardest part.

“Well, there have been a couple fun moments. We've had some Distributed Denial of Service (DDoS) attempts at us. One time, someone's machine over in sales got broken into.” I took a bite to let her respond.

“Grmh!” she grunted, eyes wide finishing a bite. “I got hacked once! It was horrible. When I was at university over in the UK, someone broke into my records, found out where I lived, who I was, and harassed me to no end. It was absolutely dreadful.”

“It was probably someone who knew an online account you had for something. They probably got your online account or wherever you met them, and used Google afterwards. Mighta been just some punk who likes to show off,” I said shrugging at kids these days.

She scoffed, shaking her head, looking into her lunch deeply, “You have no idea...” and took a spoonful of soup. I furrowed my brows at the thought... what would she have meant by that...?

“So you got out of university? What'd you major in?” I asked to shift gears.

“I actually transferred to a local university here. I'm an art student and needed a job to help pay off my student loans. I came here on a getaway and something--somewhat chained me here.”

“What kind of art?”

“Mostly theory, design, impression, I wanted to find out more of what I wanted to do, but spent too much time with my head in other places. But tell me about you, what'd you do for university?”

“I was never really sure what I wanted to do. I know I just wanted to learn everything. I didn't have any preference, I liked it all. I attended college for years just accruing units and credits, taking courses in whatever I found fascinating. Eventually, I qualified for stuff and just got it. As a direct result I have specialties in history, philosophy, psychology, medicine, sciences, and technology. Just found it all worth learning.”

“Wow that's fantastic! A jack of all trades!” she said with excitement in her eyes.

Finishing up, I nodded, “Yeah, that's exactly what I wanted to go for, not an ace in any one suit, but versatile enough for anything.”

“It suits you, a nerd of all types, the girls must find you charming.”

...She'd kinda hit a nerve and didn't even realize it. I didn't let her either, just sadly smiled, “Yeah, I guess” ...if only...

We walked back and sat her down at her desk, “Thanks for the invitation. Had a lovely time. Email for you.” I pointed out she had a new email.

“Ooh what have we here?” She opened it up and my eyes widened as I nearly lost myself. “What in the world!?” she said at her screen: a picture embedded in the body of the email portraying a fairy princess model. But it was more so the model's scene that stopped us. She was kneeling with her arms folded tightly behind her, elbows coiled in white ropes, wrists as well. The ropes circled her body and arms, squeezing her ample size chest tight as the ropes hugged above and below her chest. Another set of coils held around her waist and wrists to keep her in place as she gazed at the camera with a large red ballgag between her lips. The caption beneath said, “The magic awaits you...”

“Uhm.. Pam... that's-” I stammered, frozen at what I saw and it being on her machine.

Rik heard us and rolled over in his chair. He was a heavy set man and it was easier for him to sit down and roll than get up quickly. “Woah! HR! Hello there, what're you lookin' at!?” He chuckled teasingly.

“No! It's not my fault! It was just sent to me! It's my first day here I didn't look for this!” She said defensively.

“Please, just delete the email and we'll go on normally.” I struggled to stay calm about it. I felt my stomach churning, my chest pounding at what I saw. If our boss came in and saw, she'd had it—on day 1! I hoped this wouldn't be a short end to a potentially new friend I'd hoped to make... until this...

Segment 3

I closed my eyes and retreated to my desk, quietly. My heart was racing at the thought of someone walking in and catching her.

“I'm so sorry! I didn't mean for that to happen! It won't again, I promise! Please don't be upset with me, it wasn't my intentions!” She was genuinely unsettled by what happened, which is a plus, I guess. Hey, y'know, shit happens. If it was a mistake, it can certainly be overlooked. I could barely get back to my traffic monitoring before she sent a message to me, *“I'm so sorry for that! Please, allow me to invite you to an apology dinner.”* ...Well that was rather forward, wasn't it.

“No, it's fine, really. You're okay. It was an accident, I understand. I won't tell if you won't.” I responded.

“Please, I don't mean to sexually harass others in the workplace. It's inappropriate and I want to make things right.”

“It's no trouble, Pam, really. You're perfectly fine. I was more worried for you if you were to get caught on your first day. In this country, most places can sack one for any reason at all, including none. It would be terrible if you lost that on your first day.”

“Time...” Lin uttered next to me. I looked up at the time and saw that it was already close to my time to clock out. I guess the time flew as I was doing my routines and chatting in between. Without looking at her last message, I locked the machine and gathered my stuff.

“All right, time for me to head out. Have a good night.” I wished to Rik and Pam.

“But-!” she started.

“Night, dude,” Rik chimed in cutting her off. And with that I headed out the door. I was somewhat relieved that she didn't come after me. I just needed to get away. I needed to get my head cleared.

As I drove home, I needed to try to get it off my mind, the sight of the ball in her lips, the single-threaded cotton-fiber bonds that squeezed her chest, the kneeling, submissive pose, the hungry eyes looking to the viewer... but most of all, it appearing at work, on *her* machine. My spine rattled, my stomach turned over, and my body felt hot all over. I had to drown it out. Reaching to my phone, thank you smartphone technology for the versatility, I flicked my music on to hear *“Beyond the White Storm.”* Instantly, my immediate thoughts were filled with those of space flight and alien planets with dogfights and a hundred-trillion bullets in every direction as the space jet dodged through them. I hummed along with the tune, pushing tensions away from me.

Getting home, I stopped the music. The image I saw earlier gradually started to reach back into

my head just as I made it into my apartment. Opening the door, I noticed my roommate. He was a very pale man with jet black hair slicked back into spikes, yellow eyes, and a Cheshire Cat smile. He was the last one I wanted to see and wished he wasn't there.

“You look like you're having a rough day.” His voice was raspy and high, sinister, a bit like Brian Drummond when he played the role of Vegeta from Dragonball Z.

“I am. And I'd like if you didn't hassle me about it, thank you,” I responded. I dropped my stuff next to the couch and went to my kitchen to grab a drink out of the fridge.

“But it's so much fun, your buttons are easy to push.” He flipped through a porno magazine and tossed it aside.

Getting a soda, I poured it into a glass full of ice and took a swig. “What is it you want, Hol? Don't you have somewhere to be tonight?” I tried not to look at that mean and nasty smile of his, grinning at my tension.

“What I want? I want what you want, little buddy! Though, gun to my head, I'd have to say I want a roomie who isn't such a wuss. But actually, I do have somewhere to be.” He grabbed a long, white trench coat and whirled into it. He wore a loose white shirt over some white cargo pants. I think his outfit was to spite me. “Don't wait up and try not to suck as much at life,” he spouted at me as he walked out the door. Jackass...

I heaved a sigh and took my drink back to my room. Sitting down at my desktop, which was actually posted next to my bed, I unlocked it. The endeavor actually took a few tries actually since I was still having some trouble, that image plaguing my head. It would help if my password weren't ridiculously long and crazy. I try typing it and I physically can tell I didn't type it right, so I erase and retype it. It wasn't until after, like, the sixth time that I got it right and logged in. That image crept into my head again, pushing all over my thoughts—and, this time, I couldn't stop it.

You know what they say about a sickness from a particular drink? It comes from an old treatment for being bitten by a rabid dog. The treatment was to, “get a little hair of the dog that bit you...” I started navigating through the directories of my machine: /home/Ios/.invisible/.materials/live/mt/tm/20110812-1846.wmv I loaded a video, and there she was... that model from earlier.

She was a fairy princess walking through a set with a prop wand in her hand. She made that fake expression of shock you see in cheesy productions. She had blonde hair with black roots, pale blue eyes, perky breasts, and an incredibly smooth skin tone. She wore a pink, rather transparent nightie with frills and bows around it. She wore a silver tiara and pink nylons to go with her top. Her feet were held by rather high stiletto pumps that matched her tiara.

A pair of hands grabbed her from behind and forced her to the ground gently. There, she was held fast as her hands were pulled behind her... and my length began to hunger. As the ropes were brought onscreen, doubled up, the hands ran the strands around her wrists, through the loop

at the other end, and cinched tight, wrapping around her wrists over and over, then parting to wrap around all of the loops through her wrists, cinching out all wiggle room she had, tying the ends together. My member below stood at attention, and I took a deep, slow breath, giving it room to breathe outside the confines of my garments.

Another set of ropes were brought on and wrapped around her elbows just above them, wrapping the same way, doubled up, run through the loop, and tightened, then wrapping around and around, climbing up her arms to bind them tighter together. All the while, she would pretend to put up a fight, wiggling her shoulders and leaning forward, looking back and around, as if to say, “What's going on?” but only ever grunting. To be fair, these women aren't acting in a major film —that's not what they were hired to do. Her elbows and wrists were held tightly. She pulled at them and tried to twist her arms to see where she could find the knots, but didn't get very far.

The rigger came back with more, very long this time was the rope as it doubled, and encircled her arms and body, just under her bosoms, pinning her elbows to her back behind and minimizing her movement. The ropes ran around her body, going above her breasts this time, then tightened, running under her arms, up and over her shoulder, around her neck, then back down under her other arm, then tightened again, squeezing her arms close and pushing her chest together. The ends of the rope were then flung over her shoulder, down her front, diving between her bosoms, under the bottom chest rope, then back up to the top breast rope, and back down to the bottom. The rigger pulled it snug, tighter, pulling out all slack of the breast harness, squeezing her breasts tight together, making them bulge as he ran the ends back up over her other shoulder to tie it off behind her. She moaned as they squeezed her lovelies and began to push on them, her arms bulging a little under the tightness of her bonds.

My cock felt hot, pulsing as I ran up and down slowly along it. The rigger brought more and wrapped around her waist, circling her wrists in too and wrapping around a few times, then running the ends though between her wrists and back, cinching out the last slack of it to bind her wrists to her body, completely cutting off all movement her arms would ever give to her. He gave her bum a light slap, which made her squeak. She was left to herself for a moment, as she writhed around in her bonds, pulling and tugging on the ropes. Soon enough, the hands of her captor reappeared holding her still and rubbing her shoulders, her arms, and checking her bonds to ensure their tightness. The hands felt down her neck to her chest, smoothing over her and teasingly rubbing where her nipples bled through her pink dress. She let out a light moan and pushed lightly against it.

I began to grow closer as the hands pulled the large, shiny red ball to her, pulling it close to her face. She protested and shook her head, trying to stay away, but eventually caved in and her mouth slowly opened to accept. The ball slipped inside, pushing within her teeth, forcing her mouth wide open but still allowed for some freedom. She whimpered at the size of it as the hands pushed her lightly forward, pulling all her hair out of the way and tightening it rather weakly. She held the ball with her lips and knelt, pulling on her bonds. “Mmhhmph...” she moaned against it, not at all trying.

I gasped as, for a split second, just before it happened, her face shifted. In a flash, I saw that her eyes were green, her hair that same dark brunette, and her face that of my coworker. My length erupted and I felt the burst outward. Deep breathing at the rush, my face felt hot and my heart

raced, running my hand slowly to a halt and sitting back on my bed...

I closed the video, closed my eyes, and shook my head, was that real? Did I really just see her? I caught my breath as the image of what I saw earlier, and what I had just witnessed began to fade away. I dare not tell Mal this story, lest I suffer quite the talking-to. I didn't feel like a gentleman at all, honestly. I felt foul... I felt like a jerk. I just met her today and here I am already fantasizing about her.

I slumped over on my bed and lay my head on the pillow, just staring at my monitor for some time. I breathed it all out and reached up to switch to my browser where I watched videos of people playing video games and commentating about it. I just lied there, holding another pillow until my eyes closed.

Segment 4

I awoke to my phone alarm going off to wake me up for the day. I didn't have time for my morning routine of another trip to *Palmdale*, bad sleep. Normally, I like to wake up with a session, giving myself the old low five. Hey, it's actually the best time to do it. Endorphin rushes lower the heart rate, release and shake out tension, helps breathing, it's basic physiology. It wakes you up, gives you energy. Common misconception: people think sexual activity costs vitality; sex actually gives you vitality. Great way to start the day. Unfortunately, I didn't have time to sex my hand this morning. So I jumped straight into the shower, washed my hair and body, and brushed my teeth before heading out. Listening to music on the way to work, I had "*Metal Man (Cacahuète Cover)*" playing. The reverb in the music was enough to let me start the day fresh, clear in thought.

Getting into my desk, I found a folded piece of paper on it. Lin sat there with a smug look on his face and didn't say anything. Mal, Mal just worked diligently on his laptop. "Leaving me love notes, are you?" I asked Lin.

"You've seen my handwriting, is that it?" he responded. My eyes widened and I grinned at the thought as I opened the paper up. Aww, it wasn't his.

"Please, Ios, I'm so terribly sorry if I made you uncomfortable. It was not my intention at all and I will ensure this never happens again. I know, now, how the image came to me and I can assure you they will get a thorough punishment for it. If you will please accept my most sincerest apology by having lunch with me again I will be forever grateful for re-establishing a friendship. Again, I'm so very sorry for that incident :("

-Pam

I heaved a heavy sigh. "She really does feel bad for it, doesn't she?" Lin mentioned. "C'mon guy, don't throw her out in the cold. She poured her heart into that apology." He's right, she did. And I really did forgive her. It was a mistake. But how would I face her again? I ran out of here yesterday like a complete wimp. How would she not see me the same way?

"A gentleman does not discard a lady's heartfelt apology and invitation. Go, have lunch with her. I think she will delight in your company and you will be pleasantly surprised at what awaits you." He looked up and leaned on the table on his forearms to meet my eyes behind his specs.

Lin spoke up again, "C'mon, Ios, whadduya got to lose. She's inviting you. She wants to talk to you."

"All right, all right, I forgave her anyway because, well, it's what I do." I rolled my eyes at myself and started my rounds as Pam walked in and set her things down at her desk. She didn't say anything aloud. However, as soon as she logged in, message popped up for me.

"So? ...Will you?" popped up a message.

I smiled softly and responded, “*Yes, Miss, I will have lunch with you.*” I glanced over to see her reaction and she smiled but had a sense of nervousness about her smile.

“*Yay! :D Thank you! But, please, just Pam is okay... I don't like the name 'Miss'. Long story*” I didn't think much of it. There was probably a whole epic to the reason for that, but I just shrugged it off.

****A COUPLE CALLS AND SOME KILLING TIME LATER****

Being in a NOC for your job is actually a little bit relaxing at times. While you have important, rather stressful responsibilities, when you're not under the gun, you can take your time to pretty much do whatever you want. Read the latest headlines, browse the web, study up on things, take care of schoolwork, even grab a snack. Except it doesn't count towards your lunch period for some dorky reason. I finished reading something on a news site and locked my machine. Pam had already gone ahead of me, so I headed down the hall.

She sat in the lunchroom waiting for me and turned as I arrived. Smiling at my attendance, she waved and pushed the chair closer, not across from her, out for me with her foot. “Thanks,” I responded to it.

“Not at all. So what's on the menu for today?” She said with her own meal already set.

I popped a bottle of water on the table. “Breakfast of champions!” I said with a smile.

She gawked worriedly, “You don't have any food for lunch?!”

I shrugged, smiling, “I didn't have time to get something ready before leaving this morning. Didn't sleep well and woke up behind schedule.”

“Oh please, share mine, you have to eat something,” she pushed her plate a little towards me.

“No no, you go ahead, it's okay. I hafta keep my girlish figure, after all,” I said brushing my hair from my shoulders with my fingertips and teasing it a little. She nearly regurgitated her food as she broke out laughing, covering her face as she giggled. I at least made her laugh, that's a relief.

“So you said you didn't sleep well. If it was about—what happened—I'm so very sorry. If you think it's wrong or disgusting, I do understand.”

“N-no, it's not that at all.” I said looking away from her, thinking about my last flash I had of her at the end of last night.

“Is-is it me? Do I make you nervous at all?” She did, but that wasn't what bothered me at all.

“No, r-really, it's not that either, I just-” I found my words hard to form because of the topic and with whom I was having it.

“A lot of people might find that sort of thing to be rather uncomfortable and not pleasant to look at. I've had my share of classmates and professors who highly disapproved of such a thing. But from first-hand experience it's not something to hate and I hope it didn't rub you the wrong way. It's really very soothing and can be extraordinary,” she said with her hands cupping her heart.

I rolled my eyes when I thought of the video I'd watched last night. “Well her gag was loose and not even all the way in her mouth, which lets a girl speak completely freely behind it. She could've pushed it out at any time. Also, her legs were untouched which would let her walk or kick or fight ba-what?” ...Pam's jaw was hanging open, eyes completely wide... what did I say? Oh no... did I just...?! My face suddenly went very bright red as I looked into her eyes. “I-...please excuse me!” I grabbed my water and hastily walked out trying to hide my face behind my hair.

“No, Ios wait!” she tried to call but I just fled, like a coward...

****ONE CONFESSION LATER****

I banged my head on the desk. “I blew it...like a fool! And then I ran like a bitch.” Hol was kind of right, I really am a complete wuss.

“Awoh, cheer up, man, it's not the end of the world,” Lin encouraged and slapped my back.

“She inquired, after all. Seems to me like it's an indication that she was interested in making a connection with you. If not to invite you into her world, at least to see if you were interested in exploring yours.” Why're you so wise, Mal?!

“Yeah, I guess...” I was unsure of myself because I was just nervous. I heard my machine chime and I turned around from Mal's desk to check it. Lin went back to work and so did Mal on his laptop.

“I'd love to talk more about it, if you're willing. I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable. I'm just happy to hear you're quite an enthusiast :)” I strained and bit my lower lip and groaned in silence. Glancing over at Lin, he had a thumbs up and Mal bowed his head. I figured she might be repulsed by me but... here we went...

“What'd you wanna know?”

“Are you new to it at all or did you just pick it up? Or have you much experience in the matters of bondage and fetishism?”

...I just felt myself not want to hold back anymore. She's a nerd, she's into it, she might be okay with this... *“I've wanted to for such a long time. I've looked at it for a number of years, never had the chance to try it out at all”*

“Does it make you nervous?”

It didn't bother me in the slightest. Honestly, I love it, for many reasons. It's the reactions that a girl would have which worry me. "Hey girl, I like bondage, wanna just have some fun sometime? I promise it doesn't hurt and I'm frien-where ya going??" Oh yeah, that'd bowl so over well. That wouldn't send anyone's 'Serial Rapist' alarm into a panic at all. But, instead, I chickened out, "*I just find it very interesting and fascinating and want to see more of it is all. Like, the picture, I found the scene moving as an artistic piece*"

"Are you sure about that? Judging by your criticisms of the picture in the lunch room, it seems like it's more than just a hobby of fascination for you. You sound very passionate. I promise you don't have to hide from me." She saw through me like a soaked white t-shirt.

At that moment, I imagined I was back at my apartment, with Hol sitting on the couch, mocking me, his sinister voice taunting me, "You're such a wimp, Ios. She doesn't realize what she's saying and she doesn't know what you are. You'd probably end up hurting her. She'd regret every last moment with you."

I snapped out of it shaking my head. The time had actually passed for my shift to end. I said we'd talk tomorrow and started to get up. Mal and Lin had headed out already and Rik was already well under way for his shift. "You taking off?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm done for the day."

"Have a good night" And I started out. I glanced over at Pam and she was sadly smiling at me, waving goodnight. I smiled and nodded waving back... I kind of wanted to come forth to her but somehow I found it just wasn't that easy.

****A DRIVE HOME****

I enjoyed the taste of "尋求未来" to cheer me up and lift my spirits. I have no idea what the title of the song translated to, but the melody is darling. As I got home, logging onto my desktop, I just wasn't hungry. I thought I'd check out the online network on which I'm a staff member. A major colleague I had at the NOC worked from home and he ran an online network as well. He was indeed on.

<Kad> Hey, Ios, how goes it?

<Eli> Ios! Hi!

Eli was a friend who'd been online and talking to us for years, she was married with a child and going to school. She offered support whenever she was around. She kinda knew I needed it. Kad was a total genius at anything IT-related and is the one who got me my job in the first place. He was a very objective and cool-headed guy who was capable of theorizing on systems and people as well.

<me> Yo, just getting home from making an ass of myself in front of our new Call Coordinator

<Kad> You upset Pam? What happened?

I TELL ALL THAT HAPPENED

<Eli> Aww, I'm sorry Ios, she seems very nice! Try to talk to her! I'm sure she'll enjoy having someone to just talk about it

<Kad> Yes, you two have quite a bit in common; and we definitely find you worthwhile company. She's certainly worth pursuing. Don't shut out new experiences.

<me> I suppose. I just dunno if she'd wanna give me that chance to show her I'm okay to trust.

<Kad> What is it you fear?

<me> Well, possibly being that it's not what she desires in a friend, or something more for that matter. I'm afraid I might go a step too far and ruin a potentially wonderful friendship. I don't want to make her unhappy to have met me.

<Eli> You are a great guy, Ios. Just try to have faith, don't doubt yourself so much.

<Kad> You can reveal yourself slowly to her, patiently, instead of all at once. She will either accept you or she won't. But from what it sounds like, she will. She was more worried about you not accepting her, wasn't she?

<me> Huh, good point. Well guys, I gotta be up in the morning. I'm 'onna head off. G'night

<them> Night, good luck

...I minimized the window and found myself looking through some material I had. I thought of Pam and the fantasy I had as I saw through some of the images. I wondered what she would really look like in some of these outfits, latex, nylon, leather, silk, in some of these scenes. But then I saw the images of pairs, of a lovely girl bound and gagged, being held, being nuzzled, and being kissed by her captor. I thought of the girls enjoying themselves as they were helpless before whom it was that held them captive... and my heart began to crumble, looking around my empty room, I felt cold.

I looked down at my floor, and the weight started to crush. I could do nothing. I thought of her smile, and I brought my knees to my chest and clutched them, thinking of the women and their happiness, couples and their happiness, together. I fell onto my side, and exhaled a whimper in the dark. The last thing I saw was a vision of her, held tightly in my arms, her face nestled into my neck, her arms constricting me in return, a smile of bliss on her face... as a small trace of wetness welled in my eye... and I fell asleep.

Segment 5

A FEW DAYS PASS

Things are rather routine. A call here and there, “I can't get my email working,” “Our service is slow,” “Ohmygawd my site's being hacked,” and, the ever and always pleasant, “Your service sucks!”

“I'm sorry to hear that, sir, is there anything I can do to help you at the moment?” Rik was taking the call this time. “I apologize for that, and I hope you have a nice day. Thank you for your service with us.” He hung up and dropped his headset. “Motherfu-!!”

“That bad, eh?” I cut him off. Mal glanced at me over his glasses and nodded approvingly. I could hear him now, “A gentleman will contain his frustrations on the job in the presence of coworkers,” I thought in what I believed was a southern English accent but was actually northern. My British imitation is bad, don't judge me.

“Don'tcha love those clients? The ones that you give them all they want and they still just whine about bigger and better fish?” Lin said sarcastically.

“Bad?” he responded to me. “We just lost a customer. To me, that is unacceptable. This is horrible customer service. It reflects bad on the company and it reflects bad on us. I can't stand going into this situation where I am at a disadvantage because I don't have all the company policy and necessary information to be able to help hem.” He said it with a firm tone, genuinely upset about it.

It was cold of me to say this to the guy, but it had to be said so he would feel better overall. “Try not to take it so personally, or get too emotional about it. Sales are not our job. Ours is network operations and system support. We can reflect a positive image of the company by being as understanding and patient as possible; but the customer relationship management is left up to sales and marketing. We're just techies in here.” It wasn't to crush the guy's passion for doing a good job, it was so he wouldn't feel bad about the loss.

“That's true, I apologize for my outburst. It's just, dammit, I don't like being unable to do anything when they expect me to do something,” he replied.

“I get what you mean. I do. I'm the same way. However, comma-” I actually said the word “comma” for comedic effect. It worked, he let out a chuckle and I heard Pam snicker to herself as well. “...their expectations are in the incorrect department, on the wrong side of the building.”

“Gotcha, you're right, you have a point. Sorry. Pam, I'm sorry I cursed!” he waved to her

“Oh it's quite all right!” she said back. As she did, a foreign ring of a phone went off that made

the whole room stand at attention. It wasn't the phone system.

“Not my phone,” Rik alerted.

“Not mine,” Lin responded

“Nor my own,” Mal uttered without looking up at all from his laptop.

We looked at Pam and her eyes widened, “Oh! That's me!” She stood up with her bag and fumbled through it walking towards a private office on the far side of the room. She pulled her phone and answered just as she walked in and closed the door behind her. We could still see her through the glass window but she was hunched over just ever so slightly. I shrugged. People get calls while at work or school, I dunno why managers and teachers throw a fit about it. The world exists outside these walls, as much as they don't want us to know.

After a few minutes and me combing through access logs of our systems, Pam emerged from the office and walked back to her desk with a bemused smile. She sat down and put her phone away before going back to her screen.

“Hey! I got invited to lunch at a nearby café. Would you like to come with me? They serve coffee and sandwiches there,” she messaged. Now she's asking me out to lunch?! Can this really be happening?

“No, it isn't,” I imagined Hol said. I was dressed as I was leaving for work, heading out the door of my apartment when he muttered at me. Looking over with that Cheshire Cat smile of his, “She probably already has a boyfriend. Even if she didn't why would anybody fancy a shit like you?” My eyes drifted aside, then to the floor, he raised a good question. But I didn't have time, I walked out and closed the door, snapping my consciousness back in place.

“Ios? Did you want to go?” she asked again over the chat. Mal arched an eyebrow at me as I looked back at him and Lin for some words of support.

“A gentleman doesn't turn down a lady's offer out to lunch. She wants your company, go on,” he messaged to me silently. I nodded and breathed a sigh to push out the adrenaline and responded to her.

“Sure thing. Let me just finish this last one and we can go.” I finished the last log on which I was working and locked my machine. Standing up I walked to her and she got her bag and we walked together.

“So where're we going?” I asked.

“This little café just up the road here. I was surprised that it was so close. I wasn't expecting it to be,” she answered. It was a short walk, just out of the facility, down the road a little ways, and into another business center where the café was located. We walked inside, it was really more of a lounge than a café, but there was a counter with stool seats, booths, and regular tables. We

approached the front podium as we were greeted.

“Hello,” a young guy said to us. “Two today?”

“Yes, we have a reservation for Pam,” she responded. He looked at the listings through the book in front of him.

“Yyyyes we do! Right this way,” he picked up two menus and walked us through the seating to a booth and set us down. “Would you like to get started with a couple of drinks?”

“Do you want to start or shall we wait?” she asked me.

“We have another party member who will arrive shortly, I think we'll wait for them to arrive first,” I answered back to him.

“Very good, we'll send someone as soon as they arrive.”

“Thank you,” Pam answered, and he walked back to his duties up front.

“So do you know who invited us?” I asked her.

“I do, and I'm happy to introduce you to them. They've wanted to meet you since I told them about you.”

“Told them about me'? You talk about me to others, do you?” I asked suggestively.

“Well only to them,” she smiled. “They're the only one I really share stuff with about work.”

“And such tales she tells of the nice gentleman she spooked,” said someone next to us with a female British accent matching Pam's. It was a young girl in one of the uniforms of the establishment. She was the same as Pam's build, almost to the letter, except her hair and eyes were a darker brown, and she was just slightly shorter than Pam.

“San!!!” Pam shouted and stood up gleefully hugging her tight, planting a loving kiss against her face. San held her close and kissed her back. What was happening here?

“Ios, this is San, my girlfriend and lover. She's the one who invited us to lunch.”

“Lovely to meet you finally, Ios,” San said, extending her hand.

My hand found hers, getting up to greet her, and I shook it. “The pleasure's all mine,” I said with a smile. We all sat down and I waved for the server to return. He took our drink orders and walked away. “So tell me, how'd you two meet?” I asked to start.

“We met at university. San was my roomie with another girl we know. She liked to party a lot and would go out regularly while San and I stayed in and... had our own fun.” I could guess

what she meant by that.

“I have a sneaking suspicion I know who sent that picture on your first day,” I said with a sly little smile.

“It's true, I was the one,” San answered. “And believe me, she saw to it that I got what I had coming.”

“I can guess,” I said with my eyes shifting off to the side with the not-so-innocent look of someone who knew exactly what she meant.

“Pam tells me you seemed upset about it when you saw it, though, only to find out you were quite the connoisseur,” she smiled with her chin in her hand looking to me with a suggestive smile.

“Well- I-” my eyes really did shift off this time to hide as I got a little warm about it.

“San! Don't tease him. If you make him uncomfortable again I'll give you another lesson in behavior,” Pam interrupted nudging her lightly.

“Oh I hope so,” she responded with a sinister grin on her face.

“Heheh, that's naughty,” I said with a nervous laugh as our drinks arrived. We continued to make jokes and laugh about what happened, kinky things, and the lunch was pleasant. It got to the topic of me wanting to try it for a long time but never having the opportunity.

“Well we'll have to fix that, won't we?” San said coyly.

“As fun as that would be, our lunch is about to end, so I'm gonna head back.” I shifted gears as tactfully as I could. “It's been a thrilling experience to meet you, San and I hope to see you again sometime. We work close by, stop in and say hello whenever you feel like.”

“Thank you, it was lovely to meet you finally, Ios!” she answered.

“Ios go on ahead, I'll meet you back at the office. I have a few things to discuss with San first,” Pam called to me.

“No problem,” I waved, walking out the door. And just like that, it was all gone. That great lunch I had, that feeling of joy I had being around them, all vanished into the void. I felt like I was being devoured by a cloud of malice and shadow. I gripped my chest and felt like something fissured inside it. She already had a girlfriend. I could see it now, as I walked back to work, and listening to that jerk laugh in my face when I got home. In fact...

****THAT HOUR RAPIDLY APPROACHED****

“Hnhnhnhehehehaha!! Aaaahhahahahaaaa!!” Hol's laughter echoed throughout the room and in

my ears and my head. He cackled at me, slapping his eyes and forehead and leaning back to let it out as I walked in and dropped my stuff. He laughed, and he laughed, and he laughed. He sat on the back of the sofa and just looked at me, taunting me, “Man, oh man, did I fucking *call it!*”

Lin followed me in with Mal and Lin patted me on the back. “Hey there, bud, try not to get so down about this.” Lin was doing his best to comfort me; and boy was it appreciated.

“Don't you get it now, you little twit!?” Hol screeched at me. “Your efforts and your attempts to connect to others, useless to every one of them! No matter how hard you try, there'll always be room for someone else instead of you.” I looked away, feeling completely empty inside, feeling just as he said, useless to Pam since she already had someone better.

“Let me ask, do you want to steal Pam from San?” Mal had asked from the kitchen, preparing some soup.

“No!” I answered back forcefully. “Never!”

“Do you like her?” Mal responded.

“Absolutely! But I... I want her to be happy. If she has someone who can do that for her, she's already got everything she needs. I just wanted to be the one who could do that for her,” I said, sitting down next to Lin at the table.

“Oh please, who could you make happy?!” Hol snapped.

I went on, trying to ignore him, “She's nice, she's a lovely girl, a great friend to have, someone to connect with as a friend who will understand the things I like, at least.”

“Cripes, you're such a wuss,” Hol mocked.

Mal brought me the warm bowl of soup he'd prepared for me. “If she is happy with her lover, and happy to have you as a friend, that is what you can do for her as a gentleman. Be chivalrous, courteous, and supportive. Be a friend to her, even though you can't be more. It's hard, but that will at least provide her a different kind of happiness.”

“Yeah, I guess, she said she doesn't have any other friends out here in Americola. I'm glad I could at least be someone she could have as a new friend closer to her instead of only the ones she's got back in the UK.” I was doing what I could to try and put a positive spin on things.

“Gimme a break...” Hol grumbled.

“GKAAUUGH!!” before I could even look up at him, a foot ran across my vision, accompanied by a sharp blow to the right side of my head. I flew back and felt the wall as I clutched my eye, exhaling aloud to shake off the pain, losing my footing. I stumbled and just held my eye for a moment to refocus my blurry vision. Taking my hand away, no blood, prob'ly just gonna be a bruise of some sort.

“Woah!!” Lin jumped to my aid and helped me up. “Y’okay there?”

“Yeah... nothing broken,” I answered, getting up and regaining my sight.

“This is why she wouldn't choose you. This is why no one chooses you! Because you don't believe in yourself! You're worthless and weak!” He grabbed his jacket and stormed out of the apartment, cursing my name under his breath.

“Do you require medical assistance, Ios?” Mal asked.

“It's fine, I got it. Thanks guys... I'll be okay for the night.” I waved to 'em and they walked to the door.

“You know where to find us if you need,” Lin said. “Don't take it too hard.”

With that, they left. I felt crummy, I did. Not just because I was kicked in the face into a wall, but because what I'd hoped for was kind of brought to a ruin. Creeping into my room, I ditched my cloths and just curled in the blankets, nursing the side that got hit. I lie there and just heaved a breath out, letting my mind wander.

Segment 6

I sat in my room with a grimace, watching something on how to tie new ways, when there was a knock at the door. I felt a strange sense of surrealism going on as I got up, not really knowing what all was going on, why I was even at home. I thought I had work that day.

At the door, I opened it up and found Pam, her hair draped over her bare shoulder. Her top was a halter cut latex thong leotard that showed off her cleavage, mashing her bosoms together very tightly. The stomach was cut out showing her bare tummy, with a zipper placed right where her sex was located. Her arms were clad in black, shiny, latex opera gloves, as were her legs with a silky black garter, holding her leggings up by suspenders. The heels she wore must have easily been over six inches as she clicked into my place, a smile of pure mischief on her face

“I know what you desire, Ios...” she whispered to me, running her latex finger up my chest and along my shoulder. She traced up my neck to my cheek as I tried to still my breathing. She inched closer and teasingly ran her lips against my neck. I would think she could feel my heart beating enough to rip itself out of my chest. She ran up to my lips and as teasingly as before dragged across my lower lip, whispering, “You can have me... as your captive...”

As if my hands knew what to do, they took hold of her arms, and carefully turned her about, guiding her to a chair where they sat her down. She smiled and rubbed her latex body, running her fingers over her bulging chest, down her stomach, and along her leg, admiring her own physique, before looking back to me. I stood beside a long attaché case on the table next to where she sat. Opening the case, everything I collected for this day sat in its place, ready for use.

The first item, a long strand of white rope. It showed nicely against her shiny black latex as I drew her arms behind the chair, held her wrists together, and began to tie her. Doubling the rope, I held the loop end to her wrists, wrapped the ends around, then fed them through the loop, and pulled tight, wrapping around and around, crawling up her forearms until they curved between her arms, then wrapped around all of the bracelets made this way, and again, cinching tightly and cutting out all slack she had. She smiled and pulled a little, but not a whole lot, at least not yet. Using another strand of rope, same length, I repeated the process at her elbows, crawling up, forcing them together tightly, which forced her breasts outward, straining even harder against the latex, almost spilling out of the window they had.

This time she actually let a little moan escape through her nose, smiling with content, pulling lightly at her bonds to no avail. Taking another strand, I wrapped around her elbow ropes, and fed the ends through the back of her chair, under her arm, up her shoulder, around her neck, and back down under the other side through the chair. Pulling it snug, this forced her to sit back, firmly pressing her to her seat's back. The ends wound around her elbows again to keep them pinned to her seat's back as well, leaving little freedom.

One more strand came out of the case, wrapping around her waist, through the chair's back, and around her wrists. Feeding the ends through the loop, I wrapped around again, and then cinched

the slack out between her wrists and the chair back the same way I did her elbows and wrists, pinning her arms very tightly in place behind her chair. She couldn't budge them at all as she really started to tug. As she twisted and pulled, her moans got louder, starting to escape her lips. I may have to do something about that if it goes any further.

I reached for yet another strand of rope and moved to her leg. Lifting her ankle, I pressed it to her thigh, wrapping the ropes around her leg and ankle, again, and again, cinching it tight, and frogtying her leg very tightly. After repeating the process with her other leg, her weight and her position forced her to push downward, spreading her legs apart to the width of the chair's seat. A louder moan escaped her lips and she tilted her head back, pulling at the bonds, the chair moving ever slightly but allowing her no movement at all. She had made enough noise.

The next item that came out, a big red and shiny ball, as shiny as her latex-clad body, came in my hands to her face. She smiled an ear-to-ear grin, looking up at me and running her lips along my hand, her tongue crawling out and licking the tip of my finger. My off hand held her head, petting softly and rubbing her cheek to relax her, her jaw opened submissively, as wide as she could. In it went, pushing, wedging, and finally sinking behind her teeth, forcing her mouth as wide as she could muster, as I pulled the straps back, brushing her hair aside to buckle it. She helped out by leaning forward and aside a little so her hair wouldn't get in the way, as the straps pulled tighter, tighter, and held to the buckle.

I moved to her front to take the sight of her face in, running my finger along her lip to feel the ball's position within. "Mmhphmnmnm..." she said quietly, leaning her head back, pulling harder at her restraints and still getting nowhere. I nodded and brushed her cheek with the back of my knuckles to sooth her frustrations, as I reached down for the next item. Her eyes widened and she shook her head.

"Nnmnmhm, mmn pfnmnhmnhph!" As she protested, a light little ribbon of drool escaped her lower lip and fell on her beautifully straining breasts. The item I held closer to her chest jingled as the chain unwound, letting the other end of it hang. The clover clamps shimmered in the light as I tugged the latex away from her bosoms, exposing her nipples. I saw that they were curious, but still a little shy. Leaning down, I exhaled a warm breath against her nipple, softly touching it with my lips, slowly wrapping around, rubbing gently, lightly tugging, and finally tapping it with my tongue.

"Grrmnmnhm" she groaned, her head leaning back and her eyes fluttering closed. She tugged harder at her ropes, they squeezed enough to cause her body to bulge around, as long as she pulled, then subsided when she gave up. Her nipple took to the invitation, standing up ready to play. The first clamp lifted to it, and I moved to stand next to her, resting my chin on her shoulder, nestling my face against hers for comfort as she whimpered.

She squealed in anticipation, "NnnnmnmMNMFFRHNMmmm!" she swore into her gag. The clamp held her nipple tightly and I nuzzled into her face, adoring her to relax her, trying to soothe her as the next one wouldn't be left out. I moved down and repeated the same movements, lightly brushing her nipple with my lip, kissing it, tugging it until it was up and ready, before attaching the clamp. "MNMGNMPHM!"

I stood behind her, resting against her latexed and roped arms, my hands reaching around to hold her breasts, rubbing them softly to relax her, lowering down and nuzzling her face as she drooled on her naked lovelies. My hands massaged and rubbed her breasts, raising her moans to grow louder. Slowly, my hands probed along her chest, down her belly, to the zipper beneath, where they pushed open the teeth to expose her blushing, warm, wet pussy. My fingers touches her lips, rubbing them softly, teasingly, to push her groans more deep as she bit into her gag. Her eyes drifted shut and she pulled on her restraints again, possibly thinking this time would make a difference. It didn't. My one hand massaged her breasts, back and forth it played with them, the other hand slipping two fingers between her lips, curling softly inside her, as my face nestled into hers, kissing her cheekbone over the strap that dug into her.

My tongue licked the side of her lip, causing her to drool a little more as she moaned heavily, starting to pant. My fingers began to feel sopping wet inside. With my free hand, it lightly tugged the chain between her clamps and she pushed her face into mine firmly, with a sound that could only be described as a squealing moan. Pushing her body and emotions to the brink, my fingers played under her hood, massaging her clit, curling deep inside as she moaned into my face behind her gag.

I turned and pressed my lips over hers and she moaned into my kiss, panting harder and harder, moans growing shorter and shorter, until she finally screamed, her hips and body bucking to the building waves that broke the dam.

****A BLINDING WHITE FLASH****

My eyes drifted open slowly in the darkness. I looked over to my desk next to my bed and hit the button on my cell phone. It showed me the time, three hours before I had to get up for work. I blinked awake and finally came to my senses. I breathed a huge sigh and rubbed my eyes, sitting up in bed and wished I wasn't there. I took the time to make myself something to eat, get cleaned up, and have myself a morning routine before I left for work. I had plenty of time to spare, after all.

Driving to work, I had *"Can o' Salt"* playing to help me take my mind off it. I couldn't think about it while on the job. As I got in, Pam was there early today and I sat down getting set up. After I loaded my applications and did my morning checks, I sent her a message.

"Thank you again for lunch, and thank San for me as well."

"Why don't you thank her yourself? ;)"

"Whaddyou mean?"

"We'd like to extend an invitation to dinner. I never did get to really apologize for that first day mishap."

I went red. The thoughts of my dream came flooding back, her groans in my ear, her arms tightly

held in place... I shook it off and greeted Rik as he sat down.

“Hey dude, what's goin' on today?” he asked.

“Just relationship problems is all,” I responded.

“Crap, man, y'know I been there. Divorced with kids, relationships can be hard.” He was trying to offer me advice, which was nice I guess. “When my ex-wife and I split up, I said to myself, 'I'm not gonna be dependent on the relationship I had, or the ones I want. I'm gonna be confident and go out there, and be who I am, and I'm gonna feel good about myself. I'm not gonna let this get me down.’”

“Yeah?” I responded with not a whole lot to say to that.

“It's all about how you see yourself. If you see yourself as someone who isn't gonna be let down by relationship troubles, they won't hurt you all that much.” There was an element of truth to it. “You wanna be who you are and that's how a relationship can thrive, if you both are honest with yourselves and each other.”

I thought more of what Mal might suggest, that if they're inviting me over, it would be rude to not accept their invitation. They might've gone to a bit of trouble.

“Thanks, that helps, I guess,” I responded to him. “*Okay, you win... I'll be there,*” I messaged back to her. I saw her smile over at me and we exchanged our cell phone numbers and addresses through the chat.

****THE DAY PROGRESSES NORMALLY****

My heart was skipping around at the thought; but I was already there, at their place. I took a deep breath to relax myself and get my bearings straight. Pam had left early to get ready for my arrival. But she had come in before me so she would normally leave before me as well.

With all the preparation I could get already done, my hair not a mess, and my shirt not soaked in sweat, I knocked on the door... not knowing what to expect from these two...

Segment 7

My heart was fluttering as I approached their apartment at the address Pam gave to me. It had been the first time a girl invited me to, well... anywhere! Let alone to her place of living. I don't count the previous times because they ended up being awful. I got invited once to a dance in high school but the girl who asked me ended up ditching me for a better date. Once in college, some classmates invited me to go bowling and never showed up. Yeah, those count for 0/2 by my calculations.

I took a deep breath and shoved that dream which had been plaguing me on and off throughout the day into the depths of my mind. The door opened and Pam greeted me with glee and opened wider for me. "Hi! Glad you could make it!" She was excited to have me there, I guess. She wore a soft fabric, black halter cut top with loose-fitting pants made of the same material. Her hair fell over her shoulders and waved nicely down her back.

"Thank you for having me," I answered and stepped inside. The air had a sent of feminine products like perfume and something else... some form of rubber maybe? No... it couldn't be... I looked around to take my mind off such a thought and saw a couch, a Wii, a couple of books on the shelves, a small decorative chest, the decor was splendid, I suppose. I dunno, I'm not a decor and furnishing kind of guy really.

I looked to the kitchen and San was just finishing the touches on what they had prepared. She wore a tight-fitting navy blue t-shirt which hugged her bosoms nicely. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail as she worked, which was kind of a good idea. I do it myself. Can't tell the amount of times my hair fell in my food when I was working.

"Hey!" she called. "It'll be just a few more moments. Can I get you something to drink?"

"Uhd, just water is fine, thank you," I was super nervous being invited and surrounded by these two lovely girls, kinky girls. Deep within me, I felt a quiet desire build... but I immediately quashed it. She poured me a cup of water and handed it to me. I immediately took a sip to try and wet my throat.

I sat down at the table where we would be eating and began to chat with Pam and San about what art styles we liked. It wasn't long before dinner was served. We had a lovely meal and a few laughs at designs and the difference in standards as time went on and what people tended to make in both visual arts and marketed arts as well. The conversation made its way to clothing designs and artistic interpretations thereof.

"Personally, I find Pam's outfit a bit tacky, not tight enough wouldn't you say?" San suggested, winking with a smile, pointing at her chest with her fork.

"San!" she scoffed with a smile. "This outfit's very sensible; and besides, Ios doesn't need the image in his head."

She was kinda right, I didn't need it, kinda didn't want it, but it was there, and it made me blush a little. "Well-" I uttered, looking aside shyly.

"Look at Ios' ensemble, a loose-fitting shirt, some black loose pants, and he came in with a lovely, ankle-length dress coat. It's an outfit of character and an elegant, dignified individual," Pam said, trying to shift focus away from their outfits.

"I think we should test that, don't you?" San insisted. "Ios, are you up for a competition?" she said standing up with her hands pressed on the table. Looks like she didn't take the bait.

I flushed a little more, feeling my neck and chest get warmer and my heart skipping a beat. "Wh-what'd you have in mind?" I said looking back at Pam for some form of support.

"Pam and I will each dress up in sexy outfits, one at a time, and you get to be the judge of which one is the best design."

"Oh, really, I'm sure you both would look absolutely enchanting in everything you two own, you don't need my opinion. I don't count for anything," I said averting my eyes to my water glass. It was enticing enough for another sip.

"Well if that's how you see it, then you won't be afraid to be the judge of that! Go on, then, my top versus her top, go!" she tugged Pam's hand, jerking her to her feet, and both stood in front of me. My eyes darted back and forth as my nervousness welled. I closed my eyes and took a very slow, deep breath through my nose, deep into my diaphragm, held for a couple of moments and listened to my pounding heart... as it began to slow down at my command. I opened my eyes and looked softly at San's t-shirt, then to Pam's top.

"The navy blue in your shirt has a dark sense of loyalty, responsibility. I see the very short sleeves as a design to show off the upper arms which suit you rather well. But they hide the shoulders and back from vision. However, in their place, the little bows on your shoulders are a nice touch for decoration, has a bit of "gift" sense to it. The ruffles in the fabric are a little bit off-putting, but I may just be biased towards smoother outfits. Pam's top, now, while it doesn't show off her chest as much, and is a bit looser, it's also a lot lighter and less constrictive. True, she has no protection against the elements with her shoulders and arms more exposed, but neither does the material of your t-shirt. I'd also have to say the top is more enticing that way. The display of shoulders and arms is often seen as a form of beauty, especially when her neck is more visible. The black is a darker color and has more depth to it. The appeal lies in the contrast of color you see against her skin, her hair's ability to show, because it can be placed next to her skin as well, which draws focus to the her eyes. So, my apologies, San, but I'd have to say Pam's outfit wins... despite it 'needing to be tighter'" I air quoted that for her.

The two girls smiled with their jaws hanging open and looked at each other. San spoke up, "I can honestly say I was not expecting a thorough analysis of the outfits themselves. I was only teasing."

“Said the loser,” Pam uttered with sly little smile on her face.

“Oh! It's so on! Ios, you'll judge us then, won't you?” she said more forcefully.

“Oh I don't think- I should really-” I hesitated at my words, feeling tense in my neck and shoulders at the thought of them both in sexy outfits.

“San, stop that!” she took my hand, “Are you certain you're okay? We don't want to make you uncomfortable—do we, San,” she glared at her.

I rubbed her forearm and smiled lightly, pushing the tension beneath me. “Thank you, I would hate to be an ungrateful guest. I will gladly take part in my hostesses' entertainment.”

“Are you sure? You really don't have to,” she worriedly looked to me.

I smiled into her enchanting emeralds for eyes. “Really, I'm okay. Besides, I think San might want a competition so badly because she secretly believes she'll lose and is hoping I'll say no to default.” Pam let out a giggle and San's eyes widened as her jaw dropped.

“Oh we are so going to see about that! Pam, you, as the winner of the last round, get to go first!” she grabbed Pam's hand and pulled her along to their bedroom and shoved her inside, closing the door. She turned around fast, glaring at me. “And you! You, sit there,” and she pointed at their couch. I shrugged and walked slowly over and sat down. She plopped beside me and narrowed her eyes at me, still glaring, “...So you think I'm afraid I'll lose, do you?”

I smiled softly and looked off to the side. “Maybe I was just messing with you because I actually knew you would take the challenge without thought,” and looked back to her lovely brown eyes. “Maybe I secretly wanna see you two in the sexiest latex outfits you own and am playing both of you into a competition.”

It was an utter lie. How very ungentlemanly of me to lie to a beautiful lady's face. I really didn't wanna see it. I knew this would do horrible things to me afterwards. But I would never tell them. Instead, I just smiled softly. Her glare faded and turned to a smile as she sniggered and looked away. It's not that I didn't like latex and sexy outfits. It's that I liked them so very much. Yet, Pam and San have each other. I didn't have anybody. I knew I could never have this too. I felt that same fissure I felt before inside me.

The door opened and Pam emerged as we turned to see what she had chosen. She wore a strapless latex top that just barely covered her breasts. It ran down to just past her waist, leaving so very little to the imagination. In fact if she shifted just right, you'd have been able to see just what lies beneath. Her torso was constricted by a black corset that squeezed her tightly, pushing her hips and her chest outward to accentuate her physique even further. Her arms were bare, but her legs were in a more skin-colored latex. She wore extremely high heels with ankle straps and clicked out into the living area. She wore a little choker with a ring in front that was possibly for numerous purposes.

San grinned, biting her lip and rubbing her thighs as she looked her lover up and down. "Give us a twirl, let us see," she said. On command, Pam whirled around, her hair lifted by the momentum and then draped over her shoulder. She stopped with her shoulder towards San and looking to her over it, looking seductively to her and giving a light wink. She was most definitely teasing her. She stood for a moment for us to marvel the sight. She was indeed a sight to behold.

"Your turn," she said softly and sat on the other side of me. "Beat that."

"Piece o' cake!" she got up and scurried into their bedroom and closed the door.

"I see that to be a little bit cold," I said without looking at her, smiling. I noticed she had goosebumps on her arms.

"It is a little, but this is more from, well, I think I look ravishing, if I do say so myself," she smiled looking to me. And she was right. She looked absolutely stunning and I figured this was going to be tough to match for San. I smiled back at her and uttered, "We'll see what she manages to concoct. Should be rather interesting." Her eyes were hypnotic. Her hair was lovely beyond words. The lipstick she wore was almost irresistible. I wanted to feel the curvature of her body, nestling against her face and taste her lips (her facial ones), for hours to come. I wanted to clutch her in my arms and inhale the smell of her hair and neck, to caress her face with mine. Sensing these thoughts plaguing me too much, I closed my eyes... and purged them.

The door flung open, and there was San. She wore a different kind of halter cut top, but this one was much tighter. The top left her neck and the top of her breasts were open for the world to view. The top looked almost a size or two too small, as her breasts were squished intensely tight together, her cleavage showing off happily. She too wore a corset that squeezed her hips and her chest outward. But her bottom consisted of very incredibly short and high cut latex shorts, with the straps of her thong pulled high over her hips. Her legs were covered in black latex leggings, held to her corset by suspenders, as her arms were coated in black latex opera gloves running all the way up to her upper arms. On her wrists, she wore small leather cuffs with padlocks. Her feet wore equally high stiletto heels, ankle strapped in place, but with padlocks on them. She fights dirty...

Pam thought so too. She licked her lip and her breathing increased at the sight of her lover. San approached us and gave a whirl just as Pam did, and wiggled her hips for us. Cripes, I wanted to nest between both of them, feeling their faces on either side of mine, clinging to them both, their arms wrapped around me, holding each others hands in the process.

Shaking that off, I slyly said the right answer here, "I think you both know who's the real winners are."

Pam giggled, "Well I certainly don't concede defeat, but I most definitely applaud my competition."

"As do I, a worthy opponent. Shall we agree to a truce and a tie?" San offered.

“Better be a tight one,” I muttered.

“I’m sorry? What?” Pam looked over curious at what I said. She was too focused on her lover’s tits struggling to break free.

“Nothin’!” I looked off smiling. “Well, ladies, it’s been a phenomenal time, but I must be going. Only so much beautiful, sexy women I can take in one night.”

“We can help you there, learn a tolerance and handle more of it,” San said playfully.

“Nah, it’s okay, you two... you look like you’re about ready to tackle each other.” I got to my feet and picked up my coat from the arm rest. They showed me out and each gave me a light hug, which was difficult for me on more than a physical note, with their giant boobies pressing into my chest and their arms wrapped around my neck.

“Thank you so much for coming. Are you sure you won’t stay a little while longer?” Pam said to me.

I pat her arm and smiled at them both. “You two girls have fun. Play rough now.”

They both giggled and held each other’s hand. “See you tomorrow!” Pam said and the door closed.

****A DRIVE HOME****

I’d had on “*Crystal Sea (instrumental)*” as a way to sooth my thoughts and my tension. What can I tell ya, I love video game music. I got home and met Mal and Lin at my door. Stepping inside, we sat down and talked about what had happened.

“I applaud your fortitude. Well done in remaining gentlemanly in the face of temptation,” Mal congratulated me.

“Yeah, man, it’s great that you made two friends who’re happy to have you over and show off those nice outfits for you. You should feel happy to have made such great friends so fast,” Lin gave me a shoulder pat.

“Thanks guys, I know, and I’m okay with it. I really like them both and am happy I could make such nice friends. Haven’t had this privilege before and I’m hoping it lasts.”

“Vigilance, good sir, that is the price we must continually pay as chivalrous figures,” Mal reassured me with the sign that he understood. I knew he did. They congratulated me one more time and were on their way. I was tired. Shedding my clothes, I retreated to my room and fell on my bed, curling in the sheets and blankets, I curled up and just tried to relax in the darkness, feeling it swallow me.

I lied in the darkness staring into the oblivion that was my soul. Out of the void, I saw Pam and San arise, floating there together, in there stunning outfits from earlier, holding each other in their arms, nuzzling, cupping each others faces in their hands, fondling as they ran their hands over each others shoulders, necks, down each others front, and around to their backs, holding closely to one another. Their lips touched, before mashing tightly together, kissing ever passionately. Over and over, their kisses lasted for what seemed like eons, deep and sensual, softly licking at each others' maws, gazing adoringly into each others' eyes. They smiled in pure bliss and happiness together. Their gazes turned to me, and their smiles changed, from loving to Cheshire Cat-like grins.

“Does it hurt?” Pam asked me. “Does it hurt to know what you can't have?”

“The reason why you can't have this is because we were meant for each other. No one is meant for you,” San uttered at me. I tried to speak to them, but somehow I just couldn't find the words... because it did hurt, more than I could take. I looked away, but saw another couple, an anonymous woman grinning at me with that same hateful smile.

“You don't get to have a life like us,” she said in an American accent. A look of utter sorrow took over my face and I had no words left to say. I turned away in pain and tried to flee. My eyes snapped wide open in shock as I found myself only to be surrounded, hundreds of girls, thousands of them, beautiful, all stunning in their own. They stared at me. All their voices spoke at once, hundreds upon thousands of beautiful girls, as far as I could see... with Pam and San right up front.

“You are a freak. You are unlovable. You don't get to have what we have. Accept your fate. You don't deserve to have what we have. You don't deserve love.” Pam and San had these blank looks of ire, staring daggers into me as they spoke. All of their voices at once made my spine shiver and pierced my heart as I felt it shatter. I fell to my knees and stared at the black abyss beneath me. I looked for any way out I could find, and between the cracks of the two girls, I saw him... they all began to laugh at me, my pain, and my emptiness and inability to stand against them. And behind them all stood Hol, that horrible smile of his, laughing through his grin. He looked less like the Cheshire Cat this time and more like The Joker, that ear to ear, toothy, horrendous smile of his. As I sank into the eternal nothingness, the last thing I heard was Hol's, Pam's, and San's laughter...

Segment 8

I sighed as I sat up in bed, rubbing my eyes. I didn't have time to calm myself down this morning. I started with a shower instead, just sitting in the tub, the hot water streaming down on me. I tilted my head back to just let it all wash off me. To help as I drove, I played “*Rocket Rider*” to calm down a bit more and help me focus. It helped, a bit.

The routines at work were normal. After a bit of time and a few calls, I glanced over at her and she didn't look busy. I decided to send her a message.

“Hey, thanks again for inviting me to your home, the fabulous meal, and the amazing show you two put on. Love to do it again sometime. Please, allow me to return the gratitude by extending an invitation to my place for a nice dinner and entertainment.”

“Oh you're most welcome and we enjoyed having you there! You set in motion a very fun night ;) thank you so much for coming. Unfortunately, we have something already scheduled for tonight : (I'm so sorry.”

“Oh, okay, it's no trouble at all. Perhaps another time. Glad I could assist in your fun.” Well... dammit... I had no plans for the night then. I looked over at Lin and offered instead, “Hey, you guys wanna hang out tonight?”

“You bet, we'll be there.” Lin and Mal, could always count on you guys for backup support.

****ONE VERY RUN-OF-THE-MILL SHIFT LATER****

We were back at my place having drinks. I had a soda, Lin had a beer, Mal had a gentleman's glass of wine. We were commenting about work.

Lin took a swig, “Jesus tits, Google, get it together will ya. Dropping search query results because some cracker managed to fudge names, fine, I'll understand. But dropping routes because of 'spam-like-activity' and then demanding CAPTCHAs, people would be looking for services like us by search engine...” bluhblehblrh. Never mind our technobabble. Lin changed the subject anyway. “So ya havin' trouble sleepin' again, huh?” they looked over at me.

“Yeah, just a nightmare here and there,” I said.

“Are they still based on the same thing?” Lin responded.

“Yeah, usually my inner most desires,” I answered.

“What is it you seek?” Mal asked.

“I want...companionship, I want someone else I can hold in my arms at night, hold their hand as

we go somewhere, to enjoy every facet of their personality and being, and for them to enjoy mine. I wanna be the best person in the world to someone, to be someone so amazingly special it just makes them smile to simply be around me.”

Lin took a swig of his drink. “Don't worry, bud, you'll get your wick dipped at some point.” Mal rolled his eyes and took a sip of his red wine.

“No, it's more than that,” I answered back. “Like, Pam and San, the way they look at each other, the way they hold each other, the way they joke with each other, understand each other, trust each other, the way they love each other... that, I wanna be that, with someone. Not the easiest thing to acquire.”

Lin nodded understanding what I meant, “Yeah I know, just teasing is all to lighten the mood.”

“No one said it would be easy to be an admirable man,” Mal said quietly, swirling his wine.

“No one said a lot of things about life, but the alternative, I wouldn't enjoy.” They both nodded and drank to that. We clicked our drinks together and we finished our helping.

“I think that's enough for tonight,” Mal said quietly, standing up and putting his vest back on. Lin stood up as well and they walked to the door. I saw them out and thanked them for coming before hitting the lights and drifted to my room. Shedding my clothing, I fell down and relaxed, trying to escape the thoughts that had been flooding me. My mind began to wander as my eyes sunk...

When I opened them, I was in a large living space in a huge house. There was a roaring fireplace nearby, a mantle with candles lit, and a large portrait of a woman tied to a lover figure, her arms wrapped around their body and resting her head on the figure's chest. Her eyes were closed as she rested, with an expression of utter content to be bound to them. I turned around and saw them, the girls. They stood before me, not a shred of clothing on them. Their bodies were gorgeous in the fire's light. The soft light shined along their curves and their breasts.

Pam and San approached me slowly, strutting and swaying their hips just a little as they moved. Each took a hand of mine and brought me closer to the two of them. They wrapped one arm each around my back, their other hand resting on my chest as their heads settled against my shoulder. We walked slowly, holding each other tight, moving to the center of the room where there was a half-barrel on the floor. It was long enough for too people to sit on it, and each seat had a long, phallic object standing tall. A sybian.

Beside it lay plenty of restraints and toys and gags. We stepped closer. Pam and I faced San, she would be first. Pam bent down to pick up two very large coils of black ropes. She handed me one and kept the other for herself as San turned her back to us. Pam started by doubling it up, wrapping the ropes around San's body over her arms, looping over her breasts, feeding the ends through the loop in the back, and cinching tight. The ends were fed in the opposite direction, going beneath her breasts this time, and running through the loop a second time. There was enough rope to repeat the process once more for each above, and then below her breasts,

tightening each time until her arms were securely pinned to her body, and her breasts squeezed happily in a harness.

I stepped closer, folding her arms horizontal to the ground behind her, and began wrapping my doubled coil around her wrists and forearms. Around and around the ends went, cinching tight into a two-column tie, with quite a bit left over. I fed the ends through the back of her chest harness and anchored her wrist ropes there, then ran it up over her shoulder, down under the top of her harness, and under two strands of rope on the bottom harness, pulling up to squeeze her breasts to their exact shape. I wound the ends around the bottom two of the top of the harness, and pulled downward, doing the same thing to the top of her breasts, causing them to be squeezed deliciously tight, bulging out between the ropes, with every single breath she took. I tied the harness off by making a center knot between her breasts, then took the ends back over her other shoulder and secured it to the back of her chest harness. Every time she pulled down, her breasts would receive a jostle. Every time she breathed, her breasts would be squeezed. Every push outward she made would compress the harness tighter. She tested this for a few moments, proving every action to be futile, and every moan grew deeper and louder.

Pam and I took her by her arm and hip, guiding her carefully over the sybian. Pam knelt to lube the phallus up, stroking it a bit, and we helped her sit down. I held her steady while Pam guided the phallus inside her pussy. San's juices provided a very easy effort as I pushed her down, sitting all the way on it, pushing deep inside filling her completely. For her pleasure's bonus, the phallus had a clitoral piece that was pushed snug against her most sensitive regions.

Pam and I took a remaining coils of rope and folded San's legs. I wrapped her thigh and ankle, as did Pam, frogtying her tightly, cinching out all slack, and joining each of our ends together, tying them tight behind her rear. The ropes lifted her feet up and prevented San from reaching the ground at all. All of her weight was forced onto her center and an even louder moan escaped her. She was already panting and pulling on her bonds. I placed a hand on her head for support to help keep her focused, and she looked up at me sheepishly. I smiled down to her sweet eyes and stroked her hair, while Pam moved to my side and brushed her cheek as well.

Once San had calmed down, it was Pam's turn. The whole process was repeated for her, with me doing it all this time. I took one very long black coil of rope, and looped around her body and arms, binding her arms to her body and wrapping above her breasts, then below, then above again, and below once more, each time going behind, cinching out all slack until her arms were tightly pinned. She lifted her wrists herself, parallel to the floor as before, and I wrapped around her wrists and forearms, cinching them tightly together, wrapping over her shoulder, through her breast harness, and pulling the harness very tight together to squeeze her bosoms together the same way San's were. She couldn't contain a moan from her position. Finishing her tight harness, I helped her step over the sybian and knelt down to lube the phallus for her this time. She sat down slowly as I guided her hips, until it pushed into her. She gasped at it filling her, and I pushed her shoulders down gently, pushing until she slid all the way down, the clitoral piece pressed tight into her hood. Lifting her ankle up to her thigh, I frogtyed her the same way we tied San... and then the other side... and then brought the ends together behind her bum. Feeling all of her weight now on the phallus, she leaned her head back and couldn't contain a deep groan.

I knelt between them, cupping each of their cheeks, rubbing and caressing gently to come closer. We were almost ready. Pam's attention came back as she leaned to me. I lifted up a four-strapped, black ballgag, with the straps at each 90° position around it. Holding the large ball to Pam, she leaned forward and took the sphere in her mouth. It didn't fit completely behind her teeth, but then it wasn't exactly supposed to. I pulled the straps behind, buckling it very tight under her hair. I gently pulled her forward by the other two straps as San leaned in. Pulling the straps around her head, pushing her to the ball where she tilted her head in the opposite angle of Pam's. Her lips were pushed onto the remainder of the ball, mashing their mouths tight together, and held in place as I buckled the gag tightly under San's hair.

“Mmmnhgnrmn”

“Phgmrmgnmn”

As they both experimented with words, each were completely garbled by their gag. Lip-locked, their moans began to grow larger and longer as they couldn't hold back any longer, making what little kissing motions they could in their situation. I knelt to them, with two sets of clover clamps. Their nipples were already hardened and unable to fight back as I wound and twisted the chains of the clamps around each other a couple times to cut out any extra chain lengths. The first were San's nipples, gripping each of them tight. She groaned heavily into Pam when they went on. Next came Pam's, gripping her tender nipples hard. Her groan was a little louder against San's mouth, but they nuzzled into each other for comfort. Because of the twists and winds in the chain before I attached, the length was much shorter, forcing them together even closer, almost to the clamps touching each other. Should they pull away at all, they would tug the other's nipples.

Satisfied that they were utterly helpless and stuck, I pushed the two switches on the side, and the humming began. They each gasped into each other, their eyes shot open. San's rolled back into her head as she moaned heavily out of her throat. Pam's eyes drifted shut and she whimpered delightfully into her lover's mouth. They tugged and struggled, pulling at their ropes but going nowhere, only serving to squeeze themselves. The ropes caused their arms and wrists to bulge around the black ropes, their breasts bouncing up and down as they began to breath faster. Their moans into their mouths grew shorter and quicker, making deeper kissing motions into each other. If I didn't know better, I'd say the ball was blocking their tongues.

I watched them as their lips could no longer contain the drool spilling over each of their chins, one ribbon, two, three-four-five, like a river, they both drooled over each other's chins, nuzzling and nosing into their faces as best they could. They gave some experimental tugs of their clamps for each other, the chains going taut and pulling their nipples hard. The sybian went higher in gear after a period and their moans grew shorter, louder, and more frequent. Their wrists tugged, and pulled, their shoulders squirmed and twisted against but could get nothing at all.

Their hips began to buck as their eyes softly opened, glazing over as they stared into each other, moaning into their shared gag, pushing closer into each other's mouth, moaning deeply and heavily as the sybian hummed inside their sexes. Staring into each other, they professed-

“MnlphymnPhn!”

“MnlphymnPhm!”

Their moans and pants grew shorter, louder, harder, and their bucks twisted. Their arms pulled, their wrists tugged, their breasts bounced and bulged. Their voices grew to the highest of pitches... and they each screamed-

“GRMNNMNNPMMNH!!!!”

“RHNGMFPNMNNN!!!!”

Their bodies convulsed and shook as the endless waves rolled over them, climax after climax, coming to each other again... and again... and again.

I sat beside them and smiled as I watched these two loving girls have an amazing time together, sitting beside each of them, running my finger through their hair one at a time. I adored them for hours to come, as their bodies began to glisten in the light from sweat as they had countless... upon countless... upon countless orgasms through the night.

Soon their energy began to run out, so I stopped the sybian. First, I undid the gag from Pam... then San. I undid San's legs. And before I could get to Pam, San fell to the side. I caught her; she was completely out of breath, almost unable to keep her eyes open from passing out. Her body was still twitching on and off. I laid her gently down as I went to tend to her lover. I untied Pam's legs, and she too fell backwards off the phallus, groaning in utter exhaustion. She heaved her breaths as she looked up at me. I pulled her over to San and helped them stand up. It took a little bit, their balance was off and their legs still very wobbly. I untied San first, undoing her wrists, then her chest harness. She helped me untie Pam and they tried to contain the twitches in their bodies, clinging ever tightly for stability. The rope marks on their skin felt soft to the touch and they each clung to me and each other. With each girl in an arm, I held them tight to help them contain the vibrations still going on inside them.

Softly, I guided them to a huge bed on the opposite side of the room where we three fell into the sheets. The girls entangled their legs with mine, arms tightly wrapped around my back and shoulder, and around my hip. They each rested their heads on my chest, leaned up to kiss each other one last time, then each of them kissed my neck... then pushed their faces against it as they fell asleep in seconds. I lied there, holding them tight against me, running my fingers through their hair, watching each of them slumber in bliss... until I joined them with my eyes closed...

As I opened my eyes, I inhaled slowly, a sad smile on my face as I turned over, my sheets still kinda cold. I guess that's what happens when it's empty all night. I heaved a sigh though my nose and sat up, rubbing my eyes to get the crust out of them. I had plenty of time this morning, for sure...

A PLEASANT SESSION LATER

I drove to work with “*The Musashi Legend*” playing to reflect my mood. That last one actually made me feel a little bit better. As I started work, I noticed Pam was in for the earlier shift today. Wasting no time, I thought to ask.

“Hey there, how was... whatever it is you did?”

“Wonderful! We went out clubbing and I got a bit drunk, haha! :D ”

“No driving I hope.”

“No not at all, we caught a taxi and were safe. I did snog some guy because San dared me to. She bet I couldn't do it. She lost ;)”

“Can only imagine what the fare was”

“;D”

She kissed a guy huh... I didn't know they were in that kind of openness about their relationship. But it's okay, that's their choice. Though, I did feel kinda left out that they would do that to a total stranger and not me... jealousy is ugly, I wish I didn't have it. I felt really unbecoming of a “gentleman”.

“So tell me, is that invitation to your place for dinner and entertainment still on the table?” she asked.

“Of course! Absolutely. How's tomorrow for you two? Weekend, so you and I don't work.”

“We'll be there! And we'll make it worth your while ;)”

“I look forward to it. I'm thrilled already.” Suddenly my heart started fluttering... they're coming over? ...To my place?! Surely this wouldn't be happening... no way... could it?

Segment 9

I'm not much of an entertainer. People might find me entertaining, not always in a nice sense. But here I was, about to entertain two very lovely girls, two very kinky girls. Shit, how did I get myself into this? I needed something to calm my nerves for this whole thing as I cleaned the place up. I put my phone next to my few extra speakers I had on a shelf near the countertop (worktop) which had a couple of speakers. Using the auxiliary cables, plugged right into my phone. And who needs those iDevice home audio center nonsenses that cost you half your paycheck? Answer: not me!

As I waited, I pondered the thought of someone else being here with me for support as I would entertain guests. They would be at my side, ready to help me. They would be able to soothe my nerves whenever I felt uneasy like this. I looked at my right hand, my middle finger, at the gold band that hugged it. The ring was made from 10KR gold and had a leaflet pattern surrounding it. On the inside was an inscription that said, "Joined Forever." It was the ring my grandfather gave to my grandmother. Over time, it wound up in my possession. Since the day I had it on my finger as a memento, I've been waiting for the day I could finally give it to someone. That someone, I only imagine, would be able to keep me calm for today as I entertained some guests. As long as I had them... I would be indestructible.

My stomach was full of butterflies, as goofy as that expression is. My teeth chattered with anticipation for the ladies' arrival. I took a huge breath, held it, and pushed it all out. My mind calmed, and my nerves stilled as the music started. I felt my neck shift a little as the beat of the tune started up. And there it was, the sound of knocks at my door. I shifted my eyes alone to it, I could do this...

Opening the door, there they were. They cheerfully hopped inside. They had a couple bags in their hands. Setting the bags close to the sofa, they turned right around and sequentially hugged me, as I did them in return. First was San, then Pam.

"A pleasant house you have!" Pam said with eagerness in her voice. One might think she was actually happy to be there.

They looked around at the wall scrolls and posters I had of video games and Japanese cartoons, a couple of pictures of some old friends I used to have... then they found the television and gaming consoles and sorted through those a little.

"You two hungry at all? Were you planning a stay of some sort? Not that I would mind you two crashing here in even the slightest," I asked.

"Ahh what'd you have in mind?" San permuted on the question. "We brought a few things to complement your selection." She fetched one of the bags and pulled out some chips, crisps she called them. She pulled some alcohol as well and I got them a couple glasses. "What're you drinking?"

“Oh, coke for me, I don't drink.” Had to wonder how that would bowl over.

“You don't drink? At all?” Pam asked curiously.

“Nah, just not my thing really.” I had reasons, but didn't wanna spoil the moment for them by going into sad histories of friends and family with substance abuse. Not appropriate gala conversation!

“But that'll give you an unfair advantage!” San giggled and poured herself a beverage as I got one for Pam, then one for myself.

“To new a new friend we found here, very happy to have you as our guest and host,” said Pam raising her glass. She was too kind, honestly.

“To two lovely girls who enjoy my company, thank you for having me and coming.” I kinda didn't want this to end.

“To this music! What is this!?” San said listening and shimmying to the beat of “*Rocket Rider*”.

“Uhh it's the music from Super Meat Boy! Chapter 3 Dark World, '*Rocket Rider*'.” We sat down at the table with a couple of bowls of snacks and our drinks, theirs significantly stronger than mine. We talked the games related to each of the piece that came on, our differences in opinions on which games were enjoyable. The girls liked playing those Online Multiplayers while I was a bit more private and enjoyed action platformers, as well as the music that went with it. They stumbled onto the question you always ask to someone, “What kind of music do you like??” but it was a complicated question.

“I have a strong preference to music that doesn't have lyrics; or, if the song does have words, where the voice is used as an instrument instead of a means of conveying a message,” I explained as I took a sip. “Like, I enjoy music that is very melody-driven and has a lot of permutations on the melody. I love music that'll also have permutations on the harmony and the pattern. That's why most of my library, as you can tell by the last six songs, consists of video game background music, because its sole designed purpose is to play in the back of your mind and help you immerse in what you're doing and contribute to the atmosphere and the mood.”

“That's very intriguing. I never thought of it in that way,” Pam said looking upwards in thought at the sentiments. “So you have some games to play? I'd be interested in seeing how you handle yourself,” she said with a coy smile.

“I have a couple of games we can play, you two more interested in multiplayers?”

“You have that whole Wii Sports game? I'm good at that,” San chimed in. “I would have hours of fun until someone would get in my way,” she glared with a smile over at Pam.

“You made us late for the party! You said you were almost ready and you hadn't even started

getting ready!”

“And I thought you made me pay for that!” San retorted.

“For which I was punished after that, stuck to a tree! With a whole protest crowd staring at me! It was so embarrassing when they *joined* me!” Pam cackled. I think their drinks were starting to get to them.

“Prob'ly a huge story behind that. Anyway, uhh yeah, got it,” I said looking through the shelf and finding it. “They gave this as a free gift with every Wii purchase.” I popped it in while they reloaded their drinks some more. I saw out of the corner of my eye that San tried to spike my drink with a little shot, which I tactfully dumped back into hers while she took her turn. Cheeky little tart.

We had a number of laughs as we played. As time went on, they got more and more loopy as the drinks kept going down. Their accuracy and ability kept getting more dull by the minute while mine stayed fixed.

“Hey! That'sh not fair! You're not dsinking like we are!” San said unhappily as I beat her that time around.

“But you won the firshst few timesh and had been dsinking,” Pam tried to boost her ego a little.

“You shush! Don't you defend him!” she snapped.

“You shush! Don't you attack him! Ios graciously invited us over!” Pam pushed on her shoulder. I quickly grabbed their drinks and pulled them away from the range of feet that flew around with a little wrestles that happened on the couch. They giggled and squeaked at the tickling and dirty tricks used on each other until San pinned Pam to the sofa with her wrists held above her head against the arm rest.

“Ios! You have something to hold her don't you! Bring it here now!” San called behind to me. Suddenly my face went red and my heart sank into my stomach.

“I—uh, wha-?” was all I could get out.

“No! San you let me go!” Pam protested and kicked from under San.

“Ugh! Forget it! I've got my own,” she smiled and moved around behind and under Pam, pulling her wrists down and wrenching them behind where she held them. I stood there mystified, completely flushed and too shy and nervous to comment or do anything about what was happening on my couch. I saw San reach behind herself and she pulled something out. I didn't get a chance to see it but I did hear a small jingle of a chain link. My eyes widened... could it really be-?

“San!” Pam yelled. The clicks were loud enough to fill my ears. They may have been the only

thing I heard, as San jumped off and pinned Pam to the couch, reaching for her feet, another pair of metal bracelets went around her ankles and clicked on fast. She rolled off and stood up panting, then Pam began to squirm and tug on her handcuffs.

“Wooh! Haven't had to fight you in a while. I'm getting rusty. Ios, get over there and hold her,” she pointed to a now somewhat helpless Pam and looked over at me.

Pam shot her eyes at me, “No! Ios, don't you dare. Uncuff me this instant!” I stood there, frozen at what I saw. San pulled her up by her arms and pushed as she forced Pam to hobble over at me. The drinks were really setting in, it looked like, as Pam started to lose her balance!

“AAHH!!”

“Whoop!” And I caught her and kept her from falling. Stabilizing her, she looked up at me and back at San.

“Bitch! Unlock me right this instant! You're embarrassing Ios!”

“Ios, you hold her there, or I'll do the same to you!” San smiled fiendishly at me. Was she serious? Not only was she physically weaker than me but she was also kinda drunk while I was completely sober. Did she really think she would be able to stop me? I was about to set Pam down and find the key... but I didn't... my hands gripped Pam's arms to keep her steady.

She looked up at me gawking, eyes completely wide. “No, you wouldn't! Ios!” By this time, my face was beet red as I bit my lower lip looking sheepishly back into her eyes. “You... dirty boy, you!” she grinned bemusedly and pulled against me. I kept holding on while San came back with the other bag they had and unzipped it open.

“Knew this would come in handy tonight. Good boy, Ios,” she said taking out mounds of ropes. I hooked my hands under Pam's arms and kept her from having full contact with the ground, which would give her no leverage to resist or pull away from me anymore. It'd be okay... if San really lost her mind and Pam was really in danger, I was more than strong enough to stop her... Was there really anything wrong with...playing with them?

San took a long coil of rope and forced Pam's elbows together where she wrapped and coiled around, tying them tightly together. She then began on her wrists until undoing the cuffs so she could finish tying her hands. She knelt down with another coil, wrapping around Pam's thighs and cinching tight. Then finally she repeated the process for Pam's ankles and undid the cuffs. I released Pam and she looked up at me with a tint of red in her cheeks.

“So... this was your plan all along was it?” she said glaring up at me.

“N-no... I just...” I was without words. Really, what've I done? A new friendship, with two amazingly nice girls, wasted on my temptations. I gave in! I let my desires get the better of me! My eyes shifted away in shame for-

“Well, you're doing a good job...” she whispered and raised up on her toes to plant a soft kiss

against my cheek, winking and a coy little smile. My eyes were wide as saucers.

“Hhheh... that's the booze in you talking...” I shyly looked away, trying desperately not to say too much at the risk of saying something utterly stupid. “Wait a few minutes, you'll come to your senses.”

San approached us and stood in front of me. “Now that she's properly restrained, Ios, you should be the one to punish her for messing up your gathering!” she provoked.

“Uh-hhmm.....” I began to slightly sweat. I struggled to resist the temptations growing stronger with each second; and with Pam looking up at me, her eyes seeming rather hungry, not for food, she was not helping at all. My knees began to shake as San touched my shoulder.

“Hey, if you don't want to, I'll do it. But if you're up for it... maybe you'd like to try it on me perhaps? I can't let Pam here have all the fun,” and she winked too. This was what my guests wanted... wasn't it? I couldn't disappoint them. I took hold of the offering in her hand, a large coil of ropes and closed my eyes, inhaling deeply through my nose... . . . and out through the mouth. The shakes, the heat, the tension fell beneath me and I helped Pam sit down on the couch.

“Did you have a preference for how you wanted it?” I asked.

“Tight... besides that, surprise me,” she grinned up at me. I nodded and took her by the shoulder, turning her about and lifted her wrists slowly to a horizontal position, parallel to the ground. I began to coil the rope around her wrists and forearms, wrapping around and around, cinching it snug and tight and tying it off. I took another long strand from the mound she'd gotten from her bag and began to wrap around her arms and body, binding her tight together, wrapping around her big and beautiful chest above, then below, cinching tight, running over her shoulder, down between her chest, and under the bottom rope, pulling it tight back up through her breasts and over her shoulder. They squeezed sensually within the ropes and she gave a little, “Ooh!! This isn't your first time, is it?” She looked back to me with a smile. I fed the ends around her wrist ropes to anchor her arms to the back of her harness.

“Actually... it is...” I smiled to her softly, taking a third, smaller strand and wrapping it into a couple snug coils around her waist.

“No, no way,” Pam interjected. “That can't be your first. I've tied and been tied more times than I can count, and watching that, you did that too well to be completely new to this.”

“Well, I'm not new to bondage,” I responded, getting another few strands and setting them on the coffee table. “I just said that I never got the chance to do it with anyone.”

“So you researched all this on your own?” San asked with a curious look. And I nodded. “Very resourceful... what else do you have up your sleeve?”

“If you two want... I have an idea that will allow us all to have a bit of fun...”

They both grinned and looked to each other. "I'm game," San answered.

"Me too. But you have to redo me! I want to see how well you handle yourself, first hand."

I nodded. "As you wish, Mmmmy dear." I was about to say 'Miss' but stopped myself, remembering she didn't like it. Try to be polite and ya get eggshells.

She smiled and offered her legs to me as San sat down, saying, "Such a gentleman." I was not...at least I didn't think I was. I undid Pam's legs at her ankles, and then her thighs to allow her to stand up.

"Actually, San, I'm 'onna need you both over here..." I moved over to the dining table and grabbed two chairs. I pulled them to the living area and faced them towards the couch away from the TV. "A seat for each of you." I placed a strand of rope on each chair going from back to front on the seat itself.

San sat down, but Pam did not. "Wait, you hafta retie me, remember??" as she turned about and wiggled her arms at me.

"Patience, sweet Pam, I can only go so fast." I knelt next to San's chair and held her leg around the side of it, coiling her ankle and then anchoring it to the chair leg in back; and then I did the same for the other leg, forcing her legs wide. I stood up and undid the ropes from her elbows, and then her wrists. She stretched and rubbed her limbs, glancing at San with an evil grin.

"No...Ios! Stop her!" San said alarmed.

"No! Wait a moment before you tie me, Ios. I owe her one for earlier," she said walking to the bag and sifting through it.

I shrugged and looked at San kinda sadly, "Well... you kinda did do that to her and it was kinda mean." Pam stood back up and walked over to her.

"You little biughpnmNMPHNMNHMM!!" Pam held her head back and forced a very large cock gag into her mouth with harness straps folding around her chin, up over the bridge over nose, and over her head. Pam smiled and pulled all of the straps taut, buckling each one very tight. San struggled and pulled hard in her chair, getting nowhere at all. She pushed and pulled and shook her head, squirming furiously. "HMPH!" she grunted looking up at Pam, staring daggers at her.

"Wow, Ios, she really was trying there, and your work held. Me next!" I stepped to her and fixed the waist rope around her first. After, I repeated the original process I did with San, starting with her arms horizontal, tying her wrists tightly. Then her breast harness. But this one I added another pass through under her arms, up her shoulders, around the back of her neck, back down and under her other arm, pulling tight to squeeze her chest from all sides. "Wooh!! Oh my, you are good with that."

I whispered against her ear as I helped her sit, “For the kiss earlier...” I saw her blush a little as I knelt to pull her legs back and tie her ankles the same way I did San's, stretching far apart and anchored to the back legs of the chair. San watched me and her eyes began to grow softer, seeming like she rather enjoyed what she saw. Pam looked to her lover and smiled a delighted grin as I came back to her. “Open wide, if you please?” I said softly, holding a big, shiny black ballgag I'd found in their bag.

She gasped and smiled, “See San? He is a true gentleman, asking politely for a girl. Yes, sir, please proceed!” San grunted in protest as I just smiled looking back to Pam. She graciously held her jaw open, and I slowly popped it inside, filling her mouth, pulling it in tightly and stretching the straps back. “Mmnnhm,” she moaned as I buckled the straps tightly behind, fixing her hair so it wasn't held. “Hphnnkmmn, phn,” she smiled cheerfully behind the gag and looked sweetly up at me with her darling little eyes.

“You're most welcome. Now... here comes the fun part...” I moved behind them both. Starting with San, I pulled the rope she was sitting on that was wedged under her buttocks up and secured it to her waist rope. I then moved over to do the same with Pam. Behind them, I made some rustling sounds and out came one, two, then three Gamecube controllers. They looked at them, then each other puzzled.

“Hmn dpn mnhph nph nff pnm hgmmn smn phn?” Pam attempted to say at me.

“I don't...” I answered, knowing full well what she'd been wondering. I answered her question by tossing a game box on the couch and turning the TV on.

“Hnnmm?!? PHMM!!” Sandra muffled alarmingly. Pam turned to her worriedly with her eyebrows furrowed. San motioned to the couch... and both their eyes went wide with horror at the site of Smash Bros. Brawl.

I came back to their front and boy did they begin to fight back now, squirming and pulling and struggling ever harder. Grunting and groaning, it was a safe assumption that they knew what I had planned.

“If you'll permit me for a second, ladies?” I took the rope dangling over the chair seat front, and wrapped a controller around and around, before wedging it tight in Pam's crotch, holding it hooked around her sensitive groin, then fastening the remainder tightly to the front of her waist harness. The process was repeated for San and I sat in front of them both, pulling them closer to me and resting my feet on each of their chairs in front of the controllers tied to their crotches. “Whadduya say girls? 20-minute beatdown sound good?” I said with an evil smile. They shook their heads wildly and protested loudly into their gags.

“NMN! Nnhm phnm mn!

“Nph mnh nhmphpmngsm!”

I could see Pam start to drool down on her bosoms as San's chin was already covered. And the fight started. I beat their two characters into a corner and pummeled them. As I did, the

controllers buzzed to life with each blow. The girls groaned heavily and moaned into their gags, tugging harder on their bonds. Their heads leaned back in frustration as they couldn't even see it coming. Occasionally, I left their character alone and focused on just the other one, switching off periodically. I would also rub my feet against the controllers to press the buzzing vibrations a little bit firmer into their groins. Each passing minute grew harder for them as they began to pant, heavier, harder, drooling wildly all over their chins and dripping on their breasts.

Halfway through the match, I heard Pam scream, quivering in her ropes as she bucked and squirmed to her orgasms. A few seconds later, San joined and convulsed heavily in her chair. I paused and leaned forward, cupping their cheeks and getting a little dribble on my palm.

“You girls've done so well, you made it halfway through! ...Think you can do the second half? Just say the word and we can stop. You want some more?” I was hunched over looking up to see their faces hanging over. They panted, looking at each other, then back at me sheepishly...

“...Nnnmn,”

“Mmhmn,”

-they whimpered, nodding. I smiled and leaned in to give each of their foreheads a kiss. “Don't hold back this time...” I whispered to them... “...I won't either...” and I sat back and began a vicious onslaught, beating their characters harder, faster, more ruthlessly. The only moments of rest they had were the moments of invincibility from respawning. After that, it was back to the vibrations of the controller, buzzing and pushing hooked into their, probably, sopping wet pussies.

Their bodies shook and their boobies jostled, bouncing with each heavy pant they took, the waves inside building up again. I sweat a little myself as I pushed myself even tougher, to beat the characters just a little bit more, to push them both to the brink... and, as the final countdown for the match's timer announced, finally over the edge.

“TIME!”

“GRMNPHM NMGPHN FNGMPHRMN!!”

“RMHP PHMGN SPNHM PHMNR!!”

I watched as they came... again, and again, and again. They leaned their heads back in exhaustion and I stood up, reaching around to get the straps from Pam's head, undoing the buckle and pulling it from her. I made my way to San and did the same with her gag and took it out and dropped them on the couch. They panted and heaved until San looked back at me and spoke up.

“Give her to me!”

I nodded in full understanding and grabbed the backs of both their chairs, turning them towards each other, and then tilting them forward. My muscles strained holding them steady as I watched them lean into each other, and mash their lips tight together, kissing ever deeply and passionately. Their lips curled and wrestled with each other, as their tongues caressed and coiled around. They whimpered and moaned into each other's mouths. And all I could do was smile

warmly, having contributed to their happiness.

My arms started getting tired holding them outstretched and keeping the girls steady, but thankfully they had finished nuzzling and looked to me. “You, sir, are a bloody evil genius,” San uttered to me. I set them back down and began to let them out.

“Nah, I'm just the ugly duckling.”

“Not at all!” Pam said. “You did all that!” I'd finished untying her and began on San while she nursed the rope marks on her body

“Every man is occasionally blessed with luck,” I smiled as my modesty was starting to creep back in.

“And every girl is occasionally brought to thundering orgasms by an amazing gent with extreme talent,” San complimented as she was released too.

“I've given you two a new trick, use it wisely.”

Pam bowed her head, “Yes, o' Master Ios.” ...The words actually stung as I knew what was about to happen within me. I felt the fissure inside grow even wider this time as I smiled and helped them gather their toys up. I didn't want it to come, but I knew I couldn't stop it.

“Thank you again for having us!” San smiled happily.

“Yes, you were a wonderful host and I would love if we could do it again sometime,” Pam agreed.

“Oh, ladies, the pleasure was all mine.”

They giggled and looked to each other. Okay, that wasn't true. The pleasure was all theirs. They stopped and looked back at me, smiling.

“...Whadduya say, Pam? Shall we reward our gracious host for his gift to us?” San asked. I flushed immediately.

“I think he deserves it.” The both stepped closer to me and took hold of my hands.

“Uh-!” I was stopped as they pulled me forward and San jumped up, pushing her lips tightly against mine. Her tongue infiltrated my lips and found mine, petting it softly and stroking along it. She retreated and stepped back as Pam jumped right in, her lips tasting sweet and warm as did San's, her tongue coated with her saliva and brushed up and down mine, softly massaging my lips using hers. She pulled back and they both let go. I was as hot and red as I could get and averted my eyes shyly.

“Been wanting to do that for so long. Thank you again, Ios. We had a wonderful time,” Pam

whispered.

They both waved as I held the door open for them. I was able to squeeze out, “Y-your welcome...” They walked away, giggling happily. I closed the door and plopped down on the floor, smiling like a nervous goof. I bit my lip and pictured the moment one more time. I got to my feet and hit the lights, walking to my room where my cloths fell away. I fell onto my bed, my heart pounding against my ribs. I curled up and thought of it all as I fell asleep.

Segment 10

My head was aching, throbbing. I opened my eyes and felt cold, hard ground against my face. I lifted my head up and saw the inside of a huge warehouse. I looked around in the darkness, but the more disturbing thing was that I found no entrances... no exits... not even any windows. No way in - and yet, no way out either. I didn't know where I was, or how I got there; but I knew I didn't wanna be there. I thought it was time to leave. I tried pushing myself to stand up, but I tripped! I looked back at something on my leg. It was a large shackle, chained to the ground.

“Oohh, you're awake!” My eyes widened. No, not him... “You have a good time with your two new girlfriends?”

I looked over at Hol sitting back in a relaxed position in the darkness with that horrid grin of his. “They're not my girlfriends,” I muttered.

“That's right, they're not your girlfriends. Who would want to be your girlfriend?” He got up and leaped forward and knelt in front of me just out of reach. “A shit like you, it's a wonder you managed to make them your friends at all.”

His words actually angered me for a change. “Shut up! They like me for who I am. They think of me as a great friend! Whadduyou know about us!?”

“What do YOU know about them!? Did you ever think they might be suffering from your involvement in their lives!?” He screamed in my face. I stopped because I didn't. “Did you once ask if they really enjoyed your presence in their lives!? Or did you just assume they wanted you around!”

“No, they invited me! And to return my gratitude I invited them. They appreciate who I am and enjoy my friendship. Why else would they have had such a good time tonight?!” I shouted at him, pulling on my shackle.

“Maybe they had no choice. After all, they did say they didn't know anybody else here. What if they don't even like you?! They may not have the heart to say that you aren't all that fun but they don't have any alternatives! Maybe your existence is smothering them!” His words had elements of truth to them, after I'd thought about it. I groaned in dismay looking down, unsure how to respond. “Let me ask you, did you not covet Pam since the day you saw her?” I opened my mouth to say something... but I couldn't... “Did you not adore and fantasize about them both from the bottom of your heart? Did you not covet to hold them in your arms?” I hung my head...looking down into the concrete. “And when their guard was down, when they had no alternatives, did you not finally give in when presented with the perfect opportunity to take advantage of their sexual weaknesses? Maybe it's you who thinks you're friends, not them.” ...He was right... I did give in to my desires.

“I...” I tried to speak. All I could do was hang my head in shame. “I just wanted-”

Hol just scoffed. “Fyh! You 'just wanted'! You 'just wanted' something you can't have! Something they would never be able to give you! You wanted it from two girls who had nothing to do with you! And this is how you repay them?!” ...I wanted love... I wanted companionship. Didn't I? Was it only lust I was after? He was right. Somewhere inside me, I'd hoped they would adopt me into their world, and reflect what they felt for each other to me. I wanted what they had for each other. I tried to connect to them through means they would understand, not realizing that I hadn't truly considered if they really wanted me in their existence, if they wanted to reflect their own feelings for each other for me. “Exactly, that right there is the proof of your incompetence. Such is the reason you're here. You're weak willed, Ios. You're fucking pathetic!”

“I'm here because you brought me here!” I looked back up at him.

“And whose fault is that?!” He swooped in and landed his fist into the side of my face. I groaned at the sting of his blow. It hurt. It hurt so much more than normal. I clutched my cheek bone, thinking it might've been broken. And then, he appeared right in front of me, grabbing my throat and lifting me up, high above him until the chain tugged on my ankle. I tried keeping my neck tight to stop his hand from crushing my wind pipe. “The deeper you push me away, the stronger I get. I'm getting *stronger every day!*” As a demonstration of strength, he lifted me even higher, my ankle nearly snapping from its tether. I uttered a strangled cry against the pain of his grip and my foot against the chain. He let me go and I felt hard onto the concrete.

Coughing to catch my breath, I managed to utter back at him, “You don't give me much incentive to give you a hug,” I retorted at him, rubbing my throat and eye.

He looked down his nose at me, with a look of complete fury burning in his fiendish yellow eyes. “...Ya think you're pretty cute, don'tcha.” Hol looked off, rolling his eyes. “No, I guess I don't give much of a reason to hug me. So I have an idea: why not hug your new special friends instead?” He snapped his fingers. The sound echoed as a sequence of stage lights all snapped on from the ceiling. Looking where they pointed, I saw a girl. It took a second for my vision to focus, still sore from when he hit me. When it did, my eyes widened, and my jaw dropped—in horror.

I saw San, naked, suspended, and, to put it in the softest possible term, viciously hogtied. She was held in the air by ropes which looked as if they were cutting off circulation. The ropes went everywhere. Her bonds were tied so tight she looked like a bulging salami. Her skin had changed colors from the pinches in her arms, legs, neck, face, and breasts. Her elbows were bound tight together behind her, wrists tightly crossed behind her waist. Ropes constricted her arms against her body with a chest harness. Her breasts were wrapped around the bases by ropes so tight it caused them to turn an unsettling purple. Her nipples were being gripped by a pair of clamps joined by a chain that was fed through a cinder block. Her legs were tied in a hogtie so tight it caused her whole body to arch. Her knees were pulled as far apart as they could given her situation. The torque was excruciating, and she sobbed at her bondage and what was happening to her.

My stomach began to tighten as I started to feel sick. Behind her stood motorized dildos, each mounted on a piston, thrusting heavily and viciously inside her rear and her pussy. In front of her, a third dildo hooked to a piston, thrusting just as hard in her mouth, which was held open by a ring gag. Her stare was blank, her eyes filled with tears, her mind shattered as the dildos thrust endlessly into her. Her chin was a flowing pool of her dribble, while her crotch dripped with her fluids.

“No...” I whimpered, “San! NO!! San!! Look at me! SAN!!” I couldn't reach her... she didn't move... she didn't speak. She didn't even whimper. All she did was stare blankly while her eyes ran freely with her tears down her face as she sucked on the penetrating dildos. I clawed on the ground, struggling to get to her but the cuff didn't give me any slack.

“See what you've done to her?” Hol growled at me. “You force your existence into theirs. You smother them with your desire and your filthy idea you call friendship. This is what becomes of them. You don't deserve to have friends. You don't deserve to have love!” he yelled.

“Let her go!!” I screamed at him.

“Admit to her that you are a horrid excuse for a friend! This is what you brought on her! Beg for your friend's forgiveness for giving into your desires!”

I looked at her and her blank, zombified stare. I gripped my fist and pleaded, “Please... let her go... don't hurt her anymore.”

“This is your doing, little buddy. You have only yourself to ask of that request. Your selfishness hurt others too.” He snapped his fingers again, and more stage lights clicked on.

I went white, my heart stopped... Pam... no...

She hung unconscious, upside-down, her feet locked in stocks, her torso secured in a tight latex straitjacket, her mouth forced open with a ring gag. She hung inside a tank used for water escapes in magic shows. Hol appeared next to it where two pipes sprouted from the ground and hooked into the tank.

“NO!! Please don't!!” I screamed, my eyes welling up with tears.

“You will learn the consequences of your actions!!” Hol shouted and kicked the valve. The pipes rattled as the tank slowly began to fill. At that exact moment, her eyes flickered open, and she swayed softly until becoming aware of her state. She looked around panicked and tugged at her restraints as the water swallowed her face and slowly rose to fill to the top. She tried to bend up to reach the surface but couldn't reach, butting her shoulders against the sides to try and get free.

“NOOO!!! PAAAM!!!!” I clawed and pulled harder on my restraint. She hung and struggled and pulled, looking around for help, her air bubbles escaping slowly. “STOOOOP IIIIIIT!!! PLEASE LET HER GO!! DO WHAT YOU WANT TO ME!! SHE'S DROWNING!!!”

“YES!!” he appeared and gripped my hair, pulling it back to see. “Your existence drowns others! Now watch as her final breath is smothered by your desires, your wretched excuse for a friendship. Watch as YOU put an end to your friend!” Pam looked at her jacket, at her feet, pulling and struggling for freedom and air. She became aware at the futility and looked straight at me. The look of absolute fear and terror in her eyes from her sobbing was all I saw. It was more than I could stand.

“PAAAAAAM!!!! GHYAAAAAAAAAHHHHH” I pulled, and I pulled, and I pulled harder, not stopping, I pulled at my ankle cuff. It began to hurt beyond words. My whole leg was in agony. My eyes gripped shut as I cried out, pulling as hard as I could, struggling, clawing my way to her along the ground. I felt my flesh begin to rip. My tendons began to sever. And my bones began to crush. Never did I feel so much pain. But I didn't care, I had to save her. I couldn't let her be hurt by this anymore. I screamed louder as I pulled, with all of my might... and I suddenly broke loose. I looked back at the sight of my mangled, bleeding, crushed foot, and ignored it.

“Pam!! Hold on!! Stay with me!!” I crawled and clawed to the tank. Her eyes rolled back... drifting shut. “NOOOOOO!!” I banged my hand against the glass as I reached it. No! It was too thick! I couldn't break it without something else! I looked up at the top and saw the padlock holding it shut. I couldn't even reach that! Not with my foot destroyed. Let alone would I be able to break it. I pressed my hand against the glass and started to cry. “Pam!! Look at me!! PAM! Please, no!!”

I gasped as I saw my hand. My ring! I still had my ring! I pulled it up over my knuckle with a last-ditch-effort idea. “Hang on Pam! Just hold on!!” She floated silently in the tank. I reared back, and summoned all of the energy I had, and jammed my fist into the glass, pulling hard downward as the corner of my ring made contact. It felt like the impact broke my finger. The huge screech of the glass filled my ears, and I repeated the action a little bit lower than the first point of impact. I'd scratched a large X into the side of the tank.

At the center, I shoved my fist. No good! Again! Again! “GRGH! KRHGH! GHRH!!” Using all of my weight, rotating my waist to thrust my fist into the glass. I beat my fist into the tank, again and again, over and over, hitting harder and harder, beating into the glass, and I didn't stop, no matter how much it hurt. My eyes gripped shut as the pain welled in my whole arm. The glass began to crack, and the cracks grew wider, and completely covered the side of where I'd been hitting. My fist began to bleed and break as I kept hitting the tank. But I didn't stop! I just hit harder and faster. I began to lose feeling in my extremity as I kept hitting. “RRRAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!” Screaming into the pain, I shoved my fist into the glass faster and faster, it started to crack more and more. Pulling back, I summoned every ounce of strength I could, and pushed with all of my weight, power, and every last thing I had into the last blow.

The shatter filled my face with blood as the water spilled from the tank. The force of the water rushing out pushed me away and even managed to envelope me for a brief moment. I panted and crawled back to the tank, calling to her. She hung there. She wasn't moving. “Pam! Pam, wake up!!” I reached for her. “Pa-AGHH!! Uhrgh” I screamed in a high-pitch shriek. I looked at my hand, battered, bruised, bleeding... broken, in too many places to ever work anymore. I crawled inside the large opening I'd made. Using my good leg, stood and knelt up to support her

shoulders as I reached up to the stock with my working hand. I used my arm of my broken hand to hold her a little better as I pushed and pulled on the wood until it snapped open. She fell on my leg and arm, and I almost dropped her. Sliding her out of the glass, I scraped my eye climbing out behind her. Crawling down with her, I pulled the gag away from her mouth. Pam lie there, lifeless.

“Pam!! Please! Open your eyes!!” I tilted her head back and pinched her nose, opening her jaw and blew, taking a breath, blowing again. I then tried pushing on her diaphragm once, twice, thrice. I repeated the process a few times as I desperately tried to perform CPR to revive her. I held my ear to her mouth... and felt her neck with my hand... and then everything went very still inside me - the world went stone dead silent. I hadn't made it in time...

Cradling her head, I picked her up and clutched her against my chest... and I wept. I was too late. “No... I didn't want this... I'm sorry Pam! I'm so sorry!” I howled... and I sobbed into her. I pressed my head to hers, holding her with care. I'd failed her as a gentleman, as a friend, and now with her life in my hands.

“Ios!!” Hol called from behind me.

I looked over, at him. There he stood, smiling at my agony. That horrible monster, grinning like a devil at San, at Pam, at me.

“This is what you've become!” he shouted. “Know what you really are to these poor souls!” His body began to glow. It emitted a disturbing aura. The aura glowed a tint of yellow as it surrounded him. The aura burned and grew bigger until it began to take shape. Hollow was the apparition that surrounded him, empty eye sockets, baring teeth with canines, inflamed in the evil wind of a demonic skull. I looked in horror at what it was, what had raped and murdered my friends, what had destroyed me, as it swarmed and devoured me. **“BEHOLD YOUR TRUE FORM, AND DESPAIR!!!”**

“AAUUUUUUGGHHHH!!!! Hhhuuu.. hhuuu.. hhuu... hhuu...”

I panted, and heaved, sitting the darkness, feeling only the cool sheets of my bed. I lifted my hands and could see my right hand wasn't broken, but quivering, shaking violently, lit only by the LEDs of my computer. I gripped my head, trying to stay my shivering. My face, my neck, my chest, all completely drenched with sweat. I panted over and over.

“Uuuwwhhh fff-ff-ff-fuuuck...hhh...hhh.” I fell back and tried to catch my breath. “Uuooohh man, I am a mess...” I couldn't hold back the tears in my dreams, and I couldn't while I was awake either.

Segment 11

I had the second day of the weekend off; and with it, I did nothing. I sat there in bed, shades drawn, and quarantined myself. I tried to get my focus off last night. I felt sick. Her eyes... her face... the sheer agony and fright in her eyes... I started to salivate and become short on breath. I scrambled for the edge of my bed, running out my room to the near restroom. Hunched over, gripping at the bowl, I lost it. As I coughed the stomach acids out of my throat, I pleaded in my heart to the unknown for a chance to see their faces again. Was I really an inconvenience to them? I just hoped they made it home all right.

****A DAY OF SITTING IN MY ROOM****

I woke up a bit early the next day, didn't feel like my routine of orgasm to wake up. I cleaned up with a shave and a long, hot shower, prepared a lunch, and went off to work. This time I needed some soft music to sooth my instability. I listened to "*Moon Factory*" and imagined that amazing night I had with Pam and San. I smiled at the thoughts of their looks of bliss in their climax, their looks of joy as they left, and their smiles when they kissed me. It was a bit lifting, actually. If only a little.

When I was set up at my desk, I heaved a sigh, tense as all hell. Lin and Mal looked at each other, then at me. I think they knew I wasn't well. But then she arrived. I looked over at her walking in and she smiled warmly, waving and brimming with energy. I smiled softly and waved back. I let out a very low, deep, and silent sigh as I rubbed my eyes dry with my palms. She's okay... oh thank the stars she's okay.

Took a couple calls today, the usual junk of accounts being locked and unlocked, routes being black holed, nothing more exciting than an insult at me for lousy service. I made absolute certain that my problems inside were frozen deep within. I couldn't let it affect my performance in any way, so I shook it all off.

Lunch time rolled around. I sat in the break room, by myself, eating quietly and continuing to thank the balls of plasma in the sky that what I saw wasn't real.

"Hey you," called the lovely British lady. I turned and she appeared next to me, wrapping her arms around and hugging me. Because of my position, she hugged me from higher up and I got a nice face-full of her lovely bosoms. I hugged what I could of her hip and smiled at the predicament I was in. She sat and got her lunch out and huffed a breath of life out.

"You two enjoy yourselves?" I asked.

"We..." she smiled and fiddled with her utensils, "...loved every moment. You were an amazing host and we were so happy to come."

I chuckled at the wide open joke, "Oh yes, I know you were. You two were beyond ecstatic."

It took her a second as she looked up, then aside... and let out a laugh. "So, I hope this isn't too forward for you. That night, you seemed very uncomfortable at first. I was afraid we were pressuring you into something you didn't want. If we're pushing you too much, please say so and we'll stop. That is a major component of bondage, after all, is it not? Trust that the others will stop?"

I sadly smiled looking to her. "It's quite all right, Pam. I'm fine. You two are phenomenal and amazing. I'm just glad you both enjoyed yourselves so much. I'm just touched that you both enjoyed my company... you have no idea." Finishing up our lunches, we stood up and she came about, wrapping her arms around me again, this time with me standing up. As she did, I remembered for a brief instant how she felt in that warehouse. I held her close, and I held her tight. She leaned up and gave my cheek a soft kiss.

"I'm really glad to have met you," she whispered. "And I'm not just saying that to be nice."

I looked to her and smiled, softly rubbing her back and letting her go as she walked out back to work. I stared at the ground, empty inside as I remembering what Hol said to me... "Me too... thank you... Pam..." Maybe he was wrong about them.

****ROUTINE DAYS ARE ROUTINE****

Lin and Mal joined me at my place to relax after we got off work. I had told them about the weekend, all of it. Mal furrowed his brow as Lin gave a repulsed look at the story.

"Sheesh, man, they're really getting worse," Lin commented.

"I've had them before, never this bad. Usually just a girl being taken against her will, or forced into a bondage situation she didn't like. Never..." I hesitated, "-one of them being hurt like this and I'm made to watch them suffer."

"You may need to limit contact with the ladies if this continues," Mal suggested. "You know you can't explain this."

"No, no, I can't." I looked at my friends earnestly with a firm look in my eyes, "Pam and San can never find out about this." Could you imagine? If I told my new friends about the horrible tensions caused by my inner problems with our fun? The excruciating nightmares I had about them? The unspeakable desires I housed that were being taunted by the fun they enjoyed so much with me, thinking I was having just as much fun but was hiding such pain? I hung my head as I murmured, "...It... would break their hearts..."

"But it sounds like they both really do enjoy your company and you're not forcing your ways or yourself on them. They're actually worried they're doing that to you," said Lin.

"They sound as if they really do appreciate who you are to them, a gentleman in their presence and respectful of them as women with desires and personalities of their own," Mal agreed.

“Inviting them and pressuring them is ungentlemanly; but being a gracious host to your guests, and what they desired for entertainment, you held your grounds with dignity.”

I leaned back, draping my arm over my head and staring up at the ceiling. “I do cherish them for what they've given me. If only as very close friends, and never as lovers. It's not my place to hope for that. I'll just have to push past it—and hope I can find someone else. Their love is theirs, not mine.” I looked over at them as they nodded in agreement. I felt quite a bit more at peace. “Only worry is if I may find one to give me that chance before I lose all cohesiveness to my sanity.”

Mal stood and patted my shoulder, “Vigilance, my good sir. That is the price we must continually pay.” They both stood and headed towards the door. I showed them out, thanking them for coming. Surfing through the Net, I looked around at various things, mostly new sources of music I might've wanted to grab. Nothing too much of interest. I closed the night out by lying back, watching more YouTube videos of players commenting as they played games. Slowly, but surely, my eyes drifted closed.

A cold wind pushed over my face, shocking me to alertness. I snapped my eyes open and saw I was right back there again, that wide open warehouse with no entrance and no escape. This time I was more pissed about winding up back there, more confident about what was to come.

“Awoh, what now! Leave me alone, Hol!” I shouted into the void.

“You are an abomination...” sounded a soft, British, young woman's voice from behind me. I turned around fast, as I wasn't held to anything this time, free to go about my movements. I saw a woman, pale like the bloody Ghost of Christmas Past, with those same haunting yellow eyes. Her hair was long, very long, a bright ruby red in color, as was her dress. She wore an elegant, thin, red evening gown, looking almost of royalty. She had long, bony hands with vampiric nails extending down. She looked at me with a smug look of disgust.

“You're preaching to the choir. I've heard that more times than I can count,” I called back to her.

“You exist to cause pain to others. You will hurt them. You will hurt those you love,” her voice was chilling, piercing. A freezing wind blew from her and I felt ice surround me. The ice grew from the floor, reaching up, higher and higher as it began to close out the lights... “You will hurt her...” as the ice shut me in darkness.

My eyes shot open again and I was freezing. My window was open and I'd kicked my blankets off. Holy shit it was cold! Word of warning, if you sleep in the cold, make sure you're bundled up. It must've been below freezing, and I sleep in my underwear! I guess I kicked my blankets off me. I spent the night trying to warm myself back up. It wasn't hard. I produce more warmth than a heating dish. Probably the only thing that kept me from hypothermia.

In the morning, just as I was about to leave, I got a text from Pam.

“hey there sexy guy!”

“Have you been having too much to drink? I suggest you take today off,” I responded.

“but whom would invite you to their café for a lunch if I didn't go in today?”

My brows furrowed as I looked at the text, bewildered at what she meant. *“Pam doesn't have a café. She has datacenter.”*

“yes she does that's why I'm inviting you.” Now it was obvious that I was really talking to her other half.

“Why're you texting me through Pam's phone? Don't you have one?”

“she's a bit tied up in other matters at the moment ;)”

“See you two like to play early in the morning. Oh such fun could be had.”

“haha you should try it sometime” My eyes sagged at the sentiments. Point me in the direction of someone who'd let me and I will.

“Tell Pam I say hi and not to spend too much time playing.”

“aww! :(but it's so much more fun!” I rolled my eyes and stopped responding. I went to work. This morning was a bit better. I listened to a techno remix version of *“Peanut Plains.”*

I worked for a bit with my colleagues, then Pam showed up with a slight pink tint to her cheeks. I waved quietly to her and she smiled and waved right back. I turned to the guys and started divulging on the scenario.

“So they want me to go to lunch today.”

“...” they both looked at me, puzzled. Lin responded first, *“Yyyyyeah? And the problem is-?”*

“I don't know if I should. I think maybe they should start moving forward from me.”

“Aw come on, dude, you have a great chance to hang out and make these girls your close friends. I know you wanna remain out of harm's way, but they like you. Just give it a try, you might find something with them. And I don't mean inside them-” Mal leaned forward quickly and silently slapped Lin's head. He smiled with his jaw hanging open.

Mal and my eyes rolled as we shook our heads, Lin smiling and rubbing his head.

“Yes, to put it in a less crude way, be courteous to their wish to spend lunch with you. New things may arise from it,” Mal encouraged as well.

“Ehhhh...” I sighed at the complexity of my situation. Turning around, I messaged her about it.

“You two love birds have fun this morning?”

“Yes thank you! Bitch handcuffed me to the bed frame and licked some sensitive areas.”

“A wonderful way to wake someone up. Something I've wanted to wake someone up by for some time.”

“We need to find you a girlfriend! Come have lunch with us and we'll find a lady for you!”

“Oooohhh fffffffine.” I remembered what the guys said about new things. I didn't have much of a real reason to refuse.

“Don't worry, we'll find you a kinky girlfriend yet.”

“Thanks...” I looked away, hoping what she said was true. After 25 years, half of which actually in search for someone, I sure as hell didn't think I could do it myself.

****LUNCH TIME****

Pam and I walked to the café rather quickly. I guess she wanted to get started. Arriving, San was already seated in the booth waiting for us. We walked straight in and sat down with her. I noticed Pam whispering in her ear and thought little of it. I knew what she was doing, more power to her. Why would I stop her?

“So we're finding Ios a girl are we? Sounds like a fun one,” San responded. We ordered our drinks and looked around. Some girls walked by. San and Pam quietly made comments at me about who might and wouldn't be fit for me.

“What about her?” San asked, pointing at a young, short girl with a tight-fitting t-shirt and very tight pants that showed off her curves.

“No, she'd never play in our crowd,” Pam whispered. She looked around at another girl having lunch at a table. “What about her?”

“Aogh, seriously? She'd be such high maintenance,” San turned it down. I love how they can tell the personality flaws of women just by looking at them.

“Oh, c'mon, girls, you don't have to do this,” I said taking a sip of my drink.

“You hush, young man,” San snapped playfully. “Just have faith and leave it to us. We need one who's got that special sense of charm, free thought, but submissive beneath the surface.”

“She doesn't have to be a complete nerd, but it would help,” Pam added with a grin. “The quiet nerdy girls are always the kinkiest.”

“Oh, and she needs a wonderful smile, can tell an awful lot about a girl through her smile,” San

tacked right on. And her outfit, I guess?

I shook my head just rolling my eyes. San's eyes widened as I saw her looking towards the front. She nudged Pam, pointing toward the door. Their faces lit up and nodded to each other.

“Most definitely a worthy candidate.”

“Absolutely!”

I decided to humor them and turned to look over my shoulder. She stood there in an orange Sunday dress with white polka dots reaching down to her calves, thin straps over her shoulders, and a v-cut top that stopped right as her cleavage started to form between an extremely huge chest. Her hair was long, flowing, reaching down to her lower back, jet black in color. She looked around as if she was searching for someone—and in that moment, I caught her eyes, a dark grey color. She was... for lack of a better term, breath-taking.

“Think they're real?” San asked.

“Oh they couldn't be,” Pam answered. Of course those two would go straight for her chest. Though, I will admit, they seemed pretty large to be natural.

"Yours are," I mumbled. They giggled at my words.

“Let's find out,” San said getting up to walk to her. Was she really gonna ask if that woman's boobs were real? I smell a fireable offense coming on. She asked the lady something outside my aural range. They exchanged some words and I saw San looking at the whole floor, then at the book on the front desk. She looked sad and responded with something, a look of disappointment. The lady's face changed from an eagerness to a look filled with unspeakable sorrow. Her eyes fell to the ground, as if staring into the face of despair itself. San jumped in without warning to get her attention and pointed at our table. They both looked down here and Pam waved. And here they came. As they arrived, I saw her face had a slight pink to it.

“Hello, I'm so sorry to interrupt your lunch,” her voice was soft and sweet. Her smile... even sweeter. She was a stunning woman.

“Oh not at all. Please sit down with us. My friend here will gladly pay for you,” she said grinning at Pam.

“San! How could yo-!”

“I'll pay for her lunch... I insist,” I interrupted. They looked over to me, all gawking with smiles. I smiled up at her warmly. She meekly smiled back and blushed a little.

“Thank you so much,” and she sat down with the three of us.

“So tell us your name, please?” Pam asked eagerly, nudging me under the table.

“Oh, my name is Shi,” she responded.

“Shuh?” San tried repeating it.

She smirked with a pleasant grin and corrected a bit more phonetically, “Shi (shir).”

“Shi (sure),” San tried again, much better.

“Yes, that's it, don't feel bad, no one gets it right the first time,” she looked around to us.

“A very unusual name, very exotic. Where does it come from?” Pam asked.

“Lianshi,” I answered. They all looked at me, but Shi's eyes widened with glee. Her joy made my heart skip.

“Lian-who?” San asked me.

“Lianshi, or, more appropriately, Bu Lianshi. She was a wife of Sun Quan, the Emperor of Wu in ancient China. She bore two daughters by the name of Sun Luban and Sun Luyu. She was known for extraordinary beauty and heart, truly beloved by not only her husband, but everyone in the court—even his other wives. Of all the women Sun Quan had, Lianshi was his favorite. Actually, she was the only person who could keep him sane in the warring period.”

They looked back at her and she nodded excitedly, “That's exactly correct! My parents were history buffs and wanted to name me after one of the most loved empresses they knew about. They figured Catherine was too common. They named me Shi in honor of Bu Lianshi.”

“Well done, Ios!” Pam said, nudging me again.

A waiter came by to take our order. “Ladies first,” I said to the others at the table. Pam and San ordered what they wanted.

“I'll have what my treater is having,” she said softly. Oh cripes, now I was ordering for her?! I had to think of something! I didn't want to order my stupid, lame sandwich now! I felt my heart skip faster. I felt a stillness suddenly as a hand touched my side. Very subtly, I looked down to see Pam's hand resting on me. Looking over casually, I saw she was smiling.

She mouthed, “You can do this.” I believed her. I took a deep breath...and I did.

“Yes, may we get two large breads, Italian, toasted with hot pastrami, roast beef, turkey, with extra bacon. On that, could we get cheddar cheese, with lettuce, and bell peppers. And some au jus dipping sauce, please.” Wording that the way I did, it actually made me salivate a little. The waiter nodded and took the menus away.

“My my, ordering such a thing for a lady,” San teased.

“No,” Shi interrupted, “It sounds delicious! I'm sure it'll be amazing.”

“So that's a lovely dress you're wearing, Shi,” Pam commented. “Did you just come from a party or-” Shi looked down, a sudden look of unhappiness in her eyes.

“No... I came for a date. I wanted to wear something nice for them. Our relationship hadn't really been going so well. He said to meet him for lunch at a place right here at this address, where they served coffee and sandwiches. San looked at the reservations and the tables and no one came in or even made a reservation. I guess he... blew me off.”

“What a tosser!” San said outraged.

“Yeah he sounds like a complete sod, no gentleman, not like our Ios here,” Pam rubbed my shoulder. Dangit, Pam, don't make me out to be so great.

“I'm very thankful you're paying for my lunch, Ios. Thank you all for letting me join you, so much.” She looked down a little pink in her cheeks.

“Not at all, happy to have some new company!” San perked up and held her arm. Shi smiled and blushed more, looking over to me. I silently smiled, warmly, and nodded. Her eyes were soft and deep; her hair was shiny and draped partially over her shoulder.

Soon our food arrived and we began to dig in. The two girls paid close attention to Shi's reaction as she picked it up, dipped it lightly into the au jus, and took her first bite of the sandwich I picked out for us. She took a bite, chewing slowly... then she took another, and another... well... she likes it! They both smiled at me as Shi finished the bite she recently took. “It's delicious! I didn't think to order anything like this but it's so very good!”

“Ohh c'mon, you're just being polite,” I felt modesty taking over.

“No, I mean it. This is wonderful, I'm very happy to have this.” I couldn't help but blush.

“Happy I could choose a great lunch for you.” We continued our lunch, talking about the jobs we did and enjoying our time. Soon was it that our bill came and lunch time had come to an end. I seized the receipt before they had a chance and paid for us all.

“Thank you so much for lunch, especially you, Ios. Thank you, San, for inviting me,” Shi said standing up and shaking their hands... and then mine.

“My pleasure entirely,” I nodded. She waved and walked out, turning for one more look at me. I saw her smile as she left. Pam and San stood behind me, grinning like two mischievous little lynxes. My face began to blush again.

And as the day went on and I went home, Shi filled my thoughts, her smile, her eyes, her voice, her hair, the sense of warmth that surrounded her. I tried to think of something else. I could not.

Segment 12

Walking in the door, I started doing it to myself again, feeling inadequate for anyone. I began to think to myself that it would all be for naught. Thin as a scythe, she stood there in the corner of the living area. I gasped and caught my breath as she stared daggers at me, bony face and hands.

“You will cause her sadness. Pain and sorrow follows you.”

“You say that like we'll end up together,” I looked away setting my stuff down. “How'd you get in here? Who the hell are you?”

“Has he taught you nothing!” she roared and a frigid blast of air flew from her direction. I gasped at the chilling wind that encircled me, gritting my teeth to strain against it. “You lost what you had for a reason. Avert your eyes, and you will forever remain a puppet.” I looked up and she was gone. Her voice echoed in my head, looking around for her. I shook my head, pushing away that cold feeling. Somehow I don't think this was the last I'd see of this strange new apparition. I think I might be losing my mind.

****A NIGHT OF NOT TERRIBLE BUT NOT ENJOYABLE SLEEP****

Sitting at work, I was on a call with another network admin about routes to us getting dropped from their tables again. Going through the motions, I went over the records and traces, showing how we were getting diminished traffic. They agreed to open a ticket and look into it immediately. I hung up as did he. Fun times, fixing a mess.

“Hey, you busy?” Pam messaged.

“No, not anymore, what's up?”

“San's asking about you. Shi came back to the café today. She's been there all morning, waiting to see if you'd come back. She finally asked San when she walked by if you came in regularly. San's wondering if it's okay to let her know more about you.” I thought of her as a possible stalker at that moment, maybe even a serial killer. Honestly, I chuckled at the notion. Even if it were true, the worst thing that would happen is she kills me—and at that point it really doesn't matter anymore, does it?

“Ask San to relay a message to her. Tell her I'll be there after work, if she can wait.”

“Are you sure? We don't want to have fixed you up with a dangerous woman. I can tell you horror stories about stalkers and fanatics, trust me! They are horrible monsters and are insane!” I sat to myself and looked aside, a sense of gloom hanging over me as I thought to myself. Yeah, monsters... maybe this one will be able to kill mine... and me along with it.

As the end of my shift approached, I got up to go. Pam was leaving too and we walked outside

together, talking about what was to come.

“You sure you want to go through with this? I mean, a woman waiting for you all day to see if you'll come back? That's a bit strange wouldn't you say?”

“Maybe she's just doing reconnaissance. Maybe she's actually interested in me. Maybe she's a serial killer and wants to wear my skull as a hat.”

“Ogh! Ios! That's horrible, I don't even want to think of that happening to you!” she jumped up and hugged me tight.

“I'm just kidding, Pam,” I said hugging her back and rubbing up and down her spine.

“I'm worried for you, Ios. I've been in this situation before, it's the worst experience you can imagine.” I sensed I was about to touch on a subject that made her unsettled so I switched gears quickly.

“I'll investigate with precautions. You'll be my all-clear, okay? If you don't hear from me by tonight, something's wrong. Sound like a plan?”

“Deal! And if you forget, I will personally make you wear a set of my worst clover clamps!” she smiled.

“Fine, but if I have a good time, you have to wear them next time we play games.”

“You're on,” she hugged me again and kissed my cheek. “Good luck, Ios. Be safe,” she whispered. I saw her off and waved as she drove away. Now it was my turn...

At the café, the sky was already dark by the time I managed to walk over there. No reason to drive, really; it wasn't that far. Plus, if it did go south, she wouldn't know what I drive. Walking inside, the place was mostly empty. I looked up the floor to see if I could spot her. Lo and behold, there she was, her back to the wall with her forearms on the table, fiddling with a napkin, presumably waiting all day. She glanced over, and her face glowed as she saw me, waving excitedly. I smiled happy to see her cheerful face. I walked over to sit down with her. She was as beautiful as the first time I saw her. This time she wore a long black dress with light wrap that went over her shoulders and arms. The black really made her skin and eyes stand out.

“Oh you must think I'm some sort of creepy stalker, waiting for you like this,” she blushed and looked down at the table.

“The thought had crossed my mind slightly, but here I am,” I lightly chuckled at the thought.

Her head hung as she responded, “I'm sorry, I just didn't get your contact information and didn't know how I might reach you again. The only thing I could think of was to see if you would come back here for breakfast or lunch. I don't mean to seem creepy,” she said nervously.

“Oh, n-no, I understand, Shi. It's fine, really,” her nervousness made me nervous just a bit. I really didn't want her to feel inadequate or guilty. That woman who appeared before me was somewhat right, wasn't she? Round one to you— whoever you are.

“Uhm, are you hungry? Let me repay you for lunch by buying you dinner.”

“Oh, it's okay, thank you. I had a big lunch, but I'll happily share in a drink with you. Unless, of course, you're hungry, please do order something.”

“Oh, no, I had small little things all day as I was here. Their bread sticks are actually very good. But I would love a beverage.” She smiled with her hands placed in her lap, her arms in a position to somewhat hug her breasts. They were as big and perky as ever between her arms.

The few drinks we had were fantastic. Shi and I chatted about our jobs. She was an administrative assistant for an investment firm. I told her about what I did and she seemed intrigued by it, the way that networking functioned. I too showed an interest in her work and we began to discuss the differences in philosophies of economics. Some jokes flew back and forth about the social psychology of it all and we laughed, having a fun time. Shi was really enjoying herself based on her expression, her pink tint fading away after a while. Was that Red woman wrong?

“It's getting a bit late, and I do have to be going to get up tomorrow and do it all over again,” I sadly broke the conversation.

“Late? Oh my-! How long has it been?” she said surprised looking at her phone.

“About... four hours I'd say?” It was a shot in the dark.

“-and 23 minutes. Oh Ios, I've kept you here for almost four-and-a-half hours, thank you so much for coming back,” she looked as if she had a sense of bittersweetness in her eyes. Like she really was happy to see me but something troubling her. As I looked in her eyes, I heard the sound of soft music in my heart of “*Ice Nezumi*.” It relaxed and filled me with a sense of cheer. I heard myself blurt it out.

“If it's not too forward of me, and you're still interested, I would be honored if you would join me for dinner at my place. I'd happily entertain you with more stories and anything you'd like to do.” Her face went pink, dark pink, and red. She looked shyly away and bit her lip. “It's-it's quite all right, Shi, if this was too fast, you don't have-”

“I would love to,” she blurted and looked to me with a gentle smile.

“Ih-great! Uhm, how's tomorrow for you?” I got a little flushed myself.

“Fantastic,” she answered beginning to grin. We exchanged our information, phone numbers and my address.

"There, now you can reach me at any time," I said with a smile. We stood and began to walk out. Before she turned to me as I was leaving the table, I grabbed the money she left and dropped some of my own with a small piece of paper. I followed her out and we wished each other a happy night.

"See you tomorrow!" I called as she walked to her car. Meanwhile, I walked in the opposite direction, my heart dancing around at the thought. I did it! I really did it!! I had a lovely date with an even lovelier woman! I felt so light and free.

When I drove home, I played "*Ice Nezumi*" aloud to hear it ring in my head even more to reflect the feelings within me. Upon reaching the inside of my apartment, I did as I promised and shot a text to Pam giving her the all clear and that I had a follow-up date with her tomorrow. I walked into my room and sat down to remove my pants and my shoes. I was sitting on my bed in just my top and underwear. By the time I was done, she responded with sheer joy at my success.

"Same rules apply though, right?" she asked.

"Yes, of course, I'll text you when it's all over and if I don't respond, feel free to come investigate."

"You bet, good luck Ios! :) And San says 'you're welcome!'?"

"Goodnight Pam, and thank you." A good night I had hoped to have. I leaned my head back and just stared up at the ceiling for a while, thinking of Shi. I couldn't stop and don't think I really wanted to. Her smile was as beautiful as her eyes. The grey gems that shined whenever you looked at her seemed to shimmer in the light of my mind. I noticed I'd forgotten to hit the light of the outer area so had to go turn it off.

Walking out of my room, Shi waited for me on my couch, dressed in a spaghetti strap tank top with tight-fitting pajama bottoms that hugged her shape. She ecstatically sat up and made room for me on the couch where I sat in just my boxers and a very loose and incredibly soft cotton t-shirt. She smiled happily laying her head on my shoulder and wrapped around me as we stretched out on the sofa, her nestled into my chest and arms while I squeezed her close.

I flicked on the TV and we held each other tight in each others arms, just watching movies on the sofa. There was never a time where I let her go. Almost always was I brushing her hair with my fingertips or her soft face with the back of my knuckle. Every so often she would look up at me, eyes deeply penetrating mine, filled with bliss and happiness. Her smile was divine as she would sneak a kiss into my lips here and there. As a return, I would kiss her head and run my nose through her hair, taking a gentle inhale of her, holding her closer and keeping her within my warmth.

After the latest movie, she rubbed my cheek and whispered, "Would you be willing to play with me for this next one?" and she looked up to gaze into me.

"I will happily oblige your wish, my dear." She turned over lying with her back on my stomach,

resting her head beside mine against my neck, nuzzling into my chin and lower jaw. She took my arms as they wrapped around her and held herself with them. Slowly, she guided my left hand into her bottoms, as she guided my right under her shirt.

My hand crept up her warm belly to the perfectly round mountains within, and completely filled my hand. My hand cupped and felt the curve of her chest, while my other hand felt down into her valley, feeling within her undergarment, to the heat and warmth of her lips. She let a soft moan escape, her hands now rubbing along my arms and down to her stomach, feeling and smoothing down to her legs as she spread slightly for me.

My hand kneaded and felt her giant breasts, massaging and stroking up and around, feeling them out, running my fingertips over her perky nipples one by one, teasing and feeling the shape. My other touched her lips, softly massaging them and running up and down her outer rim, causing her to moan slightly louder against my face. Her lips reached up to lick my jawline and kiss it adoringly, pushing her face into my neck as she began to pant.

I played with her breasts slowly, around them, over, and under, squishing and mashing softly. My fingers below burrowed within and felt within her walls, causing her to gasp and arch her back a little. Using my other hand, I kept her held close, mashing her bosoms against my palm. My lower fingers touched deep within, curling softly, massaging within her as my thumb massaged and tickled her clit. She began to pant and writhe atop me, her hands jumping up to massage her other breast and rub her stomach and then my arm. Her legs moved and kicked slowly as I touched and massaged and held her against me.

She reached up to cup my face, and I turned to her. She panted and moaned against my lips as she mashed against them, kissing deeply, passionately. Her lips were warm, and her lips were sweet. She licked mine softly as if to ask if it was okay to come inside. Graciously, I came out to meet her instead, touching her tongue with mine and stroking hers with care. Her moans grew deeper and lower, her breaths getting shorter as her chest bounced. I could feel the heat inside her welling, slowly building, her wetness getting more and more abundant as she began to buck and wiggle around on top of me. My arm constricted and pulled her close as I mashed against her maw with mine, kissing deeper. I felt my heart beat wildly as she inhaled deeply, gasping, and in a white flash, as her dam was about to crack open, the sunlight touched our faces.

The light was blinding as I opened my eyes, looking to my desk and grabbing my phone. It was still a half hour before my alarm would've gone off. I growled at the accursed light that ripped me away from the wonderful time I was having. "Why did it hafta be now?" I grumbled. I just sat up and rubbed the sleep away from my face, not bothering to try and go back to it. You know you can never go back into that same dream you were having when you wake up from it? And yet we always try, hoping, 'oh just let me have five more minutes in there!' But I thought of it for a moment, of Shi, and of her face, in the shop, in my arms... my heart fluttered. I hoped she'd show up.

Since I had plenty of free time this morning, I helped myself to a session to wake myself up and vitalize my energy. After a hearty orgasm, I started preparing my apartment, cleaning up from the previous guests I'd had, washing dishes, straightening game boxes, putting controllers away.

Seeing as I had today off, I had plenty of time to prepare for a dinner. Oh shit! What would I make her! My thoughts scrambled to take something out to thaw. "Uhh she liked the sandwich I got her, maybe she likes other meat too." So I went out with a couple of steaks of filét migñon. Everybody loves that cut of meat. My phone went off as I set the steaks in the sink to thaw.

"Good luck, Ios!" Pam had sent.

"Thanks, I hope she enjoys tonight."

"I know she will. If it's anything like how it was for us, she'll love you ;)"

...'love me'... I could only wish for the dream again. I felt a sense of nervousness creeping in again, but more excited this time. My heart bounced a couple times as I sat down and waited, taking some breaths to get it to calm down. I did this once with Pam and San; I could do it again couldn't I? Before long, a knock at the door sounded. Okay, here we go...!

I opened the door and there she was, a deep blue dress skirt this time. As always, if her outfit had a voice, it would've been screaming from her boobs crashing against it, struggling to hold them in. She smiled happily and stepped inside, looking around, as if marveling what she saw of my living environment (more like a habitat, really). Her hair swayed as she looked around, and the darkness within it shined against the light.

"You have any trouble finding the place?"

"None, thanks to modern technology," she spun around.

"Nice, I guess the Google overlords can be helpful while being invasive." She giggled. "Are you hungry? Did you have any particular craving for tonight?" I asked.

She shook her head and leaned her backside against the arm rest of the sofa, "I could go for anything at all."

"How's some filét migñon sound?" I asked with a warm smile.

Her eyes lit up. "That sounds delicious, yes please!" Well it was settled! I would treat my guest to a lovely steak dinner. As I began to prepare it, she actually moved to assist me, fetching utensils and baking sheets for me. She fumbled a few times not knowing the kitchen just yet, blushing when she had to try more than twice. I smiled, I woulda done the same thing really. We talked about kitchen placements and difference in placement of dishes and what that might say about a person, after which we both laughed at the thought. I guess we both thought it was silly to judge a person based on the location in the kitchen where the dishes were put, versus where the forks were put, versus where the glasses were put. It got to talking about a movies where they commented about knowing their way around the kitchen and it being accessible. I didn't know who was in the movie at the time.

Shi asked, "Oh do you mind if I find out now? I'm so curious and really wanna know who was in

that!" Shi had relaxed and felt more comfortable, I could tell. So did I, really.

"Absolutely, it's right there on the left. It might be facing my bed but that's okay, help yourself," I pointed to my room.

"You have your computer next to your bed?" she asked bemused, walking into my bedroom.

"It's so I could watch videos or talk online while I relax. I don't have cable so I use that as my entertainment," I called in to explain. I popped the steaks in the oven and my eyes bulged. Videos? Entertainment!? OH NO!! I didn't close my last image I had open!! "Eun! Shi! Hang on! I gotta check some real fa-...." I ran in and saw her eyes wide, mouth slightly ajar at what she saw on the screen. Oh please no...

"What... is this?" she asked. CRAAPPP!!!

I jumped over on the opposite side she'd taken and I hit a keystroke to close the window and hide the folder I had open. All that was visible was the desktop of my wallpaper.

"I'm so sorry! I didn't mean for you to see that!" I went beet red, sweating under my arms, and my stomach turned over, I blew it! I fucking blew it!!

"No no, it seems really intriguing. It's-" she started.

"I'm sorry, Shi, I didn't mean to expose you to that. If you're weirded out by it and are uncomfortable with dinner, I'll understand if you'd like to call tonight off," I said looking up at her, mortified.

"No not at all!" she shook her head looking down shyly. "I've heard about that sort of thing and had a couple friends try it once. I'd been curious about it but never got to trying it." I looked aside, still shaken by my carelessness. Suddenly I noticed her hand on mine and looked up to see her eyes, warmth and understanding within them. "I promise, Ios... I'm having a wonderful time... and I hope we can still have dinner."

"Uhd... y-yes, of course. Absolutely." I blushed and stood up, walking back out with her, turning the steaks over.

"If you'd... like to show me sometime..." she said nervously, softly, smiling coyly as she rubbed her elbow with the opposing hand. Suddenly my stomach felt less like it was sick with embarrassment, and now sick with anticipation and excitement.

"Is... after dinner okay?" I said jokingly and turned, smiling nervously. And she nodded. Oh no, she was serious.

Having dinner, she complimented at how rich with moistness and juice the meat was cooked. She loved every bite, or so she reported. And soon the time came where we finished, and she helped me clean up, rinsing and sticking the dishes in the dishwasher. "So...are you ready?" I

asked.

Shi nodded with that cute pink tint in her cheeks. I took hold of her hand and we walked back into my room where she sat on my bed softly. I reached behind the bed on the far wall and lifted an extra long attaché case. It was a novelty from Killer 7, the one Garcian Smith carried. I set it on my bed and clicked the locks, pushing it open. She marveled this time at what was inside. In my collection, I had owned hundreds and hundreds of feet of rope, a large number of various length leather straps, rolls and rolls of bondage tape, as well as regular electrical, duct, and microfoam tape. I had multiple sized ball, ring, panel, harness, and dental gags. Also, there were a number of scarves, bandannas, cloths, and other materials I'd decided to throw in. If I were on the travel, I would be well-equipped, and with, what I thought to be, a stylish, gentleman's carrying kit.

“Oh my... you use all this?” she asked, pawing through some of it, feeling it all, touching and analyzing.

“Well- not all at once.” Actually, I hadn't had a chance to use any of it, yet. I was hoping to someday... and here it was. I was far too embarrassed to admit that out loud. I pulled out just a single, somewhat medium length strand of rope. “I'm going to start slow, if that's all right.” Shi nodded and sat poised, ready for what to do.

I drew her hands to her front and held them close together. I doubled the rope and wrapped around, feeding the ends through and pulling snug, wrapping around slowly, and around, and around, before turning and going around all the coils through her arms, circling around a couple times this way until pulling that snug as well to get rid of slack. I tied it gently off and rested her hands back in her lap. She smiled looked softly at the work.

“So, would you like to sit with that for a bit or is it okay?” I asked.

“Mhm, it's nice,” she nodded and moved closer to me. “So... you watch things on your computer?”

“Yeah, just YouTube videos mostly,” I acknowledged. I pulled up an example of a player who commented as they played. We sat back and watched, laughing occasionally at the non-sequitur commentary and the events that happened. All the while, I looked over out of the corner of my eye, noticing her smile widening as she looked at the ropes around her wrists, pulling and playing with it a little. Was she... enjoying it?

After some time, I offered to remove them, and she held her wrists up. Undoing the ropes, I pulled them away and put it back in the case, closing it. I tended to rubbing her limbs, to make sure she was okay. No discoloration, no marks, no coldness. She looked up at me and our eyes met... gazing... finally I blushed and lost the staring contest. She smiled and leaned up to hug me. I hugged right back, calming down just a bit as her hand held mine. The videos went on and on. She liked it... and she liked me... what was happening? Her head rested on my shoulder and I supported her body with my free hand, keeping hold of her other hand. Occasionally, I felt her rub my fingers with her thumb, particularly my left, fourth digit... was she checking for a ring?

Segment 13

The scent of her hair filled my lungs. I couldn't help but inhale deeply and stretch as I opened my eyes slowly. The playlist on the computer had stopped. She fell asleep on my chest. She felt so soft and warm. I couldn't help but watch her breasts gently rise, and fall. After a few moments, she sat up and looked back at me.

“Oh! I didn't even realize I fell asleep!” she rubbed her eyes and stretched. Her bosoms lifted as she raised her body up.

“Nor did I. I guess it was relaxing. I forgot to mention, I moonlight as a space heater so that may have contributed in some way,” I said jokingly.

“I can tell! You are so warm! I can see why you keep this place so cool, you must overheat a lot.” We stood up together and walked out into the living area.

“Only a couple times, got intense headaches from night sweats. Although, there is one time when I did get sick and had a temp of about...106.7, 41.5 if you're in Celsius.”

“Oh my god,” she said with a scared tone looking worried at me. “I heard once that brain damage occurs at 104.”

“It does. Guess that's why I'm a bit of a freak and totally messed up,” I said joking at my expense.

“Well, that freak could have taken advantage me while he had me tied up,” she said with a suggestive smile on her face. It made me blush at the thought. “...but he didn't. He was caring, sensitive, and a gentleman to not abuse me.” It made me smile, as did she, stepping forward to hug me. “Thank you for respecting my vulnerability.” I blushed, quite a lot.

“Uy, yyyou're welcome...” I hugged back, words somewhat jamming in my throat. “Are you hungry? I could make you a breakfast to start the day.”

“You don't have work today?” she asked.

“Nah, I'm not scheduled for today, for some odd reason. What about you?” I said “checking” my phone. What I was really doing was sending a text to Pam, I completely forgot! “*Sorry! Fell asleep! Overtime!!*”

“Oh, I'm only a part-time assistant. And even then, I'm on paid vacation right now. So absolutely, I'd love to have breakfast with you. What's on the menu?” she sounded excited.

“I can make a family recipe of pancakes from scratch, no artificial mix or anything.”

She gasped at my words, “Ooohhh, if you can make pancakes, I will vote for that forever and ever!”

I chuckled and started, “Pancakes for the beautiful lady in blue, so it shall be.” She smiled and stepped in to help out like she did with dinner. We talked as we made breakfast together, her assisting me and smiling at the recipe I seemed to recall from making it a few hundred thousand (exaggeration) times with my family as a kid.

“So... how long have you been interested in that sort of thing?” she finally asked.

"What, the pancakes and cooking?" I said confused.

Shi giggled and corrected, "Hehehe, no, I meant... bondage." She looked aside with a little redness in her face. I was caught off guard myself and thought about hiding; but if I hid, she might just dislike what she found later. Although if I go crazy now, she might get overwhelmed. I bit my lip, unsure what to do! I had to be firm, but subtle; forthcoming, but not overwhelming; and I didn't wanna lie! Horrified, I let go, and bit the bullet.

“I've been into it as long as I can remember. I love bondage. I love seeing the damsel in distress needing help. I love the helplessness a girl is in. But I only enjoy its mutual feeling so it's important that there's a connection going on. Because I dislike when it's unwanted by her.” Shi smiled looking at me curiously. “I guess if you think of it like, a guy finds a girl trapped and she's in need, but as he's about to release and save her, she says, 'Wait! You don't...have to undo this just yet...!' like she wants and likes what's going on, and that he's there with her. The sense of trust and faith a girl can have in her captor. Does... that make sense?”

“I completely understand,” she nodded.

“Aaaand I just scared her away by revealing the whole bunch o' crazy that I really am,” I mocked myself. I noticed her step forward.

“I actually find it all very thrilling. It's fascinating...” she smiled up at me. Was this real? She actually finds this interesting? It seemed too perfect, too contrived. But here this beautiful girl was, in my apartment, having breakfast after staying the night (nothing happened). My stomach fluttered as she stood in my kitchen. Possibly one of the most stunning women I've ever seen, smart and easy-going, charming and sweet, and she actually thinks what I'm into is appealing? Not only that, but I was feeling okay about it.

“I'm glad I could invite you into something so fun. Plenty to go around,” I said gently to her. She smiled and hugged my arm as I flipped a couple of pancakes over, browning them and then setting them on a plate for each of us. Shi fetched the butter and syrup and we both sat down. She took what she did of butter and syrup, sliced into it using only her fork, they were that soft, and took a bite...

“...oh'ygaw'...” she said chewing them up. “Theshe're the besht pancakesh I've ever had... in my entire life!” Well... shit.

“I’m—glad you like ‘em! It’s a recipe I’ve had since I was little, used to make ‘em all the time with my father.”

“Mmmh! Sho goo!” she said taking another bite. “They melt in my mouth, so easy to chew, so light and fluffy, sticky and sweet, and easy to go down!” That’s what Shi said! Uuuuughh, I should be shot.

I smiled cheerfully as she ate. “I’m happy to make you a wonderful dinner and breakfast, happy to have you here.”

“Thank you so much for inviting me... I’m...” she hesitated.

“Are you all right, Shi?” I asked worried.

She smiled and nodded up at me. “I’m very happy to have met you.”

I smiled at her smile. “As am I.” We finished up and sat back, heaving a sigh at the full meal. “Boy those are fluffy, they fill you right up.”

“May I use your restroom? I’d just like to freshen up and change, if that’s okay.”

“Of course, just on the right,” I answered pointing towards it.

“Thank you, I’ll just be a moment.” She got up, went in and closed the door. I took this time to clean up and put the leftovers away. I went over in my head what all was going on here. I had Shi here with me and I didn’t feel like a freak. I felt like she was intrigued by me and wanted to know more. I didn’t feel like I was gonna say something stupid that would cause her to want to flee in a panic. I mean, I did last night, but now is different. For the first time in such a long time, I didn’t feel like a defective creature. I thought quietly to myself to hope those monsters who’d been plaguing me didn’t show up to spoil this.

“Do you hear me?” I whispered to myself, “Stay away from me,” I said, gripping my eyes shut and willing them out of my head. I heard the door, and my eyes snapped back open. Turning to see my guest emerge in a large grey t-shirt—well, large only in its marketed size to give her some room to breathe with those lovelies within. She wore a little black miniskirt to go along with it.

“Oh thank you so much for cleaning up!” she noticed it already done. “I wish you would’ve waited, I would have helped out!” She walked up and hugged me as a thanks.

“Yeah, but I wanted to have this done by the time you got out.”

She smiled warmly, “So what’s next for entertainment?”

“Uhm, games, more YouTube crap, movies, or going out, anything you felt like doing at all?” I

suggested whatever I could think of, not having a clue what she liked doing.

She bit her lip and looked aside, fiddling with her skirt a little. “Do you think... we could try more bondage?”

I felt warm and pink already, “Ehm, o-of course! If you'd like.”

“Yes, please! But.. this time? Could we... try it more like... what we saw at first?” she was trying to ask nervously.

“We can try as much as you can handle,” I said softly. She sat down at the table while I fetched my case and returned. Setting the case down and opening it up, she stood back up eagerly and sat on the table so I could reach her easier. Grabbing several coils, I set them next to her and touched her shoulder softly, “I promise, I'll go slow. If at any point, you feel in serious pain or trouble or just can't take anymore, I keep a pair of scissors at the ready at all times.”

Shi smiled and nodded, gazing into me, “I trust you...” she said resting her hand on mine, rubbing with her thumb. She turned about and brought her arms behind her back. Carefully, gently, I took the first coil, holding her arms horizontal, parallel to the table, and began to wrap them. Coiling around and around her arms with a doubled rope, I cinched it a bit tighter than I did the first time. Taking the next strand, I wrapped her wrist ropes, brought it up to between her shoulder blades, then began around her upper arm, across her front above her breasts (still can't get over how big they are! Are these real or not!?), and around back, then wrapped it around the rope that held her wrists up, thereby anchoring her wrists to the chest ropes; I then went in the opposite direction back around her body, this time going under her breasts. I repeated this twice, once again for above, once again for below, and finally tied it off behind her. With the third coil, I wrapped again around her wrist ropes, now providing plenty of a rest for her arms with what I did next. I ran it under her arm, up over the bottom ropes of her chest harness, and back through her arm, cinching it tight to squeeze the bottom of the harness and her arms to her body. I did the same thing for the top of the harness of the same side, going through her arm, up over the top, and back through her arm, cinching tight. The whole process was repeated on her other arm, tightening her harness enough to cause her breasts to bulge against her shirt.

“Nnhghh,” I heard from her.

“Shi? Are you okay?” I quickly moved in front to check her.

“It's tight,” she said looking down at her huge bosoms.

“Do you need me to loosen them? Wait just a moment, I'll fix it for you-”

“No! I... I like it. Every time I breathe, it...” and she blushed heavily.

I smiled, knowing exactly what she was thinking. I answered, “That's exactly why I like these, makes it more fun for the lady.” I continued on, knowing she was in no danger at all.

Taking the next coil, I secured it to her wrist ropes one more time and wrapped under her arm, up her shoulder, around the back of her neck and brushed all her hair out of the way so as not to tangle it, down the other shoulder and under her other arm. Anchoring the ends in the center knot hub, I moved the ends up to the rope resting on her neck, fed them under, and cinched tight which now caused all bonds to pull taut higher, before I tied the ends off.

“You feeling okay?” I checked once more.

She grinned, blushing, nodding, “Mhmm, it's really tight, but comfy. It doesn't hurt. It's....fun” For both of us, my dear.

“Now part of the fun is the live test.”

“What's that?” she said, looking curiously over to me.

“It's where the damsel (that's you) checks her bonds through a live demonstration of stress testing. In simpler terms, she tries to get free. If she succeeds, then the one tying (that's me) has done a very poor job and should be feeling ashamed of himself.” And boy would I.

She smiled coyly at me, “And if I fail?”

“Then she's had a fun struggle and I will proceed with the next step knowing I did the first one right.” She giggled and began to pull. She grunted and tugged, shaking her shoulders up and down as she rocked and tried to reach the knots with her hands (all of which I made sure were out of range). Her breasts bounced and jiggled as she rocked her sides and giggled looking at me.

“I can't get out!” Shi giggled looking at me sheepishly.

“Then I've done my job properly. Although, on the subject, did you want to?” I asked. She blushed and bit her lip, looking up and off to the side, not answering, unable to hold back another giggle.

“...No”

“Shall I proceed to the next portion?” I asked touching her shoulder to comfort her.

“Please do?” And so I did. The next coil of rope went down as I held her ankles together, wrapping around and around, then between her legs and feet to cinch it tight. I tied another coil the same way around her legs just below her knees at the top of her calf muscles, and then again just above her knees. Last, I tied her thighs together nice and snug, which was a bit difficult because I had to fit the ends through her legs without sticking my hand between them. I didn't want to... well, at least not yet. Hopefully, someday...

“Okay, next live test.” I sat down in a chair to watch her. She tried her arms again and wiggled her legs, pulling and pushing on them, not budging at all. Again she giggled and looked to me.

“Nope, I'm completely stuck, you pass the second test. Will there be a third?”

“There will, and it will be the final one at that... this next part's usually where everything is really strenuous for the body and the comfort level, are you sure you're okay with this?” I was concerned about going on, especially with her physique.

Shi nodded assuredly and smiled. Wrapping my arm around her shoulder, I took hold of her ankles and rotated her to sitting on the table. Bracing her with my arm, I leaned her to the side and set her very carefully until she was lying on her side. After which, I rotated her, pulling on her thigh ropes and her chest harness to center her on the table, and lay her on her tummy where I folded her legs at her knees and held them in place. Another coil went around her ankle ropes through the center, then pulled down, pulling tighter, and tighter, until strict as I anchored her legs on her chest harness, then made a pass through it, and went back to her ankles, around them through the center, and back through her chest harness, then up to the rope at her neck's back where I tied it off. She would never reach the knot for that, and her hogtie was complete. I sat in front of her, keeping an eye on her face for any discoloration or breathing changes. Her breasts squished on the table and mashed as she lay on them.

“Time for my last test?” she asked happily.

“Any time you wish, feel free.”

“But you're not done!” she said with a grumpy look. Was Shi testing me?

“What do you mean?” I asked puzzled.

“I thought we were gonna try like the image we saw,” she answered.

“But, this is what we saw. She was hogtied. That's what this is called when the subject's legs are folded at the knees and secured in such a way.”

“But she had something else, didn't she?” she asked with a mischievous little smile. I looked upwards and to the side in thought, thinking back to what the image was, knowing that scene by heart...and my eyes widened. “When I thought we'd try that scene... I meant all of it.”

My heart skipped a beat and I flushed a little. “You... okay, we can do that,” I moved over to my case and picked out a large, red bandana and a thin but long rag. I sat in front of her and folded the bandana into itself over and over and over until it made a chunky wad. I moved closer and I hesitated.

Shi looked to me with soft eyes and said again, “It's okay, Ios. I trust you.” She opened her mouth. Slowly, I brought it to her lips... and pushed it inside. Taking the rag, I held it against the packing, then wrapped it around her head, pulling her hair aside to keep it out of the way. I made another pass around her head through her teeth to keep the packing from spilling out at all, before tying it off tightly behind and draping her hair back over her shoulder.

“Are you okay, Shi?” I moved to check her face

“Yhsh... thnhnk yhng” she muffled back. I looked into her eyes and couldn't help but smile as her lips were accentuated by the white rag that held the slightly visible red packing within. She was utterly captivating.

“Would you like to move to a place more comfortable? We can at least have something to do while you're like this, and it can be on something not so hard on your body.”

She nodded in agreement. I moved to her center and looked her up and down, thinking for a second. “Please don't squirm right now, and forgive my reach,” I said as I scooped her up with one hand just beneath her bulging, huge lovelies, and the other under her thighs. She squeaked as she took in her being lifted and hogtied. I felt her muscles tighten as she really tried not to move at all per my request. I strained hard lifting her up very carefully and stabilized her (DO NOT DROP HER!!). Slowly I moved her as flat as I could to my room where I set her down very carefully on the bed, and heaved an exhale. I sweat a little after it was done. Sheesh, that was a tough lift for me. Lift with your legs! “Shi? You all right?”

“Mhmm! Mrrh bmnsh fhng sng mhrh bngphr, thnhnk yhng.” Her hindered speech was just so darling. It really made me giddy inside. I sat down beside her and rubbed her shoulder.

“You can do the last test now if you like...” and she did. She pulled, grunted, and tugged, her arms, shoulders, legs, and feet stretched and squirmed. She writhed and struggled, mmf-ing into her gag as she really pulled this time. After several minutes, she stopped and panted a little and she relaxed. “You ready to get out now?”

“Mm-mm!” she responded shaking her head.

“Heheh, you wanna watch something like that for a bit?”

“Mhmm,” she nodded, smiling up at me from behind her gag. I smiled back at her smile and turned some more commentary videos on. I lied back and she squirmed and inched her way up to lay her head on my shoulder. I rested my head against hers to comfort her and, for a brief moment, I could've sworn I heard a soft little moan emit from her.

We watched several videos and she occasionally pulled on her bonds a little more. Eventually, I couldn't help but rest my hand on her head and scratch her hair softly. She nuzzled into my shoulder.

Dozens of videos passed, hours went by, before she finally turned to me. “Nkhn.. cnh nng phng nghphng?”

“Of course, wait just a moment,” and in moments she would be free. Her legs were first, to be released of the hogtie, then her arms from the tight box tie, then her legs from their ropes. I made sure to let her limbs out very slowly and carefully so as to allow a slow blood flow back

into them. The ropes were pushed off her and then off the bed. She reached up to undo her gag but had some trouble. I reached around to help her and our eyes met, locking and gazing as the rag fell away, and I caught the packing in her mouth, soaked in her drool. “Are you okay? Does anything hurt at all?” I asked.

She shook her head and grinned. “I’m great, I loved it. It was... amazing. I just wanted to be able to do this-” and she stretched her arms around my body, nuzzling into my neck and chest. Her body curled and pushed tight into mine. The smile on her face was as bright as the sun. She nosed into my neck and held tight.

“Happy do be of service...” I responded, stroking her hair and wrapping my arms tight around her. We continued to watch videos through the end of the day until night came. She nuzzled and cuddled and snuggled into me. I tightened my grip around her to ensure her warmth as I fell asleep with her.

Segment 14

It'd been several days since Shi stayed over at my place. I woke up this morning wondering how she was. We hadn't talked since then. I wanted to see her again. I'd wondered if she was having second thoughts about me. Reason why I didn't say anything to her since then was because I didn't want to seem too forward. But, I really wanted to see her again. So I tried to text her. I was leaving the apartment, heading out the door, and shot her the message, *“Hey, hope you had fun when you were here. Hoping you're doing well, Shi.”* I hadn't even made it to my car and I heard my phone respond.

“Yos! I'm so glad you messaged me! I've been eager to see you! I had an amazing time and would love to do it again at my place if you're free tonight.”

“Absolutely!” I responded getting to my car. Oh shit, did she have anything to use? I quickly ran back up to my apartment, went inside and ran to my room to find my attaché case. The woman appeared before me again, freezing my room with the air surrounding her.

“You will cause her pain...” she said, eerily pointing with her bony finger and nail at me. I thought of it, if I had possibly messed up. She didn't call or text me, I had to text her after a few days. Was she really not enjoy it? Was she just being nervous? Was I just forcing my way on her like I did Pam and San? Did she really want me in her world?

I shook my head, and the Red woman was gone. I took the case, and ran back out. I wanted to take that chance. She may have been lying for the sake of my feelings. But she may also have been telling the truth. She may have just been busy. She could've not responded, she could've not came in the first place? If she didn't like me, why would she seem so happy with me? I confused myself as I walked back down and tossed the case in my trunk before heading off to work.

I arrived and shot her one last text, *“I'll be there, just as soon as I get off work.”* This morning, I felt like *“Revenge of the Robotmasters”* to enjoy myself. I started to kind of relax and feel better, thinking about Shi. My heart beat softly as I pictured when I untied her, how she wrapped around me and buried her face in my chest, how bright she smiled. I smiled at it all, feeling better suddenly.

****A DAY'S WORK GOES BY****

As I was about to leave, as Pam ran up to me with a big hug. *“You be safe now. Text me when it's over or I'll be upset with you!”*

“You got it,” I smiled back at her. “Enjoy your latex adventures.”

“I will!” she giggled and we went our separate paths to our cars. I drove through town to Shi's place, rather upscale environment for a part-time employee. I wonder if she had other sources somehow. What if her family's a pack of blue-bloods that'll see me as a dirty peasant? Oh the joy of meeting the parents of pretty ladies with whom you hope to be close. I took my case in hand, carrying it up to her condo. Felt a bit like Garcian Smith the way I carried it and how it looked in my hand. Only instead of wearing a white suit, I wore a long, super thin and soft, black t-shirt with black cargo pants. Also instead of being an assassin there to kill Shi, I was there to spend an evening as her guest and have a great time making her feel alive.

I reached her door and knocked softly, taking a breath. I was about to see her place. I was about to see Shi again. My heart skipped a beat when she opened the door, squealing at my presence jumping up on me. I chuckled and dropped the case by mistake to catch her. Thankfully that thing's pretty sturdy and the locks aren't lame, so it probably hurt the ground more than it.

“Ios!! Oh I'm so happy you came by! I missed you!!” Wh-...really? She missed me? I could not hide my blush at her words as I hugged her back.

“As did I you, glad you responded this morning.” She smiled and backed up to let me pick up my attaché case, during that time I marveled her outfit of choice for today. She wore a white, strapless dress that hugged her lovely, enormous boobies, with a rose red, rather transparent, sweater wrap over her shoulders. Her hair was draped over her shoulders and ran down her sides, long and smooth. She somehow managed to be as beautiful every single time as the last.

Stepping inside, I looked around and saw a very classy place of living with wall art, decorations, and what looked to be high-class furniture. The kitchen area and was particularly nice, as was the dining portion. It was spacious and wide open. Hard to believe just this single woman lived in a place like this. “You've a beautiful home. How much this run you?”

“Oh, nothing, it's all mine,” she answered.

“You own this? All by yourself?!” I was blown away.

Shi looked aside with a slight sad look in her eyes. “I... had some money saved up. I was able to afford it.”

“Well that's great that you own your own place at your young age.”

She went pink in her cheeks, “Oohhh, you're so sweet.” She stepped over and hugged me again. “I would love it if you stayed for dinner. Please say you will?” she looked up at me eagerly.

“Of course, I'd be more than happy to.” I smiled warmly back to her. Her face lit up and she giddily tried to help me in by offering to take my case from me. “Oh no, I'll handle it, thank you. It's a bit heavy,” I said setting it out of the way against the wall.

“Oh come on, it's a large briefcase, how heavy could-ogph! What the-?!” she struggled to pick it up and I rushed to brace her back and hip.

“Easy! Be careful.”

“How much does this weigh?! What's it made of?! Did you put anything else in here the last time I looked in it?!” she looked over with a puzzled but joyed look.

“Uhm, no, same stuff. It's made of a special composite alloy. Makes it sturdy and dent-resistant. It's only about 45, 50 lbs.”

“50 lbs!? You carry that like it weighs less than 10!” she was really impressed by me holding an attaché case for some reason. “That's amazing, no wonder you could pick me up like that! Such a strong man,” she felt my arm and rubbed against me.

“I guess,” I was unsure if I was that strong. Hol could still kick my ass. “So, will you be needing assistance tonight or will you be assisting me?” I asked looking into her enchanting eyes.

“Uhm..” she shyly looked down and at my case, “...could...I assist you? But while... um...” she was incredibly nervous about asking.

“You want to help me while you're tied up?” I could see where she was looking and the blush in her cheeks. As soon as I said it, she got even redder. Quietly, she nodded with a meek smile. I smiled and stepped closer to touch her shoulder where she gasped looking up at me. “It's okay. Just tell me what we're having and we'll get started.”

“I took out several things, we can have whatever you like,” she said with a nervous smile, gazing into me.

“Let's decide together, then,” I took her hand and held it softly, looking at it for a moment before picking up my case and moving it to the countertop. Opening it up, she marveled again at it all. “You're really liking this, huh?” I said picking out a roll of black bondage tape.

“I... I really like that you introduced me to it... I never knew this part of me existed. I think I feel a lot better that you're here doing it with me.” Shi blushed and tried to hide it with her hands. I smiled and rubbed her shoulder, helping her pull off her thin sweater wrap so as not to get caught up in what was about to happen.

I couldn't help but compliment as I saw her neck, her shoulder, and her upper chest, “You're beautiful...” she looked up at me, gazing, and smiled with a hint of sadness in her eyes, pressing into my chest hugging me. Did I say something wrong?

“Thank you, Ios...” she looked up at me, “How 'bout dinner? I'm famished!” she was really eager.

“Of course,” I said with a bright smile to match hers. She turned around and held her wrists behind her back horizontally. I unfolded them and moved her forearms close together, taking a role of black bondage tape, and began to slowly wrap her wrists, circling around her forearms, climbing slowly as I wrapped and wrapped. The tape wasn't outright sticky all on its own, but the material stuck to itself, like saran wrap, kinda; and it got tighter with every single pass as I crawled all the way up to about where her elbows were, pushing them closer together which caused her chest to push outwards. I paused and waited to see a reaction. “.....Can you go higher? Does that hurt your elbows too much?” I was curious if I should stop.

“Of course! It's perfectly fine. Please keep going!”

“Wow, that's impressive. Anyone who can touch their elbows together, I'm really impressed. I can't do it.” I started to wrap again, skipping her elbows so she could still bend them. I wrapped a little ways up her upper arms and stopped before ripping the tape, pressing it all tight to her arms and making sure there were no loose segments or open areas. Shi tested the bonds, squirming and wiggling about a little before looking back at me approvingly.

Smiling, I took her by the hip and we walked into her kitchen. As we got the refrigerator door, I took the handle and opened it for her, since she couldn't. “I took out some cuts of meat and some cuts of poultry, if you'd like,” she said looking shyly up at me.

Selecting an item off the shelf in the fridge, “I have an idea for baked chicken, if you have some seasoning.”

“Uhh yes! Right over here,” she turned about and raised on her tippy toes, pointing to the upper cabinet with her eyes. I smiled approaching and placed a hand on her hip as she stepped aside. Reaching up, I sifted through the items on the shelf to find a suitable seasoning for the meal. She

had a few assortments and, some heavier on the spice, some heavier on the savory. Ah! “I’ve tried that one once, and I think I put too much on,” she commented on my choice.

“What kind of meat was it?” I asked taking it down.

“I think it was... a turkey dinner?” she guessed as she walked across the kitchen, turning about, and feeling around for a handle to open a drawer. I walked over, reaching in and picking out a small fork. She pushed the drawer closed with her hip.

“The turkey might’ve been slightly undercooked, or it wasn’t rinsed before you seasoned it. Or, did you rub it at all when applying it?” I looked back at her, all but forgetting of her helplessness and focused more on her just being here.

“Oh! That’s what it was, I didn’t rub it at all. I thought you just apply it,” she stepped in, leaning on me to watch.

“May I have a fork for a moment?” I requested.

“Yeah!” she turned about, already have adapted to her situation, twisting her arms around to grab a drawer handle, pull it open, and fetch out two forks before popping it closed again with her hip. She’s a fast learner; starting to wonder if she’s done this before. She placed one on the counter and twisted her arms as best she could to hand the other to me. I could tell she really started to feel more comfortable as she assisted me, staying close at all times.

“Thank you,” as I took it and she relaxed, watching. I reversed my grip on the fork, pointing it downward and began to stab the chicken multiple times. Flipping the pieces over, I did so to the other side before setting the utensil aside and then shaking light coatings across the top, rubbing it in and flipping the pieces back over to repeat the process.

“Oh! I see! You make holes and rub it in to push the seasoning into the middle of it! That’s a great idea!” she said fascinated at the method.

“I actually kinda thought of it as I was a teen. I thought, ‘why just put it on the outside when that’s gonna just fall off when the juices come out? Put it on the inside and it seasons the whole meat,’” I said looking over to her.

“No that’s a great idea, wish I had you around 10 years ago when I started cooking for...” she stopped and turned away.

“Shi?” I looked worriedly to her. She had hid her face behind her hair, and I couldn’t see. “Are

you okay?" I actually turned to check her arms and shoulders, touching softly.

She shook her head and looked at me, soft eyes, warm smile, just like before, "I'm okay. I'm sorry, just thinking of my ex. Kind of... a difficult memory."

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to-" I started with a distraught look as if I had hurt her.

"No no, it's okay," she said stepping into my arms and resting her head against my shoulder. "I'm having a great time with you. You're wonderful." I felt a warm sensation in my chest and stomach as I held her. We split for a second while I popped the chicken into a dish she pointed out for me. At which point I placed it in the oven at a high temp. We moved over to the table and sat down to talk while it cooked. I was utterly captivated by her face and hair, the way her face was shaped with the curvature of her chin, her cheeks, and her neck, her clavicle... I just rested my chin in my hand, listening to her, smiling at what she had done, what she hadn't done.

Turning the chicken, she followed me and examined it with me. We exchanged tips about keeping the chicken juicy, but still making sure it cooked all the way, the dangers of uncooked chicken (namely the following day). There was a long pause between words as we found ourselves just staring at each other. I was lost in her eyes.

"So... how'm I gonna eat?" she asked.

"Well, I could let you out," I suggested.

"Is that what you want?" she raised an eyebrow. I looked up innocently with a mischievous smile.

"...No comment!" I said; and she broke out laughing.

"But really, my fingers are getting a little tingly," she said twisting her arms up and pulling on her restraint.

"Coming right up," I got up and searched for the end of the tape, finding it at the top where I left it, and began to unravel her arms, rubbing them softly as I quickly unwrapped her. When all the tape was off she brought her arms in front and I continued to rub her shoulders, softly squeezing and massaging her muscles, rubbing to warm them up.

"Mmmh, thank you. My fingers feel normal again."

"Was this time okay?" I asked.

“It was great! I loved it. I loved helping, and I just loved...” she looked around searching for the words.”

“Being helpless?” I threw out there.

“Yeah! But, it's more-” she started, but was cut off by the buzzer for the dinner. “Damn, after dinner then.” I nodded and hopped up with her. She went first, eager to see how it came out. I was too, had I made an ass of myself in front of Shi? She poked and cut it a little with the fork on the counter, checking the middle. “It's ready!” She pulled it out and served us each a thigh. We migrated back to the table and sat down where I sat by to wait for her to take the first bite. When she did, her eyes went wide like saucers, “This is very good! It's delicious! I thought it'd be too salty but you-” she blushed, “you somehow made this amazing too.”

Suddenly I was not hungry for chicken anymore. I just sat there, watching her eat... I could have all night. She looked up to catch me. “Is something wrong with your piece?” she asked. I just shook my head, smiling. “Is there something wrong with mine? Or did I get some on me?” she started frantically looking down her chest and lap.

“No, you're perfect...” It took her a moment, but she realized what I'd said and what I meant, and looked trying to hide a tint of pink in her face.

“May I be honest with you?” she hesitated.

“O-of course...” I stammered.

“I—really like that you're around. Since the day you first allowed me to sit with you, I feel okay to be near you. You're so warm and kind.”

No turning back now. “Y'know, since I first met you, not a moment has passed where I wasn't thinking of you. You're sweet, and bright, and soft. I feel like I don't need to hide from you.”

Her gaze met mine... and then it happened. She jumped from her seat into me, mashing her lips against mine and my arms encircled her. Her lips were warm, and soft, and salty. Her breath tasted of chicken parts and I wanted more! I held her against me, her giant breasts mashing into my chest. I stood and she followed along, wrapping her arms around my neck and hopping up as I scooped her legs, bridal carrying her with her lips kneading and massaging mine. Moving away from the kitchen slowly, I occasionally opened an eye halfway to try to find somewhere to set down and saw a bedroom, making my way for there. I found the bed luckily with my foot, and sat on the edge relaxing her across my lap.

Her hands cupped my cheek and held my neck, kissing deeply and spilling her breath against my face. The heat from her felt like a healing wind caressing me as I enveloped it with my lips. We fell back on our sides, our hands pawing at each others' faces, and our legs tangling as our kisses deepened. To be honest, I don't think anything short of a jet landing on me would've gotten my attention away from this amazing woman in my arms and on my face.

Segment 15

She was so soft to the touch. Her skin was so very smooth. Shi lied atop me with her face mashed into my neck and chest. Her breasts were parted by my side which, I imagined, made it easier for her to breathe. Her arms constricted me and she stirred quietly, sound asleep. Every gentle breath she took, pushed her chest into me a little bit. It was a bit exciting, I'll admit. I was more focused on holding and cradling her. I gently ran my fingertips through her long, pure, silky smooth hair. Petting and stroking her, she slept while I just held and watched her. I really didn't want to wake her up (but I didn't want her dead either).

I dunno how long I did this. An hour? An hour-and-a-half? Three hours? Was I late for work? Y'know what, I didn't care at that moment. I was just so caught up in her astounding beauty as she slept on me. I softly caressed her head and neck, playing lightly with her hair, keeping her close at all times.

I heard her inhale slowly and she blinked her eyes open, looking around through just them until she noticed me. I think she still had that blurred, out-of-focus vision you get when you immediately wake up. It took her a second, but she inevitably smiled when her eyes met mine—and so did I.

“How long have you been awake?” she whispered lightly.

“No idea, been watching you the whole time,” I whispered back. She bit her lower lip smiling brightly and inched her way up to my face. Her nose collided with mine and she nuzzled into my face. Her arms moved up around my neck and pulled me closer as I supported her by her back and hips with my own arms. She pushed her cheek and face tightly against mine, nosing and rubbing softly, caressing herself using me. I smiled as bright as she did as I began to reciprocate her behavior, nuzzling right back just as affectionately. I noticed myself growing, but paid no attention to it. It wasn't the time for that. I nuzzled along her cheek and down to her neck where I planted a soft kiss just beneath her jaw, running my nose along her skin and inhaling softly, drinking in her warm scent. I almost went overboard as I started going up her face and cheek again, you know, like how a puppy would sniff all over your face when it missed you?

Shi giggled and planted a tender kiss into my lips, whispering, “Are you always this affectionate in the morning?”

“Actually yes I am,” I smiled back, gazing into her darling grey diamonds. It made her giggle again and we began another long, sensational kiss to start the day. Her lips were immensely warm and soft as I massaged them with my own.

Soon enough, I had to look over at my phone I tossed on the bedside table and noticed that I lucked out and was only just shy of having to leave for work were I at home. Since I'd lived a bit closer than the distance between Shi's condo, I had to leave now if I didn't want be late. Pam's gonna tan my ass because I didn't check in, shit.

“I'm sorry, Shi,” I said sadly, petting her face.

“What's wrong?” she had this look of utter panic in her eyes like everything was about to be destroyed.

“I don't have today off and need to head to work.” She heaved a sigh, as if broken about something and nodded.

“Yes of course, I'm sorry.” she rolled off me as I thought what she was thinking I meant. Was she under the impression that I didn't want to be here? I didn't wanna leave! I marveled as she stood up, still in her beautiful, thin white dress that just stopped above her boobs, giving anyone clear visibility of her massive cleavage. Her dress she wore last night... my clothes I wore last night! Crap! I sat up, shouting in my head that I didn't have a change of clothes. All I had was an emergency dress-shirt for my company the glove compartment of my car. “Do you have time to change?” she asked. Hey, great minds think alike.

“Oh, I actually don't have anything with me. I have a second shirt in my car which I can wear for the day.”

“Oh I'm sorry I didn't wake up sooner so you could better prepare for your day,” she stepped closer and held me, wrapping her arms around my back and resting her chin against my chest, staring straight up at me. I rested my hand on her head which brought a smile to her face.

“Don't worry about it, that's why I have the spare shirt with me at all times. They occasionally will bring guests in for tours of the place, for which I throw on a collared shirt just to look more presentable for the public relations.” She nodded and stepped back as we walked out to her door. I gathered my case and noticed, “Oh shit!”

“What is it?” she said looking at the kitchen and dining area as I was.

“I left the kitchen a mess! Shi, I'm sorry-”

“No no! I'll tidy up. It's all right,” she wrapped around me and nuzzled into my neck. “So... when can I see you again?” she asked quietly.

“How's about as soon as I get off?” I held her tight.

“That's perfect, your place again?”

“Sounds great.” I opened the door and she stepped out with me. I looked back to her and neither of us could stop ourselves. She reached up and around, mashing her lips against me. Kneading her lips with mine, I gently licked her lip, requesting if she'd come out to see me off. She immediately parted her lips and met my tongue with hers, coiling around tenderly. Even though neither of us had brushed our teeth, her breath and taste were still the same nectar as they were last night.

Just before breaking off, I reached into my pocket and threw the wad of cash I swiped from the bill she paid and threw it on the nearby table. She drew her lips away and stood back, smiling happily. "I'll see you tonight," she whispered.

"Can hardly wait," and I turned heading down the walk to my car. My heart soared as I put my attaché case in my trunk and drove to work. "PPPPPP *Pressure Cooker*" rang throughout my car as I drove, feeling like all weights had lifted. I bobbed my head to the beat of the music, feeling utterly alive.

I arrived at work, grabbed the shirt out of my glove box, and swapped it out right there in the driver's seat. No one would figure it out really, since I wear black pants every day. I put my hair up into a loose bun, not the really tight kind that ballerinas and angry German fraus have, the stylish kind that has hair strands sticking out in all directions. With my hair up and a new shirt, no one will notice I didn't go home last night.

I went inside, sat down, and got logged in as Lin and Mal smiled and nodded to my appearance. Pam arrived just shortly thereafter and I turned to wave her in as well.

"Somebody got some lovin'♪, somebody got some lovin'♪" Lin jostled his shoulders and sang quietly at me.

"Shut up!" I snapped and scowled at him, pushing his shoulder. Nevertheless, I sighed and hit my forehead against the desk. God dammit, he saw right through me! "What gave me away?"

Mal answered, diligently not looking away from his laptop, "You usually wear your hair down when coming in. The only instances you put it up are when it's unwashed. Greasy hair doesn't show when it's up. Thus, it's a reasonable assumption you were behind s'hedule this morning. And based on my observations when we stayed at your place last, logic would suggest you had to see a guest off, or you were a guest and had to commute across town." Frick!! "I trust you were as courteous and respectful as the gentleman you should be?" This time he glanced up to meet my eyes over his glasses.

"She..." I smiled as I thought about last night. "We made dinner together; and before we could finish, we were lip-locked."

"Couldn't keep your hands off her eh?" Lin teased.

"Actually..." I said and Mal stopped typing, looking up with an eyebrow arched, "...she came onto me," I said smiling. Mal resumed his duties without saying a word or shifting a muscle while Lin grinned at my accomplishment.

"So you gonna see her again?" Lin asked.

"She's supposed to come over tonight. I hope she doesn't have second thoughts." No, no stop these thoughts!

“Don't worry, man, she'll show up.” Lin was right. I heard my computer chime and turned to it.

“So?! How was it!? Must have been terrific to keep you from CHECKING IN WITH ME! >:c I WAS SO WORRIED!!”

“I'm sorry, Pam! We lost track of the time and kinda fell asleep! I'll tell you all about it at lunch, promise.”

“You better! I want all the kinky details ;)”

Surely enough, the day progressed rather quickly with the routines. One thing you manage to do when you have all sorts of logs and systems to check, it kills time fast. I walked into the lunch room and she sat there brimming with excitement.

“So? Come on then! Tell me all about it!” Pam sat perked up.

“We talked about making dinners and methods to ensure chicken is cooked right. She assisted me while I had her arms wrapped in tape, rather well I might add.”

“Hehe, you're naughty. So you just made dinner with her bound and gagged?” she raised her eyebrow grinning.

“Well, not gagged, but yes. She was able to point things out for me and hand me utensils. She couldn't eat dinner that way so I unwrapped her arms.”

“Ios!!” she gasped with a look of shock on her face.

“Wh-what?” I stammered rather shaken by her look at me. “She said her fingers were getting tingly anyway, I had to let her out. I'd never say no to that and risk hurting her.” I was defensive for her situation and mine for a change.

“Not that!” she said getting up and stomping over to me, pushing my hair aside, “You cheeky boy, you! Is that a love bite?!” she said looking at my neck with an ear-to-ear grin. I slapped my hand over my neck and blushed.

“No!! ...I mean yes.”

She sat back down, smiling having a bite of her lunch. “So what else did you two do?” I told her the story of how we let dinner go to waste because we were busy kissing heavily and fell asleep. “You didn't sex her at all? Not even a little?”

“N-ny-wu-well no,” I tried to say as my words jammed at the thoughts of me being so forward to her. I looked off to the side. “I was more taken by her kiss and how she felt against me.”

She gave a mischievous smile, “You mean those boisterous, bouncing, beautiful boobies of

hers.”

“Well I meant her arms, her hips, her neck, her face, and her everything really...” I chuckled with a nervous smile back at her. “But those breasts of hers, yes, those were right there too.”

“You gonna see her again?” she asked

“I'm hoping so... she's supposed to come over tonight.”

“You seem quite smitten with her,” she hoisted her eyebrows.

I looked down and smiled at her in my thoughts, “I am...she makes me feel like someone really wants me around, like I matter. It feels... incredible.”

“What about me and San!?! We like having you around!” she protested.

“Yes but you two have each other. I mean... what you have, I finally feel.”

“Oohhhh,” she said finally understanding. She moved closer and hugged me. “That's wonderful, Ios, congratulations. From first hand experience, it's the most amazing feeling in the whole world. I remember when I first realized how I felt about her, I mean San. I can't even describe how amazing she made me feel. Really, it's a feeling like no other.”

“Yes... it really is,” I smiled softly.

****TWO CALLS AND A MEETING PROGRESS****

The end of my shift approached and I was set to leave. The guys wished me the best of luck and Pam shot me a hug as I went by for luck as well. Driving home, I had “*Through the Tree Stumps and Mushrooms*” to keep my great mood high. I got my case out of my trunk and headed up to my apartment. As I reached my hall, I noticed a figure sitting hunched next to my door. I was curious as to whom it was. I got closer to see long hair. It was her!

“Shi?” I called. She looked up and sat up excited to see me.

“Hi!” she called back standing up.

“Is something the matter?” I said walking up quicker.

“No, not at all.”

“You were just sitting outside my door is all,” I looked where she sat to see nothing out of the ordinary or wrong with her or it.

“Oh, I'm sorry,” she said looking down and away. “I was just... so eager to see you. I couldn't wait, so I guess I came over earlier than expected. I'm on vacation so I have nothing better to do,

really. You must think I'm stalking you.”

I touched her shoulder and rubbed softly, smiling as she turned back to me. “It's okay, I'm not upset.” She smiled as I opened the door for her. Stepping inside, I caught what she was wearing, a long, navy blue skirt which reached her ankles, sensible, flat, slip-on shoes, her top was a light grey zip-up sweater hanging open to a tight-fitting white, strapless top. As soon as I set my stuff down, she stepped closer and wrapped her arms around my neck nuzzling into me. I took hold of her hips and pressed my lips into hers this time. A nice, long kiss held and we each pulled apart.

“You hungry or thirsty at all?” I asked.

“U-yes, I'd love some water, please,” Shi asked politely. I nodded and fetched her a glass from the cupboard and got some filtered water from my fridge, handing the cold glass to her. She took a sip and stepped into me. I put my arm around her to hold her tight. She squeaked with joy and looked up at me. “So what'd you have in mind for tonight?”

“I could go for some snacks and games, if that's okay.”

“Sure!” she grinned and stepped back. Reaching above the fridge, I pulled down a bag with some tortilla chips. She sifted in the fridge and found salsa. Behind her I grabbed a bowl and we headed over to the couch where I flicked the TV on. “We're playing... What're we playing?” Shi asked.

“We're playing a game. A co-op shooter, well more specific than that. We're playing Ikaruga. Now, Ikaruga, what is that, is a scrolling jet bullet hell shooter sort of thing like you see in the arcade with a twist-” I put it in and explained how we played as it started up. I sat close to her and she snuggled into me. We played for a few chapters together as a team. Lucky I had infinite mode unlocked because, well, Shi is not the most skilled player amongst the world. But I said nothing at all, wasn't even thinking about it really. I was more focused on my second player helping fight the boss, along with the fact that my second player was this amazing woman curled around me.

“Awoh I'm so bad at this!” she giggled.

I paused and looked to her smiling a little sadly. “We could play something else if you'd like,” I offered, trying to make her feel better.

“Like what?”

I had a hunch... “We could play 'Beautiful Damsel', you were amazing at that game.” I'd resorted to stupid puns, wow.

“I thought you'd never ask,” she said with a mischievous smile (and apparently those stupid puns worked). Fetching my case, I brought it back and set it on the coffee table, then opened it up. As I was pulling out a long strand of rope, she removed her sweater and sat with her back facing me. Drawing her arms behind, I held them close and wrapped around her elbows. I doubled the rope

and wrapped around just above her joints, cinching tight together and wrapping around upwards until I wrapped around all bands through the center of her upper arms a couple times before tying it off tightly. She wiggled and twisted her arms and shoulders a little to check it and smiled back at me happily.

Satisfied that she was satisfied, I moved on to do her wrists the same way, wrapping around them with doubled ropes several times, then between her hands and arms tightly so she had no slack. Taking another coil, I wrapped around her arms and body, circling above her breasts, then below, then cinched tight before going up over her shoulder, down between her breasts and under the bottom ropes and pulling snug to squeeze her chest, and back up through and over her other shoulder, to the center again. I still had plenty of rope left over so I made a pass under her arms to her front, up over her shoulder and around the back of her neck, then down her other shoulder and under her arms to her back. I pulled tight at the noose to pull her shoulders back a little, pushing her chest out and into her harness a little more, thereby squeezing tighter on her bosoms. I took the ends and wrapped her elbow ropes once, then anchored it on the rope strands on the back of her neck, securing her whole harness and shoulder ropes not only out of reach, but her elbows were now forcibly pinned to her back and unable to move at all.

Shi pulled and struggled softly as I got another strand out. “Eep!” she squealed with excitement as I pulled her to sit across my lap with her legs up on the sofa. I bent her knees slightly and her ankles came closer where I gently seized them. Wrapping around her ankles, I tightened them pushed her skirt up just a bit so her knees were visible. She blushed furiously and smiled, biting her lip. With another strand of rope, I wrapped her knees both above and below, tightening them together and cinching the loose portions away. She could extend and retract her knees as she wiggled around before nodding approvingly. She sat up and I reached over into the case for something else.

“You wanna go a step further tonight?” I turned to her.

Shi blushed and smiled warmly, “If it's what you wish, I'm helpless to stop you,” she said slightly sheepishly and looked at me even more so. I smiled and moved over to her. Propping her up against me. Reaching around as I pulled her hair to the side, I lifted up a large, red ballgag to her face. She obediently opened up and I pulled it inside, pulling the straps behind and buckling it. “Mmmhn,” she moaned slightly at the sensation as she bit down. My heart jumped at her excitement.

“Is that too tight? Can you push that out at all?”

“Mnm rrng phngk phnn,” she muffled into her gag.

“You can?! Oh that's not gonna work,” I said as I reached in front, pushing on the ball gently until it popped in behind her jaw a little better, allowing for the straps to tighten another notch and squeeze her cheeks.

“Mmnh!” she squeaked surprised as the ball filled her mouth completely now, tightening until she could barely adjust at all.

“How's that, that better?” I held her back to see her beautifully gagged lips.

“Mhm! Mngmh mnh ngrm mh mmng,” completely incomprehensible.

“Wonderful,” I said as I pulled her to sit across my lap, my arms tightly wrapped around her. “I know you're a little bit at a disadvantage, but would you mind if I played a little more?”

She giggled and shook her head, “Mn-mn,” and settled back against me with her head resting against my cheek. My arms tightened around her to keep her close and she just pushed tighter into me, legs curling to grip mine. Occasionally, I heard a soft little, “Nmh,” escape her as she squirmed just slightly against her bonds. I rewarded her each time with a kiss against her forehead. She giggled and snuggled into me tighter. For hours, I just sat and played games, holding her bound and gagged in my arms, rewarding each little trial of squirming in futility with a tender kiss to her cheek and/or forehead.

Finally, she nuzzled into me for attention. Looking to her, she leaned up and softly pushed her gagged mouth against my cheek. She was kissing me! I smiled brightly and reached around behind her head, unbuckling the straps and pulling the ball from her mouth.

“How 'bout one more time,” I whispered, causing us both to grin into each other. Pulling her closer, our lips crashed and wrestled. I cupped her face in my hands, and I held her with care as my lips tenderly curled and mashed over hers. She let out a quiet and gentle moan inside me as my thumb ever gently caressed her face. Adoringly, I stroked her hair and rubbed her neck, rubbing her shoulders. After a few moments, I picked her up and carried her into my bedroom. Not once did our lips part as I transported her. Setting down with her, she broke the kiss and panted against my lips.

“Will you help me out of these, please?” she asked.

“Sure, I'll have you out in just a second,” and turned to reach for her wrists.

“No!” and she stopped me twisting away. “I meant... these...clothes...” she whispered, blushing heavily.

My heart jumped into my throat as she said it; but I calmed down in mere seconds as I rubbed her shoulder softly, nodding, “Of course...” I reached behind her, down to her hip and undid a clip and zipper on her skirt. Before she stood, I lifted up her legs and pushed her skirt up, undoing the ropes around her knees, unraveling slowly, and dropping them onto the ground. Next came her ankle ropes, undoing them slowly, and unraveling, and pushing them away. She kicked them off as I helped her stand and took her skirt in hand, my eyes meeting hers, slipping the skirt down slowly. Beneath, she wore a soft pink thong... that was it. I took her white top in hand and gently fed it down, out of the chest harness which was hugging onto it. It took a little coaxing, but eventually it came out... and fell away around her hips, down to her legs, and she stepped out.

Shi smiled happily, looking up at me longingly. “This too? Please?” she looked down at the only article of clothing left on her body. “-and then, I'd love for you to join me.” Without words, I just gazed back, smiling into her, I took hold of her hips, rubbing down her waist, taking hold of the thin little straps that hugged her. I lowered down, pushing it away. She blushed and stood before me. “I hope...you're not... disappointed,” she said softly looking away.

I finally took her in. Her breasts were colossal, hugged by the ropes that constricted her. Her physique was thin but not dainty. Her legs were long, like dancer's legs, with smooth muscle tone. Her sex all but completely shaven, only a small, single strip just in the center. Her outer lips completely hid her inner lips. Her black hair contrasted against her skin and drew attention to everything about her, her eyes, her smile, her face, and her enormously ample chest. It was like looking at the Anti-Life Equation itself, “...So beautiful...”

Shi looked up at me bewildered. “R-really?” she stammered. Was she surprised?

I ditched my shirt... and then pants, standing before her in my drawers, pulling her into my body, “Really, you're ravishing beyond words.” Shi gasped I held her close, my skin pressing into her, my chest mashing into her breasts. Sitting down, she pressed into me as we moved back on the bed, pulling the blankets over us and she pushed up against me, her legs tangling with mine.

I held her up to me and she moaned softly against me, my member touching her leg. I wasn't the biggest guy in the league, and hoped she too wasn't disappointed. My body pressed with her and she whimpered in delight.

“Ohhh...” she pushed against me, her nipples perky as she was, her legs rubbing into mine, her body rubbing affectionately into mine, and her face pressed tight against mine. “...Jos... you're so warm... please don't let go...” she whispered.

And I didn't. I pressed my lips into hers, holding her tight, my arms wrapped tight around her, with my right hand down her arm, into her hand. I laced my fingers with hers, and held her tied hand. In her hands she held mine. We drifted to sleep together, kissing endlessly.

Segment 16

In my haze of ecstasy I had with Shi, I vaguely recalled waking up with blurred vision in the middle of the night to wrap my arms around and untie her. I didn't inherently intend to fall asleep with her in such a tight bondage, but we both got caught up in the moment. I don't think either of us could've stopped. As I opened my eyes I felt her gorgeous and warm body, pressed as tight into her now as I was then. I ran my hand up her hip and her breast to feel her arm. Shi was lying half on top of me with one of her arms hooked underneath me behind my shoulders and her other stretched across my neck. Her face rested on mine as she stirred. Her legs tangled in mine as her sex hugged my thigh.

I felt down her arm and around her chest. I could still feel traces of the rope marks. Happy she wasn't in pain or danger of losing a nerve, I coiled my arms around her back and hip, squeezing her tight and nuzzled her face tenderly. She smiled kissed blindly until she hit my face, at which point she searched for my lips and kissed more passionately. I held her against me, my hand softly running up and down her spine as she pushed her body into mine, mashing her glorious bosoms into my chest.

After time stopping for the duration of our intimacy, she opened her eyes and smiled into me. "G'morning..." Shi whispered and stretched against me.

"Hey... you sleep okay?" I whispered back.

"Never better," she answered and nuzzled deeply against my face. I wanted to give her something I'd been keeping held inside for a long time. I couldn't stop myself from asking.

"You wanna wake up like I do for each morning?" I asked stroking her hair. Shi rubbed her eye and nodded with a soft smile, resting her cheek on mine. With no way of looking with my eyes, I felt around the bed away from us, running my hand around through the blankets and sheets, I was looking for just one, didn't have to be that long, but just one...single...aha! "Here we are, roll over for a sec, please?"

Shi smiled and rolled onto her back but scooped right back against me. I pulled the straggling piece of rope from last night I'd found on the bed to her and doubled it. She softly gasped at what she saw and blushed a little as she brought her hands together in anticipation. I wrapped around her wrists and pulled them close together, working out all the slack before wrapping around the center of the bands, cinching it and then reaching up. I pulled her wrists over her head, then reached over the bedside to find a metal brace which held the mattress in place. I wrapped the ends of the ropes and tied them off to fasten her arms. Shi pulled and wiggled around before looking at me with a pink tint in her cheeks.

I lowered down and pressed my lips to hers, cupping her face with care in my palm I held her and kissed some more. "I've... wanted to share this with you for a long time now... I hope you'll accept it..." I whispered as I began to kiss down her neck, kissing to her chest. I cupped her chest and kissed between them as I began to hear her breathing grow, soft moans emitting from her. I

dragged my lips down her crevice between her breasts as she writhed and squirmed beneath me. I kissed down her tummy over her naval, nuzzling her stomach as I sank lower and lower.

Her legs parted before I reached them, I think she knew. As I reached her pelvis, she moaned out, "Ohhh Ios," and gasped as I pressed my lips into hers (not her face this time). If she wasn't awake before, she was now. Kissing softly against her, I wrapped my arms around her legs and rubbed my lips into hers, softly parting them apart and kissing deeply. "HHHH!" she gasped. "Hhaaaa...hnnmmmm... hooohh...hnhmmmmnn," she whimpered, exhaling happily. My tongue softly tickled her inner walls, petting and running ever lightly up her. "Hooohhh! Uuuooohh!" her moans got louder. I took in all of her as I pushed my tongue deeper. Her smell was intense, her taste even stronger. I'd never had my face in a woman's groin before. It was overpowering at first, but I grew to acquire it. After a few moments, it was addicting. She tasted, if one could describe it as something other than "nectar", like a combination of sweetened milk with a hint of the alkali in her body. I slowly lapped and lapped within her pussy, rubbing my tongue between her inner walls, feeling within her, tickling her clit. My hands rubbed her legs and held her as the heat from her sex began to flow over my jaw.

Shi began to pant and heave shorter and faster, "Nnnyyes, oohhh, aoh, yes!" getting louder each second as she writhed. I heard the sound of tension against the bed, and could guess she was pulling on her ropes hard. I met her wish and grinded my tongue into her clit and curled within her walls, stroking only just slightly harder, tossing and turning inside. Her hips bucked pushed as she began to spasm, my tongue not letting up for a second... and I drank her all in. She came, and she came...and she came. She screamed out, groaning into the air and arched her back as her legs shivered. I finished lapping and rested my cheek on her thigh to comfort her, holding her other leg and rubbing it. She panted and looked down at me over her chest, cheeks flushed with redness, "Ios..." she called.

I crawled up to her hastily, thinking her hands might've been falling asleep. But as soon as I reached her to grab her ropes, I was interrupted by her mashing her lips against mine, kissing wildly, over and over against my maw. She panted against me and pushed her face into mine, whispering "I don't want this to end." A small sense of sadness washed over my me as I just held her cheeks.

"I don't either... but I hafta go to work today." I nuzzled into her and a look of disappointment washed over her face. I untied her wrists and she sat up with a semi empty look on her face. "Shi? Are you okay?" I touched her shoulder. She nodded and looked up at me.

"I'm sorry. Just distracted is all." She looked down and looked so sad. Had I done something wrong? We got up and got dressed, all the while I kept my eye on her. Her face had a deep look of emptiness, staring off as she fixed her underwear, her skirt, and her top. As we finished she stood up and looked to me, smiling. It looked forced.

"You sure everything's all right, sweetie?" I asked stepping close and softly taking hold of her shoulders. She nodded and reached up and around to kiss me. I happily obliged her.

“Yeah, just got some stuff I have to take care of after all,” she answered. I nodded, trusting her that she was okay. I believed in her. We walked out and I picked up my coat as she got her sweater from the sofa. We walked down to the parking lot and stood there facing each other.

“So you wanna meet up later?” I asked.

“Actually I may have some things to take care of. They may go on longer than expected. I'll call you, okay?” she looked at me warmly.

“Mkay,” I answered. She stepped into me and I held her. Her arms wrapped around my sides and back, squeezing tight as she rested her head against my chest. I rested my cheek on her head and just held her. Shi...what are you not telling me?

I saw her off and watched her go until it was my turn to head out. I listened to “*One of a Hundred Million Streets*” as I thought about things on my way. Was all of this real? I met Shi at a coffee shop, she seemed happy to be there. We had a great time. She came back hoping she could see me again. I invited her over and she happily accepted. We had some wonderful bondage times and she invited me to her place. Last night was incredible. This morning was incredible. Was this...real? Was I moving too fast for her? Shi, I just wanna know what you're thinking. Do you feel for me what I do for you?

I arrived and walked in the building. As I turned the corner to head to the NOC, that woman stood there, pale as ever. Her stare was eerie and unsettling.

“You cannot stop causing others pain with your existence,” her voice had a second, higher, raspier, off-tone sound to each word she said, like someone else's voice was speaking with her.

“Don't you have someone else to haunt,” I hissed at her and walked straight past her. I walked in the room and she appeared in front of me, almost causing me to walk right into her. I recoiled as she stared daggers, her yellow, piercing eyes burned with a look of ire.

“You were a mistake,” she said. I gripped my eyes shut and growled.

“Go... away...” as I tried to will her out of existence.

“Your actions will hurt others, others you care about,” her voice rang in my ears. I grit my teeth trying to focus. “You bring unhappiness to the hearts you love.”

“Leave me alone...” I murmured as I sat down gripping my head.

“You have broken her heart, Ios...”

“No...” I whimpered silently and didn't want to believe it.

Her voice echoed within my head. “You hurt others, Ios... Ios... Ios-”

“Ios!” Rik called grabbing my shoulder.

“WhaI'm awake!!” I flailed, startled at what had happened. I looked around and she was gone. He sat there looking at me, puzzled at my actions.

“Y'okay there dude? Ya look like you're having a rough morning.” I divulge my relationship with Shi and how she seemed like she was acting strange this morning. I didn't tell of our sexual moments or our bondage, just our dinners, how we met, and our closeness. He nodded and responded, “Yeah I get that. Had a situation like that happen to me once.”

“Did you?”

“A girl I dated once, when it started like things were great. We were hot 'n' heavy. But she seemed like she was keeping secrets from me. To me, I felt like she didn't trust me. That had an emotional impact on me too. It showed in my marriage. But when I came out of it, I decided I didn't want to be dependent on the other for emotional support. Girl's are gonna keep secrets. So I figure, why try to change that? If you're confident in them and yourself, they'll respect that and she'll understand you respect her.”

“Yeah I get what you mean,” I answered. I thanked him for the words, but didn't tell him I didn't buy it. I wanted Shi to trust me. I wanted to be someone she could tell anything. I wanted to make her feel safe and happy to confide in me.

During a break I had, I ran out to my car and sifted inside it. I found a thin piece of soft nylon. Thin like something you'd tie around one's toes. I pulled it out of the back seat and brought it inside and began to play around with it to keep my mind focused. Doing my duties, I kept it close and fiddled with it throughout the day. I twisted and threaded and messed around with it just to keep my thoughts away from the Red Woman.

The day went on, highly uneventful. It wasn't long before it was time to head home. Pam had the day off today so I didn't get a chance to ask if she wanted to hang out. As I was driving to “*Strange World*” (no not that one), I got a text. I couldn't check it out until after I'd gotten back to my place. I got out of the car and checked it out, hoping it was Shi.

Equally helpful, it was Pam. “*Hey, can you come to San's shop tomorrow? She wanted to ask you something about Shi.*”

“*Of course, what's the matter?*” my stomach started to tense and get anxious.

“*She was crying alone. Has something happened?*” She...what? Shi was crying? I felt sick. I made her cry? Without thinking, I tried calling her... no answer. I left a voicemail asking her to call me.

I tried texting her instead. “*Hey sweetie? I tried leaving you a voicemail, are you okay? Please give me a call? I'm worried about you.*” It was all I could do. I got up to my apartment and walked inside, checking my phone over and over. She didn't respond. I sat in bed with the lights

off, and I just waited, waiting for her to get back to me. ...But she never did. I screwed up... I hurt her.

****A BAD NIGHT IT WAS****

I woke up, and found myself still sitting hugging my knees. I slept there all night. My body felt stiff, my spine felt sore. My neck hurt all over. I could walk a little funny with my thighs asleep and checked my phone again. No response. Shi, whatever I did... I didn't mean to...

I had to change at least, but I couldn't shower, and I couldn't eat. I felt empty inside. I just wanted to see her again, to ask her what was wrong, to apologize for if I pushed her too hard. Playing this time to reflect and my senses, I had "*Will of the Heart.*" I was going to meet San today, to learn what happened.

I arrived at work and felt cold the whole time. Which was strange because I'm never cold. I kept my coat on but I still felt chilly, even inside the building. Pam had already arrived and I slowly walked up.

"Hey, are you okay? Ios?! What's happened to you?" she looked at my face worriedly.

"What? Is...something on my face?" I asked puzzled looking to the reflection of a glass window for an empty office. My eyes were baggy and my face was loose, long, like my skin was sagging. "Oh...it's my face itself."

"Ios what happened? Tell me what happened with Shi," she put her hand on my shoulder and we sat down at my desk.

"I don't know. I thought everything was great. We had an amazing night together, we slept together, and I gave her something from my heart I'd felt for her."

"Did she not want it?" Pam asked.

"I—don't think that's it," I explained. "She said, when it was over, that she didn't want it to end. I only said that I was sorry but I had to go to work. Since then she looked so sad, distant. I thought of trying to get together later but she said she suddenly had some things to do."

"Is that all that happened?" she asked.

"Yes, that's the last I heard from her when she left my place. She held me tight but felt like she was heavy with something. Are you going to the café today?" I'd asked.

"I can't, I have a few chores here to do, you go on ahead all right? Maybe San can help." I nodded and thanked her for her support. "It's okay Ios, you'll get to the bottom of this." I wanted to go now and ask San what happened. It was a little early for me to leave, so I couldn't. Pam got back up and went to her desk after hugging me tight to comfort me.

I pushed it down assumed my desk, going to work. I was careful in my duties this time, slower than usual, not having the focus I normally do. I had to make sure I didn't screw anything else up. I almost overlooked a discrepancy in one of the logs about a spoofed source address with a piggybacked connection to a VPN. Dealt with that and blocked the address range. I heaved a sigh, rubbing my eyes with my palms.

Lunch time rolled around and I was ready to go check San's side. Pam waved to me for luck and I nodded. I walked to the shop, trying to still my thoughts and keep calm about it. I did feel a little anxious the whole time; who wouldn't? I reached the shop and took a huge, slow breath and went inside. San wasn't in direct view but I just sat at the counter. A waitress asked if I'd like anything to start with.

“Just some water, if you please. Is San available?” I requested.

“Uh let me check and I'll be right back.” She walked through the back area and into a back room. A few moments later, San emerged with a distressed look and moved to sit with me.

“Hey, how are you feeling?” she hugged me and faced to talk with me.

“Preeetty lousy,” I answered looking over to her with a smile. I told her exactly what I told Pam. “So did she say anything?”

“I don't know. I heard from one of our waiters, he saw some lady crying at a table. He described her a little and I finished the details of Shi. He asked if she needed a minute and she said yes. He then checked on her and saw she could not stop crying to herself. He went to ask if she was okay, she just said she was sorry and ran out.”

No help at all. I was no closer to solving this. I nodded and thanked San for the info with a hug. “If she comes back, please let me know and then stall her so I can get here quickly?” I left some money for the water I didn't drink and left.

San nodded, “I will.”

****SECOND HALF OF MY SHIFT WAS NO BETTER****

I needed the help of that chord I'd gotten yesterday to keep my thoughts from being plagued by what was going on. Threading it, wrapping it... I just focused on it instead of my thoughts. I was gonna head home and needed a pick-me-up. I tried the music of “*It Ends*” reminded of a happier time, a time I wanted back.

I got to my apartment and tried just felt like sending a message in a bottle to her. I sent a text, figuring she wouldn't answer a call from me this time.

“Shi, if it was something I did, something I said, I didn't mean to. If you can find it in you heart to forgive me, I'd love to just talk about it, to learn so it doesn't happen again...I'm sorry, Shi.”

I had no idea what I did but here I was apologizing for it. I just wanted to hear her side of the story, why she was so sad, what I had done wrong so I could make it up to her, to learn from it and make her happy again. I just sat in my room, in the dark, thinking it over again and again. Was this all there was to me? I felt like talking to someone. Unfortunately Kad had probably already gone to bed. He was several time zones ahead of me.

<Eli> Heyyyy!!

<me> Oh hello there

<Eli> How're things with you? You hook up with Pam at all?

That's right, I hadn't told them yet about Pam and San, or about Shi. I took this time to do so. I still left out the details of our last morning together, out of respect for her.

<Eli> Well that's fantastic! It's great that you could meet someone finally! But I'm so sorry she's not talking to you about what's bothering her. But you hang in there okay? My marriage is rocky too but I'm not giving up on it. I'm trying to keep us all together. Don't quit on her okay?

<me> I just hope she'll get back to me.

There was a sudden knock at the door. I told Eli I had to go, someone at the door. I quickly got up and went to answer it. Checking the time, it was already late. Sheesh, I'd sat there longer than I thought. Opening the door, my eyes widened and I gasped in silence.

“...Hi...” she said. Shi stood with her hands rubbing each other nervously. Her eyes and nose were pink and puffy... she really had been crying, a lot. She wore a long, black frock, her flat slip-on shoes, and her hair was just a little bit messy, probably because she'd been brushing it with her hands.

“Hi,” I responded. She looked down and back up at me with a look of pure sorrow in her face.

“Can I come in? ...Please?” she whimpered. I nodded and put my hand around her as she slowly sauntered inside.

“Can I get you anything?” I asked worriedly.

“Oh, no, thank you,” she said turning to me. I looked to her face and she looked at me before she began to sniffle and leaned into my chest, and cried. I just held her.

“It's okay...” I whispered. “Stay here tonight. It's okay.”

She tried to stop herself from crying long enough to answer, “Th... tha-ank y-you...” and I helped her sit down on the couch.

“Wait right here okay?” I said kneeling in front of her, looking up into her puffy, wet face. “I’ll get some blankets. I’ll be right back.” Shi nodded and brought her legs up on the sofa. I walked around to a nearby linen closet and noticed she leaned to the side to lie down. Her arms pressed together, squishing her chest outward. I came back with several blankets and a pillow. Her eyes fluttered like they were struggling to stay open. “Tell me what happened,” I said covering her up and trying to keep her warm.

“I’m—I’m just tired. I... didn’t sleep...” she said as I very carefully lifted her head up and set it back down on the soft pillow.

“Okay, tell me about it in the morning, then?” I whispered, sitting in front of the sofa watching her as her eyes closed and her breathing got better. Within mere moments, she fell asleep. I brushed her hair from her eye and caressed her cheek, hoping it relaxed her. Her breathing returned to normal as she slumbered. I kissed her forehead and got up to go in my room.

I went back to my computer and Eli was still there.

<me> Shi’s here... she’s exhausted from crying. She didn’t sleep at all I think.

<Eli> Oh no! Is she okay?

<me> I think so. She doesn’t seem injured or hurt. She’s sleeping right now, I’ll check on her tomorrow.

<Eli> Damn, I gotta go to sleep myself. Good luck with her and I hope you two work it out.

<Kad> What’s going on?

Oh kickass, he’s here now. I explained to him what was going on.

<Kad> Hmm, perhaps something is troubling her about this. Try to inquire in the morning but wait for her to be ready.

<me> Yeah, that’s what I had planned too.

<Kad> Remember that relationships are a two-way system. You can’t assume guilt if she is unforthcoming.

<me> I know, I’ll try to remember that in the morning. I’m getting tired here myself.

<Kad> Goodnight, Ios, and good luck.

I minimized the window and rolled over, heaving a sigh. I felt cold again, freezing. But I’m never cold. What was happening. I felt as if I was freezing to death almost. My window was closed, and I curled in blankets... but could not stop shivering. The darkness swallowed me.

Segment 17

There I was again, waking up in that warehouse. But this time it was different. It was frozen over. The walls, the floor, everything covered with ice and frost. I looked up and saw her, the Red Woman sitting in a golden throne with naked statues as the arm rests. Up the sides were angelic women, wings stretched upward to hold another woman doing the splits with her womanhood showing.

“Your actions have brought anguish to this world,” she called, that dual-toned voice of hers echoing throughout the emptiness. I was angry now.

“No more!” I yelled at her and began to sprint and jump at her; I was going to grab her and make her stop following me. But as I was about to reach her, it looked like her molecules phased and out stepped Hol from within her, shoving his fist into the palm of my hand. I'd caught his blow is what happened, and used his force to push back instead of resist it. I flew back and caught my feet. Had I not absorbed the blow, he would've hit my chest and broken a rib for sure.

“You really suck as this...Ios,” he muttered at me, smiling like a fiendish devil. “It seems I haven't taught you just what you are.”

“I know what I am!” I shouted. “I know what I have, and I'm going to get it back! I was happy! You two were gone, and I felt good, I felt amazing! I want my happiness back! You two are *not* welcome here anymore!”

“HAH! You take what back?” he said tilting his head and arching his eyebrow. “What did you have? You had a girl sobbing because of something you did to her.”

“You caused her pain—with your carelessness and insensitivity!” Red called to me.

“No, I don't know what happened, she wouldn't come back if something was wrong,” I shook my head, thinking it through. “She'll tell me what happened and we'll work it out together!”

“Fat chance...” Hol growled. He leaped down and darted back and forth, moving far and wide between steps. Was he trying to throw off my following him? Regardless, it didn't work, I kept track of his movement and stopped a blow he tried to land on my head with his fist. I'd blocked with my forearm and swiped at him; it made him jump back. Wait, I'd followed his movements! I was able to keep up with Hol! I was stronger, I felt it. I was going to push them out, and I was going to get my happiness back.

“I won't lose...” I whispered to myself. Hol sneered and charged at me, swinging left, right, jumping with a back kick he tried to push into my stomach. I caught it with my hands and held tight, pulling him towards me so I could use his forward momentum to shove the heel of my palm straight into his cheek. He fell to the ground and tried to kick my legs out. I jumped and moved back out of his reach. He stood up gripping his cheek and looked at his hand.

“Well well, look who grew a pair over night,” he mocked, looking less amused this time.

“The easiest ones to crush are the ones that don't fight back, right, Hol?” I responded. He glared and frowned at me. Darting for me again, he stepped through the air and somersaulted, stretching his leg out, slamming his heel down onto me. I tried to soften the blow to my shoulder but it pushed me down hard, and I stumbled. I saw his foot fly for my head and ducked, then jumped to my feet shoving my fist into his torso, into his diaphragm. He was pushed back by the impact, and slid along the icy ground before shoving his fist into the floor to stop his momentum. He looked up at me, his yellow eyes burning with hatred. The room began to get colder, and colder, as he glowed with same, tinted yellow, evil aura from that night.

“**You're going down, Ios!**” his voice growled throughout the warehouse. The Red Woman stretched out her hand, a freezing wind blowing at the two of us as I began to feel heavy and cold. Every breath I took drew in that frigid air they expelled; and it hurt. The cold of the wind stabbed my lungs from the inside and forced me to cough. A sonic boom blew from Hol's body and the ground began to rumble, tremors shook the world, and he was enveloped in the yellow aura. The ground trembled as he roared with power, “**RRRRRRRAAAGGHH!!!**”

His movement was far more sporadic than before, so fast I could no longer follow. It's as if he was teleporting every which way, here there up down right up down right left down forward back, before he was right on top of me and drove his strike down. I only just barely managed to dodge as he struck the ground with his fist, so hard it cracked the whole sheet of concrete-ice on which we stood. Jumping back, he appeared behind me and I almost didn't get out of the way this time he swiped downward, snarling with each attack, “**HRGH! RAGH! BEGONE! HRURHGH!!**” and this time I couldn't dodge in time. I took a kick to my side and flew along the ground, tumbling to a halt. As soon as I came to a stop, he stood right here about to crush my skull with his foot. Eyes widened, I strained hard and rolled just to the side and kicked upward to him, but he just caught my foot, grinned evilly at me, and begun to spin. Around and around he whirled me, getting faster and faster until I was dizzy from the spins, before he threw me along the ground. I hit my head and skidded, rolling and hitting hard on the ground, scrapping open my body with each impact.

As I lie there on the ground, he hunkered down, bearing his hands in a claw shape. His nails were those of the Red Woman's, long, sharp, like demonic claws almost. He disappeared and I saw a very faint after-image of him just in front of me. With every effort I had, I pushed and jumped straight up to avoid it as he reappeared behind me. “**DIE!!**” the ground area where I was had been slashed by refractions of light, shining off where his claws had sliced the very fabric of the reality. If I had been hit by that...

The power glowing around Hol was more than I'd ever seen in him. With the air pushing from the Red Woman and Hol, fighting his strength which was far greater than I imagined, I had to do it all while I could barely breathe. Every one I took, it felt like my lungs were about to freeze. The forces against me were overwhelming. I jumped for one more strike and it was blocked, and countered with a hard fist in my gut. The force shot me back and tumbling. I tried to stand. “**Guuoolllhh!!**” and I fell hard to the ground on my back. I coughed and heaved, trying to catch my breath. I was too tired.

“Ya can't beat us, Ios! You made us this strong with your failure!” he hissed at me. He walked to me and grabbed my leg, dragging me over to the throne where the Red Woman sat, watching us.

“You have let others down before,” she said to me. “You let friends and loved ones down, and it hurt them.” Surrounding us in the darkness, I saw Shi, sobbing in bed. Next to her, an image of Pam and San holding each other, consoling each other after having learned of my demise. I saw old girlfriends, Kad, Eli, and family members, their faces, and I was reminded of each and every way I had let them down somehow. “You have hurt their lives, lives close to you, and now causing them unspeakable agony when removed from them.”

I didn't have the energy to respond, after having been beaten senseless. I could only watch as my heart sank, seeing Shi cry. The Red Woman called to me as frost began to fall on me, freezing my skin to the touch, “Your existence causes pain to others even when not in direct contact with them! Your existence was a mistake you know to be true!” All I could think of was how sad I would make Pam, and San, and Kad, and especially Shi when I was no longer there for them. But as my darkness consumed me, I felt the same sadness that would make them just as unhappy knowing they couldn't stop it. I felt even further sadness when I thought of that which I thought I was unjust as a friend to them.

“From your very beginning, you were destined to be a pain in the hearts of those close to you!!” Red yelled at me, my skin freezing more, remembering Shi crying against my chest—which I still thought was my fault. My fault... “You made the only one you care about filled with undying sorrow and betrayed your friends for your own desires!! You were a mistake to this world!! For allowing your existence...” I could no longer breathe as she stood up, stretching her claws out at me, glaring furiously at me. The last thing I heard before all my senses shut down, “**...YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!!**”

I was ashamed. I was ashamed of who I was, of everything I did. I was a poor gentleman to Pam and San. I was a lousy example of a technician. I was a terrible friend to Kad. I was an even worse friend to Eli. I felt I'd let Lin and Mal down as their colleague and friend. But most of all, I let the only one I felt such feelings, I let Shi, the one about whom I cared more than anything in the world, cry at something I'd done out of such deep feelings. I let her down. I was very ashamed of my existence... I closed my eyes and let an exhale out, about to embrace the darkness... and let it freeze.

“nnlvyn Ios...”

Everything stopped. My eyes snapped open and I looked up to see the world surrounding us to be me in bed, with Shi lying on top of me, nuzzling into my neck. She whispered into my ear as she slept with me, “I love you, Ios...”

Something happened inside. The cold began to fade, and a flame began to glow inside me. I felt hot, and I began to feel it all coming back. I saw her face, nestled into me, and it was clear to me. I could not lose, and I would not. I would not let Shi down ever again. The frost began to break as the heat expelled from my body, and I got to my feet slowly.

Hol jumped for me, “**No you don't!!**” but I caught his hand as he tried to drive his claws into me. I grabbed his wrist, staring into his eyes, as they burned with endless fury. He strained in my grip and his roars of power turned to roars of pain, as I used my thumb to push up, my other fingers to pull down, and his forearm just beneath his wrist snapped, broken. “**GHRAAHHH!!!**” he snarled in excruciating pain, jumping back, letting his limb fall broken. “**HYAAAAAHH!!**” he screamed, charging at me for another attack. This time, my hand clutched his face as he approached me. My grip clenched, squeezing, and tightened as his skull began to quiver.

“She loves me. You will cause my Sweet Shi pain by devouring me. I can no longer allow you to exist.” And with that, my grip on Hol's face crushed. His skull, his face, his body, his whole form, shattered like glass, hundreds of millions of shards as the apparition was broken and faded away. I turned to the Red Woman and walked slowly to her. She looked at me in horror, backing up slowly until I reached her.

“**You must stop!**” she attempted, but it was over. I reared back and used my own hand to pierce her form, causing her to shriek as she too shattered into countless fragments. The ice surrounding me faded away and I stood there, feeling a never ending heat within me, burning for Shi. The fragments appeared as a disembodied, gaseous figure with only empty eyes and a mouth. It wailed at me in a flat affected, monotone voice between Hol and the Red Woman.

“Are you the Lord Ios who commands this world? Who are you?”

“I am. I am Ios, the ruler of this universe that contains the heart of her and myself.” I stretched out my hand and Shi appeared within the darkness, beginning to glow. From her, a hot wind blew over the warehouse as she slowly walked to me, then placed her hand in mine.

“We shall kneel to your will,” spoke the ghost.

“As long as we exist here, you will not,” I commanded.

“Never forget your place, Lord Ios... Long live Our Lord...” and I gripped the gas, absorbing it within me. I took a deep breath, thinking only of Shi as I turned to her. I would be strong for her, and I would find out how to make things right.

I wrapped my arms around and took her into my chest, holding her close, “Shi... I promise... I'll never let you down,” I whispered in my sleep.

Segment 18

I nuzzled her forehead, softly nosing her skin and smelling her hair. I rubbed her hip as I held her tight against me. She stirred softly and opened her eyes at my touch and looked up to me.

“Ios, I-!” she started but I put my finger to her lips. It caused her to blush heavily.

“May I first?” I asked. Shi nodded and settled onto me, looking up and listening.

“I wanted to tell you how you make me feel. You make me feel so amazing, and I love when you're around. With you, I feel important and I feel like my existence really matters. I feel, with you, I can be exactly what I am and I don't have to be afraid of if you'll accept it or not. In fact everything you learned about me, I always thought would weird you out at first but you always just showed interest in it. I enjoy everything about you and I want to learn who you are, where you come from, and I think you're the most amazing woman I've ever met. I don't wanna go on another day without holding you in my arms.” Man, that was quite a mouthful.

Shi sat up, cupping her face, blushing furiously as a smile crept on her face. Her eyes teared up a little, “I don't know what to say. I can't think of anything I can say. All I can say is...” as I sat up to be closer to her, she just pushed into me and rubbed her face against mine, her tears wiping on my face, “I'm so happy to hear you say that!” I held her in my arms as she did me in hers.

“If I did anything the other morning to upset you, please tell me, and I promise I'll never do it again.” I whispered. “I just wanted to share a fraction of what I felt inside for you.”

“No, no, Ios, it wasn't you at all,” she looked up at me and held my hand. “I think you're the most amazing man I've ever met since my-” and she hesitated.

I cupped her cheek and looked deep into her eyes, “You can tell me. I will accept you no matter what you were or who you dated. Always remember this, you're safe with me.” Shi nodded and held me.

“Okay,” she said as she took a deep breath and let it out. “I'll start by confessing that I am a very clingy woman. I get so attached to relationships and it drives them away. Like how I came back to the café waiting for you?”

“Well you didn't get my number before then, though,” I said to stand up for her.

“Or the time I waited outside your apartment. I waited for hours for you because I just wanted to be near you,” she looked to me apologetically. “Ios...what you don't know, my ex... I'm not...” I cupped her cheek to relax and comfort her, to remind her she was safe. Shi looked at me and nodded, understanding she could tell me. “I'm a widow.”

“Oh, you've been married. You look so young I didn't know.”

“How old do you think I am?”

“That's a loaded question, but I was gonna guess 23, 24? Y'know, close to my age.” She giggled and kissed my nose.

“You are the sweetest man ever. I'm 30. I got married when I was fresh out of high school. My husband, Kev, was killed in an accident two years later. He went out to pick something up at the store and...” her voice trembled, “...he never came home.” She hugged herself and I wrapped my arms tight around to comfort her.

“Ohhh Shi, I'm so sorry,” I said clenching her in my arms and chest. Suddenly it all added up. “I understand your living situation now, though.” Shi nodded and rubbed her face against my neck for comfort.

“Inheritance... when he died, I felt so lost, so alone,” she whimpered, tears coming back. “I felt like my whole life was ripped apart at the very core, and I had no one. I loved Kev so much. It took me over nine years to finally put the past behind me and try to keep going, to find some way to live again.” I listened carefully, holding her hand and just gazing at her. “When I started, I tried dating and having relationships, but I got so attached to my boyfriends that they just ran.” Shi began to sniffle--and cry softly. “I'd want to know where they were going, what they did, when they were coming back, if they wanted me to go too... I just didn't want to lose them or be alone again. I was—I was afraid they wouldn't come home, like my husband.” As she cried, I stroked her hair to keep reminding her that I wasn't going anywhere, that she was safe with me.

“Go on...” I said still listening.

“One of them even told me I was too clingy, and that I was smothering him. Another problem, when I was 16, I was diagnosed with cystadenoma; and the only course of treatment was an ovariectomy.” Shi looked to me softly, tears flowing down her cheeks. “I can never have children. When one boyfriend found out, he broke up with me immediately since I could never bear him a child. And then the last boyfriend I had, told me the same thing, that he liked being with me but I was suffocating him. I just wanted to make him feel okay with me. He told me that he had to go to work and take care of some things afterwards, that we could meet at the café for lunch to talk about it. I had planned something in advance, and tried to surprise him using some of the money I had from my inheritance left over... and I had scheduled for some work to be done in time.”

My eyes widened. “Your breasts...” as soon as she heard the words, she gripped her eyes shut, struggling not to. “...they aren't real.”

Shi sobbed. “No. I just wanted to feel beautiful again... and he never came back! He abandoned me! I felt old. And I felt so ugly! Like no one would ever love me again. I felt like a curse.” I cupped her face and held her close, using my cheek to dry her tears. I gently rocked as I held her, side to side, trying to calm her down. She wept for a few moments before her sniffles started to lessen. “Then I met you... when you offered to pay for my lunch, you came back to see me as

a total stranger, even knowing I was waiting there all day, you invited me to your home... I felt like you were different. I felt like you were interested in me. I was worried I'd push you away like I did the others so I..." she cried more.

"You avoided me..." she quietly sobbed in my chest.

"Does it bother you, Ios?" she looked to me worriedly, tears in her eyes.

"What do you mean?" I stroked her hair.

"My marriage, my fake tits, my broken genes, my impurity. Doesn't it bother you that I'm not a virgin?"

I brushed her hair from her wet eyes and lifted her chin to see her. I looked into her puffy eyes which surrounded her glistening grey gems. I asked softly, "Would it bother you to learn that I wasn't a virgin either?"

"W-well, no," she squeezed closer to me. "Not at all, I wouldn't expect you to be."

"What if I told you... that I was?" She gasped looking at me in disbelief. I simply nodded.

"Does this bother you?"

"No! No it doesn't! In fact... I'm... honored, that I could be your first..." she looked to me blushing.

"Go on, sweetie, what else happened."

"Oh, well, I didn't trust myself, or your limits. I didn't wanna lose you because you made me feel special again. The last time I felt what I feel now... was with my husband. But you're different!" she looked up at me alarmed like I'd misinterpreted. "You're not him, I know that! You're so... you're so amazing. You make me feel so happy, so beautiful, so appreciated, and I couldn't imagine losing you."

I gazed deeply into her and cupped her cheek. "Give me a moment?" She nodded and sat back. I reached onto my desk for my phone and dialed a number. "Hey, it's Ios. Yeah, I'm not gonna be able to come in today. ...Yeah, I have a family emergency to take care of. Can you get someone to cover? ...Okay, cool, I'll use up one of my many accrued PTO days. ...Thanks...Thanks I'll see you tomorrow hopefully." I hung up.

"Family emergency?" she asked looking worried.

I held her tight and massaged her cheek. "I have someone who needs me. And I'm not leaving her side all day. I'm gonna make sure she's all right, no matter how long it takes." Shi blushed and widened her eyes, her jaw opening as she smiled, squeezing me tight. "We make a vow today, my Sweet Shi." She looked into me puzzled. "A promise to be honest about what's on our minds, about what we feel to each other. Because without each other, the world is empty..."

without you... my world is empty.”

She grinned and held me against her face, “I promise, Ios. I'll never hide from you again.”

“Since we're being honest here, I think it's time I was forthcoming about myself.” I stood up and began to remove my shirt. She joined me by standing up, pushing down the straps to her frock and pushed it away, exposing her naked body to me as I pushed the remainder of my clothes to the floor. My attaché case was hanging open from when I cleaned up last, so I grabbed plenty of materials I needed.

...By the time I was finished, Shi was sat back against the wall, her wrists bound tight behind her in a light reverse-prayer. She had a tight chest harness wrapping around her arms and body, above and below her breasts, with a center rope squeezing the top and bottom of the harness together, causing her breasts to bulge in between the ropes. The ends of the center rope went over her shoulder, formed a knot behind her neck, and went down to hold her reverse-prayer in place tighter. Her ankles were spread as far and wide as possible, then stretched up and back, anchored to two metal rings I had drilled into the wall (in preparation for this day long before I met her). Her thighs were anchored to her chest harness to keep her legs up and from lowering down at all.

She looked up at me longingly as I knelt on the bed and brought a big red ballgag to her lips. She opened up obediently and I gently pushed it inside. “Uwmhph, mmnh.. mnhph” she whimpered in delight as I buckled the gag tight behind her head underneath her hair. She blushed a beet red color as she looked down at her naked, unfathomable beauty, her bulging, gigantic breasts, and her completely exposed sex.

I sat back and reached for a small phallic toy, “Allow me to let you feel what you make me feel, my Sweet Shi?” I flicked a button on the length and it buzzed to life. Shi whimpered and began to struggle and pull tight on her bonds that gripped her appendages. She squirmed and looked at my hands longingly.

“Mmph, Mmphnm, mn mmhnph Mnph” she muffled to me.

“Do you want me to use this inside you?” I said lowering down to see her face a little better. Shi shook her head and a ribbon of drool fell onto her breasts. She squirmed and looked at my direction, then up at my eyes. I noticed what she was looking at and moved the phallus away... for her to see the other phallic tissue that stood at full attention.

“Mmn, mmn, mmn,” she whimpered looking to it and my eyes, longingly.

I nodded softly, “Of course, you can have it...” I moved closer to her, and took hold of the base of myself, holding the head to her lips and softly rubbed up and down her. She gasped in anticipation and shivered in excitement. I pushed closer and began to fill her, pushing within her walls. She let out a low, deep groan into her gag, biting down as my length pushed deeper, down to my base. I slowly pulled back, before pushing my pelvis back in, slowly pushing and pulling inside her.

“Mmnh!! Mnnphn!! Mnnhhn! Hnnnph!” she moaned and squealed happily, drooling down her bosoms. My soft pushes picked up speed just slightly, pushing and pulling within her as my hands probed up her chest. I rubbed her saliva around on her, massaging her bulging tits. I ran my fingers over her nipples and massaged, pushing, and playing, cupping, and groping, lifting, and squishing her tits together. Every breath she took squeezed them in her breast harness as I pushed and pulled inside her pussy. She was hot, and she was wet. My motions began to grow a little faster as they turned into soft and gentle thrusts. “Mngh!! Mphn! Hmmmnh, mmnh mmmmp h mmp!” she cried louder and quicker as I pushed and pulled inside her, my pelvis grinding her clit every time I pushed in.

My hands felt up to her neck and cheek, reaching behind holding her head as I lowered down, thrusting softly up inside her. I licked the ball within her lips and kissed softly. She struggled and pulled on her bonds, breathing heavily through her nose and pushed her gagged mouth up against mine, looking up into me, a look of sheer content and bliss in her glazed eyes. I continued to thrust, gazing back into her, tension inside my rod pulsating and throbbing, her beauty alone causing my cock to squeeze with flex with stiffness. I felt her body grow hotter as mine did, my breaking point building fast. I tried to hold it in to wait for her, grinding her clit harder to bring her with me. Her hips started to buck and pull as she squirmed harder. I could sense she was close. I reached behind, pressing my chest into her huge, bulging chest, and slid my hand into hers, my face pressed to hers, as I whispered for the first time since I met her exactly what I felt.

“I love you, Shi...”

“Mmn mnph mmn, Mmphin!” she panted back. Her pants grew heavier and faster, my thrusts pushing deeper and grinding more. My hand gripped hers as she groaned and squealed... before crying out into her gag. I gasped as I clenched her in my arms. We shared in our very own volcanic eruption. Her juices flew over me, as mine poured inside.

Shi heaved her breaths and stared up into me, while I took the moment to untie her thighs from her chest harness... followed by her ankles from the wall. I helped her sit forward where she pushed into me even though her arms were tightly pinned in a light reverse-prayer behind her. I fell back on the bed with her laying on me and giggled as she smiled behind the ball. She nuzzled and nosed into me, adoringly. I stroked her hair and held her close, tenderly caressing her face.

“I have something for you... that I hope you'll accept,” I said softly to her. Shi lifted her head up looking into me excitedly. “Wanna play a little game of Hot & Cold?” I smiled looking to her. She chuckled and nodded. I sat up and reached behind her head. She leaned down so I could reach better and unbuckle her gag. Pulling it away she licked up the drool on her lip.

“You gonna direct me to it?” she asked.

“Yep. But first we need to get you situated first.” I reached over getting the ropes I'd untied from her and folded her leg so her ankle pressed to her thigh and frogged her securely. I repeated the

process on the other side and went over to my case.

“I can't walk like this, Love,” she giggled looking over at me.

“Oh I don't expect you to. This is where the fun comes in.” I knelt between her legs setting a small roll of wide black gorilla tape on the bed with two purple eggs. She gasped and squealed with joy as I held her leg open and slipped the eggs inside her already well-lubed pussy. I took the tape and tore a few strips off, short in length, and placed them securely over her lips to hold them closed. I rubbed the tape out to make sure it was flat and even across her, causing her to moan a little.

“How.... will these guide me? They seem more like they're gonna drive me wild,” she said grinning up at me.

“They're remote-control eggs. With the push of this knob,” I demonstrated and they buzzed to life. Her eyes shot wide open and she gasped with the lowest setting, panting in surprise. I turned it back off, “...they will guide you at my command when you get close. The closer you get, the better the reward. Fair?”

“But... what if I need to reach up somewhere?”

“A fair question indeed, my Shi. Wait just a moment, I'll hide it all within ground range of you.” I quickly walked out into the main area and fetched something in my bag, fiddling around and doing my thing for just a few moments...

“Sweetie?? Are you ready?” she called from the bedroom.

“Coming!” I called back and walked in and over to the case. “Okay, it's hidden. Now we need to make sure you're secure.” I picked out several cloths and looked around the room, picking up a few more things, moving back to her.

“But I'm already helpless, Hun,” she smiled wiggling a round.

“Well do you like being gagged?” I asked

She giggled and bit her lip, “Well....yes... I guess I am missing that.”

“Okay then, open wide, darling,” as I lifted up her thong she'd discarded. She blushed and accepted, opening her jaw to me. I slipped the thong inside. She still had way too much room so I pushed a pair of my socks in too.

“MMNPH!” she squealed, surprised by how much was going in. Her cheeks bulged as her mouth was completely packed and filled. I took a cloth and thinned it out, wrapping it around the packing and tied it behind her head, pushing her hair aside to tie under her hair. I took a few strips of tape and pressed it over her lips and the cleave gag to disallow any movement from her mouth at all. “Mnmp!” she giggled wiggling against me. I smiled and took another cloth,

wrapping it around her gag and chin, pulling it snug to hold her jaw in place as I tied it tight behind. I picked up another one and wrapped it over her previous layers and her nose, muffling the sounds she emitted a little more. I gave it one more over-the-nose gag using a soft fleece scarf which held her whole mid and lower face and her jaw securely. “mm mmm mm~r” she squeaked very quietly through her gags as best she could.

“I love you too, my Sweet Shi,” I said kissing her gagged nose. “But flattery will only get you some help.” I picked her up and set her on the ground. “I’ll give you a hint, the gift is in the dining area.” She nodded and began to squirm and move along as best her legs would allow, grunting and struggling in her restraints. As she moved, she gasped into her gag, the eggs came to life and she looked up at me. “What’s the matter?” I grinned. “I said the closer you got, the better the reward.”

“mm mhm mh m mmh mhm mhm mhmh,” she whined. I smiled and sat down next to her.

“You can make it, baby. I’m right here in case you need a good luck kiss.”

“mmh hmn mh?” she whimpered. And with that, I held her gagged face in my hands softly and pressed my lips into her layered gag, kissing tenderly for a good long few minutes.

“Nnthere, all better sweetie?” I asked petting her.

“mhm,” she nodded, nuzzling my face. With encouragement set, she set out to try with the love eggs buzzing inside. She groaned and bit down on all the packing inside, trying to keep focus, shaking her head to keep a clear mind. As she reached the edge of the room, I turned up the power a little. “Mmmmmmm” she moaned and hunched, trying not to fall over. “mm hm?” she looked back to me needingly with her face flushed.

“You want another kiss for luck?” I asked scooting closer. She nodded meekly and I happily obliged. I kissed her inner face just next to her shielded nose and around her gagged lips, couldn’t exactly tell where they were. I wrapped my arms around her and she leaned her head on my shoulder, pushing her face into my neck as her chest rise and fell to her breaths of ecstasy. Shi whimpered and moaned against me. The vibrations inside were starting to drive her crazy. I kissed her forehead and met her eyes. “You’re almost there, right there,” I looked over with her and saw the chair with something hanging off it. She nodded weakly and set off to inch and scoot her way over, sweating and panting heavily.

Each shift she made caused the eggs to shift around inside her, causing the vibrations of her sensitive innards to be tickled and rubbed by the dancing eggs within. Shi reached the vicinity and I rewarded her with the higher setting. She gasped and screamed out, sitting up and bucking her hips to the vibrations inside her. I saw she was about to keel, and I quickly moved in and caught her and lay her back on my legs, supporting her head and cradling her as she moaned and whinnied into her gags. She looked up at me with eyes of complete infatuation as she bucked and writhed in my arms. I massaged her breasts softly to help her along, the thundering vibrations inside building, backing up, compiling... until her back arched and she blew. Her screams were high but little more than a hum through her heavy layer of gags as her body shook

and convulsed to the wave, upon wave, upon wave of orgasms she felt.

Turning the eggs off, I reached down to peel the tape off and pull the strings sticking out of her which pulled out the sopping wet little devices. I held her tight in my arms and stroked her hair from her face, looking down lovingly into her as she looked up, panting heavily, face completely red at this point, short on breath. I sat her up and reached for the spot she had almost touched. I held it for her to see. She regained her senses to take a look at it...and her eyes widened. She looked up at me for what I had to say.

“I love you so much, Shi. Will you accept this... and remain mine forever?” I held before her the thin little chord I was playing with at work the last couple days. It had taken a new form, I had threaded it into a tight weave that shaped into a hand-made collar. In the center, on a tag ring, was the ring I kept on my finger all these years.

Shi looked at me... her eyes began to well... and tears fell down her cheeks. She looked up at me and whimpered, tears flowing down. I reached around the back of her, under her hair and undid them. I took each gag off one, after another, after another, until I pulled the tape away from her lips, pulled down the cleave gag, and pulled the packing out. She heaved as a breath of fresh air was welcome.

“Yes!... Yes yes yes!!” she exclaimed, trying to stifle her tears. I grinned clutching her tight in my arms as she giggled. Picking her up, I moved her into the bathroom where I set her on the counter just in front of the sink. I used my body to brace her as I held the collar to her neck, softly wrapping around, and fastening the ends of the collar together, tying it tight. I fixed her hair and brushed it with my fingers, and we sat marveling her in the mirror, the ring dangling at her throat, the hugging soft chord around her skin, her astonishingly beautiful body bound tight in ropes, her delicious, pink, soaking wet pussy, and my arms draped around her. “...Forever?” she asked looking to me in the mirror.

I nodded and answered her reflection back. “Forever... and ever.”

She looked up to the physical me as I looked down to her. “I love you, Ios...” she whispered. Picking her up, I moved her back to the bedroom where we sat back in bed, her sitting in my lap, sat astride cowgirl style facing me. I helped her sit on my erect shaft which was now ready for a second wave. She bellowed a heavy groan as I sat her all the way down. Her weight pushed me deep inside, as far as I could reach, drawing a loud moan from her. We began the second of many rounds to follow that wonderful day, as I pushed upward inside her, over and over, as her tongue and maw gripped mine. I cupped her face, and kissed with all the passion I had for the love of my life.

Segment 19

****SOME DAYS LATER****

I walked in to work and sat down at my desk. I breathed a sigh of fresh air, getting going. I looked around the empty room, looking at Mal and Lin's desk. They hadn't shown up last few days at all. In fact, the desks were empty, no papers, no equipment, and trace at all. It was as if they never even worked there. I couldn't help but smile at the memories I had of them. I whispered to the empty seats next to and behind me, "Thanks guys... for everything..."

Pam arrived at that time, waving happily. "Hi!" she said perkily and hugged my arm.

"Hey," I responded with a large smile hugging her back. She walked over to her desk and set her stuff down before coming back.

"So we still on for our double date tonight? We're supposed to go to dinner and shopping for fun stuff?" she asked.

"Sounds great. I'll drive. No booze for me so I'll be good."

"You must drink at least once in your life! It can be a lot of fun," she winked and giggled.

"So can multilayers. You should give those a shot. You'd be surprised how much harder it hits when you're short on breath," I said joking with her.

"I'm working on it! I need to use San as a test subject before I try it first but she keeps getting the better of me."

"You could always try it yourself," I suggested, rolling my eyes.

"What, you think I'll tell her about it before I can try it on her? I can't surrender that advantage to her!" I let out a laugh which caused her to laugh as well.

"Clevah guhl" I said in a mock British accent. "Try a pair of knee-highs or a few pairs of your undies. Cloths, tape, bandanas, scarves, followed by more and more and more of the same."

"I'll try it straight away before we go out, letcha know how it goes on the date," she winked and headed back over to her desk just as the phone rang.

I took the call and got to work, a bright sense of freedom in my heart.

Later on in the day, Rik showed up for his shift and asked how all was with my family since I was out.

“It's okay, family member needed me in a time that was very hard for them,” I answered.

“That's awesome, man. It looks like it did you good, you look better than you did the other day.”

“Thanks, I am, and so are they. They just needed reminding that they weren't alone anymore,” I smiled to myself resuming my work. I looked over at Pam, thinking of how I wasn't alone anymore either. Pam had San, and the two met two new friends. I met Pam and San, and through them I met Shi. Shi had me, and met Pam and San through the process of making it all happen.

None of us had to be alone anymore.

As the say ended, I hugged Pam as we were headed out. “So we'll be by your place at 7:30.”

“You got it,” she answered.

“Don't be late! If you two are behind because you were messin' around with each other, Shi and I are gonna double-team you!” I warned her.

Pam giggled, “Well when you put it like that, I think I just might delay so it will happen.”

“Oh what you don't realize is that your punishment is gonna be the lowest setting imaginable on your most fun toy while Shi and I have dinner together—on your dollar! You two will just sit and watch. You don't get to come with us”

She gasped, smiling, “You bast-!”

“Don't be late, then! I'll see you in a little while,” as I grinned.

She let out a laugh and hugged me, conceding that she'll be ready. We went our separate directions to our cars and I started on home. With my mood as high as ever, I felt something necessary to reflect it, and listened to “*I Trust You Forever.*”

I arrived at the apartment and headed up quickly, having to get cleaned up and ready. As I opened the door, my Sweet Shi greeted me from the couch, standing up grinning in pure delight, wearing just her collar, a skimpy tank, and some tight-fitting cotton bottoms. Shi hastily walked up and planted a loving kiss into my lips and whispered-

“Welcome home, My Lord...”

PART II: A HEART

1st Frame

My pulse raced. My chest pounded. I could feel my breasts squeezed by every breath I took. I felt utterly enchanting, wearing only burgundy latex opera gloves and matching latex stockings. I had a pair of six-inch stiletto heels on. I stood with my arms tied tightly behind me, horizontal to the floor, squeezed against my body by a chest harness which circled above and below my massive bosoms. There was a pair of strands going over my shoulder, down between my chest, under the bottom of the harness, and back up through my chest over the other shoulder, pulling the harness up tight and squeezing my boobs. My left leg was held against the side of my harness at my thigh, while my knee was held above and below it by a strand of rope that went up to an eye bolt in the top of the door frame, and back down to my chest harness to support my weight. My right leg held me up with the help of some other ropes going through the same eye bolt. I tried to speak, but my words were blocked by a big, black, rubber ballgag wedged inside my jaw, forcing it widely open. The straps were buckled very tightly behind my head under my hair.

“Hmph! Mnhmph! Mhph! Mhhhnmmpph! Mhnh!” I moaned out.

I panted and heaved as my body jostled with the motions. My body quivered in excitement and joy as my exposed nether regions were filled by the most amazing man of my life. My Lord held my hips close, thrusting his heating rod deep within. My breaths beat against my gag as ribbons of drool fell down my chin, over my jostling breasts. His breath spilled over my face while I tossed my head back in my ecstasy, my long black hair swaying to our motions. His pushes up inside poked my inner spots which sent shakes up my spine. His hands probed around my bum, down my standing leg, up my hoisted leg, up my side, around my arms, and over my chest. His hand pushed and kneaded my bouncing tits, making me groan heavily into my gag, drooling down my chin even more. The air sent a little chill over the wet spots on me but the heat welling inside was more than enough to counteract it.

My head fell forward again for me to see the brilliance of his length pushing up within me. Ios' hand cupped my face, drawing my eyes up as I looked into his enchanting, deep, oceanic eyes. My face was completely red from all that was going on. His lips pushed against my gag. I struggled to curl my lips over the ball to meet his... just barely reaching to kiss him back. Ios reached down to my leg lifting it a little higher to push just right so his pelvis began to grind my clit. I gasped into my gag, eyes widening, then gripping shut tight, my breaths grew shorter and faster.

“Don't just yet...” Ios whispered into my face. I nodded in obedience and gripped my hands into fists, pulling hard on my ropes but not getting even the slightest bit of room. My eyes held shut and I wailed harder, faster.

“Mnh! Nhm! Nhph! Mnhhph! Mnhp!! Hhnph!! Mnph!! Mnph!! MNPH!! MNPH!! MNPH!! ...MMMNMMNMPH!!! HMPH!! HNHPH!!” I screamed and panted as my juices exploded. The waves inside me crashed and ricocheted off my walls, vibrations thundering around as I spasmed, feeling the red hot juices blow inside me. My eyes rolled back as I felt orgasm after orgasm wash over me. I panted and throbbed, my body feeling weak and limp, causing my muscles to let out and the ropes to pull even tighter on me. My body shook and trembled in his hands and arms as he pressed his naked body to me. “Mn! Nhm! Hpnm nmh phnm hmnhph nmhph?” I tried to say to him. He nodded with a smile, I sensed he knew exactly what I asked.

Ios reached around my head and pulled the straps. I lowered my head a little to help him out as his fingers worked, unbuckling the gag and letting them fall loose. He cupped the ball in my mouth and I pushed on it with my tongue. It took a little work getting it out from behind my teeth but it popped out, a stream of dribble falling down my lip. I panted a breath of fresh air from the hard rubber and wasted no time. I pushed up and shoved my lips into his, poking my tongue between his lips. He parted and welcomed me with his own tongue, curling and brushing against mine. My lips curled around his, gripping him the only way I could; and I kissed hard, passionately, deeply, lovingly. He held my face in one hand, and supported my body by holding my waist in the other. I kissed him over and over again, still resting on his length, feeling a little trickle down my leg of our mixed fluids.

Before long, my leg began to shake a little and I whimpered into his lips, not wanting to stop, but I was getting too tired to stand on my one leg anymore. These heels were killing me. I looked meekly into his eyes and nuzzled.

“I’ll have you down in just a moment, my love,” he whispered and kissed my nose. I smiled brightly and felt an immediate reassurance that it was about to get easier. He had to let go of me to undo the rope surrounding my knee above and below the joint. Next came the rope binding my thigh to my harness before he gently guided my leg down to let me stand on both feet. I heaved a sigh of relief and rested my head on his shoulder feeling much better.

“Thank you, My Lord, so much better.” I panted and heaved sighs as he untied the ropes from the harness that held me in place before he scooped me up off my feet. “Y-EEP!” I squealed and giggled as he cradled my bound body in his arms. Ios carried me over to our bed where he sat me down across his lap and nuzzled intently into my face. I pushed right back softly kissing his lips and felt the warmth of his face.

“We hafta go to bed now. You and I both have work in the morning and we’re gonna be super tired,” he said softly into me.

I looked up smiling and nestled close to him as best I could, given the circumstances of my arms and wrists. “It was worth it,” I whispered. He grinned and planted a kiss against my forehead. I nodded in understanding that tonight’s fun had to stop, reluctantly. He reached around and undid my ropes for my chest harness, loosening it so my boobs could fall looser, then free when he removed the bonds around my arms and chest. Next came my wrist ropes and just like that I

could move again, feeling the sweat around my pits and ribs. I love box ties and hammerlocks, I really do! But man, do they make you sweaty after sex.

Ios helped me take off my stockings as I took off my gloves. He undid my heels and tossed them to the closet, then began to slowly coax the latex from me. Thankfully we sprinkled some talcum powder over my limbs before putting it on so it came off fairly okay. When the gloves and stockings were set on the floor, he helped me rub the residual powder and gunk off my body with a towel. Last thing we wanted was that stuff in the bed. He payed careful attention to my legs, especially my right one, the one I'd been standing on the whole time, which was exhausted. He carefully lifted it, wiped it, and set it back down. After that, he even rubbed my calf muscles and Achilles tendon! He was very sensitive and gentle with me; it made my heart jump at how caring he was.

Once I was all clean, I faced him, gazing deeply... and opened up my arms and legs to him as he pushed his nakedness against. I broke laughing as he lie atop me, nuzzling my face and kissing my neck. I wrapped my arms around his neck and held him close as my legs tangled with his. We lied together, pressed tight and nuzzled deeply. Looking into me, piercing my soul his beautiful eyes, I couldn't help but smile lovingly up into him. He reached up to hold my cheek in his warm hand, pressing his body tight. He felt so warm, so hot, and enveloped me in it like a protective barrier. I unwrapped one of my arms to feel up his chest, feeling his muscle, his heat, and pushed against him more. He was so warm in the cold of the night.

I stared into him, gazing, loving him. I loved Ios so much. I nestled against him and kissed lovingly against his lower lip as he returned the gesture into my upper lip. I pressed into his face and softly closed my eyes, settling into his chest. His thumb began to ever gently caress my face along my cheek as he held me against him. I smiled happily, drifting off into my blissful memories.

My life had been amazing since I met him. Before my wonderful Lord Ios, I wondered if I'd ever find peace again from Kev's passing. Those boyfriends I had who made me feel horrible, these fake breasts I tried to use to please a man, I hated it all, along with myself. But then he turned it all around. I loved my body now. I loved how he treated me. And I loved being his. Four months we've been together, it didn't take long before I moved in with him. Unlike the others, he was happy to have me in every aspect of his life. We texted each other all day at work, which were the only times we weren't together. He never got tired of me. Short from that, we did everything side by side. We shopped together, cooked together, did chores together, even lounged around and relaxed together. Learning about him, his family, where he comes from, his thoughts on life. In return, I revealed my own history, my childhood, my tastes in music, and we enjoyed every moment of it. We're always together.

I smiled brightly as I buried my face into his neck, feeling so warm and safe in his arms. I snuggled against him as he tightened around my back and shoulders. I relaxed and felt everything just float as I fell asleep with him.

“...I love you, Shi...”

****WONDERFUL SLEEP LATER****

I felt kisses on my forehead. His touch made me smile as I blinked my eyes open. Just as last night, he was still as warm as always—which was rather welcome, considering he kept the place pretty cold. Ios tended to like the cold. I didn't so much but this was the reason why I didn't protest. He swore to always be my cuddle blanket whenever I asked.

I unwrapped my arms from around his chest and stretched against him, my boobs pushing up to his face. He seized the opportunity and planted kisses against my chest. It tickled and I couldn't help but immediately flail from my stretch, giggling as I resumed my position wrapped around him.

“And a good morning to you too,” he whispered. I grinned, inching up to kiss his tender, warm lips. His hands encircled my back, holding me tight as my breasts mashed onto his chest. His lips touched and rubbed mine, and my cravings began to surface. I felt small waves picking up in my stomach and chest. I felt tingles beginning to surge below when I realized what was going on, his leg softly massaging my inner thighs and sensitive spots. His body was making very gentle humping motions.

I felt myself grow more horny by the second as he teased me. Unable to hold back a moan in my throat, I did what I could to keep it a silent one. I heaved a breath out against his face and felt down his chest and stomach, running my fingers over his muscles and his ribs. My hand traced down and around his side, pulling closer to him as my leg draped over his so I could feel around for his own, trying to tease him back somehow. To my discovery, his was already standing tall.

I smiled brightly looking up to him and nuzzled. “Morning got you in the mood?” I asked in a soft whisper.

“No better way to start the day,” he answered. I giggled... and then squeaked as he picked me up on top of him. Staring down into him, delighted, his hands held my hips and I supported myself around his shoulders – as I felt with my lips below for him. My eyes fluttered a bit as I felt him with my lips, gently running up and down me. I felt his legs bend. He lifted his knees and braced his feet against the bed to use as leverage as he took my hips and guided closer to me. I moaned softly, gazing down into his eyes as they pierced mine back. His smile was warmer than he was.

I felt my heart start to race for him again. Like two magnets, my lips fell onto his and stuck as I fell onto him. His pushed inside slowly, pushing within my walls and feeling up to my core. His maw captured my groans, but they were no longer silent. “Ghmmnnn, hmnnnnhh,” I softly emitted into him. His lips held me close as my hands reached up to hold his neck and head carefully. My tongue slipped along his lips, asking if he would allow me to join him. As his greeted me, his hips pushed up in the same motion. “Mnngghhh!” I moaned louder into his mouth. His breath felt hot against my kisses grew more frequent into him.

Ios used his legs to push upwards with his hips, pushing his length inside me, slowly, but quite firmly. His hands held my hips and pulled on me to push deeper, prodding and poking my inner

most spots. I felt like he was pushing on my spongy centers, and it drove me wild. I pushed down with my legs to help his motions and slide along him. His tongue softly pet and brushed mine as I reached my hand through his long hair. I held his head for support, kissing him deeply, and let his hands guide my hips as I began to bounce just a little bit quicker.

His hands and arms soon began to loosen on me, putting more of the effort on my legs. I accepted the task and began to use my own weight as I set down. The gravity really helps when you're on top. All you have to do is let your own weight pull you down. His hands took this time to wander around my body. He probed over my bum, down my legs, up my sides, feeling around and touching along my skin, tracing all over me. His hands carefully felt along me. I closed my eyes to help heighten the touch all around my body. He was invigorating. I took some of the burden off him by kneading my bosoms against to his chest, feeling along him with them, mashing and pushing myself on him.

His pelvis began to push more firmly, grinding my hood. It caused me to gasp with the sensation, my weight suddenly pushing my clit into his bone. My lips finally broke away as my back arched slightly, "Auhhh, hhoohhh, nnhhoohh," I bellowed softly against his face. His hand reached up to cup my cheek and guide me back into him. I happily followed, kissing again, moaning into his tasty lips. My body felt hot, and my sensitive parts began to tingle. I felt the waves build inside higher and higher. I began to push on his bone now. "Mnh! Hnh! Mmhh!" were all I could say into his lips as my hips bounced on his.

His face began to grow hotter and his chest began rise and fall. His breaths quickened and his tongue danced with mine. I felt his hands take hold of my shoulders from under my arms, pulling me tight to him. His fingers stretched out over my back to hold me with the widest grip. My arms hooked around his neck and my hips fell onto his groin as I swirled and ground on him. His member began to tense and squeeze inside me, I felt his heat build and grow... and then hold, pulsing inside me. He continued to push up inside and grind with me. My heart fluttered that moment as I knew what was happening. Unable to hold it any longer, my insides shook, my walls crumbled, and my waves rushed; I spasmed and came to him, over and over as I felt the volcanic-like juices erupt within me. Like acid they melted the barriers holding back my own juices as I came to him, panting and gasping.

His breath felt hot as he panted into my face, pushing and shooting his fluids up inside, coating my walls with him. I fell to a halt and lay on him, my heart racing, my face flushed with heat from him. My cheeks lifted with an ear-to-ear grin as my arms tightly held him. His clutched me against his body and I burrowed against him, enveloped in his heat. I smiled and nuzzled deeply into his face and neck, his hand cupping my cheek and holding me close. He sure had a wonderful way to wake up.

We caught our breaths and sat up, determined to get up to start the day. I was the first to call for a cease-fire. He pulled me close for one more spoil in a tender kiss against my cheek. I giggled and gave him his wish before I helped him up to get out of bed.

"You take such advantage of me," I said with a wink and a smile to him.

“What, do you not like my wake-up routine?” he asked walking over to the dressers and reaching in for a pair of undergarments for each of us (a pair of boxer shorts for him, a nice little robin's egg blue thong for me).

I looked away trying to hide a smile of guilt. “You've always known just what buttons to push on me to make me crazy,” I retorted stepping closer, accepting the underwear and slipping into it. “And then you tease them!” The fabric felt soft against my still warm pussy and settled between my cheeks. I liked wearing thongs and boyshorts and skimpy underwear. They made my ass look cuter.

“Hey just because I spent my first year in college studying anatomy you're saying I'm a cheater, is that it?” he responded grinning at me, handing me a matching blue bra while he took a black shirt with a video game franchise logo on it.

“Oh you studied anatomy All right. Reproductive anatomy for the female human, was it?” I said as I slipped the bra on and clipped the straps behind me and adjusted myself. I stepped to the closet to find a suitable skirt to wear today.

“In a manner of speaking, yes!” he said giving my bum a little slap. I squeaked and tried to ignore him as I picked out a floral skirt that reached down to my ankles. It was a wavy, dark blue skirt with bright pink little flower buds around it. He handed me a pair of white socks as I picked out some dress shoes from the closet as well. He slipped on his usual black cargo pants while I walked back over to the bed.

“So is that the only thing you studied in college?” I taunted with a smile back at him, reaching down to sock my feet and slip the shoes on. He sat beside me and slipped his own socks on, along with his usual steel-toe combat boots.

“And a minor in Psychology,” he sneered at me. I grinned and stood up, slipping into my skirt and fastening it behind me. I stepped over to the dresser to pick out a suitable top. I selected a pink blouse to match my floral patterns on my skirt. The arms were short and the neck was loose. A smaller size chest would not have showed off cleavage but mine certainly did. It was a snug fit with them tucked away.

I turned around walking towards the door, following him out, tucking my shirt inside my skirt and straightening myself out. “So that means not only do you know which buttons to push physically, you can push my mental and emotional buttons too, right? Sure you're not cheating?” I asked suggestively walking into the bathroom with him. He stood back and I stepped in front of him to face the mirror and adjust my collar a little, straightening it out and making sure the ring dangled freely.

“Does it bother you if I'm just good at this game?” he asked with a sinister little smile on his face, brushing my hair for me as I began to apply a little touch of makeup to my cheeks. His words made me smile.

“Well... because it's you... I guess I'll let it slide,” I smiled applying a little bit of lip gloss and

just a few dabs of eye shadow. We traded places and I started to brush his hair while he did a light shave. He made it easier by hunkering down just a little, aware that I was shorter than him. By the time he was done, so was I, letting him stand back up.

“Tell ya what, I'll make it up to you with a nice dinner and letting you take the lead next time we play.” He smiled through the mirror to me. I jumped on his back wrapping my arms over him while his hands caught me under my bum to hold me up.

“You promise you won't just let me win?” I rested my cheek against his, smiling back at him.

He looked to the side to see me, and I tilted my head around to look at him too. “I promise I'll hang back and let your talents flourish.” I grinned and planted multi-kisses against his cheek and hopped back down from him. We shared the sink as we each brushed our teeth and cleaned our mouths out. We might've not minded each others' germs and breath but other people would have.

Once we were suitably fresh and prepared, we stepped into the living area and the kitchen, each preparing a lunch to take with us. I didn't know what to take.

“What're you taking?” I asked, peaking around his shoulder.

“Some croissant roll sandwiches. I'm making four, do you want two?” he looked over.

“What's going on 'em?”

“Uhh I got smoked turkey, honey ham, sliced cheddar, bacon, a lettuce leaf, chicken, and some pastrami.”

“Ooooooohh,” my mouth watered at the thought. “Can I have an extra slice of lettuce on mine and a tomato wedge, please?” I hugged his arm.

He smiled and kissed my head. “Anything for my beloved,” and I handed him the next deli meat. He prepared the lunches while I got the saran wrap. We wrapped the sandwiches and got a couple of carrying bags to carry them from the cupboard. Throw in a couple of juice bottles for me, a couple of sodas for him, and we were set!

Ios picked up his laptop carrying bag and held the door open for me while I grabbed my purse. Walking out, I turned to wait for him as he closed the door and checked the lock. We walked down the hall of the apartment complex, hand in hand. My thoughts danced as I held him close to me, walking with my beloved to the parking. These were happy times in my life. I praise the day I walked into that café, and met this most amazing and wonderfully caring man. I lifted our entangled hands and kissed the back of his. He smiled looking down to me and kissed my head. My heart jumped as I felt his knuckles with my thumb, starting yet another day with him.

2nd Frame

I arrived at my office building with just a couple minutes to spare. I took my car while Ios took his. Carpooling would have been a dumb idea since we work in different directions. The drive was uneventful, but not without an uplifting feeling occupying my thoughts with the kiss goodbye for the day which I'd received from him. As soon as I got out, I sent him a text asking what we should do for dinner tonight. I didn't expect an immediate response—he was a busy man, taking calls all day. He would get back when he could. If five hours went by and no response, something's definitely wrong (his words, not mine).

I started inside and waved “Good Morning” to the receptionist at the front desk. The walk upstairs was rather easy, it's only a three-story building and I don't carry much, just my lunch and purse. As I was walking through the desks and halls, I heard a few quiet whispers and mutters.

“...they're auditing the bank's records for all deposits and transfers from these accounts—”

“-I heard they were receiving tips about our competitor pulling up stakes in these other markets...”

“It's actually kind of scary the way the market's running in these—”

I walked through the cubes and desks, ignoring it all, with a smile on my face. Rumors are just that. I got to my desk outside a larger office and waved to my boss, Jan, inside. The doors were very large, made of a very sturdy wood, a big office for her, denoting a strong leader. She was on the phone and could only wave back quickly. I decided not to disturb her; we'd catch up when she was finished. I sat at my desk and got logged into the computer, my cell phone went off. My heart jumped excitedly in anticipation that it was Ios responding... and it was!

“How 'bout some oven snacks and h'orderves while we sit on the couch and play some stuff? I wanted to clear Wei's campaign. Would that be cool?” I giggled with some coy thoughts and immediately responded.

“Oh is that the only thing you wanted to play? ;)”

As I got into the computer, I started up my morning routines of going over end-of-day reports from yesterday and reviewing records, checking new entries that were put in the database after the end of yesterday's trading. I was an assistant to Jan who was an investment broker. People would speculate the prices of various commodities and securities would either rise or fall, and we buy/sell in accordance with their wishes. It was also our job to speculate on certain possible trends we notice based on the news and the market activity. We want our clients to do well because then we continue to get their patronage. Jan was the head honcho, I just did some of the leg work—well, okay, I did a lot of the leg work, number crunching, data entry and analysis. Apparently I was good at it!

“Hey you!” Jan called from the doorway with a smile on her face.

“Hi! What's on the agenda for today?” Jan was a mature woman, older than me. She wore a tan, well-fitting pant suit that didn't leave anything visible. She was shorter than me, but not by a lot, had green eyes, short but teased brown hair, and wore a little gold chain around her neck with a locket. The color showed off her eyes. She didn't just look very professional, she was. Working in this kind of business, she had to be. It's a dumb stereotype, and even dumber truth, but women aren't really taken as seriously when it comes to business. Men tend to prefer doing business with other men. So, in order for investors and clients to take us seriously, we have to meet them on their own terms. It's sexist, and it's annoying; but she did well, and so did we. I enjoyed working for her.

“Ugh, you know how it is, few calls here and there, bitching about rumors they hear, petty little schoolyard nonsense about who likes what and who's sleeping with whatever,” she responded, shaking her head and rolling her eyes upward. She was joking, of course. No one was sleeping with anyone, literally. It was a matter of things that our customers and clients would hear and then get cold feet about pulling their funds out of our investments. She was talking metaphorically about which companies were starting to open up negotiations of buyouts and trade agreements.

Playing to her irritation about it, I offered, “I heard something once, a wise proverb, 'Believe half of what you see-”

“-and none of what you hear!” she finished with a smile nodding in agreement. “Absolutely! Where'd you hear that?”

I smiled with an embarrassed look, biting my lower lip, “A cartoon.”

She chuckled, “You watch cartoons? One that would teach you that? In this day and age?” she asked skeptically.

“Actually it was made in the early 2000's. I might have watched it when I was younger, and wasn't busy with high school life,” I said shrugging it off. “Kind of sad about it; the show has some interesting points on life.” Truth is, I watched it with Ios. He didn't have cable but he did have a spectacular Internet connection. We watched cartoons when we cuddled and played in bed.

She smiled, and then sat on my desk, looking earnestly. “Well it taught us an important thing for sure, don't believe what you hear. These rumors-”

“-are just rumors, nothing more,” I finished her this time with a smile.

“Very good,” her smile had returned. “Okay, who am I meeting first and when?” I searched through her schedule and informed her of her first meeting and the topic of discussion. The day went off from there. Jan would meet with executives, bankers, and investors, I would fill out reports and submit them to her to relay to others.

****LONG DAY OF WORK****

The day progressed rather quickly, despite its length. I responded back and forth with Ios every so often. I think it was the anticipation for the next message from him that made the day go so fast. Even though the day was quick, it was still pretty arduous. Thinking about strategies and reports takes effort. But today was growing to a finish and it came time for me to start heading home. Jan was in the middle of a meeting with her most recent appointment so I decided to slip out quietly.

Getting to the car, I hopped with joy at what lie in wait for me. I quickly drove home. The whole time, you know that anxious feeling you get in your tummy when you're excited about something? I had that making me shake a little. Getting up to the apartment, I had the spare key ready. Ios made me another key when I moved in. I got inside and put my lunch bag on the counter, my purse on floor near the door.

I squeaked with excitement as I popped into the bedroom, searching for fun things to do for when My Lord would arrive. I picked up a whole collection of ropes, as well as a couple of scarves, and a big, white ballgag. Holding all of it in my hands, I carried it to the living area and set it on the couch. I would have prepared myself for him but Ios had a rule, "no self-bondage without someone else present, no matter what!" Ios was very afraid for my safety, told me a whole mess of horror stories about people who would practice self-bondage, alone, and ended up getting stuck. They eventually got seriously hurt... a couple cases even died. The sad part was that some of these stories were supposed to be surprises for their lovers coming home to find them. I fully understood why he was worried, and I completely agreed. Even if he was on his way home, or just had to do a quick run to the store, no matter what, I was never to be bound and gagged and alone.

Leaving the ropes and materials ready on the couch, I set to prepare our "dinner" for this evening. I loved that we didn't have to have a full meal every single day. The expectations of cooking for someone, the planning, the preparation, the cleanup, Ios was actually more willing to do it than I was. I loved that he was open to anything and everything. I got a collection of things out that we could enjoy, hot wings, taquitos, little chicken pieces, mozzarella sticks, and other assorted goodies. I set it all on a couple of trays and popped it in the oven, but didn't turn it on just yet. I'd wait for him to get home first. Satisfied that it was ready to start at any time, I got myself a glass of orange juice from the fridge and moved back over to the sofa. Sitting down, I sipped the glass and prepared Ios' Xbox 360 with controllers, but left that only ready as well.

Everything was ready! I sat down and sipped my juice, just relaxing in the cushy seats, playing with the soft ropes and the scarves. They were silky smooth and felt very soft to the touch. The sensations made me grin. I was eager to start, but swore to wait. Glancing at the time, he should have been home at any time. I picked up the ballgag and fiddled with it, feeling the straps, looking at the size. It was a 2.5" ball (about 6.35cm), pretty good size but still had a bit of room to move my jaw with it in. I didn't realize that I have a very big mouth, literally speaking. When Ios proposed his love to me, he stuffed not only my underwear but a pair of his socks in! I was really amazed. The gag I had on last night, the black one, that one was designated as "Shi's gag". It's about 3" (7.62cm), fit my jaw perfectly to completely fill my mouth, and had the straps fit to buckle just tightly enough where it squeezed my cheeks, not painfully, and I couldn't dislodge it

no matter how hard I tried. One might be wondering why I didn't select that one for tonight. The answer was, I didn't feel like drooling all over my shirt right now. The bigger the gag, the more I drool. I drool like a river!

I set the gag down, had another sip of my OJ, and then heard footsteps approach the door to insert a key to turn the lock. My eyes widened as I saw the door open. My tummy got that anxious feeling again when he walked in.

“Hi honey!” I called over, standing up to approach him.

“Hey sweet love!” he responded with a grin, setting his laptop bag down and wrapping around me. I stood on my toes to reach up around his neck, planting a kiss against his warm and soft lips. “How was your day?” he asked.

“Not bad, few discrepancies in some of the reports but we're going to look over them tomorrow.” I didn't even mention the jitter heard around the office. Ios set his lunch bag on the counter and returned to me, picking me up by my hips and holding me against his chest. “Eep! Hehehe!” I squeaked and giggled as he carried me over to the counter, sitting down on top.

“Are you hungry? You want me to start dinner now?” He asked with his hands on both sides of my legs, standing close to me.

“I'm getting there. I already got it set up. All we need to do is turn the oven on.”

“Did you really?” he asked surprised and checked for himself. “Aw cool! Thank you, sweetie!” he said returning with a warm smile, leaning in kissing my lips tenderly. It made me smile warmly. I wrapped my arms around his neck and he helped me down from the counter.

“That's not all I got ready for us,” I said with a suggestive smile, walking to the couch. He followed close by and caught sight of the ropes and materials on the sofa. He smiled and wrapped around me from behind, running his hands up and down my belly. I felt his nose rub along my cheek, hearing and feeling him inhale the smell of my skin... deeply. I couldn't hold back a wide grin, tilting my head to give him some room, feeling him smell down my neckline, planting a kiss. My heart skipped a beat when he touched my pulse with his warm, smooth lips.

“Shall we get started?” he whispered into my ear, kissing my lobe very gently.

“If you make me wait any longer I'm gonna get started without you,” I ran my fingers over his hands, lacing mine with his.

“As fun a show as that would be, we'll save that for next time,” he responded, unwrapping from me and turning me around to face him. I smiled brightly and ran my hands up his chest.

“I'm all yours, My Lord,” I said, rubbing up and down his pecs. He took my hands and brought me to the sofa where we set down. He knelt in front of me and started on his work. I leaned back, moving my legs out for him to have better room. He pushed my skirt up to reveal my legs.

He helped slip my shoes off, and then my socks, and set them aside before starting to restrain me. I smiled as he was caring and tender with my limbs, holding my ankles close, doubling the ropes to make a wider distribution, wrapping around them, and again, and again, then feeding the ends through the middle of my ankles, around all of the ropes, then a second time, pulling it snug, and then tight, and tying it off. I marveled in his handiwork. He took another strand of rope and started up a little higher, wrapping around the center of my calf muscles, tightly squeezing them under the ropes. And with another coil of rope, he moved up to under my knees... and then another above them... soon he reached my thighs where he had a little bit of difficulty feeding the ends through my legs. I sniggered as he fumbled, reaching his hand through trying not to push on my leg too much or reach his hand up too far into my groin— not that I would've minded in even the slightest. In fact, I was slightly disappointed that he didn't.

Once he was all done, I wiggled my legs, pulling, bending, lifting and moving them as best I could. They were squeezed tight enough in five locations along my legs and allowed all of no movement. My skin sort of bulged over the ropes just a little, showing just how tight they were. I bit my lower lip with a smile in satisfaction before he pulled my skirt back down. I looked to his sweet eyes and he took a moment to rub my tied legs through the fabric. His hand felt better than good, it was invigorating.

“How're your ankles, not too tight?” he asked, concerned.

I shook my head and smiled. He joined my smile with one of his own and sat on the sofa beside me. I turned my back to him and offered my arms. First he wrapped a doubled rope around my elbows, moving just above, and then pulling my arms tight together. He wound around them, and cinched them tight so there was absolutely no slack. With the spare other half of the ropes, he wrapped around my body, running above... and below my breasts, then anchoring to my elbow ropes effectively pinning my arms to my back. I couldn't twist or move my elbows to reach around at all. With the remainder, he ran the ends up the front my left shoulder, around the back of my neck, down my right, and tightened. My shoulders pulled, my bosoms pushed outward, and I could do very little.

Though, I still had the use of my wrists and hands.... but not for long. He set to finish those off by taking the next strand, doubling, and wrapping around my wrists, wrapping, and wrapping, moving almost halfway up my forearms, cinching quite tight. I had thought he might be done but he did have room for one more, wrapping the last strand around my wrists and going around my waist, wrapping around and around, before cinching tight between my arms and back. Just like that, I was helpless.

I sat back on the couch and squirmed. I couldn't twist, pull, or reach anything. I grunted, shaking my shoulders and chest, trying too find any sort of slack or loosen my ropes just a little. The squeeze of the ropes around my chest was very welcome. I was caught. He studied my movements, a sly little smirk on his face.

“I'm...stuck,” I whimpered with a smile looking to him sheepishly. I gasped as he reached down, pulling my feet up over his lap. It wasn't so much that I was scared of what he was gonna do to me. It's just that, well, when you're tied up in such a way, having your only counterbalance just

tugged around is merely surprising.

“Good! I would feel ashamed of myself if you weren't,” he replied, softly. He took this time to play with my feet, rubbing my soles, my instep, just massaging them. It drew out a long exhale of relaxation from me. His hands were warm, careful, feeling the curvatures of my feet, rubbing along, cupping my heel, smoothing the ball along, and petting my toes.

“Mmmmmhh,” I moaned quietly. I leaned my head back, feeling the texture of his hands. I flexed my toes and my feet, stretching them out for him. He rubbed his knuckles and his palm all around the shape. His hands lifted them, where he planted a gentle kiss on top, next to my ankle. I blushed, heavily, looking back to him as he set my feet on his lap, gazing into me. I pulled my feet from him and tried to turn around as best I could. It really wasn't easy. You really don't appreciate how much free movement you need to easily move around when you're trussed up like I was. I fell against him and he wrapped his arms around my roped torso. I looked up at him, longingly, blushing into this sweet and wonderful man.

He could have gone straight for my boobs or played with my crotch or spanked me, and I could do nothing to stop him. While I admit they would not have been unwelcome and I would have sooner escaped before protesting, I was touched so deeply. He chose to give me a foot massage. My Lord, Ios, was... he was... I felt my heart began to skip and dance. I felt the touch of his lips pressed firmly to mine, kneading them, his hand cupping my cheek with care. His one arm was wrapped around behind me for support, his other across my front, holding my face tenderly as he kissed deeply and passionately. I returned his actions, pushing up against his lips with mine, curling my lips over his, feeling his warmth.

His lips parted, and out came his tongue, touching my lips like an access code. They opened without hesitation, welcoming him to his prize. I greeted him by feeling and touching him, feeling his hot breath inside mine. I felt his hot and wet taste to be intoxicating. My breaths began to increase, my heart began to race, and my chest began to feel a bit tighter as the ropes squeezed them with each inhale. I wanted him. I wanted him so much. I struggled against the ropes, pulling hard, straining and struggling but they weren't doing me any favors. Part of the torment of being tied up isn't so much that you were helpless to stop what was happening. It's that if you wanted something, you couldn't have it. I couldn't begin to describe how much I wanted to just hold him so tight against me, but was helpless to do so.

The kisses grew shorter, before his lips parted and lifted to see my face. His eyes searched mine, a charming, warm smile staring down into me. His eyes were as deep as the ocean they looked like, but not from a global point of view, the kind of greenish blue you'd see at the beach.

“I know what you want,” he whispered softly, brushing my hair from my cheek.

“Please, My Lord?” I begged.

He kissed the tip of my nose and smiled, “Of course, my darling.”

I smiled brightly as he turned to reach for a long, black, silk scarf, and the ballgag. The first

thing that came was the scarf, coming over my eyes, wrapping them in darkness, circling around my head. I felt him wrap once... and then again, and a third time. I tried looking for any cracks or tiny little places I could see even the slightest glimpse of outside world—but there was nothing. I was blind (not permanently of course). My senses heightened, the touch of the ropes suddenly felt more intense, and his arms around me felt stronger and more encompassing. I felt his motions beneath me. Something warm touched my cheek, something pointed, and then I heard it draw in air. I grinned, inhaling as he smelled me again, quivering in excitement. His lips planted a kiss against my cheek, right as his hand touched my chin. In anticipation, I opened wide, feeling the large ball pressed between, pushing back behind my teeth.

“Mnnh,” I moaned, feeling the straps pulled behind, my hair pushed aside, and buckled it tight. I tried experimentally to push the ball away, but it wasn't coming loose. There I was, trapped in darkness, encircled by My Lord, sightless, speechless, helpless. I relaxed against him, squirming ever slightly of what little good even real struggling would do. He took the opportunity to sniff my neck some more, planting gentle kisses against my dancing pulse.

I felt something grab my chest, his hand, massaging my left breast, circling it, pushing, feeling up and down and around it, massaging and playing with me. I felt my wetness grow inside. I pushed my hips in just light humping motions, hoping I could send a hint to him. No response. His hand switched to my other breast, replicating its former actions, kneading and massaging my chest. My cheeks grew hotter and my breaths got faster. I honestly couldn't tell if he was teasing me or if he just didn't pick up. Knowing him... ..hehe.

“Hrrmmhph, rnyyhmnnph, rnmnyhnn,” I whined, whimpering in delight for him. I pushed my hips up a little more again, hoping I could reach him this time with my desires, pleading in my mind that he understood. But just then, I felt his fingers pull my shirt loose from the front, dipping his fingers inside! His hand felt down my waist, digging into my thong, and rubbing deep between my legs. “Rmmnnnph! Hhhmmmmnn, mnnhhyrhmmp!” My groans and moans grew louder as his fingers tickled my lips, feeling them. The touch of his hands felt as soft as the silk on my face. He carefully pushed his way in, feeling between and through my walls. I blushed furiously, panting faster, the sensations of being in the darkness and without any means of communication, his touch along my breasts and inside me, the ropes squeezing me tight in his arms, I got wetter and wetter by the second.

I gasped as his fingers tickled and poked my clit, dipping under my hood. I tried desperately to part my legs for him, but the ropes just constricted me as I pulled on them, driving me even crazier. My lips grew tender and hot, feeling his fingers deep inside, curling and massaging my innards. As I groaned, my chin felt a slight wetness to it. And then again. I felt drips on my upper chest. “Nnngghhh, mnnnph, rrrhmmmmmp,” I whined, but moaned as I realized I was drooling all over myself and his hand. Guess that plan's moot. I felt his kiss against my neck, jawbone, and cheek over the strap of the gag. His breath exhaled over my ear and neck, his tongue softly licking up my ear's outer rim. I gasped at the sensation, feeling all but overwhelmed.

My hands and arms pulled, my legs squirmed, I moaned aloud into the air, dribbling down my chin onto my shirt, the feel of his hand massaging my bound and squeezed breasts, his other

hand pushing my walls inside. It was all but overwhelming before, now it just plain was overwhelming. His kisses, his breath, his hands, the ropes, the blindness, the gag, my drool, I couldn't take it. In his arms, I started to buck and scream wildly, panting heaving, "Mnph! Hmnh! Rhngph! Hrmnhph! Rhymph!! Yhmph!! Mnph!! MMPH! YMPH! RHRMPH!! HRRMPH!!"...and I couldn't hold back anymore. I shivered as the waves crashed over me, erupting inside over and over, spilling out over his hand and feeling it down my legs. I quivered and trembled in his arms. I came over his hand again, and again, arching my back to the waves of bliss drowning me.

His hand left my bosoms and braced me against his chest where I felt his cheek against my forehead. I nuzzled up to his neck, rubbing my nose and face, feeling around trying to find him. I managed to trace up to his jawline until his free hand cupped my cheek. I stopped and waited for him, feeling his fingers reach behind my head, he was loosening my blindfold. The silk fell loose, then slowly was pulled away to expose the light gradually to my eyes. I had to get my focus for a few seconds as he came into vision, smiling warmly down to me.

"Rmphinmph, hmhphnphnm, mnphm phnmnghph," I said, incomprehensibly, only serving to drool on my shirt more. But he just smiled, using the scarf to wipe my chin dry, and set in on my chest where my drool had been pooling on my shirt. He reached around behind, fishing through my hair and finding the buckle where he undid it, letting the straps go loose. The gag came away and I exhaled freely. "Mmmn, thank you, My Lord," I smiled sweetly up at him.

"Of course, my Sweet Shi," he said, kissing my forehead. He rubbed my tummy to help my aftershocks dissipate easier. We just sat for a few moments together while he rubbed my stomach, holding me close. "You hungry yet?" he asked.

"Famished."

"I'll go start the oven and then get you out and we can start up the next map. That cool?"

"Perfect!" And with that, he propped me against the sofa to get up and quickly make for the kitchen. My shifted position pushed the scarf off me, revealing how wet my shirt was. The upper half of my shirt was soaked in drool, my underwear was soaked in my juices...change of plans. "Honey, before we start can I get outta these clothes? I'm soaked," I whined and sniggered.

"Only if I can join you," he answered, returning to me and sitting down next to me.

I turned my back to him and he began to untie me. "Sounds good to me!" First he undid my waist ropes, unpinning my wrists, then untied them letting my hands go free. After that, he undid my chest and shoulder ropes, which finally untrapped my elbows from my back. Before I knew it, my elbows were finally free. I wasted no time and pulled off my shirt, throwing it onto the arm of the sofa. He smiled as I lifted my legs up for him to make it easier. He undid my ankles while I started at my thighs, gradually working to meet up at my knees. I was free within a matter of moments and got my wet thong off my crotch. The air was a bit cold as I removed my skirt, then bra, standing naked before him.

“Do you wanna go get changed?” he asked as he got his shoes, socks and pants off.

“I have a better idea: how 'bout you pull the rest of those off and we both wear the fleece blanket?” I answered with another question.

“Deal!” he exclaimed with eyes brimming in excitement. I reached across the back of the sofa where a fleece throw rested and he had already gotten his shirt off, slipping his drawers away too plopping down on me. I giggled, unwrapping the blanket and wrapping around both of us. He pressed his nakedness close and snuggled tightly into mine, resting his cheek on mine. Once he handed me a controller, I flicked the TV on with the remote and we started playing a co-op of Dynasty Warriors (8). He wrapped tightly around me as I settled tightly against him, staying warm under him and the blanket. He was so warm!

By the time we started really playing, dinner was ready and transported to the coffee table in front of us, available for brief snatches to nibble on whatever. Occasionally he would randomly sneak kisses against my face, breaking my focus a little. “Nyih! Ih! Ehgh! Sweetie! Ma Chao! Get him off me! I only have like a third of my health!” I whined.

“I see 'im, hang tight, Love! Almost there.” he squeezed me close with his arms as he came to stop me from being bashed by the enemy officers. He ended up making it there in time to keep me from taking damage. We won the map and played for another couple before I started yawning. “Think that's enough for tonight?” he asked, petting me softly.

“We can play another few maps this weekend, right?” I asked, looking up at him.

“Of course!” he answered with a smile. I squealed in joy at getting to play again when we could. We shut the game off and I wrapped my arms and legs around him. He picked me up and cradled me against his warm chest. I pressed my head on his shoulder whilst he carried me into the bedroom. I got settled in as he took the blanket back out to the sofa and put the tray of leftovers in the oven to keep them out of open air. Once he returned to me, he slipped into the sheets and blankets, sliding his skin along mine and coiling around me. I cooed delighted little happy noises, pressing tight against him, rubbing tightly against his body.

I looked up at him, adoring every bit of his eyes, his smile, and his tenderness. He blinked gently, kissing my lips with care. I returned the gesture threefold, tightening around and burrowing in his warmth, so very warm. I cherished my Lord. My heart sang within. The perfect end to a normal day with him. I nestled into him, rubbing my nose and face into his. Wrapped in his arms, and his warmth, I closed my eyes, holding onto him for dear life.

“...I love you, Ios...”

3rd Frame

Alarms are never, ever, any fun, given the circumstances. I could not hit the screen fast enough on Ios' phone to shut the damn thing off. I stirred in the heat beneath the blankets, pressing against his flesh. Ios was still asleep by the time I blinked my eyes open. I just looked up at him, watching him, feeling a deep sense of joy at his peace. I took the opportunity to inch my way up and plant some warm kisses against his face, around his lips, his cheek. That got his attention. A smile crept onto his face slowly as his arms slithered to life. They were draped over my naked body at first but immediately tightened as soon as he became aware of my actions. Finally, he started to return every kiss, planting them against my lips. His hands felt around my spine and the small of my back, rubbing up and down softly. I couldn't help but emit some high-pitch squeaks at the tingles it sent through my legs... morning routine here we come!

I rolled onto my back to pull him up on my stomach. He was strong and heavy, but kept his weight distributed so he didn't completely smash my lungs. I felt his length, already full, waiting for the moment. It pressed, and rubbed, and smoothed along my lips. I let out a silent moan of delight against his face, his lips softly touching mine. His face nuzzled deeply against me, the heat of his breath spilling all around me. His chest mashed mine, light little humping motions gently massaging my boobs. I couldn't stifle the next moan that escaped. It was low but still not silent.

His hands felt up to my neck and face, cupping me with care, holding as his lips pressed tight into mine, deeply and passionately stroking my maw with his. His forearms pressed along my sides to keep me close. My hands stretched around his neck and over his back, pulling him down onto my body. The heat from his torso and his groin began to submerge within me. His length fed within slowly, pushing between my walls and plunging far inside.

“Hooooohh, Mmnnhyeesss... oohhhh...” I began to whimper happily. His texture inside was hard, strong, very tense as he massaged my insides. His motions were slow, very gentle pushes, but very deep and firm. I felt the plunges push on my hood, grinding my clit and making my back arch. My fingers dug lightly into his back as I tried to grip him. My legs stretched up and around him, holding onto him every way I could. When I wrapped my legs, it spread my lips a little wider, allowing for a deeper impact within. I gasped at the sensations, hot waves starting to build inside.

I sucked on his lips and tongue, bathing in his heat and his essence. I began to move my hips and body, rocking gently to his motions in opposition to push him deeper into me. My spongy center felt gentle impressions of his length, waves inside me building up faster. I began to pant and heave faster and harder. “Oohhyeas! Mmnhhuu!” I called out to him. My muscles in my legs and arms tightened, my bum began to clench as I tried to hold it in. I didn't want to just yet. “Oohhh, Iiooooss...” I tried to speak, drowning in the ecstasy of his plunges inside me about to wash me away. But the strain became too much. His weight pressed down hard on me, knocking it all over, and I cried out. My hips bucked and my eyes rolled back, feeling the

vibrations and tremors of my orgasms, spilling over my body. I panted and groaned against his face, kissing wildly for him. I felt the red hot juices shoot all around inside me, feeling my walls crash with my fluids... and his.

He relaxed on top of me, mashing tightly against my body, kissing deeply into my lips. I clutched him around his neck, keeping him close. We panted against each other, opening our eyes to gaze deeply, smiling with pure happiness at his eyes. I could have been called lost, but that would imply I had anywhere else to be. His hand softly brushed my cheek. Grinning with bliss, I nuzzled into him and kissed his tender lips.

I jumped, startled, by the blare of the stupid backup alarm on my phone. Ios smiled as I blushed a little, and reached over me to shut it off. We had to get up, now.

****QUICK SHOWER AND CLEANUP LATER****

Ios made us a couple of things to take to lunch while I was getting ready. Now, as much fun as it would have been to shower with him, the tub was too small and we would basically have no room to move. So he said to do his later today before we would go out.

“We're picking the girls up after I get ready,” he informed.

“Don't take too long to get home, I don't wanna be late!” I answered. We were going on a double-date tonight with Pam, Ios' coworker, and San, her girlfriend. They were really wonderful friends of ours, especially Ios, it seems. They helped him through some pretty tough times before I came along. They're charming, funny, and kinky just like we were! A bit more so in fact, since they had a some more intense experiences. They were very attractive, beautiful ladies and loved to flaunt it. I suppose I envied their freedom. But thankfully, I wasn't worried about Ios losing interest in me. He was completely open and honest with me to the very end, even confessing he once had a thing for Pam. He never told her or San, but he told me. He even told me other things he had about them... namely one of the most sickening nightmares I'd ever heard in my life. I didn't feel like remembering that in detail; all I knew was that he trusted me, he confided in me. He was devoted to me alone. I trusted him.

I walked out into the living area dressed in a white button-down shirt, the top couple of buttons undone to keep from breaking apart under the strain of my breasts. Sometimes I was annoyed at these things, always having to be wary of which clothes I could or couldn't wear. I wore skin-colored nylon stockings, a black skirt that reached past my knees, a red sweater wrap, and some sensible dress heels, not too tall but still pretty.

Ios wore his usual black shirt and pants. One of the things I just wondered, what was it with his always wearing black? Every day, black shirt at the very least. And the design was rather macabre. It was a JTHM shirt. He was lucky he never had to interact with anyone besides his boss and coworkers. He didn't have to worry about looking professional. Wish I could wear whatever I wanted to work, like a loose t-shirt and some jammies (no not that kind of jammy!).

We set out to work together once again. Kissing goodbye for the morning, we drove our separate

directions. The drive seemed uneventful, just driving through town. As I listened to the news on the radio, I heard some news reports about bank activities and investing companies starting to look over their books for any discrepancies, due to whistle blowers turning their employers in for illegal activities. It made me think of the rumors I'd heard yesterday. My eyes furrowed. "Huh, that's puzzling," I thought.

The day of work seemed to just fly by. I was noticing certain market segments changing around in the FCOJ, wheat, and other commodities which would turn out the food markets. I actually spent the day looking through crop and agriculture reports, making annotations in the profiles we'd built with acceptable confidence intervals of advising our clients how the market would swing.

I noticed a man in a suit talking to Jan in her office from my desk. She looked unsettled, disturbed even. I would have to ask about it. He gave her a card and turned away, walking out of her office, past my desk, and down the hall towards the stairwell to exit. Didn't even look at me. All she did was look at the card with a crooked expression. I got right up and walked in to see her.

"Who was that?" I asked. "You don't seem to like him."

"SEC," she answered looking up to me from the card. "...and I don't." Now I really furrowed my brows, widening my eyes in a bewildered look.

"What does Securities & Exchange want with us?" I asked.

"They heard some tips and reports about certain firms experiencing strange patterns and behaviors," she answered, crossing her arms. "They requested that we answer a few questions about agreements or trades we may have done or known about regarding the trends going on."

"Do we?"

She shook her head looking off in thought, "None that I can think of. We usually stay out of their beds for this exact reason, so we don't become a 'persons of interest,'" she air-quoted. It made sense. Doesn't look good from a marketing/PR point of view. If you do business with somebody who is considered, or even associated with a "person of interest" when it comes to illegal business dealings, bam, you're radioactive. No one will touch you. It's like rats deserting a ship. We moved on, going over the next few reports and records about which market was going where. The day flew again.

I texted Ios letting him know I was headed home. Jan was going over some of the materials so I bid her a good day. She smiled and waved goodnight to me. I was anxious for tonight, we were going out to a nice restaurant and then would have some after-dinner fun at their place. Getting home, I hurried up to the apartment to get ready.

I changed and freshened up, tending to my legs, my pits, and making sure all unwelcome hair was gone. Cleaning up and preparing was amazingly easy. All of my makeup and toiletries were

already here and in plain sight. Ios was amazing and so perfect. He had only a few things occupying his bathroom and closet. He was happy to have other stuff to fill the empty shelves. I loved him for being so accommodating. My outfit, I had ready before I left this morning. I donned very dark red boy short panties. They hugged my bum nicely and contrasted even better against my skin. Very sexy if I do say so myself. Over them, I wore darker nylon stockings, held by a beautiful black lace garter belt with suspenders. They drew the eye back and forth across my legs. I dazzled myself. And over the top, I wore a black, halter top, silk dress that reached to just past my knees. The top just barely manage to hold my giant bosoms, like they were eager to just pop out and say, "Hello!" I brushed my hair through and marveled at my appearance, feeling exquisite.

Ios had just arrived, "Hi honey!" I called. "I'm just about done so do you want to get ready real quick and we can head out?"

"You bet, just gotta get oooooone thing handled first—can you grab the tttthhhhhfffwhh, I think it's the third tie in the closet for me?" he called from the kitchen. I heard him taking his shoes off and putting the leftovers from last night away in a container for the fridge. He came by in a hurry, removing his clothes and tossing them to the hamper, along with my dirty clothes too. Just as he came back in only his drawers, holding his evening wear, I leaned up to kiss him hello. "Hi sweet love," he smiled switching places with me in the bathroom.

I quickly walked to the linen closet where our coats hung and his ties were kept, hearing the shower turn on. Third one.... "You want this red one?" I asked, making sure.

"Yes please!" he answered. Bingo! I pulled it off the hook in the closet and went back to him in the bathroom. I hung it on the door with his other clothes as he got in the shower, nekid and sexy. While he showered, I put the finishing touches on my makeup, a little touch of concealer here, some foundation there, liner, shadow, boring stuff. I was ready fast because he was still showering by the time I was finished applying some lip gloss. My collar showed off nicely against my long black hair, my black dress, and my eyes. Even I was slightly turned on.

"Who's got the reservation?" I asked over the shower curtain.

"They do," he answered back. "They're making it, I'm driving everyone." The water ceased and his hand snatched a towel from the nearest rack. The curtain flew open with him drying off. I marveled at the sight, his strong physique, glistening in the light. He was very thin, but had really sexy muscle tone, that six pack of his. He had great bones and carried himself very well. His groin wasn't completely shaven, but it was groomed. He told me of his first attempt at it and vowed not until there's an easier way.

I backed out of the bathroom to give him some extra space (and so I wouldn't get wet) as he dressed himself quickly enough. He dried his hair and huffed out of the hot and steamy room. He made my heart skip a beat, very stylish. He wore a black, button-down shirt, sleeves rolled up to just above his elbows, black slacks, and a crimson red tie. His hair draped over his shoulder, soft and warm to the touch. And on top, a long brimmed black fedora. I smiled as he stepped close to me, wrapping around my back and holding tight. I grinned, leaning up to kiss

lovingly into him.

“You are a sexy man when you dress nice,” I whispered.

“Look who's talking,” he grinned, looking me up and down before gazing back into me. I blushed and kissed again. “Okay are you ready?”

“Let's go!” I stepped back, bending over to put my stiletto pumps on. He took a spare coat and threw it over my shoulders. He knew I'd need a little protection with my naked shoulders. “Thank you, hon!” I grinned, holding his hand in one, my purse in the other. And we set off to the parking to drive over to the girls' place.

As we drove, we traded stories about our day, getting to the SEC visiting my office today and how Jan seemed worried about it. We arrived just barely on time to pick the girls up and head to the restaurant. We just had to get them in the car. Walking up to their place, Ios held my hand close, looking ever spiffy in his dressy hat. He knocked on their door standing close to me.

“...You look beautiful tonight, sweetie,” he uttered with a smile, glancing over to me. I grinned, blushing deeply and squeezed his hand to step closer, resting my head on his shoulder.

“Thank you, honey,” I responded, looking up at him. My thumb softly caressed along his knuckles as I admired his dapper appearance. The sound of footsteps broke me to look away. The door opened and Pam appeared, wearing a strapless, dark blue, latex top that showed off her cleavage quite nicely. She also had a black, leather skirt at her hips that stopped just above her knees, letting her black thong reach out the sides to hug her hips.

“Hey! We're just finishing up, we'll only be a moment,” she said with a smile and her beautiful British accent. Her hair was dark brunette and waved down her bare shoulders. “Come on in, we'll be out right quick. San! They're here! Let's go!” she shouted behind her as she let us in. Ios hoisted an eyebrow, smiling like he wasn't surprised. I snickered and stepped inside with him. Just as we did, Pam quickly walked into the inner area looking for San, barking at her, “We're going to be late!”

“I'm coming! One last touch-! There.” San snapped back at her. They both walked out, San in a clear-strap, blue and red latex dress only barely holding her chest in while stopping just at the top of her thighs. It left almost nothing to the imagination. If she were to bend forward a bit too far, someone might catch a glimpse of her. Her legs were clad in some very sexy fishnet stockings, all the way down to her feet where she wore some very high heels held by ankle straps.

“You two look gorgeous!” I said, gushing at them. “Wish I had the courage to look like you.” I blushed a little. I didn't want them to know the truth, how I envied them in so many ways. I was jealous of their real, natural beauty.

“Not at all!” Pam responded greeting us with San in hand. “You look absolutely stunning, both of you! Very elegant, graceful, and charming! And there's Ios here who looks brilliant. A smashing hat.” They both looked us up and down. I blushed a bit more. I squeezed Ios' hand

tight for comfort. His thumb rubbed my fingers to let me know he was there. It made me smile.

“Okay, shall we go?” he asked.

“Ready! Let's be off!” San rallied. We turned to the door and all headed out.

As they were fiddling with the keys to lock the door, he whispered to me so they couldn't hear, “You really do look divine.” He lifted my hand and kissed the back of it. I bit my lip and smiled brightly, blushing again.

Looking up at him as the girls joined us, I mouthed to him, “...Thank you...”

The drive to the restaurant was tons of fun, commenting about the traffic and bicyclists obeying none of the laws. Ios got especially irritated at cyclists that would run a crosswalk. Honestly it irritated me a little bit too. Scumbag bicyclists: complain and mandate laws about "sharing the road", proceed to break every traffic law that applies to them.

****PARKING IS DULL****

We parked just about a block away from the restaurant and walked to the door. Our reservation was ready for us and we were seated immediately. Like a caring man, Ios took my coat and held my chair for me. I smiled warmly at his conduct and felt very uplifted by it. He removed his hat and sat down to join us.

The waiter was very courteous and sat us down, taking our drink orders. “Wine for the ladies- and a soda for the gentleman (also known as DD),” he confirmed. “We here support safe driving so all drinks for the gentleman are compliments of the house!” He walked away as we thanked him. We looked over our menus. Pam went with chicken piccata, San chose a three-cheese manicotti, I picked out the prime rib dish they had, and Ios would have the very full meal of beef and scallops. Salads for us girls and Ios took soup, dungeness crab chowder. It all looked so good on paper!

We talked about random chitchat about work and what was going on. Pam mentioned a caller yelled at her today and Ios cackled at the story, adding more details.

“That lady was super irate,” he laughed.

“She was a complete shrew!” Pam scoffed, grinning at the rest of us. “The call started off and she screamed in my ear about her site being offline and I could barely get a word in.”

“If it makes you feel any better, she knocked her own site offline by deleting her htdocs folder by accident,” Ios replied.

“Huhwhat?” San asked, confused about what was going on.

Ios explained, “The htdocs folder is where webservers like Apache look for files to post websites.

So if you want anything viewable, whether they're images, links, graphics, backgrounds, anything, the htdocs folder is the complete foundation.”

“And she deleted that whole thing by accident?!” I asked gawking a huge grin. The girls giggled at the idea of someone ripping out their own very important asset of a website.

“Wh-she, no, okay!” he was trying to keep from laughing too hard. “She had her FTP client she uses to upload and change her configurations open twice and they were overlapping apparently. She thought she was getting rid of a spare folder in her own, local machine. She hosed her live one.” Pam stifled her laughs while San giggled freely. I had my share of trying to keep from being too loud and disturbing.

“That's bloody stupid,” Pam murmured when she was finished laughing. By this time, our drinks sides came to us. Ios got his soup and stirred it a bit to mix the contents around and let the heat escape. My mouth watered at the sight of the crab pieces.

“Ohhh can I have a taste!?” I squeaked as the girls dug in.

“Help yourself,” he pushed the bowl towards me. I took the spoon and took a sample.

“Oh that's so good!” I licked my lips and relished the taste of it.

“This is why I get soup. Salad tastes the same everywhere. Soups taste different every single time.”

“Touché, good sir,” San nodded in agreement. As we had our starters, conversation trekked back to our previous topic of work. I mentioned the strange activities surrounding our company and the surprise “visit” from the SEC.

“What'd they want?” Ios asked.

“My boss said it was to ask a few questions and let us know of some odd behaviors. She didn't seem pleased to hear about it,” I answered.

“Usually when the SEC is involved, it's never a good sign. They almost never are there on a mission of good will,” he retorted.

“Who're the SEC?” Pam asked with an eyebrow arched. I didn't expect her to know one of the hundreds upon thousands of three-letter organizations the United States that would spawn every five minutes.

I answered, “The Securities and Exchange Commission. They're an agency within the American government that enforces federal securities laws and trade legalities. They basically are the police of the US financial world, making sure a business like ours operates within the limits of the law.”

San gritted her teeth at the words. “That doesn't sound pleasant if you're getting an unexpected questioning.” She sipped her wine, listening.

“I know, my boss was especially unsettled by it. I wish I knew more.” Our server came up with the large tray full of our plates. I marveled the sight of all of our dinners. It all looked so amazing. We thanked them and started in. It was fantastic. Cooked very red, very moist and juicy (I like it moist! Oh that's so naughty).

“How is it?” Ios asked enjoying his seafood plus steak.

“Wonderful!” Pam answered.

“Fantastic,” San nodded.

“Delicious!” I answered. We enjoyed various bites and traded little samples with each other. Conversation took its way down a dark passage after that.

“So Shi... how do you like being...” Pam asked, hesitating with her words.

“Being-?” I tilted my head in curiosity.

“A submissive. Are you liking the world? You said that it was Ios who introduced you to it.”

“Oh!” my eyes widened and I blushed a bit. I didn't really know how to answer that. The term confused me a bit. I just answered something that came to mind. “I really love it. I find it the most thrilling and exciting means of expression and passion I've ever done. I'm loving every bit of it and never knew this sort of thing existed until Ios.” I smiled looking over to him.

He smiled and answered his own two cents. “Although I don't quite see it that way.”

“What do you mean?” Pam said almost shocked. “You don't like what you two are doing?”

“No no no! That's not it at all. I mean I don't see Shi as a submissive. I see her as my equal.”

“Do you two switch places at all?” San interjected.

“No,” he answered.

“Well that sounds rather one-way with you dominating her,” said Pam, sipping her drink. I thought about it for a moment, and I always was helpless before him. I wondered if that made me a sub by nature, or if there was something else to the essential nature of bondage, domination, submission, and the relationship between it all.

“Right, I get that, but it's not exactly how I feel when I'm in the situation. Saying Shi is a sub implies by definition that she is somehow beneath me. However, I see her as a part of me, my other half, and it's a dance going on between us,” Ios elaborated. He had a point. Yesterday, he

massaged my feet to help me relax. But that wasn't the only thing he did. He cuddled me, brushed my hair, massaged my shoulders, and he definitely kept my cravings satisfied as soon as I had them. He was always so caring and tender with me, making me feel good. If anything, I had more power than he did in some respects. It was a very puzzling as we discussed it.

“Shi?!” sounded a voice suddenly, away from our table. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a man with short, blonde, smooth hair with a spiked front. He wore a blue sweater vest over a long sleeve shirt, with tan khakis. He started walking towards our table... and I went white. Oh no. Please no... not him... not now!

4th Frame

My heart began to thrash while my stomach turned over. I didn't want to see him now, or ever again for that matter. But this was really happening, here he was, at our table, everyone turning their attention to him.

“H-hey,” I managed to squeeze out of my throat. I was looking down, away, averting my eyes, completely self-conscious.

“Haven't seen you in a while! You look great,” he said with an overconfident smile.

“Thanks... you too,” I muttered nervously. I glanced at Ios for support. He looked back at me, reading my eyes which had been screaming.

“Whoa, see you had some work done there,” was his first observation. “This your latest pick?” he motioned towards Ios. My face went beet red. Latest pick? The girls just sat blankly at his words and actions, and then looked at each other as if to try to make sense of what was happening.

“A pick with no name,” Ios remarked smarmily with a crooked smile and eyebrow hoisted, looking straight ahead at no one.

“Wh- uh...I...” my words were inconceivably jamming in my mouth.

“Wow, you really went all out. You went from a... 34B to, what are those?” he said with a smug look. Pam and San's eyes furrowed, looking up at him.

Horrified, I heard myself blurt it out! “.....FF,” I confessed as my head hung. I noticed the girls' eyes slowly widen as they looked at each other, gawking just slightly. No! I hadn't told them, I didn't want them to know! Damn him!! I gripped my napkin and dress in my hands, wanting him to just go away before he said anything else.

“I didn't think you would go that far. You sure tried with me but man-” he said with a mystified look. I was so mortified. I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out. I hadn't told anyone except Ios—and even he pieced it together on his own when I told him about my previous relationship. I didn't want anyone to know. I was ashamed of these things and never wanted anybody to learn about them. Ios glanced in his direction, an eyebrow still hoisted, but

not smiling anymore. Now he was with a look of indignation.

“Excuse me!” Pam interrupted. “Just who are you to barge into our dinner and accuse our friend of such things? You have no business talking to Shi like that!” she snapped.

“Yes, that's not at all something you say to a girl. You should learn some manners and not behave like a pillock,” San scolded.

“Now now, ladies, there's no need for name-calling. In fact that's quite rude. I just saw an old girlfriend here and that she had a new friend, thought I'd see how she was doing and if he might like some insight,” he said motioning towards Ios again.

“All right...” Ios grumbled, finally speaking up, rolling his shoulders and cracking his knuckles. There was a stiffness in his voice. “-no, rude is showing up uninvited, invading someone else's dinner in the hopes that you might wreck a potentially wonderful thing going on under the delusion that you're actually helping.” Ios looked up with a forged smile that looked slightly menacing. “And since you've more than overstayed your welcome, how's about you go away and I won't rip your jaw permanently open?”

“Hey man, your call. Both a couple o' freaks,” he scoffed and left. Thank the stars he's gone! I took a deep breath, hoping desperately I just imagined that. I looked up at the rest of my table, and they were all looking straight at me. Oh lord I didn't imagine that!!

“Shi? Are you okay?” Pam asked with a very concerned expression on her face. My hand felt a sudden warmth being smoothed over it. Looking down, it was a hand. The hand was firm and strong, connected to a thin, strong, masculine arm, tracing up to...a black shirt... Ios looked with a sad smile to me. I saw in his gentle eyes that he was trying to reassure me that it was okay. Like a spot of dust on me, I shook all of that conversation off.

“Yeah, I'm fine,” I answered with a smile.

“Are you sure? You look troubled,” San reached over to touch my shoulder.

“Really, I'm better now.”

“Who was that awful man?” Pam asked, glaring in the direction he retreated.

“Do you remember the day we met? In San's café?” I looked at the two girls. Ios kept his hand

on mine to stabilize me and my emotions. It was working. I squeezed Ios' hand as I went over what happened in my head—he stood up for me, they all did!

“Yeah? You said you were meeting someone I think. That was him?!” San leaned forward. I nodded.

“He was supposed to meet me there and never showed up. San said there wasn't even a reservation. He blew me off.”

“I said it before and I'll say it again, what a complete tosser,” San grumbled, having another sip of wine. Ios motioned to the nearby waiter for the check. “So... is it true about...” she glanced downward. My face went red.

“Un...y-...yes,” I finally confessed. “The truth is, they were a gift for him, as a matter of fact. I sensed our relationship was rocky and thought of surprising him. But he'd decided to abandon me.”

“Well we want to extend our hand and congratulate you, Shi,” Pam said as the girls looked at each other and then back to me. “-for having the courage to carry that burden with you all this time.” I felt Ios hand rub along my knuckles. Heheh, I had cheated, after all. He was there to help me. It made me smile. “Honestly, Shi, you look absolutely beautiful, don't think otherwise, ever.” Pam looked at me across the table with a firm look.

“Th-thank you, everyone, really. I appreciate it so much.” I felt better already. Ios paid and we took the small traces of our meals left with us as we left. Well, okay, we ladies had leftovers, Ios had finished everything and could have probably had enough room for a second helping. Curse him and his amazing body, gets to eat whatever he wants! It was sick and evil and disgusting, and I loved it.

****DRIVE BACK TO THE GIRL'S APARTMENT****

As we got inside, San huffed a breath of relief and tossed her purse onto the nearby table. “Drinks anyone??” she called heading to the kitchen area to make herself a beverage.

“None for me,” Ios answered. He took my coat and draped it over the sofa, such a gentleman. I stuck close to him as we each sat on down together on the sofa with Pam. San quickly returned with a few drinks for Pam, her, and myself. She at least handed Ios a glass of water.

“So how about we drown out what happened with a little bit of after-dinner fun?!” Pam said brimming with excitement.

“What'd ya have in mind?” Ios asked glancing over.

“I vote for some high-stakes card games,” San raised her hand.

“That sounds like fun,” I perked up, taking a sip of my cocktail. Hopefully they wouldn't catch on to my ability for quick calculation of statistics and probable outcomes. Economics and mathematics go hand in hand! Ios smirked and glanced over at me. I grinned trying to look my best to play innocent.

“It's settled!” Pam stood up. “San you get the snacks and goodies, I'll get the chips and cards.” They each set off as Ios and I sat close, holding each other's hands. It relaxed me and brought a large smile to my face, remembering how he made my ex leave, defending me. I glanced up at him, adoring his eyes.

“You would love a game based on statistics,” he whispered with a grin.

“Hehe, said the man with a Psych degree. It's a game of skill as well as chance,” I whispered back.

“I'm playing to win y'know,” he murmured as San came with a few bags of edible chips (crisps she called them; British people have such fascinating names for stuff).

“Oh and I'm not?!” I scoffed, smiling at the notion. I was so gonna mop the floor with him!

“All right ladies, and Ios,” Pam plopped down with two decks of cards and a case full of poker chips. She began to deal out a division of chips. “We each start with £2000 in chips. Blacks are worth £100 each, blues are worth £50, and whites are £25. So that means...” she started to count the chips aside.

“Best split should be five blacks each, 20 blues each, and 20 whites each,” Ios chimed in. We all looked over at him, wondering how he got that result so quickly. “...What? You have the fewest black chips, and an even match between blues and whites which are both the most chips. Four of us, so that's 20 blacks, 80 whites, 80 blues, 180 chips in total with 20 to spare.”

“Okay how did you calculate that so fast?!” San inquired.

“I have this same chip set, and so does my father,” he smiled with a look of self-satisfaction. “I’ve played on more than one occasion with varying figures.”

“So what happens when you run out of chips?” I asked in complete confidence that I was gonna win.

“When *you* lose all your stock,” Pam sneered at me, “...you can gamble using an article of clothing or a kinky act of some sort. Clothing is worth retail value, acts are worth a free play,” she explained counting and distributing the chips to the corners of the coffee table. Ios and I moved to the floor on the opposite side so the girls could branch out.

“What constitutes a kinky act?” Ios asked arching a brow, taking the cards and merging the decks together. This complicated matters... since now there were 104 cards and eight of each card. Counting would be tricky.

“You can choose a piece of bondage gear to don. However if you can no longer play or communicate,” Pam winked with a coy smile, “-then you forfeit your chips.”

“Wait, clothes are worth retail value?” I questioned, “What about Ios? His outfit's probably the least expensive out of all of us! That's not fair.”

“Yeah, my shirt and pants are a combined price of \$63 which is probably about £30.”

“♪Not our problem!♪” San sang as she took a sip of her drink. Ios just chuckled.

“Well then I guess I just won't lose,” he responded. Once the cards were shuffled, Ios put them in the center where we each drew to see who was the first dealer. Ios took 7, San took a 9, Pam took Q, I took 4. Dangit.

“So what're we playing?” I asked.

“Dealer's choice,” Pam answered, taking the cards and shuffling some more.

“Texas Hold 'Em is the bitch game,” said Ios. I couldn't hold back.

“Pfhwhahahahaha!!” I laughed heartily covering my gaping mouth to try and contain it. The girls looked at my laughter and at each other.

“Hehwhat??” San asked, unsure of what to think.

“Texas Hold 'Em is the bitch game. If you choose Texas Hold 'Em, that makes you a bitch,” he explained. I continued to giggle at it.

“I don't get it,” Pam uttered, shaking her head as she dealt around the table.

“Texas Hold 'Em is basically the 'Easy mode' of Poker. And only children play on 'Easy mode'. Therefore, if you pick that, that makes you a bitch.” It finally made them giggle. “So what're we playing first?” he asked.

“Seven-card stud,” Pam answered. The games began. First hand dealt around, Ios started to help himself to some chips while we sipped our drinks. “Okay we have: a K for the gentleman, 9 for his Empress-” hey, she remembered my name's origin! It made me grin. “-Q for the lovely lady and dealer takes a J. The bet's to highest card.”

“I'll open with 200,” Ios said tossing his chips in. I called, had to at least see the second card.

“See your 200 and raise you 600,” San grinned evilly.

“No thanks,” Pam flipped her cards and removed.

“You are so on,” he called. I decided the second card was too expensive. Well damn, I just lost 200 for no reason.

“Pot's right, 10 to Ios, 5 to San,” Pam dealt.

“Another 300,” Ios said tossing them in.

“You don't have it, 300 more.” San tossed in 600 in chips. Ios just smiled and called her.

“All right, J to the man, 3 to the lady.” I glanced over at him and he looked back at me, smiling sweetly, casually... he had something, I knew it. But San was extremely confident herself.

“200,” Ios smiled tossing it in. She decided to call this time, just looking sly and mischievous.

“Next up we have, 6 to him, Q to her! San's bet with a pair of queens showing,” Pam cheered

with excitement. Uh oh! Ios had to have more than a pair of queens.

“All of it, 400,” she pushed the last of her chips in. First hand and she was that aggressive, she must have been holding a pair in the hole. Ios just smiled and called.

“Last card, down 'n' dirty,” Pam dealt the last face down to them. San smiled brightly, completely confident in her victory. “Turn 'em over, players.”

“Sorry, good sir, Two-pair!” she said flipping it over. “Queens with pocket Aces!” (A-A-10, Q-5-3-Q) I gawked and looked over at him. He pouted and shrugged, holding his cards stacked, placing them on the table. But then he gently glided his hand, fanning them out. My eyes and mouth both widened.

(Q...K...A... K...10...J...6) “Ace. High. Straight.” Pam burst into laughter, looking over at her lover's defeat. I cupped my mouth to try and hide the gaping smile I had as well. San, however, her smile was long gone. She just stared in disbelief. Ios reached forward and raked his winnings in, saying in a mock southern accent, “Lemmeh jus' take that awf yo' haynds. Ah truleh thank ya.”

“Bastard,” she grumbled with a smile. “I'll get you for this.” She pulled her latex dress off and placed it folded on the table, sitting with only a leather thong and her fishnet stockings. Her breasts rested perkily on her arms as she hugged herself, still somewhat grumpy from losing. “Dress has a value of 150.”

“See what you did wrong was you went for the bait on Seven Stud,” I commented. Ios took the deck and started shuffling, chuckling. “It's a five-bet game and you pushed for all-in by the end of it.”

“Yeah, see, and this is the trade-off,” he started to deal. “-how you girls aren't wearing much, but it's certainly expensive. Meanwhile I'm wearing much more and it's worth nowhere near as much; so we're pretty evenly matched. Game's Five-card Draw.” I checked out my hand. 9-A-A-10-4! Thank you, baby! I didn't make any movements or gestures of any kind. The bet was to me.

“250,” I said putting it in.

“Augh, bitch!” San cursed, fiddling with her legs. I had forgotten about her situation. “There, £100 heels.”

“Your 250, and I'll raise you... how much are those stockings and thong worth?” Pam asked grinning at San.

“You cheeky little-!” San gasped, outraged.

“Combine value of 100? Done,” she tossed in her chips. Ios just silently called, smiling and humming to himself.

I called, stifling giggles as best I could. San took off the rest of her clothes, sitting naked and lovely as ever on the couch.

“Dirty tit, you'll pay for this,” she said, glaring at Pam.

“350 in the pot, how many y' want, love?” Ios asked looking to me. I thought of the best course of action for a moment, and decided to toss the 4-10, the best possibility of my success was to hope for another 9.

“Two, please,” I answered, handing him the cards. He exchanged for two back.

“Three for me,” San offered the cards. I looked at mine while he dealt her. 9-Q! IOS I LOVE YOU!!

“Two,” Pam turned hers in and got two back.

“And the dealer takes two.” Ios dealt himself and we just looked at each other, then at the very naked San.

“250 again,” I offered.

“Damnit! A free play for a pair of handcuffs,” San answered begrudgingly.

“Our first victim for the evening!” Pam squeaked with joy. She scurried into their room and returned with various accessories and items loading her arms. One of which, she extracted a pair of hinge handcuffs. “Dealer's choice!”

“Hey now!” San protested.

“Elbows, behind,” he uttered without batting an eye. He was fighting dirty. With that, a single other restraint and she could no longer hold cards. She growled as Pam jumped on her, pulling her arms behind and cuffing her elbows tight together.

“You're all in this together!” she screeched, sitting back up with her lovely breasts pushing out to us all. Pam sat back down and placed a stack of chips on the pot.

“Maybe you're just careless. 250, plus 250 more,” she taunted. Ios folded his hand away. It was to me, then. Statistically it was pretty even, I decided to call, I had enough.

“Aces and Queens,” I said softly with a smile, turning mine over.

“Shit! Eight's and Jacks,” San cursed turning her cards over (8-8-J-7-J). Pam slowly turned hers.

“Three-of-a-Kind (2-2-2-5-7).” Dangit, I had a pretty good hand.

“Ouch,” Ios muttered. “San, no money, no clothes, handcuffed elbows, you're havin' a bad day!” Pam took her winnings as Ios collected the cards and passed them to me.

“No thanks to you,” she mumbled, glaring at him. I started to shuffle the cards and mix them around.

“Hey, Pam dealt that game, all right? So don't get mad at me.” I dealt cards out to each of them.

“Hey that's right! You did this somehow!” she snapped at Pam.

“Outbursts like that will get you taxed,” she responded. “What're we playing?” she asked looking to me.

“Uhhh Lowball,” I answered with a smile.

“Surely there is something to be said about victory with the crappiest hand,” Ios touted looking at his cards.

“Check,” San chose with not a lot of room to maneuver. I had... shit, and not the good kind that would let me win. 7-J-K-8-4...all diamonds. I had a flush. Where were you last hand?! Ios this was your f—well okay that's not fair, he gave me a very nice pair of Aces. I gave myself this trash.

“100,” Pam opened. Ios called. I called. Safe strategies for us. Pam fetched a pair of cuffs with a long chain from the pile and then they all looked at me.

“...Wh-what? Oh!” I said widening my eyes. San looked desperately to me. I would have gladly helped her out by asking for her ankles in front... but... “Nnnhh, I wanna win, I’m sorry, San!”

“No! Please!?” she pleaded, wanting to stay in the game.

“Ankles, hogcuffed,” I answered, pouting, sorry for her. She growled louder as Pam pushed her over, clicking the cuff on her ankle and pulling her feet very taut as she fed the chain around her elbow cuffs and then cuffed her other ankle.

“Awugh, nnyhhh, I hope you’re happy,” she grumbled at me, squirming around to try and position herself so she could still see. “One, please, take the center card.” I carefully pulled the middle away and gave it a replacement. Meanwhile I pondered how exactly she would look at her cards like this.

“Two,” Pam smiled happily at her lover’s predicament. As I gave her the deal, “Ugh, damn.” Had these girls not heard of poker faces? Were these drinks strong? I looked over at Ios.

“Two,” he handed me his cards. I handed his back.

“And dealer takes... four” I had to get rid of everything except the 4 if I wanted a best chance of nothing. Yes! Replaced with 8-2-3-10, in hearts and clubs. I contained my excitement with a stoic little smile. San was still struggling to even reach her hand.

“Rrrrgh!” she snarled. “Oh just put me down for my last hand. If I lose, I lose; if I win, unlock my elbows.

I giggled as Pam offered a bet of 200. Ios looked at his hand... struggling to decide.

“Eeeehhhhh, why the hell not. Call.”

I smiled and placed 200, then another 400. San had no place to bet. Pam sneered and looked at me, trying to read my face. I looked curiously back at her, trying not to let her know anything.

“...I’m feeling lucky. I’ll push you for the rest of your chips.” Ios immediately tossed his cards in,

he wasn't taking that bait. I pushed my entire hold in. I was gonna win. Besides, Ios would back me, right? She turned her cards over. "Pair of fives," she answered (7-8-5-5-A). HAH!! I smiled and turned my hand over.

"I'm sorry, but, I have 10-high," I said softly. She exhaled in defeat but still smiling as she did have some chips left over.

"What about me?" San questioned. I reached and flipped hers over (6-4-6-5-9). She had lost even to Pam, let alone me.

"You lose, San." Pam said with an evil grin. She reached into the pile and pulled out a ring-gag, pushing it into her mouth and buckling it tightly behind.

"Eeeeahh! Hiih!!!" she cursed, her mouth held open wide as she tossed and squirmed around. I took my winnings as I looked over at Ios' pile and then mine, we pretty much had this one in the bag.

"I have an idea," Ios offered. I turned to him curiously. "How about a non-aggression pact between us and we give Pam the spoils?"

"Hohh!! Uh-uh!!!" San screamed, thrashing around trying to grab at anything.

"Quiet! Losers don't get a say in peace talks!" Pam snapped, wrapping a leather strap around San's wrists and waist, sealing her movements.

"Aww, but I want another prize," I whined. "But I guess I can call a truce. I have one condition."

"That is?" he asked.

"You have to be nice to your prisoner!" I said to Pam with a sad smile. "I sped her loss up and she could have had a comeback."

"I agree to this term," Ios said softly with a smile.

"And if she resists?" Pam asked giving San's naked bum a light slap.

"AHH!! Huh hyoo!! Hihh!!!" San screamed into her gag, starting to drool on the sofa.

“Only if you must, but entrapment will violate these terms,” Ios offered, very diplomatic of him.

“Deal.” Pam nodded and we reached to all shake hands. Our victory was a fair one, for we walked away this day! Well... except for one unfortunate soul. Ios got to his feet and helped tidy up, putting things away while I cleaned the drinks and snacks up. Pam added a blindfold to San and took her clothes away, leaving her to writhe and struggle on the sofa, hogcuffed, blindfolded, and gagged. Ios helped me into my coat and we stood together. Pam gave each of us a big hug. “Thank you both for a lovely evening. Thank you Ios for dinner!”

“Hanhk hyouh Ioh!!” San called from the sofa. It made me giggle.

“You're both very welcome. Thank you for the fun and hospitality. Enjoy your..interrogation.” We nodded and headed out, holding hands tightly as we walked together. I rested my head on his shoulder. His hand released mine to wrap around my back while I replicated his actions.

Our drive home was quick and soothing. I looked at the town as we went by and thought back to the evening, reminded of how it was perfect... except... no, it wasn't. That door I thought I'd closed, the past I thought I'd left behind, the slightest crack in that window, such a violent wind blew it off the hinges and soured my whole mood. I cursed his appearance at our dinner tonight, revealing my secret. My face turned to a pout and I just brooded in it. I think it's because he reminded me of why I got my breasts in the first place. I did it to please him, complete insecurity, and it had failed. At that time, I felt like I was deformed in some way and hated my body. Seeing him again tonight threatened to bring all that back.

As we got home, I slipped the coat off and took my shoes off, heaving a sigh of relief from these heels.

“You wanna take leftovers to work tomorrow for lunch?” Ios asked, putting them away.

“Yeah...” I answered somewhat weak in my voice, heading into the bathroom, slipping out of my dress. Seeing my naked breasts, it further reminded me yet again... they weren't real. Pam and San's breasts, their bodies, they were. I was a fake, an imitation. I rinsed my makeup off and hung my dress up. I didn't feel pretty anymore. I felt like I was a fraud. I felt like I wasn't good enough for my love. He deserved a real woman. I pulled off my nylons and garter, seeing my crimson boy shorts from this morning. My thoughts of feeling sexy earlier? I dunno where those were, but they weren't here.

Walking into the bedroom, I saw him removing his clothes and setting down on the bed. I tossed my shoes over to the closet while I walked to the drawers and reached for a shirt to sleep in. My hand was stayed by his. I turned to see what he was doing. He looked into my eyes, and my heart almost chipped. His eyes were filled with such sorrow.

“What's wrong, sweetheart?”...He knew something was off.

“It's... I just.... these...” I didn't want to make him ashamed or upset or worried. His arms enveloped me, sending a wave of his warmth all around my skin. His warmth was overwhelming. I remembered, I made a vow to him. “I just feel... so fake, artificial, not like a real woman—a woman you deserve.” I looked up to him, almost ready to cry.

“Sweetie, no... Why would you think that?” he asked softly, holding me close with a look of sheer concern. I tried to answer but my words weren't coming easily. “Is it him?” he asked. Pinpoint strike, as always. I slowly nodded and looked up to him, tears starting to well. He brought me over to the bed and sat with me. “You forget that nonsense. The guy is a fucking asshole,” he said, gently cupping my face to hold me closer. “He isn't worth your care or consideration. Shi, I think you're the kindest, prettiest, most amazing woman in the world. I love you, all of you. He isn't worthy of the gifts or kindness you tried to give him.” A tear gently streamed down my cheek as I smiled—Ios loved me... “You are the most shatteringly beautiful woman I've ever had the privilege to know. I don't care if you enhanced anything in your DNA or simply put some silicon pockets in your chest. You're real to me.” He rested his face against mine, nuzzling.

“But, it's not natural. Nature is beautiful,” I whispered, voice still a little shaky.

“Nature enhances itself by combining with other things within. I've seen pictures before, and you were as gorgeous then as you are now. I think your transformation helped bring out a new layer of beauty that was hidden inside.” I smiled wider, thinking of myself as a flower that was painted after blossoming to bring out various colors. I looked up at him, seeing his eyes and his smile. I shed another couple of tears and wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing my face against his.

“You really think I'm as pretty as Pam and San? They didn't need enhancements.”

“Their beauty pales by comparison. Because the truest of beauty... lies in here...” he rested his hand on my chest over my heart. It began to beat harder, stronger, pushing up to touch his hand. I smiled brightly, burrowing my face into his.

He reached down and covered us up with sheets and blankets, as I slipped my panties away while he did his boxers. I didn't want the shirt anymore. I just wanted him. My feelings of ugliness faded away, along with my ex. They were no more. My body and heart were beautiful to Ios. I was beautiful. I may not have been born this way, but I made myself this way to express what was inside. It took Ios to help me see and appreciate that. I finally saw what he saw. I pressed my lips to his, kissing softly, tenderly, holding him tight and never letting go. I broke the kiss, feeling his hot breath, long enough to whisper, "Thank you so much... I love you Ios. I love you with all my heart."

"I love you, Shi, every last bit of you I love it all," he whispered. Our kisses resumed as I sank into the warmth of his arms and body. This night... I was glad it happened after all.

5th Frame

I tugged on my stretched arms, reaching up over my head as I lie on my back. These leather cuffs were fairly soft, but they sure were a snug fit—and held by little padlocks. I couldn't even see where they were, much less reach them even if I had a key. I wasn't getting them off. And the chain which held them was so short that my wrists were pulled right over the side of the bed, cuffed to the metal frame that held our mattress in place. I had no real maneuverability at all. Ios was fiddling around behind my head on the floor. I didn't know what he was looking for, couldn't really see.

“My Lord?” I called, feeling somewhat lonely and naked at this point ...Well I was! “I thought we were gonna have some morning fun.”

“We are, my Sweet Shi. How old are these magenta thigh-highs of yours?” he asked. This early in the morning, it took me a moment to think of which ones they were, then I remembered my socks I'd worn in the recent history.

“Aw, My Lord, noooo,” I whined, knowing what lie in store for me. “Those are like five days old and I walked around for hours in those at the office. My feet were really sweaty that day.” I heard him sniff a little.

“Hmmh, they are still a little ripe, but shouldn't be too bad. You'll manage!” he piped in a very chipper voice, appearing right over my head.

“Honey please noauhnhnhmngm—mmnnmmmmhh,” I whined and complained as he stuffed one rolled sock into my mouth. My eyes widened at the size of it, packing my mouth completely stuffed. I used my tongue to try and divert it a little so it pushed outward and not back. His fingers helped by feeding and coaxing it inside my big mouth softly. My jaw was forced very wide, cheeks were totally packed with my dirty sock. I blushed with a sense of embarrassment and a little humiliation.

“Aaand just so that stays in there,” he said holding the sock's mate to my packed mouth, pressing it flat over gaping lips, spreading from just below my nose, all the way to my chin, pulling it stretched tight around my head and tying it off under my hair very tightly, making quite an effective over-the-mouth gag. With my tongue totally blocked, my mouth this wide, the gag wasn't coming out. I whined and whimpered as the smell of old feet filled my nose and throat. “Aww I know, sweetie,” he said caressing my temples, leaning down to kiss my forehead. I'll admit, it was reassuring, if only a little. “I know♪! I don't care. It'll go away soon♪. And to speed up the process-” he crawled over my naked body, sinking between my legs and pushing them apart, giving my bare pussy to him. I was completely exposed and helpless to my (loving?) captor.

“Mnnnghmn,” I garbled to him, squirming a little to get comfy. He was right, the smell was slowly going away as I got used to it. Thankfully it wasn't as strong as a fresh sock. I could only

imagine if he'd done this when I wore it that day. He hunkered down into my crotch, kissing along my thighs, rubbing up my legs with his hands, feeling over my hips and around my pelvis. "Hmnnnnmmh." I started to moan at his touch, and his kisses, wildly horny and craving him. He pushed his lips against mine, kissing my sex tenderly. I began pulling on my cuffs, hard, trying to reach down to run my fingers through his soft, long hair. The failures of my struggles only made me hotter and hungrier. My patience was eased as he finally began to stroke my labia. I moaned and bit as best I could into my gag, tasting the fabric and wiggling my chest. I wanted him to play with them some more.

His tongue felt and massaged my walls, slipping and sliding and slithering all around within me. My hips pushed and twitched, arching my back and pulling on my cuffs. I groaned heavier into my gag, breathing faster. His tongue pattered around my hood, under to feel and poke along my clit. I felt his hands slide up my belly to my chest, cupping and holding my bosoms, feeling across and around them, playing with my nipples which stood tall and at attention. He poked and ran his fingers over them, feeling around my areola. Pulling harder on my cuffs, I whimpered and whined in frustration, I would have begged if I didn't have this huge sock stuffed in my mouth. His tongue answered my silent prayers, making me cry out into my gag. He ran around inside, feeling deep within my walls, sliding along them, tickling my insides. I couldn't hold back anymore. I screamed out, spilling my juices and orgasms all around, in and out. My body bucked, squirmed, and writhed in the bliss while he lapped up any remaining fluids from my soaked pussy.

Upon finishing, My Lord crawled up to lie with me, looking deep into my eyes. I whimpered for him, "Mnhmngmnhm? Hmnhngnmnghm" I couldn't understand myself at all. I hoped he did and would take this gag out and kiss me. But to my disappointment, he didn't. He just smiled and kissed my nose.

"You're so damn cute." He curled around my body, wrapping his arms and legs around me and nuzzling into my face, nosing along mine. I didn't pass up this opportunity to be with him and nuzzled right back, trying to turn to face him and push against to be closer, but the chain didn't have any slack. He cupped my face and held me close, running his fingers back through my hair, stroking me. I relaxed and nuzzled deeply into his face.

Our morning wake up session was brought to a close when my backup alarm went off. Sigh, time for work. He had me unlocked in moments and helped the cuffs off me. At which point I reached up to untie the sock. I had a bit of trouble so he helped me out, undoing it and letting my packing fall out, soaked with my drool; hey, at least it was in the sock and not on my boobs.

"Ahhh, thank you, now-" I lunged and pushed my mouth tightly into his, pressing against him and wrapping my arms around his neck, kissing deeply. We giggled into our kiss, deeply, passionately. I cooed into his maw, feeling his hot breath inside mine. I heaved a breath against his face as our kiss parted, looking into the oceans that were his eyes. I smiled with a light heart, cuddling tight into him. Ios smiled adoringly back into me, pressing a kiss to my forehead.

"We really do have to get ready," he whispered. I pouted, but then smiled and nodded. It didn't take us long to scramble to get ourselves together and head off to work. I wore just a simple

white t-shirt with a bright skirt and dress heels.

Reports on the news radio this morning didn't change from yesterday, which was actually worrying. They were still playing the stories about the banks and company trends? What was going on in the financial district? Upon arrival at the office, I saw people rushing in and out of the door. I felt a sense of dread run up and down my spine. Something was terribly wrong. As I hurried up the stairs, people were moving back and forth, heavy traffic and conversation going on, alarmed responses. I couldn't make it out too clearly so I would have to ask Jan what was happening. I got to my desk and Jan waved me in, hanging up her phone.

“What is going on here?” I asked worriedly. But Jan didn't answer. She slowly walked to her door, and pushed it closed quietly. What was happening? She walked back over to her desk, picked up a folded piece of paper, whilst I followed and sat down in a guest chair and she handed the paper to me.

“Delivered by courier this morning,” she said quietly. My fears were unfocused as to what it could be, so opened it up to see the large, bold letters. My eyes widened and I gawked in shock.

“A Judicial Subpoena!? And a warrant for 'all assets and records of the firm to be seized for the illegal practices of, including but not limited to: insider trading, front running, and market manipulation!?' Jan, what is this!?” I looked up at her, alarmed and bemused.

She heaved a sigh and sat on her desk. “I did some digging in our records—and there are a disturbing amount of discrepancies. I found there were unauthorized, unclaimed transactions and exchanges between some unlisted accounts. There were also some improperly labeled databases and titles to the records, the wrong amounts got labeled the wrong names. I had some of our IT guys look into it and there are even emails sent back and forth divulging market shares and reports before they were supposed to be made public. ...Someone has gone through a lot of trouble to show that we are very clearly guilty.”

I just sat there and stared, shaking my head. I looked up at her to see her very serious and cold eyes. “Wh- you don't think... N-no! I would never-!” I began to say.

“I know, I know Shi. I have complete trust in you,” she reached down and rubbed my shoulder. “We've known each other this long, I know you've done nothing but your best honestly. I suspect someone inside may have either defected or a rival company has planted enough to implicate us.”

“What's gonna happen? Are we gonna try and prove our innocence? We have to find something, to prove we've been framed. Corporate sabotage is not unheard of,” I suggested. She sighed and sat back down on her desk.

“I know, and I would love to very much.” She heaved a sigh and shook her head. “But this is airtight,” she said lowly, handing me a portfolio folder. I flipped it open, looking through the highlighted sections of everything Jan had mentioned... all the damning evidence that was needed to convict the company. I sighed, defeated, and handed it back to her. “We're gonna end

up having to take the hit, and pay the fines and penalties for it.” She stood back up and moved to the second guest chair next to me. “But the worst part is... I won't be able to afford to keep you on for it.”

My heart stopped. My stomach flipped and somersaulted. I felt pale. I looked in horror at her, but she had a very solemn, but sad look in her eyes. I couldn't form words. Jan touched my hand, “Shi, please understand, I cannot tell you... how sorry I am.”

I shook my head, “N-no, it's o-okay... I... I unders-stand.” I was doing everything, everything I could to keep it together. She held my hand and looked at me.

“Hey, kiddo, don'tchu worry. I'm gonna pass your name around, calling in all the favors I have from every friend I still have after this. I take care of my own—and you've been like a supportive little sister to me. Shi, I will do everything I can to find you something and keep you out of this,” she forged a smile. I nodded in understanding, biting my lip to keep from quivering.

“Do you want me to finish today or-?” I gripped my skirt. She heaved a sigh and stood up, reaching onto her desk for a small slip of paper.

“You've worked so hard for me these past years, take the day you deserve off. Here, this is for all of your services in the past. Thank you for everything, Shi.” She handed me a folded check. I stood up and heaved a sigh, struggling harder to keep my composure. She sadly smiled and hugged me tight. I gripped her close, feeling her rub my back. “I'll keep you informed, okay?” she whispered.

“Thank you, Jan. I've really enjoyed being here.” I stepped backwards, heading towards the entrance. She waved and cupped her hands together in front of her lips... I could see she was trying to hold back too. Carefully, I walked through the still raging offices and desks, back downstairs, and out to my car. Sitting inside, I opened the check... three months' pay. Thank you... so much... Jan... I finally lost my hold. I leaned on the steering wheel and wept into my arms. I sobbed, I bawled, and I cried. What was I gonna tell Ios? I just wanted him to hold me so bad. I wanted him to make me strong right now. I had to get home, fast.

I fiddled through my purse for a pair of sunglasses, putting them on to hide my tear-soaked eyes. My breath quivered as I sniveled, driving home. I made it up and inside where I plopped on the sofa. I looked around at our home, having no way to contribute anymore. The second wave hit me. I pulled up my knees, keeping them close and resting my arms on them, and I sobbed. After I cried for several periods, stopping only to wipe my eyes and nose with tissues. I'd finally managed to get a breath long enough to find my phone and sent him a distress signal.

“*Please come home right away after work.*” I waited a few moments, waiting for his confirmation.

..... 🎵🎵🎵 🎵 “*On my way*” I sighed. I didn't want him to leave work now. Well, okay, I did, but I also didn't. I grabbed another tissue to wipe my eyes and nose. I felt like I was breaking

apart. Ios... please hurry.

It seemed like hours until I heard quick footsteps approach the door, unlock it, and he came inside. Thank the stars. “Shi? Sweetie? Is everything okay?” he called setting his stuff down. I shook my head.

“Just sitting in the dark, crying,” I answered back, my voice very weak and shaky. There was a pause and stillness... before he hurried over and knelt in front of me, lowering his face to see mine. He reached up cupping my cheek.

“Shi? What's wrong? Talk to me, honey.” He was there now, and it was safe for me to become vulnerable again.

As I wept, I squeezed out, “I lost my job,” and fell forward onto him. He caught me and held my head against his chest, softly, comfortingly while I continued to sniffle and cry.

“Ohhh Shi, I'm so sorry, sweetheart.” He sat on the couch, leaning me against him and rubbed my neck and back to soothe me. “What happened, baby?” I told him all about the recent reports on the radio and how it tied in with the SEC's visit, then the warrant and subpoena, all of the evidence to convict Jan. Ios held me tight as I sobbed into his chest. “Ohhh sweetheart, that's just awful,” he whispered. He rocked softly back and forth, just holding me while I sniveled into his chest. His hands held my head and back close, rubbing softly. It was helpful to say the least.

“What are we gonna do now? How will I contribute?” I whimpered, looking up at him. He held my cheek. Looking sweetly into me, brushing the tears away as they fell.

“Hey hey, we'll get through this, okay? Y'know, I was able to live here by myself stably before you moved in, and I have a bit saved up anyway. I don't really spend on luxuries or other junk and can hold off anything I had planned to do. And we make large meals which can sometimes last us a few days in leftovers. Don't worry, Shi, we'll make it through this together.”

I believed him. His words brought a soft smile to my face, his belief in me meant the worlds. I wrapped tightly around him and clutched his warmth in my arms. He held me against him. I just curled around and took slow, deep breaths as my tears started to hold. Ios just held me, rubbing my back and neck, resting his cheek on my head. I closed my eyes and relaxed against him, sinking into his protective warmth.

I slept most of the day, just lying on my shield bearer. Around the later night, Ios moved me to the bedroom once I'd calmed down. He set me in bed and I had a chance to update my resumé. Meanwhile, he fixed us some soup for dinner. I wasn't that willing for a more extravagant meal, still felt kind of sick; but he insisted I eat something. I agreed, I did have to eat at least something. My stomach felt queasy was the problem. He suggested some hot soup to restock me with fluids and be easy on my tummy.

When he brought our bowls in, he also got his laptop and opened it up to sit close with me on the bed. We worked together, looking through online postings for jobs ads. We looked, and scoured,

and searched for something I was qualified to do. A few possibilities here and there, I found some, he found some, all wound up in my queue. I sent emails to them, having little bites of dinner between typing. The whole time, he sat by me, rubbing my side and kissing my shoulder, supporting me. It really meant the worlds that he was there.

We went until I was too exhausted, and I leaned back. He put his laptop up and lie with me, caressing my belly and side. His touch was ever warming and always welcome. I turned to face him, holding onto him tight. We curled around each other, nuzzling deeply.

“I’ll go hunting tomorrow,” I whispered softly. “Jan was kind enough to give me a severance gift worth three months’ pay. I don’t want to go any longer without income than I have to so I can support us.” I felt his hand beneath my chin, lifting my head up to see him. He smiled softly to me.

“You take your time, love. Don’t feel pressured. I’ll hold us up until you find something. You’ll find a job soon. I have faith in you, Shi.” He was the sweetest man I’d ever known. I finally smiled after this horrible day with the notion that it was over. I cuddled him tight and rested my face against his. He kissed softly as I clung to him. My eyes closed, feeling his caresses against my cheek and neck. His warmth lulled me deeper into his arms as I fell asleep.

****I SLEPT HARD****

I didn’t have time for morning fun today, unfortunately. We got up earlier than usual and I fixed myself up, fresh shower, shaves all around-legs, crotch, pits (no, not my upper lip too!!), and a very sensible outfit. I dressed in some skin-tone nylon stockings, nice grey skirt that cut off just above my knees, a button-down white shirt tucked in, and a matching grey vest. My breasts pushed against the shirt but were alleviated with undoing a top couple buttons. Cleavage was present. I wore some dress heels and felt a sense of confidence.

Ios stepped into the bathroom with me as I put the final touches on my makeup. He rubbed and massaged my neck and shoulders. Smiling at my reflection, I smiled right back.

“You look great, Shi. With an impressive resumé like yours, I’m sure someone will hire you.” He rubbed my waist and belly and kissed my cheek.

“Thanks honey,” I rubbed his hands and held them. We gathered our things while I filed a few copies of my employment information in a carrying bag. I was gonna drive around the town and look for if anyone was hiring in need of a financial professional of some kind.

****I SEARCHED, AND I SEARCHED****

The day actually proved to be terribly disappointing. All day, I drove and walked around. From downtown and uptown, looking through business centers, industrial parks, and even started walking around looking in local shops and outlets, anywhere I could find a job. My turnout was awful: nothing! I didn’t find any place who needed someone of my stature. They all said more or less the same thing, “No we’re not hiring but you can fill out an application online.” I didn’t

relish the prospect of telling Ios of my failure, not when he believed so hard in me.

When I returned home, I just heaved a sigh and sat in the bedroom, cross-legged on the bed. I took my vest, skirt, and stockings off, sitting with just my shirt and white boy short panties, pouting. I was very ashamed of my defeat today. The door opened from the outer area, he was home. I did feel a sense of comfort, but I also sort of was afraid of having to tell him.

“Hey Sweet Shi,” he called, unloading himself. He made his way into the bedroom and sat with me. I looked to him with a broken look of shame. “No, huh?” he asked, matching my frown. I just shook my head. He opened his arms up to me. I sighed leaned into them, being enveloped and held close. His hands rubbed my back and shoulder blades as I rested in the warmth of his arms. “Well, today was just the first day. We can always try again tomorrow or another day.”

“How long did it take you to find a job when you started looking?” I murmured into him.

“Oh uhhh-about a year.” My eyes widened and I whined. “Aww c'mooooon,” he lifted my chin and squeezed me close to him. I looked into his eyes as he smiled warmly. “I was an imbecile and didn't work through my student career, high school or college. I went to a community college for five years and got a few low level degrees and certifications to show for it, worked a lot of no-paying volunteer service as an assistant at the campus until I found a few paying jobs. I did that to myself. You, you could find anything you want much faster because you have what I didn't—experience.”

I smiled and cupped his cheek to kiss his face. “Why'd you wait so long?” I asked.

“Because being a full-time student is a full-time job in and of itself and I didn't have the will or time to do two jobs,” he answered rolling his eyes. I giggled and rested on him again, rubbing his chest. “C'mon, hon, I figure you're not really in the mood for some play time, so why don't you take your shirt off and I'll give you a nice massage to relax.” I smiled at the thought and happily nodded. He got his boots and pants off while I pulled my top and bra off and lie on the bed face down. When he returned, in just his shirt and drawers, I smiled as he knelt beside to kiss my cheek, and I closed my eyes to feel his touch better.

He dabbed a bit of oil along my skin, it felt chilly at first, but as he rubbed it in my skin immediately began to warm and feel hot. His hands smoothed along my spine and muscles, pushing and pulling all along my body. Reaching up to my shoulders and neck, he performed a number of techniques, vibrating his hands and kneading my muscles.

“Nnh, a little more on my upper shoulder, please,” I mumbled. He squeezed and pinched, pushed and smoothed out a bit more firmly on my upper shoulder close to my neck. I groaned at the tension being extracted from my body, feeling looser and less stressed. As he massaged me, my thought turned back to the conversation we had with Pam and San at dinner, about my and Ios' relationship and the nature of it. The interpretations started to be somewhat confusing. They saw me as a sub, because I was tied by Ios. I mean, just yesterday morning, I was naked, helplessly cuffed to the bed and he shoved my dirty sock in my mouth while he had his way with me. But right now, he was giving me a full-body massage to help me unwind. I asked him to

change his method and he conformed to my whims. Shouldn't it be the other way around? A sub submits to the wishes of their dom? That was the definition of a submissive. It was all so confusing.

Ios moved down my spine, rolling his thumbs in small little circles up my vertebrae. I arched and moaned as it pushed all those tense seeds out of my back, “Uuhhhhooooooo righthere righthere, awweeah...” He was firm enough to feel it, but not enough to hurt. He was amazing. This was all somewhat of a question I really wanted to answer. Did I want to be more intense with Ios? Should I raise this with him? We were both happy this way—but was there more? What would it be like if we were a bit more like Pam and San? I contemplated as my loving man massaged my body carefully, enjoying every single moment.

As he finished my body and legs and arms, I felt refreshed and restored completely. I felt so loose and free. I turned over and accepted him to lie atop me, stroking my cheek and hair. My grin stretched from ear to ear at his eyes, his tenderness, and his warmth. Have I mentioned how warm he is yet? I don't think I have. He was so warm!! I nestled into his chest and sunk into his clutches. His face pressed close, and began to tickle, he ran his nose up my cheek and neck, sniffing and drawing in my scent. I giggled at his sensations and actions, stilling him long enough to plant a kiss into his lips. He pressed his back, warm and soft, feeling the heat of his breath, I burrowed into him, holding onto his sides and back.

I whispered softly into him, “I love you so much, Ios...” and closed my eyes. I felt his face settle against mine and kept me close. His lips softly touched along my face as I drifted off slowly.

The last thing I heard, which made my heart nearly burst, “...And I love you Shi...my whole world.”

6th Frame

I opened my eyes to find a very welcome sight. Ios lie pressed close to me, staring sweetly at me, rubbing my hip. I beamed with joy and pulled him close to press a hot kiss against his lips. If I could wake up like this every day. There's nothing better than waking up with the one you love, knowing each and every morning that the feeling hasn't waned in the slightest. It was enough to keep my spirits high and that I'd be able to find something today.

I scooped closer and nuzzled his warm face, feeling gentle kisses planted against my nose, cheek, eye socket, and forehead. I returned the gestures with kisses into his throat, chin, and lips. We snuggled warmly together, nuzzling deeply to wake each other up. Although we didn't have any sex this morning, this was a happy wakeup nonetheless.

We got ready together and talked about possibilities, if I'd gotten any returns from the emails I sent out. This soon, I hadn't, and wasn't expecting any just yet. I got dressed in a pink bra, matching pink thong, tan nylon stockings, and a black skirt reaching to my shins. I picked out a magenta colored button-down shirt and dress heels. Applying some makeup, Ios took care of his preparation next to me.

“I know this isn't what you wanna hear right now, but what about opening up to lower your shots if the higher ones aren't available?” he asked.

“Absolutely not,” I responded in a firm voice.

“Well okay I don't mean-”

“Honey, no! I have a Bachelors in Economics and six years of experience!” I looked over at him slightly frazzled. “I'm not going to reduce myself to working at Red Lobster!” he paused, and just looked at me, quietly. He gently lifted his hand and touched my arm, rubbing softly.

“I know, hon, I know it,” he just rubbed softly. It drew out a slow, deep breath from me and calmed me down a bit. “I'm just sayin', try to keep an open mind based on the circumstances, sweetie. You shouldn't feel you have to settle, I'm not saying to do that at all.” He stepped closer and rubbed my shoulders. He really was just trying to help, I understood his point entirely.

“I know... it's just that...” I looked up at him with a sort of worried expression. He pulled me in and hugged tight. “I'm capable of so much more than that. I worked so hard to get where I am.” He softly brushed my hair and rubbed my back.

“I know, honey...” he said softly. But he was right. If I got an opportunity for a position now, but passed it up because I felt it was below my standards in hopes to gamble on a better position, that position might not come along. I wouldn't be able to go back to that previous offer. I'd be right back where I started, with nothing. I sighed and rested my head on his shoulder. This sucked (not the being held by Ios, that was the only thing holding me up). He made me feel

better, though. Ios did care, and he didn't want me to forever be disappointed. He saw right through it. I loved him for that, reminding me not to shoot straight up. He kept me strong.

When we were ready, we went down, hand in hand, to our cars and kissed before heading off for the day.

****A MORNING OF DISAPPOINTMENT LATER****

Round 2 wasn't that different from Round 1, one or two places possibly accepting applicants. Though, they always jerk you around with that, "We're always hiring!" garbage. I filled out applications and attempted to set up interviews immediately, but they said that they would be in touch. By mid day, I wasn't that much better off from how I started. I pouted, heaving a breath of defeat, remembering what Ios said this morning, about not aiming as high for right now. I could try to find a place, work until the job market got better, and seize the next one that came along. My thoughts were interrupted by my phone going off. It was Pam!

"Hey Shi! Job search going okay? If you're near the café, you want some lunch?" Actually I did. I just wanted another girl to talk to.

"Be there in 10," I responded. I wasn't far. I drove over and made my way inside. Pam was sitting at a table near the door and waved.

"Hey," I huffed as I sat down.

"Hi! How's it goin'?" she asked.

"Awful," I pouted, shaking my head. "Nobody has any openings for a position like mine. Well, there were a couple." I leaned on my forearms on the table.

"Did you apply?"

I nodded, "Yeah but they didn't have anything definitive, just things like 'someone will contact you'" I said mockingly, rolling my eyes.

"Those are the worst," she nodded taking a sip of juice. "So what would you like to do with yourself? I mean long term, what would you like to do?" I pondered about it for a second, looking off in thought. "It doesn't have to be right this second, just something to think about, like if you want to achieve a certain goal or socio-economic status."

"I guess... I wanna do whatever I find worth doing," I looked back at her. "Like, I just wanna be with Ios and be a competent working woman. Children aren't a possibility for me—I don't have any ovaries. But I don't want to be a cashier, or a fast food server. My previous job, I was a great assistant, loved to help out, and was just as great at finances and data analysis. I'm good with numbers. I loved doing that. I want to find that again."

"And what if you find that sense of worth in something that isn't what you thought?" she asked.

“I suppose that wouldn't be so bad. If I can't really find what I was, I'm not against doing something else, so long as I enjoy doing it.” She tilted her head and looked aside. It caught my eye and I was curious. “What?”

“Well, when San and I were shopping around, we saw a shop that had an opening at the time. It's not quite what you might have had in mind, but it could serve as a temporary start until you do—and you may find the work worthwhile. I have a girlfriend back in the UK, Meg, she worked at a shop like this.” Pam got out a piece of paper and wrote the address down.

“What kind of shop?” I asked, raising an eyebrow. All she did was give a sly little smile. “...Oh...” I answered, understanding. I bit my lip in a sense of disappointment, but took the paper and looked at the address. I recalled again what Ios said, trying not to ignore opportunity just for the sake of pride. “All right, I'll check it out.”

“You don't have to, I mean, if you're uncomfortable working that sort of job—but I just heard there might be an opening or something there,” she said assuringly. I nodded, finally smiling again.

“Thanks Pam, I'll give it a shot when we're done.” We each had a light fruit salad while chatting more about jobs and working conditions. Once we were finished, we split the bill and headed out. We hugged and I thanked her again for the tip and she walked back to work. I was half tempted to pop in and surprise Ios, but didn't want to interrupt him. I decided to go immediately to the shop's location, towards downtown.

I drove through the streets and found a place to park in a small lot. The area looked lively where a lot of shops were, a place to wander around during the evening when you're just having fun. It wasn't long before I found the shop, “Gnawvelty.” The name seemed interesting. The windows were lined with bars but displayed plenty of fetishy apparel and accessories. I took a deep breath and stepped inside. The place was rather empty.

Looking around, the decor had a gentle coloring and atmosphere to it. The place was completely filled with fetish clothing, accessories, toys, and equipment. Some of the merchandise was very sexy and gorgeous to look at. Some of them were a bit off-putting. All the leather, latex, from tops, to bottoms, to entire suits. Shoes, bracelets, armllets, and then of course bondage gear. Cuffs, ropes, harnesses, gags, the selection was very extensive. Then, from behind the counter, I saw a single clerk stand up. She was a young girl with tattoos and short hair.

“Hi! May I see your ID, please?” she asked politely. I nodded and smiled, walking up to the counter, fetching my purse and opening it up. “Sorry, I have to ask for everyone who doesn't look like they're 40.” I heaved a sigh of relief inside, thank you, young lady. I would've hugged her.

“Oh it's okay, I'm just glad you did!” she looked my ID up and down and up at me.

“Okay! Is there anything I can help you find?” she asked with a cheerful attitude.

“Yes, I heard you might have a position for hire available?” I said with excitement. Her expression fell to a wave of disappointment.

“Ohhh, I'm sorry! We just had an applicant fill that position. I'm really sorry about that.”

“Ohh, darn,” I said as my shoulders dropped, hit by the reality. My only lead, shot, back to square one. “Well, that's okay, thanks anyway.” I turned with a grimace to head back out the exit.

“Wait!” she called. I turned around to see her coming out from behind the counter. “If you're looking for work in this kind of field, I know it might be a bit different, but there's a club just a few blocks over. I was just in there a few days ago, and they need dancers.”

“A strip club?” I asked with my brow arching.

“Well not entirely,” she explained. “It's more of a club that caters to patrons of... this kind of market,” she said glancing around at all of the materials in the shop.

“Are they open right now?” I asked. What was I saying?! Inquiring about a strip club job?! I couldn't believe the words out of my mouth. Ios would be ashamed of me. He said to adjust my tolerance levels but he probably had nothing like this in mind!

“Uhh the owner should be there at this hour, going over show preparation. It's not like your typical strip joint. They're more like a very special lounge with shows for customer appreciation.” I looked down, thinking it over real fast. About missing opportunities. I remembered reading multiple sources that mentioned how dancers and models did get some very decent wages in tips.

“Do you have an address?” I asked. She nodded and reached into her pocket, fishing out a stack of cards. She handed me one. pARAdise. I smiled. “Thank you very much for your help. I promise I'll come back with a few friends to pick out some nice finds here.”

“Thank you! And I hope you find something, good luck!” she called as I left. I let out a breath, thinking what Ios might think of this. I thought to text him with the idea, but decided to hold off until I found if I would even get the job or not.

I made my way over a couple blocks, walking through the downtown streets. It wasn't a bad neighborhood, but just out of the way. It seemed somewhat peaceful. I saw it going beneath ground level, a staircase down into the building, with an artistic lettering. “pARAdise”. This was the place. Heading inside carefully, I looked around, treading lightly and taking in my surroundings, velvet carpeting, paintings and portraits of fetish models, glamorous scenes of domination, submission, bondage, a whole erotic world. A couple of them, I thought I recognized, but they were hooded.

I walked past the lobby and reception area, very empty. A bar was open to the right, seating areas on the left, tables and booths everywhere, with a stage and catwalk in the center. I saw a

girl dancing on stage, wearing a sexy, shiny leather skirt, dark nylon stockings, and a strapless black bra that squished her bosoms tight together. Cleavage was present for sure. Right up front, at a table, I saw a woman sitting at a table, leaning back with her head in her hand, watching the performer. Her hair was raven black, almost like mine, up in a tight ponytail. She wore a long, black leather coat reaching down to her ankles. I also saw long, leather, platform boots. She must have heard me walk in because I saw her turn. She wore a leather bustier which covered her breasts and squeezed her waist together quite nicely, showing off some very sensual curves. Her eyes were a cold, pale blue, like she was piercing my chest.

“Yes?” she asked very firmly, quietly.

“Hi, I'm here to see the owner?” I said meekly. Her gaze was nerve-wracking.

“Who's asking?” she turned to face me more directly, standing up slowly. I gulped, feeling my spine tingle.

“I-I had heard from someone that there might be a position for hire available, and was interested.” Her piercing gaze relaxed and she softened her eyes.

“This is my club. I'm Mistress Ara, and yes we could use another dancer.”

“Uhb, may I inquire more about the position?” I asked to seem interested.

“We need flexible, exotic, attractive ladies to wow our clients to stay for the main event. It is our effort to create an atmosphere of fantasy and arousal,” she described, waving her hand across the empty tables.

“I used to dance in high school and a little in college.”

“Let's see what you've got.” She turned around calling to the stage girl. “Take a break!” The girl stood up and silently bowed before leaving the stage. Ara turned to me and tilted her head towards the stage. I nodded and quickly moved forward, setting my belongings on a table and take my heels off (dancing would be difficult in those).

“Did you have anything in mind?” I asked her.

“Impress me...” she said, sitting back. I blinked and raced in thought for anything. I couldn't come up with a whole lot so I decided what I did in high school, professional dance routines, stretching my legs, squats, swaying movements and positions. It wasn't long before I saw her rubbing the bridge of her nose and sighing in irritation. “U-no. Stop! Stop, stop, stop!”

“What's- did I do something wrong?” I asked unsure of what had happened.

“This isn't gonna work,” she said standing up, rubbing her forehead. “You're trying to be elegant, to be artistic, and pretentious. This is not a ballet recital. This is an erotic fantasy you're trying to shape. I don't think this is your kind of thing,” she turned away. “Go home...”

“Please wait!” I called. She turned, looking out the side of her eye over her shoulder with those cold eyes from before. “I'm sorry, I didn't know how I should start so I went off what I last did in college. Please, give me another chance, I can try again in a more fitting and appropriate method,” I pleaded. She looked at a wristwatch on the bottom of her wrist and exhaled.

“I-don't have time for this.” she muttered.

“Please, Ma'am? I promise I-”

“Miss!” she snapped, turning about. “You may refer to me as 'Miss' if you won't refer to me as 'Mistress Ara'. Do not call me 'Ma'am'.”

My heart skipped a beat and I nodded. “I apologize, Miss Ara. I'd like to try again, if-if that's okay.” She took a breath and came closer.

“You're eager to please, I like that... Very well. Try again. This time, try to imagine yourself... pleasing a lover. Imagine you're dancing for them to excite them into jumping the stage and taking you on a journey of passion and wonder,” she coached, sitting back down.

I took a deep breath, closing my eyes to picture a lover in the audience... my lover... and I saw it in my head. Ios, sitting there watching, smiling, happy to see me dance for him. He nodded and waved me on, encouraging me. A sense of beauty rushed over me. I smoothed my hands along my arms, up my sides, over my breasts, and up to my neck, running through my hair. I began to move more loosely, freely, letting my cravings for him take over. Spreading my legs and running my hands long them, wagging my hips and ass for him, I softened my gaze and winked.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ara, eyebrows raised, intrigued. As I lifted and whirled my legs, showing off my physique and my curves, very teasingly, as if to say, “you want this don't you?” one of her hands rested on her stomach, softly rubbing herself, while the other hooked her index finger against her lower lip. She bit her lip gently and her hands began to wander. I leaned back, arching my breasts to the roof and slid my hands up and over them, playing with myself to assist in the ideas going through her head.

“Okay,” she called, standing up and shaking out a shiver in her shoulders. “Impressive, I misjudged you.” I stepped down to pick my shoes back up and slip them on.

“Was that more acceptable?” I asked.

“Very much. I think we might have a spot for you in our performance casting,” she said looking to me with those cold eyes again. “We need someone for tomorrow evening's opening performance, to attract clients for the main event.”

“How much does the position pay?” I asked, still trying to retain even a shred of my professional integrity.

“450 a show, and you can keep any tips that you receive.” What?! Was she serious?! Assuming a show lasts maybe an hour or so, that's over \$56/hr! Plus tips?! That's amazing, too amazing! With two shows in a week, I could easily match my previous paycheck!

“Oh my, I... that's quite a generous offer. May I have some time to go over my availability and arrangements?” I asked. She collected a clipboard and a planner book, looking through it as she walked back towards the entrance.

“I need my performers to arrive somewhat early for preparation for the shows. The show is tomorrow evening. I open the doors at 6 sharp, so you'll need to be here two hours early.” She looked over at me, those eyes ice cold blue eyes were menacing. “I don't have time for 'maybe,' I expect an answer no later than tomorrow morning, is that understood?”

“Yes Ma-Miss,” I almost said the wrong one.

“Excellent,” she said handing a card to me from the planner. “Don't be late...” she turned and headed down a corridor out of site. I had done it! I secured a job... working as... a fetish dancer. It finally hit me and I heaved a sigh of sheer contempt for myself, hoping Ios would take it okay. Way to go, Shi, you went from a professional business woman to being a fetish model. He would be so proud to be at my side—not.

I drove home, thinking it over, if I wanted to succumb to this line of work. I felt like I was whoring myself out. I sort of was—I mean, the only thing that was so enticing was the pay. Is that what I've become? Is that what I want to do with my life? Loyal to nothing but the highest bidder? Self-respect completely for sale? I couldn't wait for Ios' guidance on this, his input. A lot of me wanted to hope he would be against it, not just because of the profession, but I'd like it if he were a little jealous, as sick as it seems.

I got undressed from my professional outfit and into some cotton bottoms with one of Ios' super thin and soft cotton t-shirts. It would have been big on me, but thanks to my boobs, it fit okay. I went and got myself some OJ from the fridge and sat on the couch, turning on Ios' 360 to play a bit of our game. It wouldn't be long before he got home and I could give him the (good?) news.

“Hey Sweet Shi!” And here he was! He stepped inside and dropped his stuff down in their usual spots. I paused the game and held my arms open to him excitedly.

“Hi honey!” I greeted as he sat down. I rolled onto him and planted waves of kisses against his face, his arms curling around me. His lips were soft, and tender, and felt wonderful against my face.

“Did ya have any luck today, Love?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” I answered with a smile, brought by his caring eyes. “I found a place at a club.”

“You did!?” he exclaimed with a big smile. “Sweetie that's wonderful!” he stroked my hair softly. “What're you gonna be doing?” At this point I was really nervous and tried to hide my eyes behind my hair. But he just brushed it away and revealed my face to him.

“A dancer... it's a... fetish club.” There was a pause, and I looked to him for his response. He just sat, looking at me, holding me in his lap. He had a bit of an intrigued look about him, like he was curious of something.

“Are you okay with that line of work?” I blinked and just looked into him. He wasn't mad? He wasn't bothered?

“Y-we—are you okay with it?” I asked, trying to see what he thought. He cupped my cheek rubbing softly. His hand softly held my neck and pulled me closer to him where his lips softly touched my own.

“I don't care what you do, hon. As long as you enjoy doing it, that's all that matters.”

“But... you aren't embarrassed by me? I went from being an administrative assistant to being a fetish worker. How could y-” but I was suddenly cut off by his index finger softly touching my lips. I looked at him, somewhat afflicted.

“I have no reason to be embarrassed by you. I love you, Shi, no matter what or who you are. You could be a janitor, or an engineer, or a government desk jockey for all I care.” He took his finger from my lips and cradled me. “I don't feel threatened by your job, whatever it may be,” he said holding me tight, nuzzling my face, and rubbing my hip.

“What if I were a sex worker?” I said with a coy smile trying to push his buttons. He smiled and pulled me up to him.

“Well then you'd have two full-time jobs because you'd hafta match what you put in.” He softly kissed my nose. I giggled at the sensation. Although, I did want to know the answer.

“I mean it, honey, what if I were actually a sex worker and that's the only job I could find?” I looked up into his eyes.

“Then I would demand you remain unemployed while I support us.” His look changed to a more stern one. “I'm sorry, but the thought of another man touching you is not okay. Apart from Pam or San in the times we've had some fun together, I'm not that wild about a woman touching you either. And if it's unwelcome, heaven or hell help them.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “You dunno how happy I am to hear you say that?” I rested my head against his shoulder, holding onto him tight.

“Why?” he asked, stroking my hair.

“The job is erotic in nature and I just wanted to know you weren't so disinterested or that you were just okay with anything I did. I wanted to know you cared.” I pouted looking at him, sorry for my weakness. He just smiled and kissed my forehead.

“I just want you to be happy, darling,” he said cupping my cheek. I felt a sense of freedom lift me up with his words and his touch.

“As long as I have you at my side,” I whispered, resting my face in his neck, closing my eyes. I softly inhaled his smell and felt his arms tighten around me. I was gonna take the job to support us. My job wouldn't extinguish my feelings for the love of my life—nothing will.

7th Frame

The air was cold sitting naked on the bed. Ios was fetching some materials for a little celebration on my new employment. I was excited for that, at the very least (the celebration part). I sat in the center of the bed, leaning back on against my hands with my ankles crossing and uncrossing, trying to make a silent message to him.

“Can't decide?” I asked looking over at him to see if he had picked anything.

“Nah I got an idea, just need to find enough to do it,” he answered with his back to me. 'Enough to do it'? He only had a couple thousand feet of rope and a dozen or so leather straps. Unless he was thinking... “Here we are!” he came back enthusiastically with several large rolls of shiny black bondage tape.

“Oh we've never used this!” I widened my eyes in excitement, picking one up and examining it.

“I know, I love rope is the thing. But once in a while I'll love seeing when you are just completely stuck in every way possible.” He sat down at my feet and held them close, uncrossed, and began to wrap my ankles. Around and around he wrapped. It wasn't that sticky all on its own, but it was sorta like saran wrap, stuck right to itself and was a major pain to get unstuck. He wound the tape going all the way up my calves, over my knees, up my thighs, and stopped just as he was getting to my crotch. I tested my bonds so far, wiggling my feet and bending my legs, as much as I could anyway. I pulled and pushed against the wraps but I could barely move at all.

“Wow, this is tight yet stretchy. How do they make this stuff?” I uttered while he got behind me pressing my forearms together. My shoulders pulled me back and pushed my breasts outward.

“I think it's some kind of synthetic plastic rubbery sort of thing?” he answered, wrapping my forearms, circling around and around, from my wrists, making way up to my elbows, then my upper arms, and kept wrapping all the way to my shoulders. He didn't squeeze and crush my arms together more than my shoulder blades could take, which was very kind of him. Boy was it tight after the wrapping. I let the tension out of my arms but it held me in place. Although, it wasn't like it squeezed me to the point of misery. I grunted and pulled on my arms and legs, no luck at all. I'd thought he was gonna play with me by now. He got another roll and lifted my hands up. “Hold this,” he said pushing a large wadded cloth against each of my palms. I squeezed the balls of cloths in my hands and he started to wrap my hands into little balled fists. I knew what he was doing! He wrapped all over my fingers and hands, sealing them closed. I couldn't open them at all. Now I couldn't pick at my bondage in any way.

“Oh, you really don't want me getting out, do you?” I teased with a smile, looking back to him.

“You don't either,” he remarked right back at me. I looked off trying to play innocent. He pushed my arms flat to my back and started to wrap around my arms and waist, binding my arms

against my body, tightly wrapping around me, going up and up, over my tummy, right beneath my boobs; but he skipped them. He wrapped around my chest area, but not my breasts themselves. He started again just above my breasts, wrapping over my upper chest, squeezing my boobs deliciously beneath the tape. He was mummifying me almost completely. He wrapped up to my neck area, then over my shoulders, sealing away all skin that was visible on my upper half except for my bosoms. He jumped back down to my feet and did them next! I couldn't move an inch as I was, but he was taking my feet away too? He wrapped my little helpless feet around the instep and arches, wrapping up to my heels, then back down to my joints and toes, wrapping me completely. The only skin showing was my boobs, my crotch and bum, and my face. I hoped he wouldn't do the latter... I felt weird about being that mummified.

“What-what're you gonna do with me?” I said meekly like the helpless girl before her sinister captor in those goofy movies. He reached down to the floor for something I couldn't see. At the risk of falling over, I kept very still. My whole center of gravity was thrown off, having absolutely no way to balance myself with arms or legs. He didn't answer at first, which made me slightly nervous but eager to know. It was a good kind of nervous—the butterflies in your stomach kind. He returned quietly and sat behind me, pulling my shoulders back to lean against him. I gasped at the surprise. I looked up over my shoulder to my Lord. But what I saw was actually very comforting, a gentle smile and soft eyes from him. I felt immediately reassured that he wasn't about to torment me. I smiled back, knowing from him that it was okay, that there was no reason to be nervous or scared. He kissed my lips very tenderly. My heart jumped and all the tension in my body just seemed to fall away. I was safe with him.

“Ahhh?” he said, rubbing my cheek softly. I obeyed with a smile, understanding his command and opened my mouth for him. His hand appeared and held a wadded something. Just as he pushed it in, I noticed that it was couple pairs of my panties. My eyes widened at it as I realized that I'd worn them today and the last day that we played together! They tasted of my sex and cotton, one fresh, one old and ripe. My scents filled my mouth and nose as he held them packed inside my lips. My cheeks were stuffed with my underwear and my tongue was held against my jaw. I couldn't move them round at all.

“HMnhph!” I grunted incoherently. He just smiled and held my hair aside, pressing, then wrapping the bondage tape around my gaping mouth to seal the panties inside. He wrapped around my head softly but tightly. Those panties weren't coming out. “Mmphmnhph” I garbled to him. But he didn't answer me. He responded by holding me in place, lifting another pink cloth pressing it over the tape, and wrapping it around tightly and tying it under my hair. He flattened it out across my face, just under my nose, all the way down to my chin, a tight OTM gag. Then he lifted a red cloth... and did it again! This time, he hooked it over my chin and pulled the cloth tight behind, tying it under my hair. The cloth pulled up and forced my mouth shut. I strained against it and tried but I couldn't open my mouth even the slightest. I thought he would've finally been ready by now but it kept going, another green cloth, this time up over my nose and the full lower half of my face, wrapped tightly around and tied just as tight. My breath was hot against the cloth on my face. I thanked his heart to use some very soft cotton ones that felt great against my skin. After he finished tying it behind my head under my hair, making careful sure not to get any caught, he did it an OTM again! What was that, the seventh layer of my gag(s)?! It hooked over my chin again holding my face tight, wrapping around and tying off

very secure. Oh my-another one?! The eighth blue cloth was lifted and wrapped over my whole nose and lower face, hooked around my jaw but left the corner hanging, over my neck as he tightly tied it off. I muffled anything I could, “*mmnh...*” I couldn't even hear myself almost. My breaths became light and blocked, my mouth forced very wide by my panties, and the cloths pulling my jaw closed on them. The tape squeezed me tight so I couldn't even move at all. He laid me down on my back and I took in everything that I was right now, so bound and wrapped and gagged that I couldn't move, at all. I was so helpless, completely vulnerable with my groin open to him. My face felt hot and flushed... I couldn't even begin to describe how horny I was for him. I don't think I'd been more turned on in my life.

“Just one more thing, my dear,” he said, pulling a small vibrator to me. This was why he left that part unwrapped. He parted my legs just slightly and slid it very easily inside my already moist and wet pussy. He pushed it deep inside, all the way in, with a little fleshy clitoral nub wedged against my hood. It was wired so he had control over it, keeping it aside as he finished wrapping me, using the remainder of that roll to wrap the skin of my waist and bum, sealing the vibrator inside the bondage tape, mummifying all but my breasts now. I struggled as much as I could... and got maybe about an inch? The tape was so tight I couldn't even flex or bend.

“*mmn hmn mnhmn,*” I tried to say. I'd hoped he'd understand. He moved back to behind me and lifted me to leaning against him, against his torso between his legs. His arms wrapped around holding me against him, resting on my exposed bosoms, with the vibrator control in his hand. He kissed my head softly.

“Say please...” he whispered ever so softly against my ear. The head of his breath made my heart leap, my insides rumble, and my crotch tingle. I was so turned on, I actually begged (kind of).

“*Hm, mhn mn, nmh mnh, hmn, mnh*” I muffled looking up to him, ravenously.

He smiled softly and kissed my head again. His fingers clicked a button on the remote and turned it up a couple notches on the setting. My eyes fluttered shut while I let out a long, deep moan inside as I heard the *-nnnzzzzzzzzzz-* from below. I groaned, “*mhmnnnnmmnn,*” into my gag, feeling my inner-most regions and my clit being touched and vibrated. I squirmed and pulled on the tape, thinking it might be different this time; but I was as stuck as ever. His warm, soft, but firm hands set the remote on my tummy, then came up and began to massage my chest. He played with my breasts, groping, holding, lifting, and massaging. Before long, I began to pant. But the lack of full breaths just made me breathe harder and faster, pushing it all throughout my body. My face was flushed as I pushed against him for comfort, writhing in the sensations. He nuzzled and kissed my gagged nose, his hands still playing with my chest, running over them, lightly squeezing, playing with my erect nipples, and circling all around the bases of them. I nuzzled firmly into him and whimpered. It was all I could do.

“Of course, my love,” he whispered again, moving his hand to the controller and turning the dial again. *-nnzzzznnNNnnnnzZZzZZZ-* it hummed and buzzed louder, turning up a couple levels. I moaned as best I could, my hips twisting and arching as much as the tape would allow, which wasn't much. My lack of movement only pushed the waves inside me harder and deeper, feeling my clit and my inner spots vibrated this much. I couldn't really buck my hips that well, the tape

was so constrictive. I panted and heaved into my gag, feeling his arms brace me tight. I couldn't hold back any longer. As I gripped my eyes shut, feeling all of it explode, I came, harder than ever, and then again. I shivered and squirmed against my Lord, cumming harder from my lack of air and movement. My face and body were hot, sweating from the tightness and the sensations of it all. But he didn't stop. He only turned them another level up. I whimpered and whined, feeling the vibrations touch all over my sopping wet pussy. I wiggled and muffled little noises up to him, but was answered only with kisses to my gagged face and forehead. His hands held my chest, continually massaging and kneading them. I already felt another wave building up inside. It wasn't long before it all crashed over me again.

For what had seemed like hours, it might have only been a few minutes. Orgasms upon orgasms upon wave after wave of endless, passionate bursts, spasming, and flooding. My whole body shook and my juices had completely soaked me. By this time I was so hot and so spent, I was almost losing consciousness from it all. My heart was pounding wildly from the countless orgasms I'd been having. I could barely breathe. I looked up to him, weakly, and whimpered shaking my head, thinking and trying to say “mn hmnn, mn hmnn,”

Ios looked into my eyes softly and kissed my forehead. “You've had enough huh?” he asked softly, petting my sweat-soaked hair. I nodded very weakly, eyes fluttering, body shaking wildly. Dear Lord, Ios, I could not stop shaking from it all. I felt little mini-gasms spout here and there throughout my body frequently. “Wait just a moment, baby,” he said, lying me down and reaching onto the desk for a pair of shears. He hooked them just inside the tape around my shoulder, and began to snip the tape away, slowly cutting it off all the way down my shoulder, down my side to my tummy, over my waist, and down my hip, my crotch, then down the side of my right thigh, all the way down my leg. He peeled the tape away from me, exposing my arms, shoulders, torso, groin, and my legs. The open air was cool and refreshing, I was absolutely drenched in sweat. My body shivered like a leaf, periodically twitching from the spasms I still had. When my arms were unbound to my body, he cut them free and took the packing from my hands. I very slowly brought my stretched arms to my front, shaking constantly, and looked up at him. I tried to lift my arms up but just couldn't. I whimpered for help. He just gazed down, sweetly, and pulled me into his lap.

I couldn't help but smile as I felt so wonderful again. The last few days, washed off with all the juices inside me. As I curled against him, trying to still my body's convulsions, he slid the vibrator, well, more like gave it a little push and it fell out. Since my arms were too tired to lift, he helped undo my gags. One by one he untied the cloths. Each one felt like a new breath of air was available. All from my nose and mouth, then the tightly wrapped tape he cut away, and helped pull the panties covered in my saliva. I coughed it out and panted freely, welcoming the air I could breathe again. He gave a light-hearted chuckle and brushed my cheek and hair.

“How many was that this time?” he asked softly, cradling me.

I giggled, panting against his neck, and shook my head. “I don't even know! I lost count! I felt the first huge one and then another one, and then there were the aftershocks of the massive ones that I had, and then I thought you were gonna stop but you just turned it up! I don't know, I couldn't count them all. Look at me, I'm still having them!” He laughed with me and kissed my

head. I lay held in his arms, Ios tightly rubbing and keeping me close, letting me recuperate so I could catch my breath and get a hold of my nerves. I heaved a huge sigh of joy, resting my face against his neck. "Can I have a kiss?" I asked.

"You're too tired to even do that?" he looked down at me grinning.

"Heheheyes! I can't move at all!" He answered my plea by leaning back and pulling me up closer to lying atop him, my lips crashing into his. I kissed softly, tenderly, as best I could given how weak I was at the moment. With my last remaining strength, I wrapped my arms around his neck and relaxed in his cradling. I felt so warm and safe, his lips felt so sweet and tasty, and the last thing I remembered, I think, was hearing his voice... maybe it was mine... maybe both, "I love you."

****A VERY LONG, WONDERFUL SLEEP LATER****

We were awoken by Ios' phone going off. He groaned and answered reluctantly. Good thing I was up because I had to inform Ara that I would be joining her tonight.

"This is Ios," he said into his phone. I got up and grabbed one of his shirts off the floor, slipping it on and getting my phone too. I walked out into the living area to make my call. The shirt was soft and smelled like him, I wanted to wear it all day now. It only came down to just reaching my thighs. If I bent in any direction, anyone could see my nether regions. I felt rather sexy. Thankfully no one was around. I sat down on the sofa and called the number on the back of the card that Ara gave me.

...It rang... and it rang... "Yes?" a woman's voice said.

"Uhm, hi, is-is this P-Ara-dise?" I asked.

"Who's calling?" she asked. I think it was her.

"Hi, my name is Shi. I had an interview with Miss Ara yesterday?"

"Ah yes, the new dancer. You will be joining us tonight." It didn't sound like a question.

"Yes, I called to say that I will be able to dance this evening."

"Most excellent," she responded. "The doors open at six sharp. You will arrive a few hours early for preparation and rehearsals. Is that understood?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss," haHA! I was catching on.

"Very good," -click-. She hung up. Well that was... different. I looked over and saw Ios come sit next to me.

“You taking the job tonight?” he asked. I nodded and turned to straddle his almost naked body, were it not for those damned boxer shorts.

“You gonna come watch me?” I asked with an excited grin. He pouted and looked sadly down at my body. “...You... aren't coming?” I frowned in sadness.

“I got called to take the swing shift tonight. Other guy can't make it today.” I looked down in unhappiness that Ios wouldn't be coming with me. “I'm so sorry, honey,” he said squeezing me close. I rested my head on his shoulder and clung to him.

“It's okay. If you have to work, you can't just blow it off,” I said softly, cursing his job in my head. I really wanted him to be there, to make me feel safer with all those strangers staring at me.

“But you'll do great, sweetie,” he said rubbing my face. I looked up at him for reassurance. He smiled warmly down to me and held my cheek. “You're gonna be the most beautiful woman in the whole show.” I smiled at the thought and his words.

“Well, warm-up show,” I corrected.

“Either way, you're the only reason I'd ever go.” He lifted me up and looked me square in the eyes with a smile. “You're gonna be awesome tonight.”

I grinned and nodded, believing his words and hunkered down to kiss softly against his lips, wrapping my arms around his neck. I kissed softly, warmly, slowly growing deeper and longer. I was still a little weak from last night so I leaned to the side and curled against him, cuddling into his arms and chest.

“Can I ask you something, love?” I asked.

“Shoot,” he said, holding my hand and rubbing my knuckle.

“Whaddyou wanna do with your life?” He paused, looking up and off in thought.

“I'm pretty much content as I am. I have you, the most wonderful woman I've ever known,” he answered, lifting my hand to kiss it. My heart jumped up when he said and did that. “I have a job that I'm good at doing. I have a decent apartment. No real troubles or problems with debt or need for 'things'.”

“Are you happy with this? With us I mean?” I asked, looking up at him. He looked down at me with a worried look.

“I... yes, of course, beyond words. This is the most wonderful thing in my whole life. If there's something on your mind, baby, please, don't hold back. You're not... having second thoughts are you?” he asked, holding my hand tight.

“No! No no,” shook my head. “Really, everything's great, better than great. Ios, I love you more than anything in the world.” I pressed my face into his and held him tight. “I was just thinking about goals and dreams. I had lunch with Pam yesterday and we just talked about it is all. I was curious about what you thought.”

He smiled lovingly and kissed my inner face. “And I love you, Shi. You're my whole world, and without you I have nothing. I made a pledge to spend the rest of my life with you, making sure the rest of yours was the happiest you could ever have,” he said, rubbing my collar, playing with the ring attached to it. It reminded me of the day he gave it to me, how utterly happy I was that he took me in. I wanted nothing more. I smiled brightly and clung to him, thinking us as a couple over, how we never had to worry about the relationship growing stale or boring. Ios appreciated me for me. I appreciated him for him. No need to try to keep the spark alive with new tricks or pretty accessories. It was just us. My body felt tingly... hungry. I was suddenly overcome with an enormous desire for him.

“Take me,” I said quietly to him. I looked up at him and smiled. He gave a soft chuckle through his nose and kissed mine.

“As you wish, my love.” I kissed him firmly and felt a newborn strength grow.

I stopped for a moment, “Wait, wait just a minute,” I said hopping off him. “Stay right there!” I said running back into the bedroom. I frantically looked around the floor and around the bed, looking for just one-yes! I snatched a couple pairs of handcuffs and one of his belts, plus a ballgag, my ballgag! I ran back in the living room and plopped back on top of him with the toys in hand. He helped me get comfy straddling across his lap while I set the cuffs next to him, brought the big, rubber ball up to my mouth and opened up, as wide as I could, wiggling it inside, and then popping it back behind my teeth, leaning and buckling the straps very tight behind my head, fixing my hair up. When I was satisfied, I picked up the first pair of hinge handcuffs and cuffed my hands parallel in opposite directions behind my back. As I did, my Lord wrapped the belt around my arms and upper chest, resting the belt just above my breasts and bound my arms tight to my body, buckling the strap very tight. I couldn't pull my arms out at all. Finally, he took the second pair of hinge handcuffs and cuffed the center hinge of my wrist cuffs, then secured it to the belt. Now I was stuck, couldn't pull down at all, couldn't pull out.

“Mmphnh,” I moaned at the sensation of being cuffed and helpless again already. He lifted my hips up and gently set me down on him. I felt his length press against my sex, then part my outer walls. “Mnmhh!! Hmnhph!!” I began groaning louder, blushing heavily as I felt him fill my pussy up. I moaned against my gag and pulled on my cuffs, not at all getting loose. His hips slowly began to buck and push up inside, pushing himself deep through my walls and slowly pumping in, out, in, out. I heaved and bit down on the ball, only getting more turned on by the sensation of it filling my mouth. I felt the heat and the tension inside me, then I felt his own, mixing with mine, thrusting up inside. My hips began to ride him. I used my legs to slowly bounce up and down on him, my breasts bouncing and bobbing up and down. They were heavy, but relieved once he caught their movement. His hands shot up and held them, massaging softly and rubbing around them, just like last night. “Nngnmhph!!” I leaned my head back, calling out as my heart throbbed and beat wildly. I panted and moaned into my gag harder, faster,

feeling my inner reaches begin to tingle and build. I pulled harder on my cuffs, still no luck. His hips bucked and thrust up inside me. I felt a ribbon of drool fall down my lip, down my chin onto my chest. I groaned and looked down to see, a foolish on my part, action causing myself to drool more down my breasts. I panted and moaned, struggling to reach around and wipe it away but I couldn't pull to either side. I only drooled over myself as I panted and heaved, growing closer and closer. My Lord pushed up, harder, faster, my inner spots being pushed and massaged with his member. The heat began to feel so hot and tense, throbbing inside me. I gripped my hands into fists, struggling both physically and mentally, inside and out.

And then I felt him. His red hot fluids shot up and erupted inside me, coating my walls all over as he thrust tirelessly inside. I finally melted and blew at the pressures. My waves crashed while I felt my shaking orgasms come right back. As I came over and over, so hungry for this from last night, "MNHMMNNPHPH!!" I screamed into my gag. My strength quickly wore out and I collapsed on top of him. I guess I pushed myself a little hard. I panted against him, drooling over my ballgag softly down his shoulder and chest. I whimpered at getting him wet, but he just held me. He kept me tight and close, resting his head against me, breathing slowly and deeply. I panted slowly, catching my breath. When I had the energy, I lifted off his lap to sit across, leaning into him, still cuffed and gagged, and just relaxed. I closed my eyes, feeling the orgasms shake themselves out, feeling the heat of his body, I smiled behind the ball, happy I was finally back. I was back with the Lord and love of my life.

8th Frame

I made my way downtown to the club by about 3-ish. Ios had to go to work by that time anyway, so there wasn't much reason to stay home until I absolutely had to leave. I had to be there early, after all. I parked in a small lot around the corner and walked to the entrance. I dressed in simple, grey yoga pants that hugged my bum nicely, a tight-fitting t-shirt, and some trainers. I wanted to save my sexy outfits for the show—whatever they would provide me to wear for the evening.

Once inside, I started down the stairs inside, the atmosphere sinking in again, dimly-lit room, dark palettes, but still a luxurious decor. I could hear the sound of voices shouting. No, it was one voice. I went further down inside; and just as I reached the lobby area, I was within audible range to discern the voice. It was Ara, shouting angrily at someone. I peered around the corner and saw her holding a phone, pacing around in frustration.

“No! You were scheduled to be the event tonight!.....How does that concern me!?!... You will show up or- RGH! Fine!” she pulled the phone from her ear and growled, muttering to herself. “Leave it to a lunar calendar to get in my way. She would have to-” she turned noticing me. “You!”

“U-h-hi, Miss Ara,” I stammered very nervously. Her eyes lit up and she walked over to me in her thigh-high leather boots.

“Change of plans, you're moving up the ranks fast. Tonight's main event had to cancel. You will take her place instead,” she said commandingly. It was as if she were ordering me.

“Oh, uh, b-but I- I don't think I can-” I gripped my bag, unsure of the events happening. The 'main event'? I didn't know what that would entail but I was certain I wanted to know more before committing.

“You need only to play along with the act. You're merely a show for the crowd. You'll be fine,” she said coldly, her eyes staring at me scornfully.

“Uhm...what kind of show was it? I don't know if-” I started.

“Have you ever been in bondage before?” she turned about walking towards the stage, signaling me to follow. I hustled to catch up. I followed her on stage and through the curtains to the backstage area towards some dressing rooms. My stomach began to clench, thinking I was about to go tumbling down a rabbit hole.

“I- weh- n- um, y-yes, I have before but-”

“Good, then you're overqualified.” She lead the way inside a large dressing room filled with so many outfits. I'd never seen so much fetish apparel. I'd wondered where it all came from. Some

of them I'd wished I could take for myself and wear for Ios. That still didn't remove my tension at the situation of being the main attraction, a bondage attraction, one that wasn't done by Ios. I started to feel like I wasn't cut out for this.

“U- but... I really,” I tried to say, my words continuing to jam in my throat as I looked to her cold eyes, feeling scrutinized for my nervousness. “I don't think I'm comfortable with this. I don't know if I'm okay with a stranger... tying me up and touching me. I'm sorry, but I don't know if I can do that.” She rolled her eyes and heaved a sigh.

“Would it put you at ease if I was the one who was performing with you?” she asked in a low voice.

“Y-you? You're the one who'll be doing it?” I honestly did feel a sudden ease at the situation. Not just some stranger, but my boss at least who did help coach me through my audition. Maybe she'd coach me through this too. It was certainly better than being thrown in with no safety net.

“Well I wasn't planning on it,” she started and strolled to the outfits, taking a particular interest in a catsuit with matching leather hood that looked like a balaclava. She seemed lost in thought, gazing at the outfits, running her hand along them. “I've been somewhat out of commission for the past while. Long story. But I think I might want to get back in the ring. I'll double your pay,” she said turning to me for an answer.

I looked around feeling a bit jittery, but felt I might have had the courage to try. “W-would you, please, go slow? Ease me into it? I'm just a bit uncomfortable with this, but think I might be able to.”

“Very well. You'll be wearing this tonight,” she picked out a dark, crimson red latex halter top with an open back, a matching latex skirt that left practically nothing to the imagination, and a blue latex thong that would contrast with the red color of my outfit. Matching the set, she selected some blue latex opera gloves of the same color tone, as well as a pair of stockings and some very high heels with padlock straps.

“Oh my... this is... very lovely,” I said ogling the outfit like a horny schoolgirl. I could just imagine it already.

“I'm glad you think so, we'll begin practicing in a half hour. Meet me on stage,” she said turning her back to me and heading out the door.

“Yes, Miss. Thank you,” I called, setting my bag in a little cubbyhole next to a very large vanity mirror. I went over to the outfit that Ara had selected for me and began to lay it out. I stripped out of my clothes, standing naked and placing them in my bag. I started with the top, slipping it on over my head and adjusting it to barely contain my breasts. My enormous cleavage would draw the eye quite nicely, my very white skin complemented by the red color of the latex. It felt so very smooth and soft, almost like a second skin. Next came my blue thong. It was a little cold at first, but the sensation as it slid up between my legs and pressed inside my cheeks felt very arousing. I shook my head to regain my focus. I had to at least finish the outfit. On the

desk there was a bottle of talc which I would need for the gloves and stockings. I applied a bit to my arms and then slipped my gloves up, all the way to my upper arms, before wiping any excess of powder away. I repeated the process up my long legs cleaned them off with a bit of polish that was right next to the powder. Everything needed was right here in the room; that was handy. The lights from the mirror made my body shimmer. Almost done, I slipped into and fit my latex skirt against my waist. Finally, I completed my outfit with my black, strappy heels, buckling the ankles and locking them with the mini padlocks. They had a key which I placed on the desk for when I would take them back off. Now I could take the time to admire myself in the full length dress mirror hanging on the opposing wall. The red and blue colors were a great contrast that constantly drew one's eye all over my body, up my legs, around my torso, up and down my arms, then to my chest, my face, and back down again to repeat the whole process. I whirled around, letting my long, black hair sway to my movement, and ran my hands up my waist and hips, up my sides, to my neck, and smiled at my reflection as if I were modeling for my beloved Ios. I smiled at my reflection and felt so very sexy. It caused me to look down with a sad smile that he couldn't be here tonight. I'd have to tell him all about it.

I took a breath and exited the dressing room, clicking on my heels as I went back to the backstage area. I found some chairs set up that weren't there before, with lots of ropes and straps on a table just beside them. I immediately felt a pit in my stomach. I'd never let anyone do this to me besides Ios. Pam and San handcuffed me one time but that was just for fun. And Ios was right there too. This was something else. Ios wouldn't be here. This wouldn't be for fun. I felt a little nervous about all of it again.

“Oh my yes, very nice,” Ara said as she walked up onstage. “You'll be quite an attraction tonight indeed.”

“I won't be doing anything will I? I don't want anyone to-” I shyly looked away, hugging myself.

“You have my word that none of the guests will touch you, all right?” she said, seemingly condescending.

I nodded, “Y-yes, thank you.”

“A-hem!” she cleared her throat, glowering at me.

“Miss! Thank you, Miss,” I corrected myself. She was so adamant about that. I wondered why.

“Better. Sit.” She pointed to the chair and collected some coils of rope. I quickly sat down and sat with my legs uncrossed, hands in my lap. She unraveled the first coil, only saying, “Wrists.” I held my wrists out for her. She pushed them together in front of me and began to wrap the doubled rope around just the way Ios would. “Tell me about yourself,” she without looking at me, concentrating on her ropework.

As she wrapped and tied my wrists together, my arms became held closer in the process. It forced me to hug my boobs and squish them very nicely. “Oh, well, I- I don't know what to say.

Uhm..." She let the extra length of rope hang loose and took another coil, unraveled it and began to wrap around my chest over my arms, above, and below my breasts.

"Tell me about your previous job or jobs, where you come from."

"Oh, well, I used to work for an investment brokerage that has since had to lay me off due to some problems in the market."

"Yes, I heard about that, there were some layoffs for some companies when the government started to notice some problems. You were a casualty I take it?" she asked as she ran the ends over my shoulder, down through my breasts, around the bottom of the harness, and back up through the middle, back over my other shoulder. She pulled the ropes nice and snug, squeezing me deliciously. I gasped as I felt a spike of arousal. I was suddenly incredibly turned on.

"Hhh! Y-yes, I was, unfortunately." I panted softly.

She stopped. "...Is there something the matter?"

"N-no, I'm fine, thank you," I murmured. I took a deep breath to get the thoughts out of my head of what Ios would do to me in these situations. She paused, and then continued on.

"You said you've done this before," she said continuing to tie, getting another coil and wrapping it around my hips several times.

"W-w-well, just, just some times with lovers and friends." I was trying to hide how much I loved this with Ios. I wanted to keep this professional.

"I see, and how did you like it then?" she pressed the issue.

"I suppose... I suppose it was, really nice. We had some fun and it was exciting." She took the remainder of my wrist ropes and secured them to my hip ropes, binding my wrists tightly to my front so I couldn't pull them to either side, up, or down.

"Walk this way," she got up and made me follow her downstage. I walked behind, as if a prisoner, looking around at the empty club. I guess I was for the time being.

"May I ask a question? Miss?" I asked quietly.

"Speak," she said once I reached her.

"W- uh.. m-may I-?" I was struggling to find the words.

"Out with it," she commanded and made me follow her back to the chairs. I took a deep breath again to get my bearings straight.

“If it's not too much trouble, may I hide my identity during the show? I'm not very comfortable with all these people staring at me like this,” I said looking away.

“You haven't been into bondage very long have you?” she asked, undoing my hip ropes, then wrists, and finally my breasts.

“N-no it's just that, I'm not a very public woman. I'm just not that comfortable in public situations like this, I'm sorry.” I blushed and hung my head looking at the floor.

“Still very shy, I see. We'll have plenty of time to work on that. I can see your excitement hidden away. But, I'm a compassionate Mistress.” She walked to the table and held up a golden samba mask that was decorated with various colored feathers and fake gems. It would hide my nose and face perfectly while still leaving the lower half of my face visible. “Will this suffice?” she asked.

“Oh yes, Miss, thank you.” I would feel a bit better if people could only think of me as an anonymous, beautiful woman, so that it wouldn't follow me outside of this place. I wanted only Ios to know the real me.

“Well, good news, Shi. You're a natural and no further practice should be needed since I'm the one doing the rigging tonight. You may wait in the back until you're summoned,” she said placing the ropes back on the table.

“Oh! Okay, thank you, Miss,” I said and scampered back to the dressing room. I took a deep breath to push out any sexy thoughts I might be having. I texted Ios telling him that my first show was about to start and that I would be the main attraction for the night. He immediately responded with great excitement and confidence in me, telling me that he believed in me and wished me luck. I thanked him and wish him my love as he did the same. I felt a sense of ease wash all of my nervousness away. He believed in me. I could do this. I would do this, for us.

****A COUPLE OF HOURS PASS****

The time approached when I started to hear chatter around the room. I met a few girls passing in and out as they got ready and prepared themselves to work at the bar, the reception, and as dancers. They all seemed like very nice girls. I was met by a girl in a tank top and shorts waving at me telling me that it was time for me to meet Ara on the backstage.

I quickly got out where we had practiced and the curtains were drawn. I found her arranging materials that she would be needing. She was dressed in a leather top that was connected to a choker, with an open area just above her chest showing off her cleavage. It was buckled and laced up the sides and back, reaching down to her hips. She wore a black leather thong and acted completely comfortable with it! Her arms were clad in some leather armlets, reaching down her arms and wrapping around her hand just between her index and middle fingers. Her legs wore very long, thigh-high high heeled platform boots. Her hair was up in a tight ponytail and she had black lipstick to make her blue eyes stand out. She donned her black leather coat to hide herself for the moment, disappearing through the curtains. The crowd fell silent.

“...Good evening, patrons, honored guests, and enthusiasts one and all. Tonight we have a lovely performance for you and invite you to relax, enjoy, and be swept away in a world of fantasy and pleasure. Thank you!” she called out and returned back through the curtains. Chatter started back up out in the club. “Let's get started,” she said to me. I picked up the mask and fit it on me, feeling a light shield block out all distractions.

“I'll do my best, Miss,” I said quietly.

I took a breath and performed as instructed. I walked through the curtains, imagining no one there. Walking down the stage, I saw a large rail between the two poles from the floor. I stood in pose, showing my legs to the room, running my hands around my body. I whirled and bent forward, teasing the world with what it saw in me. I smiled to everyone, no one, the mask providing me with a shield of anonymity. I heard voices of admiration and intrigue, but payed them no mind as I turned to see Miss Ara standing without her leather coat on. She held her arm out to me.

I immediately turned and walked to her, clicking in my heels, wiggling my ass as I clicked. I heard some people up close make sounds of intrigue at that, it made me smile. I took her hand and she brought me to kneel. I knelt before her and bowed my head just as she told me to before we started. She stroked my hair and silently beckoned me to follow her. She walked back upstage as I got to my feet, following after her. A table of the restraints waited for us right at the curtain backdrop. Her finger twirled, and I did as instructed, offering my back to her.

Her first ropes went around my wrists, crossed behind my back. She tied the ropes fairly snug and wrapped the ends around my waist before tying them off, anchoring them to my body so I couldn't pull them away. Next came another coil that went around my arms above my elbows, pulling them tight, but not pushing them together. She wrapped around the ropes, wrapping the strands to cinch them, but keep my elbows from being allowed movement. The next ropes that came went around my chest, wrapping around my torso, circling above and below my breasts, squeezing me deliciously as she ran the ropes over my shoulder, down through my breasts, around the bottom harness, and back up, wrapping around the center rope a couple times to pull out any slack immediately, while creating a little bit of artistic appeal to it. She finished by going back over my other shoulder and tightening it off. My chest squeezed and bulged. I gasped quietly as I felt the sensations of helplessness again, getting excited and aroused.

She attached a rope to my chest harness and pulled me along, making me follow her. I clicked on my heels as she paraded me up and down the stage for a bit, showing me off to the audience if there was one. I imagined myself in our house, Ios pulling me along like he would. I felt so excited again, wishing he would be here and play with me. Ara brought me to the back again and pointed to the floor where I knelt down. She rested her hand on my head and instructed me silently to adore her. I went along with it, for the show, and rubbed my face against her thigh. I felt odd doing it, wishing more than ever that it was Ios.

She lifted me by the rope attached to my harness and lead me to the railing that reached down the stage. I stopped where Ara fixed the rope to the railing and tied it off. With several coils of rope,

she began to lift my left and wrap around my thigh, my knee, and my ankle, lifting my leg high up and fixing it to the railing where I was held in place. My skirt was pushed up and showed off my underside. As helpless as I was, Ara took the opportunity to dazzle the audience by running her hands around my body. She touched just lightly enough to tease me. I let out a silent moan and couldn't hide anymore. I was very turned on. Her fingers ran up my arms and over my ropes, the chattering admiring the sight they had, and what they heard from me. I still acted like I couldn't see them.

Ara began to run her fingers around my breasts, down my stomach, and down my groin. My eyes fluttered shut. "Ooohhhh, nnnhhh," I moaned. My will to hide my love for it was diminished; but only she knew. Her fingers paid careful attention to my sex, pressing just hard enough to tease just the right spot. I began to pant and lean my head back, pulling on the ropes but only found myself stuck. I couldn't pull away or move my body in any way. As I let my weight off my standing leg, the ropes pulled on my leg and chest harness tighter, giving me the incentive to hold still while she played with me. I gripped my hands and toes in frustration.

"You like this, don't you?" she whispered, such that no one could hear.

"Hhn, I-, nnhhh, oohhnyehhh, yesss... yes...." I whispered as quiet as I could.

"Yes, what?" she whispered as she pressed on my clit.

"HHH!! Yes, Miss," I gripped my eyes shut to the feeling of it.

"There, was that so hard?" she whispered. She ran her hands back up around my breasts and licked my neck. The audience got a little excited too. I felt I was getting carried away.

"Nnhh, p-please... Miss, no more," I whispered to her.

"Aww, are you giving up? We were just getting started," she whispered.

"N-no," I said, as she almost began to undo my bonds. "Just...I mean..." I let my head hang.

"Perhaps a bit too fast for you," she said and ran her hand down my cheek. I breathed heavily, the ropes squeezing me as I took each breath. I could feel tingling sensations inside my sensitive regions. It was at this time that she snapped her fingers and a few new girls came out from back, walking past me and displaying for the audience as Ara began to tie another girl to one of the stripper poles.

The whole show went on for several hours and it was starting to get later. During that time, I watched them and pulled on my ropes, feeling more excited by the minute, but still in control of myself. Though, I would have such a night with Ios when I got home, that much was certain. It was actually quite thrilling. The audience gradually started to leave their tables and head out, only a few staying to ogle us pretty girls in bondage. I did too. The girls were gorgeous as they were restrained. They moaned and struggled under Ara's restraints and showed off to the audience the sensational experience it all was.

The time came when we were to be let out, as the patrons were all starting to leave. The last of them began to exit the club, thanked by the showgirls and receptionists and waitresses, who then closed the doors and locked them, beginning to clean up. Ara began to let the others out and they exited the stage. It was quiet in the club once they were all gone.

“You handled yourself quite well for your first time,” she congratulated me.

“Thank you, Miss. It was fun,” I said. My leg and arms were really getting tired by now. “May I be let out too, please? My legs are starting to tingle and feel a bit cold.”

She turned heading to the table quietly. “Y'know, I think it's fate that brought you here,” she said.

“I suppose it is,” I said, looking down and around. “If I hadn't lost my previous job, I wouldn't be here.”

She came back slowly and looked me up and down. “Yes, you've been waiting for this for quite some time.”

“W-what do you mean?” I asked, looking up to her. She returned to me and gently removed my mask. There wasn't a reason to have it on anymore, after all.

“Losing your job, losing your husband, lousy boyfriends, having no place to really go, a strong sense of desire to belong in a world of eroticism and passion... you've wanted this for so long,” she said. My eyes widened. My husband? I... I never told her about my late husband.

“...H-How did you-?” that nervousness came roaring back and flooded me. I was sure I never told her about him. She smiled sinisterly. Why wasn't she untying me? “P-please, Miss, I'd like to be let out now.” I really wanted to get away. Something was terribly wrong here.

“Don't worry, this will be the start of a beautiful relationship.” Suddenly she pressed a cloth over my face covering my mouth and nose.

“HHH!!!?” I gasped, suddenly frightened by what was happening. The smell was so sweet and overpowering. “NNHH!! HRRH!! PHRMN!!” I screamed against the rag. Its smell was so intoxicating. After a few moments, the shock wore off, and I began feeling light headed. I tugged on my ropes, trying to reach her to push her off of me. She held my head firmly into the rag, and soon I started feeling drowsy, dizzy, fuzzing over.

“Shh-sh-sh-shhhh,” she whispered. “Just breathe it in. It'll be over soon. I'm glad I met you... I think we'll make each other bloom again.” I panicked and pulled on my ropes as hard as I could, trying to shake her loose; but her grip on me didn't need to be that strong as tightly as I was tied.

“Hrrmmhh, hrrh mmmhph...” I mumbled, feeling completely disoriented. My vision started to blur and go hazy, my head was spinning, completely disoriented at this point. “Toohhph...” I struggled to say. But I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer, and fell into darkness.

9th Frame

I felt myself slowly grow conscious again. My head was spinning and I still felt incredibly hazy. My mouth felt dry and like I was sucking on a bunch of pennies. And my shoulders and arms, they ached so much! Why did my shoulders hurt so much? I tried bringing my hands closer to rub myself, but found that I couldn't. Suddenly, it all came back to me, the bondage club, being tied up for the show, and then Ara holding that rag over my face. My heart jumped to life and began pounding as I pulled my arms. They were stretched up and outwards to the sides over my head, locked in a pair of leather cuffs which were fixed to a bar in a metal frame. I looked down at myself to see what had been done to me. I wore a black, leather bustier with straps over my shoulders, but it had no cups to hold my big breasts. They were supported, but not covered. My sides were squeezed by it, causing my chest and hips to bulge. My hips wore a lace garter with suspenders that supported some nylon stockings. The cold rolled across my crotch, and I could tell I wasn't wearing anything to hide myself. My face began to blush furiously as I realized that anyone and everyone who came in could see my naked pussy. The stockings reached down to my feet which were locked by padlocks in a pair of boots resembling ballet dancer shoes. Only these ones had heels to prevent me from standing comfortably, so I was forever on my toes. The boots were joined by a thin chain giving almost no room to lift or move my legs, just enough to barely walk.

“HHH!? HEEHH!! HO'EWAHEEH!! Huh?!” I shouted, incoherently. I realized why my mouth was so dry. It was held open by a large ring-gag. I groaned at my aching arms, wondering how long I was hanging here unconscious. I looked around and saw myself in a large study within what looked to be a very well kept mansion. The rugs were all a glorious shade of maroon, decorated mantels, but this room had various bondage tables, frames, and an entire wall of equipment and toys hanging ready to be used. Where was I!?

At that moment, the door opened up and Ara walked in, clad in her fishnet stockings, platform thigh-high boots, and in a leather top that ran over her shoulders but showed her cleavage off. I began to frantically pull and struggle at my bonds, hoping they would come loose. I wanted to get as far away from her as I could. I pulled on my legs but the chain that held them didn't allow for much movement.

“There's no need to scream, my dear,” she touted at me, approaching the desk that sat across the room against the far wall. “And don't bother struggling, you'll just wear yourself out.” I groaned again into my gag and watched as she picked up a small little manilla folder. “I've been doing a bit of homework on you. I don't like to do business with those I don't know. And to my discovery, you've had quite an empty life for the last 10 years, haven't you?” She flipped through showing me my school records, the picture of my high school boyfriend and late husband with me at a prom, and his obituary from a news article printed out. My eyes went wide with terror—how did she know all this?! Where did she find this!? “You were married for two years, lost your husband, and went from job to job looking for something to keep yourself distracted from the pain.” She turned to the news article of my former job, with Jan's picture in the paper, “And then this happened. You worked here for some time and lost even a comfortable place to be.

Rather unfortunate," she said, shrugging. And then she turned to a picture of my old condo. "I took a visit to your nice little abode you have, a pretty nice inheritance you must have received." She went to my house!? How did she know so much about me? I was so confused and scared by how she managed to find this all out. "The place looked like it'd been deserted for months," she went on, walking around me and setting the folder out of my eyesight behind me.

"Hleeh leehe ho..." I pleaded to her feebly. She ignored me and just continued to taunt me with the things she knew about me.

"Then, when you were brought here, I discovered this-" and she grabbed my breasts, squeezing and squishing them all around in her hands. I winced and squeaked as she gripped them. "I would have been so impressed had those been genuine and not lies. I'll admit, they're extremely well done. I didn't notice at first; but they're well done frauds nonetheless." I glared over my shoulder at her and growled. The second I did, I felt a sharp sting against my buttocks with a loud (THACK), causing me to wince in pain. "Don't growl at your Mistress!...Now, I pieced it together, empty life, loss of that which is important to you, fake tits to impress, faint rope marks around your body, you have such great potential to be a wonderful sub. You lack a place to be and something to call home."

"Uh-uh!!" I protested, shaking my head. I didn't want to be her sub now or ever. I wanted to get out. But she didn't listen. It's like she had no regard for what I had to say at all. She came back to my front with a little chain in her hand with something on each end.

"I can help you there. I'm going to help you thrive again, become a better woman in this wonderful world of ours. This will be your new home, now, and I expect my slaves and pets to behave themselves." At that moment, she lifted the chain up and I saw what it was, a pair of clover clamps! I shook my head frantically, and tried to pull away, but I failed. Her fingers flicked my nipples and teased them. My spine began to shiver and... they... stood up, hardening. What?! I didn't understand what had just happened. All I could think about was the shooting pain in my nipple as she attached the clamp to it.

"Ahh!! Hhuuck!" I swore. I whined and groaned as she repeated the process on my other nipple, playing with the chain and causing my poor nipples agony. I winced and whined. To my horror, she lifted up a large padlock, that looked like it weighed a little bit. "Hoooh!" I shouted. She locked it on and held it from dropping.

"I told you before, you will address me as Miss. I will not repeat myself again-" and she dropped the weight, causing the chain to give a hard pull on my nipples. I screamed in pain as the vicious clamps now started to continually pull on my already sore nipples. "No, Miss!" she snapped, flicking the padlock.

"Ho, Hiihh!!" I shouted, whimpering and hoping it would make her stop.

"That's better." She walked behind me and I felt her hands touch my neck, with a little snip of something like a scissor. Then my collar was pulled away.

“HEY!” I screamed. “Hihe ha' hack!!” I began to flail, pulling as hard as I could to try and take my collar back from her. My leather cuffs held me tight and my feet remained still. My body's movements shook the clover clamps and weight, but I didn't care. I wanted my collar back.

“Hush!” she snapped as I felt another (THWACK) against my bare bum. She had whipped me with a riding crop in just the right spot that caused my whole cheek to feel hot and red with pain. I whined and lost a bit of spirit, long enough for her to wrap a different, thicker collar around my neck and click it shut. I couldn't see what she was doing behind me but it sounded like it wasn't the type to come off easily. “This other one is crude and weak, I'm just giving you a better one is all.”

How dare she!? Crude?! Weak!? That was handmade just for me! Ios made and essentially proposed to me with- IOS!! I had suddenly realized that I hadn't checked in with him. He must've been so worried! Then it hit me. That's why Ara didn't know anything about him, because we weren't officially together and I hadn't officially changed my mailing address to his. That was the last straw. I was livid. I refused to tolerate this and was determined to escape. I started grunting and pulling furiously on my ankles and arms to wrangle her, growling with anger at her horrible words.

“I said-” (THWACK) she said in a low and very irritated voice as she struck my bare butt again with the riding crop. It caused me to cry out in pain. “-don't (THWACK) you (THWACK) growl (THWACK) at (THWACK) your (THWACK) Mistress! (THWACK)” she continued to tan my poor, defenseless bottom and upper legs. The pain from her whipping me and the nipple clamps tugging hard on me every time I squirmed began to compound in my bum and breasts, pulling tears from my eyes. I cried and slowly began to stop struggling, hanging my head weakly, whimpering in defeat. When I finally calmed down, she brushed my red-hot buttocks with her latex-clad hand, sending pain up my backside. I whined out as she touched me, still very sore, but I didn't resist. “There, now, this is what you'll get when you behave.”

She came to my front with a large belt with an underside and two large eggs. She knelt down and slid the eggs up inside my pussy. I felt them go in... so easily. I looked down, bemused, finding myself to be incredibly wet. What was happening to me? Did I seriously enjoy that just now without even realizing it? No, this couldn't be. Once Ara pushed the eggs inside, she wrapped the metallic belt around my waist and clicked it shut with a little mini padlock. She wrapped the understrap between my legs and clicked it shut against the belt as well. It was a chastity belt she'd just locked on me... with those eggs inside. In her top, she drew a little remote control and flicked a button. The eggs sprung to life and I felt the buzzing inside me. I couldn't hold back or hide the moan that escaped my lips, “Oooooohhhh... oooooohhhh” I whimpered, breathing heavily. I gripped my eyes and shook my head, trying desperately to keep my focus. My face and bum felt hot and flushed, but my chest and insides, they felt strangely cold. I felt cold within my heart, isolated, trapped there, all alone with her. I pulled on my bondage, but was truly helpless, and I felt so alone. This woman didn't understand me, she didn't care about me. I felt nothing from her but scorn and torment for misbehaving. I struggled to maintain focus, but the eggs just buzzed louder, causing me to shiver again. I felt betrayed, my body giving in to this horrible woman. I wished I'd never met her, or went to that awful club. I was so horny and turned on but I didn't want to be. Her hands ran over my breasts, playing with them, jiggling the

chain causing them to tweak my nipples again. The sensations of it all, my bondage, my gag, my nipples, the eggs, it was all overwhelming. I screamed out as my body convulsed... orgasming against my will. I tried holding it in, but only felt the waves crash even harder as I tried to resist. I panted and my head dropped, hanging in shame.

“There's a good girl, isn't that better when you just give in?” Ara taunted, rubbing my cheek. I quietly let a tear fall down and turned my head away. I couldn't believe myself. I whimpered at my captor, hoping she would just stop. “Aww, don't be so sad. All right, I think we've both had enough for tonight. Let's get some sleep. Tomorrow will be a new day for us both,” she said walking over to the desk where she picked up a bottle from the side, fetching a cloth out of the drawer. She opened the bottle and dabbled a little of whatever was inside on the cloth and then started back to me. No, not again! She held my head with her free hand, and pressed the rag against my face. I tried resisting, but was so tired from hanging there by my arms, the orgasms I just had, and being brutalized to the point of exhaustion. The rag smelled so sweet and overpowering, it immediately made me feel dizzy again. In a matter of moments, I grew disoriented and my eyes began to blur, spinning around and around.... before blacking out again.

****I DRIFTED IN DARKNESS****

I moaned weakly as I now had a bit of a headache. I felt myself in some soft sheets, which felt really nice all things considered. I almost thought I dreamed the whole nightmare—before I pulled to roll over, noticing my arms were held fast out to the sides above my head against a headboard. My wrists and ankles were still locked in the leather cuffs, but chained out to all four corners of the bed. I was completely naked apart from the chastity belt and the collar. I grunted and pulled as I could against the cuffs and chains, but I was stuck there. At least I wasn't gagged this time. All I could do is wait, looking around at the very nicely furnished room with wardrobe, walk-in closet, and a large bay view window. The window was too far for me to see out, so I couldn't determine where I was. I lied there, on my back, staring up at the ceiling, and found a mirror, showing my nakedness to me. I blushed heavily and looked away somewhere else, trying not to get turned on again. I had to fight it.

I closed my eyes, trying to picture what Ios might have been doing or thinking. All I could imagine was our last moment together, me sitting on him in our home, loving his touch and his care, his compassion and his warmth. I felt freezing at that moment. I was so cold. I shivered, suddenly picturing him worried for my safety. I softly cried to myself as I thought about it. I missed him so much. I was just so cold, lying there naked in the sheets. I was completely alone. For what seemed like hours, I lied in bed; but may have really only been minutes. When suddenly, “HH!!” I gasped as the eggs buzzed to life. I gripped fists and my toes, pulling on my restraints, breathing heavier as the sensations tickled my insides. I gripped my body tight, pushing the feelings away as much as possible, but they just built up, pushing me back. My back arched as I squirmed and writhed, panting. It was a futile effort as I began to wear away... until finally I came again, and again, and again, feeling the fluids flow out of my pussy. I heaved and squirmed in the bed as I heard the door open up.

Ara entered the room with two women in tow. They were dressed in French maid outfits made of latex. The outfits squeezed their curves nicely. They wore hoods which hid who they were, showing off only their lips and eyes.

“You look like you enjoyed that,” Ara greeted me by stroking my hair away from my face.

“Nnh..nyes, Miss,” I looked down and away, knowing that if I didn't cooperate she would just make things worse.

“Good girl. I thought this morning you could use some exercise. My other slaves here will prepare you. If you resist you will be punished, is that understood?” she said earnestly. I said nothing. An uncomfortable silence filled the room, but was soon broken by a very loud buzzing inside me. I screamed out, startled and over-stimulated, causing my body to vibrate and shiver, panting to the eggs inside my sopping wet pussy. “Is that understood!?” she said louder and firmer into my face.

“Yes, Miss!” I cried out. She turned the eggs down as I submitted. I heaved and panted, still exhausted. The maids approached the bed as she stepped back, giving them two keys, one each. The maids silently accepted the keys and brought a large, strappy, leather harness up to my helpless body. They brought it over my head resting it against me. It reached down and had holes where my breasts were pushed through. The maids fitted the straps around my body, pulling them tight so it squeezed my flesh. They pushed my breasts through the holes, causing me to whine in pain. It felt like the harness was way too small as it caused my breasts to be squeezed, bulging out, pulsating with tension. The maids wrapped the straps around and unchained my limbs from the bed. They sat me up and buckled it very tight on me. It hugged around my sides, my stomach, my thighs, and my buttocks, squeezing my whole body. I winced as it felt tight, adjusting to the feeling. Next, they brought some mitts up to my hands. I sighed and didn't resist out of fear that they would punish me again. They put the mitts on my hands, which caused my hands to make a straight, flat shape, and then buckled them to keep them in place. No way I could get those off. The girls brought my arms behind me and raised them up into a tight hammerlock position, anchoring my wrist cuffs to the back of my harness. I pulled and became aware of how helpless I was. They turned their attention to my legs where they joined my ankle cuffs with a thin chain long enough to allow me to take very short steps. I had thought they were done but saw that a pair of clover clamps were the next item. I whined as they held me in place, putting up a mild resistance. They leaned down, licking my breasts, right around the areolas. I moaned softly, feeling their tongues tease me. I grew tingly and immediately frisky, feeling my nipples harden and stand up for them. They seized the opportunity and attached the clamps, causing me to squeal in pain. They fed a chain leash through my collar ring and attached it to my nipple clamps, giving a test pull. Each pull would pull not only my neck, but my clamps as well, as well as cause me to cry out in the sharp pain of my nipples being tormented.

I looked weakly over at the commander of my torture and begged, “Please, please just let me go. I just want to go houhmpmnhph,” but was cut off by a very large, rubber, cock, harness panel gag pushed inside my mouth, wrapped over my head, around my cheeks, and around my chin and neck, all the straps pulled and buckled very tight. “Mmmnh....” I whimpered. The maids

had completed their work. They handed their leader the other side of the leash where Ara pulled lightly. I squealed into my gag and quickly followed as quickly as I could, standing up off the bed and following slowly. The maids walked as Ara pulled me along out of the bedroom. Each step I took, each move I made caused the eggs to shift and tumble around inside me. Their very low buzzing and vibrating caused me to grow hornier by the second. I looked around as she occasionally heeled me into walking faster. Each pull would tweak my nipples and pull them. The mansion was very luxurious with chandeliers, long hallways and tables, various bondage objects posted around with statues of girls locked in place. Er, no, that's not right, they were real girls locked in place by metal devices, put on display. What had I been brought into?

We walked all along the mansion halls, seeing various other bedrooms, showrooms, closets, and galleries. Finally, we walked inside an office with a large computer screen array set up, four monitors posted at a desk. There stood a metallic frame just in front of the desk next to the monitors. Ara handed the maids my leash and they pulled me over. Ara moved around behind the desk and sat at the computer while the maids unchained my ankles, then my wrists from behind, and then helped me step inside the frame. The frame had a back that stood very tall with loops going around in flat circles both in front and in back. I stepped into the lowest metal ring with their help. The ring gripped my lower hips tight as they helped me slide my arms behind the tall back of the frame, sliding them into another set of rings for my elbows, and then my wrists, tightening each set until they held and squeezed my elbows and wrists both very tightly together behind me. They knelt down and held my ankles in another set of metal rings attached to the center, keeping me standing in place. I couldn't kick or move or pull at all. They stood up and pushed my back to the pole, pushing my neck against a top ring where they closed and tightened it, keeping me standing very tall and erect. I grunted at my discomfort and looked at them as they fixed my leash to the frame and left quietly.

“You cooperated very nicely, say thank you for your reward,” Ara said as she clicked her remote, turning the eggs up.

“Gmnnhnh,” I moaned into my gag, feeling them go higher, stimulating me as I stood there, locked in place, forced to enjoy the buzzing inside. I felt myself grow wet and aroused more and more. Ara smiled and then looked at her screens, which I couldn't see from this angle.

“Your mistress has to do some work, so try to keep quiet and you'll get a reward after I'm done,” she said.

“Mmmnhph,” I groaned as the eggs began to drive me wild. My arms and legs pulled on the metallic restraints of the bondage frame. My body harness, the bondage frame, it all was so tightly squeezing me. The helplessness was beginning to make me flushed and tingly inside, feeling my inner regions vibrated. I moaned louder and began to whimper. I didn't like this, but I did. I was so confused about what I wanted. I didn't want it to stop, but I did want her to be gone. I pulled more on my restraints. Ara glanced over at me and noticed my distress and got up.

“What is it? Not adjusting quite yet? Well, here, allow me,” she said walking around to me. She unattached the nipple clamps, causing me to groan and swear into my gag as the blood rushed

back into them. She leaned down and licked my tender, achy nipples, running her hand up and down my body, feeling my restrained limbs. Her hands were firm and they felt in the right places; but there was something off. It was a cold touch. Not temperature, I meant emotionally. I felt no sense of warmth from her, not at all like Ios—nothing like him, my real love. He would have been able to make this much more enjoyable. He would have cared. I whimpered as my body began responding to her hot, wet tongue teasing me, massaging my sore nipples. The eggs inside me buzzed and turned around and around. I moaned and whined harder as the tensions started to build, higher and higher, until I finally broke down with another thundering orgasm. My body convulsed and shook as I came over and over to Ara's cold touch.

My energy felt sapped and my exhaustion returned. I panted and heaved as she finished licking me, then returned to her desk. She resumed working while I stood there, a mere ornament for her enjoyment. She made me feel insignificant and meaningless, just someone to shut up and control. I would have hung my head in misery had it not been for this posture ring holding me up. The buzzing never subsided, and I began to feel more tensions build, as my body continually betrayed my mind, building up to unleash more and more orgasms at the clutches of my captor.

10th Frame

I must have been like this for hours. My eyes fluttered. I panted so heavily into the very large cock gag that filled my mouth. All I could do was suck on it as I sweated profusely. I don't know how many orgasms I'd had by this point. Every breath I took caused my breasts to rise and push against the strap harness I was wearing. My arms were tingly with pins and needles, held very tight at the elbows and wrists by the metallic bondage frame. I couldn't even relax, since my neck was held upright for posture correction by another metallic ring on this infernal contraption. I moaned and whimpered as I stood there. I was so tired, I couldn't take anymore. I very weakly tried whimpering, as this last orgasm made my body twitch and shiver again. My juices were running down my legs I had come so much after this long. To my luck, Ara sat back and stretched, glancing over at me with those cold blue eyes of hers.

“I think it's time for something to eat, would you like to be let out of that?” she asked resting her elbows on her desk, holding her chin in a hand.

“Mhm! Mhmh! Mhm!” I nodded as best I could. I just wanted them to stop. I just wanted to rest.

“Very well,” she said flicking the remote, bringing the love eggs still wedged inside me to stop buzzing. I moaned heavily, finally getting a break. Ara stood up to come around to me. “These things take time, but don't worry, you'll be able to endure all day and night in time.” She unlocked my neck first, which fell forward and hung as I panted. I took the time as she let me out of my bondage to re-hear what she just said to me, “endure all day and night”? Did she really intend to leave me in bondage in something like this for a whole day or night? The thought made me queasy. I could barely take this, I was so tired. I would never survive here. I almost didn't notice her unlock my wrists and arms, then my ankles to help me out of the frame. I almost stumbled as she sat me on her desk and re-affixed a chain to my ankle cuffs, then my wrist cuffs behind me in a hammerlock, anchored to something on my body harness. I wished I had the strength to fight her off, I wanted to claw her face out and run for my life; but I didn't have the energy or strength to resist her. My hands were locked in some leather bondage mittens that kept my hands very stiff and flat. I couldn't bend them at all. She took the chain leash connected to my now much larger and colder collar, then pulled me along behind her. “Whadduwe say?” she asked with a look of scorn at me.

It took me a moment to think about it—again, I was so tired, still panting and shaking.

“...Fmpgh mnh, Mmph,” I mumbled incoherently at her.

“Good girl, come,” she said with a smug grin, and then pulled my neck by the leash, walking slowly. I walked as carefully as I could given my limitations by the chain and my exhausted legs. I looked around as she lead me through the mansion, wondering how someone could live in a place like this. I wondered how far away I was from home, from my beloved man who would treat me like a real woman and not some piece of furniture. As we continued along, I noticed various maids and slaves, some with hoods that would devoid them of an identity, some

just with uniforms that showed off their beautiful feminine physique. Some were added to the decor, standing in place chained to the walls or furniture, like statues to grace those who walked by. I even saw one girl hanging suspended from the ceiling like one of the chandeliers. The whole sight made me very nervous of what fate would befall me. We walked down the halls and corridors to a grand hall, a very large room with a large staircase in the center, leading down to two very large front doors. I finally realized how huge this place was on the inside—and where my escape would be.

Ara continued to tug my leash any time I fell behind, looking around too much. I grunted as I struggled to keep up, still beat by the hours (I think) of torment I just endured. She took me downstairs and around the corner into a massive dining room where we were greeted by two latex maids. I think they were the girls who came in and got me with her this morning. Ara handed the leash to them and pointed to the chair next to the head of the table. They nodded and pulled me over, bending down to undo my ankles and freeing my wrists from my harness, and then my hands from the mitts. Finally came the chastity belt that was locked on me. They unlocked it and pulled it from my hips, letting the eggs that were inside slide right out. They sat me down and held me in place while fixing my legs to the chair legs with tight leather straps, holding my legs open so anyone could reach down and have a feel of my sex. Once my legs were secure, the maids locked my upper arms in handcuffs with chains just long enough to reach the table. The whole time they said nothing, never looking at me in the eye. It was as if they were mindless automatons. I felt a deep sense of pity for them, wondering who they were, what had happened to them.

“Mmf!” I grunted in discomfort as they seized my head, turning it to the side and unbuckling the straps. Ara sat beside me and watched, smiling and wiggling her hand beneath the table. I could only imagine what she was doing, probably touching herself to me.

“Mmhh, you really are an impressive sight to behold. But that's for later,” she murmured, stopping and sitting up as another maid brought us some soup and drinks. It looked like a chicken blend with egg noodles and carrots, steaming and smelling so delicious. Our drinks were tall, cold glasses of fresh champagne. The gag was finally taken out from my mouth, letting me heave a sigh, panting out and catching my first breath since this morning. I looked at the soup and then at her. “Don't talk, eat. If you speak out of turn, you'll receive nothing and be punished,” she commanded. She took a few spoonfuls and sipped her beverage, glancing over at me. I didn't respond to her order, but I did obey half of it by saying nothing at least. I just stared at the soup with my hands gripped in my lap. “What? Not hungry?” she asked sarcastically.

“...I don't...want it...” I responded in a raspy voice, not looking at her. “I wanna go home.”

“Oh come now,” she scoffed. “Home to what? A cold and empty house? There's nothing for you there. You have a far better life here than you ever did wandering in emptiness. You'll be much happier when you admit to yourself that this is your home now.”

“I do have someone, a wonderful man who loves me,” I said looking up at her finally. Ara rolled her eyes, scowling at me.

“Your attempts to lie to me are neither appreciated nor will be tolerated. You seem to still be a bit insecure and shy. If you don't want to eat, then fine,” she snapped her fingers.

“But I'm not l-ahh! Heahh...” I was interrupted by the maids returning and forcing a ring-gag in my mouth, then buckling the straps tight behind my head. They pulled my hands to the arm rests and wrapped them with leather straps fixed to the chair. I couldn't move at all now.

Ara pushed her chair slightly away from the table and spread her legs. “Ladies, show our new slave here what it means to be a part of this family.”

“Yes, Mistress”

“Yes, Mistress”

-they each said quietly, bowing their heads as they knelt in front of me. The first maid rested between my legs while the other moved closer to my face, licking my lips and forcing her tongue inside my open mouth. I tried to fight her away with my tongue; but she just played with me some more, kissing me and licking my gaping mouth. My face blushed as the heat of her mouth spilled all over mine. The lower maid felt my exposed pussy, rubbing her fingers into my lips—which were already soaking wet from the situation. I struggled as best I could but the straps were too tight. I could only sit as the maids molested me, eyes rolling back in my head with the ecstasy.

“Uhhh, oooohhh...” I moaned as the maid below began to lick my labia. My pussy grew more and more wet with every lap of her tongue. I gripped my toes and eyes, trying hard to resist and hold it in. My body had to listen to me, I couldn't let it control me! But it's like they knew just what my weakness was. My love for bondage, my helplessness, it was like I couldn't control it anymore. My body shook, I cried out, as I felt yet another orgasm push my will into submission. I panted and began to drool down my lip on my open breasts. The maids stepped away from me, letting me see what Ara had been doing.

Her eyes were fixed on me, a gentle gaze and a sinister smile. Quiet moans escaped her lips as her one hand played with her breasts, her other reaching between her open legs and fingering herself. She let out a large moan as she came to me. I blushed very heavily and tried looking away to hide from this humiliation. She stood up and huffed a breath.

“You've been a disobedient little bitch this evening. If you're going to behave like one, I'll treat you like one,” said Ara. The maids took my hands and unlocked them from the chair straps and cuffs, then pushed me forward where they clicked on a pair of hinge handcuffs, forcing my hands tight together. I groaned as they were a little rough with me in doing so. They unstrapped my legs and then re-attached the chain to my ankle cuffs, pulling me to my feet. Ara took the leash from my chair and pulled me along, hard. I almost fell down as she heartlessly pulled me at a much faster pace through the dining room, back into the hall, and upstairs. The maids quickly followed us into another bedroom, different from the first one. This one had no beds, though, just a few blankets throughout the floor, as well as a small kennel. Ara pulled me to the kennel where she set my leash down, unhooking it from my collar. She walked over to a closet where the maids grabbed my arms and forced me to the ground.

“AAH!” I yelped, startled at what they were doing to me. They held me in place as I weakly kicked, trying to get them off me. The harness was causing my breasts to bulge and throb and they were pushing me down on my stomach, mashing them very hard into the floor. I whined from being unable to move beneath their tight grips, completely crushing my breasts. “Heeh ow, owwgh! Hyur hurihng ngeeh!” I cried out. Ara returned from the closet with a few rolls of tape and a black, latex catsuit in her hands and handed it to the maids. They unlocked my handcuffs and began to remove the harness from my body. I groaned as each strap was undone, it had been squeezing me so tight that it left imprints on my skin. “Ooohhhh,” I moaned as my poor breasts were finally let out of that infernal leather strap harness, still feeling swollen and sore. They pulled the harness from me and then pushed my hands into the latex catsuit. I didn't struggle that much against them—mostly because I was still so exhausted I couldn't fight even if I wanted to. However, somehow, I think I didn't resist because I knew they would make my life more miserable than it already was if I hadn't cooperated. They ran some oils all down my legs, around my body, and up my arms. I was stood up and the maids pushed my legs into the catsuit, sliding it on me, fitting me very snug, popping my breasts out of two holes intended for them. The suit squeezed me like a second skin, hugging my physique and squeezing all of my shape into a smooth definition. They zipped it up, locking the zipper to my collar. I wouldn't be able to take it off at all. But as soon as that was on, right back down I went as they pulled me to the floor, being not at all careful with my very achy body. They folded my legs and arms at my elbows and knees and began to wrap my limbs, taping my hands to my shoulders, upper arms to forearms, and my ankles to my thighs. They wrapped, and wrapped, and wrapped me, very tight, as I became fairly aroused again at my helplessness; curse them for abusing me like this!

Once they had me completely taped, Ara commanded them to leave. They nodded and bowed, exiting the room leaving me with her. She looked down at me, coldly, glowering at my helpless disposition.

“You've been an ungrateful little bitch, y'know that? I take you in and hire you to work for me. I take you in and bring you to my home to live with me to fill the void in your life. This is the thanks I get, back-talk, lies, and disrespect. You'll find it much easier to adjust when you stop lying to yourself about what you want!” she yelled down at me. I hung my head, feeling a combination of embarrassment, anger, and confusion. “Now, you can think about this while you sleep in your kennel for the night. Get in,” she snapped, flicking a riding crop at my thigh. I squealed at the painful shock against my legs. Every moment it took me to roll over and get up, she thwacked my leg and bum again and again to hurry up. I whimpered every time she cropped me. After a little squirming, summoning the strength to do it, I finally managed to get onto my knees and elbows where I crawled into the cage. She quickly slammed the door shut and locked it. “In the morning, I expect a change of heart,” she said with her back to me, shutting the lights off and leaving me in darkness. I couldn't see anything. I sighed and lied down on a little blanket and pad, feeling so humiliated and inhuman, locked in a cage as an animal, crawling around with a collar and my tongue hanging out of a gag like a dog. Ios would have never treated me like this. He would have been so caring with me, letting me sleep with him like this maybe, or sleeping in here with me. I tried to remain strong, waiting for my chance to escape. Throughout the night, I was so cold in this dark cell of mine. My insides felt like they were empty and frozen over. I couldn't help but softly cry myself to sleep.

****A HORRIBLY UNCOMFORTABLE ONE TOO****

I woke as the light streamed in from the nearby window. My cheek was soaked in a pool of my drool. My mouth was dry from being held open all night. I took the time to just relax as best I could, my joints being incredibly achy. Although, it was the first time I finally got to just lie down in a while. I looked around and just lie there in the kennel, thinking things over. Why was this happening? What did I do wrong to anybody? Why was my body doing this to me? I try to will myself not to be turned on by the things Ara does to me, but my body doesn't listen; and I just feel so immensely horny from it. I didn't understand it. Did this make me some sort of slut whose brain shuts off the second she's turned on by bondage? For the first time ever, since Ios introduced me to it, I hated how it made me feel. The complete loss of control with someone whom I didn't trust or want. It frightened me.

It wasn't long until I heard the door open, greeted by Ara. She walked in the room dressed in a strapless bustier corset. Her breasts were mashed tight together, showing off her huge cleavage. Her legs wore nylons running up to her thighs, held by a garter belt. Her sex was completely naked and exposed, showing off piercings in the morning light. Her feet wore some strappy heels and clicked along the floor as she walked. I rolled over and looked up to her as she approached the cage. She just looked down at me, eyes the same ice cold blue as always, filled with scorn and superiority.

“You ready to come out and behave yourself?” she asked looking down at me.

I hung my head and nodded, “Yehh Hihh,” I mumbled. I had to play along or I would never get out of here. Resisting would only hurt more. She unlocked the cage and snapped her fingers, pointing out of it. I carefully crawled out and sat back on my knees looking up at her sheepishly. She stepped closer, standing mere inches away from my face with her naked crotch, and took hold of my chin.

“Say you're sorry and we'll start a new day,” she said. I knew what she wanted me to do. I winced at the idea, looking up at her, pouting. She just stared at me, silently. My mind raced and my heart pounded... but I just gripped my eyes shut, whining as my face found its way to her. My tongue came out and licked up the sides of her piercings, licking her lips. My head moved slowly back and forth to reach different angles to lick her pussy. Her taste was very pungent. She tasted very metallic. I just pushed my tongue inside and licked her inner lips in silence. I heard her moaning out heavily, her fingers running through my hair and gripping my head as she braced herself on me. I licked all around her walls as I felt her gasp and shake. My tongue flopped around inside her, licking her clit and her pussy over and over until she bellowed out in joy, panting from her orgasms. I sat back looking up at her as she breathed heavily, opening her eyes and looking down at me. “Hhh, hhh, ghood girl, oh my word, you're better than I imagined. You're as good as....” she hesitated and shook her head. “Never mind, your apology is accepted. Now let's get started, shall we?” she walked over to the cage and picked up the chain leash, attaching it to my collar. I meekly nodded and followed her on my elbows and knees. She pulled me along like a bitch, moving slowly for me but keeping the leash taut. I followed her out through the halls, downstairs, then through the house to a dimly lit room with black coloring all around. She lead me to a dungeon, various devices and frames posted all around the room. In

the center, there sat a wooden horse with a pointed, acute apex, sorta like the shape of a little house.

She pulled my leash and stretched it up high above the horse, hooking it on a chain from the ceiling, forcing me to crawl on it and sit tall. My thighs lost their grip immediately due to the angle and my position, causing me to sit down hard on the apex of the horse, the point pushing up into my pussy. I gasped as I felt it press on my clit and walls, my own weight pushing myself down while my leash held me up. The feeling of the horse in my pussy immediately made me feel horny and wet, pushing on just the right spots. Next, Ara attached a pair of clover clamps to my already erect, traitorous nipples. It shot through my breasts as they gripped my nipples, drawing a squeal of pain out from me. The chain between the clamps were pulled hard and secured to the front of the horse, tugging my nipples forward. I winced and whined at the pain and fidgeted on the horse. It only caused my pussy to feel the push of my weight even more, since I had no way of gripping with my taped legs. I shook my head trying to resist the sensations of my bondage but only succeeded in drooling on myself, which made me even more horny! No matter how much I tried to fight in spirit, it only pushed me further. Ara stood behind me with a leather paddle, rubbing my bum and giving it a light few light spanks, before a swift and hard (THWACK). The intense sting sent a shock up my spine and a loud yelp out of my gagged lips. She only made it worse. I drooled and squealed with each spank to my buttocks. Protected only by a skin-tight latex catsuit, my touch senses were actually heightened, making me feel it just that much more. Occasionally, she mixed it up by moving in front and teasing my breasts, pulling on the clover clamps with her paddle. The sensations of it all were maddening, my pussy, the latex, my helplessness, my nipples and breasts, my gag, my drool, her tanning my poor little cheeks... I actually... didn't want her to stop.

I was out-of-control horny and I didn't know why! I hated this woman and what she was doing to me! I panted and my heart beat like crazy, feeling tingles and waves build slowly, and then faster. I couldn't hold off any longer. I screamed through my gag, and came, and I came, hips bucking and my body convulsing to the orgasms crashing over me. I was losing my strength to fight back. What's happening to me?! I could only think about how cold and lonely I felt in this dungeon. I wanted to be warm again, to feel safe again. I just wanted my Lord. I wanted my Ios. I wanted him to be here instead of this wretched woman who was abusive and cold-hearted, wanting only to enslave me for her amusement, understanding nothing of who I was. But the scary part is I didn't understand myself anymore. I never imagined I would enjoy something like this, being paddled and having my nipples tormented, being treated like this. I... did I... really enjoy this? Oh, Ios, if only he could have been there to guide me, to keep me safe. I just wanted to be held in his warmth again.

“You look like you enjoyed that,” she said as she unhooked my leash and pulled the clamps off. Putting them on didn't hurt nearly this much when she took them off. The sharp pain as the blood rushed back into my sore nipples made me scream out in agony. She pulled me to my side and set me on the cold, hard floor where I lie panting in exhaustion, sweating in this suit and from the many orgasms I just had. “Let's get you fixed up and you can spend the day resting.” I shook my head weakly at her but didn't have the energy to fight back. Ara walked over to a nearby table where she picked up a large roll of black bondage tape and some sheers. She snipped the tape holding my hands to my shoulders and sat me up. She quickly drew my hands

behind me, getting little resistance. She began to wrap my wrists in tape, wrapping around and around, then around my body, pinning my arms to my back, wrapping all the way up my torso, skipping my breasts and leaving them alone. She cut the tape on my thighs and ankles, then lie me down where she held my legs together and completely wrapped them from my ankles... all the way up to my thighs. I was very tightly wrapped in this catsuit and tape, feeling very hot as is. Ara got up and went to a table picking up a hood that had just an opening for the eyes, nose, and hair in the back. She unbuckled the ring-gag, pulling it from my mouth, only just long enough for her to stuff a long pair of nylons in my mouth. They smelled and tasted of sex and feet. Had she stuffed her dirty stockings in my mouth!? They tasted so awful. The stench was so unwelcome. She brought the hood over my head, forcing the nylons to stay inside my open mouth, and lacing it tightly up the back.

“Mmnhph,” I grunted as she fixed my hair into a ponytail. The next thing that came was a posture collar. She replaced my other collar with another collar, holding my neck extended very tall. I couldn't turn or look in any direction except forward unless I moved my whole upper body. “Ngnph!” I groaned in discomfort at my bondage, but feeling ever horny nonetheless. The final item she added was the pair of clover clamps, gripping my nipples very tight again. I whined into my gag and tried to shake them loose, only succeeding in tweaking my nipples. Ara giggled to herself at my futility.

“You make me laugh, you know that? I like you,” she said with spirit. She walked over to the wall and pressed a button on an intercom. “Bring a chair to the upstairs dungeon,” she ordered. With that, she walked back over to the table, setting her paddle down and leaning against it, just looking at me on the floor. “We'll get you fixed in the living area and take the afternoon off.” I sighed and nodded, feeling such pain in my poor nipples. My whole body was sore. After a few moments of waiting, a girl in a normal English maid outfit brought a wheelchair into the room. She wheeled it over to me where she and Ara knelt down and pulled (not lifted) me up, setting me in it. The maid pushed me behind Ara as she wheeled me down the halls again, around the corridors to a large recreation room. There were several large sofas decorated with glamorous throws and paintings. They wheeled me over to a display piece which looked to be a single-arm coat hanger. The maid stood me up and took hold of my nipple clamps. I squealed very loud as they tugged my nipples, pulling me up and kept taut. The arm had a little chain that hooked onto the middle of my nipple clamps' chain, hoisting me up by my nipples. The pain was excruciating. A few tears streamed down my cheeks as every movement caused my nipples to get tugged. I stood as tall as I could, looking straight forward to my captors. Ara just grinned and brushed my tears away. “This will all get better soon. Training is always harder at first. But trust me, when you grow stronger, you w-...” she stopped mid-sentence, looking out a nearby window. I could barely see the figure of someone walking up a huge drive towards the house. They had long hair... I couldn't tell anything better than that. Ara's eyes and mouth widened as she hurried over to the window, fastest I'd ever seen her move. Her eyes lit up and her face turned to the brightest smile she'd had yet. “She came back to me!” Ara rushed over to the maid who brought me in with her. “Go tell the others to prepare for an extended guest!”

“Yes, Mistress,” curtsied the maid and quickly walked out of the room. Ara turned to me with a bright, yet fiendish smile on her face.

“Well, it seems fortune has smiled upon me today! You may be having a new playmate! I'll be back in just a bit,” she said and hurried up a nearby spiral staircase to a catwalk along the wall and through a door. I was left alone there, wondering what was about to happen. A playmate? Had this been someone Ara knew and they had a fallout but are mending a relationship? Anybody would willingly have a relationship with her?! I didn't have much else to do besides just stand there as still as I could so the clover clamps didn't rip my very, very miserable nipples off. My breasts felt like they were on fire from being tugged this long.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a maid walking in with the girl behind her. She sat her down at the sofa and bowed.

“Please wait here. The Mistress will be with you shortly,” she said in a very respectful, soft-spoken voice. She curtsied again and left the room.

“Thank you. Please tell her I must speak with her right away,” said a young British accent. That voice! I knew that voice! My eyes widened and my heart started to race. I tried turning my head but only got stuck by the posture collar, groaning. I turned my whole body slowly, tugging my nipples with my movement. It sent a sharp squeal of pain through my gagged mouth. The girl turned around to see the noise—and there she was!! Pam!! I'd never been so relieved to see her in my life!

“**PHM!! Phm!! Hmph mhph!! MMMHMPH!**” I screamed into my gag trying to get her attention, tugging on my nipples harder with my movements. She saw me, looked right at me, and scoffed with an expression of disgust.

“Ugh, tormenting young girls again, eh Ara?” she muttered. I tried to shake my head and call out to her again. She squinted looking closer at me. Yes! Yes, please, Pam! See that it was me! “That's... odd, could've sworn I'd seen...” she started to say as five maids entered the room. Just as they did, Pam stood up and walked closer, staring at me. “I know I've seen those breasts before...that hair... your... eyes.....Shi!?” she said with a startled look on her face, eyes widened. My heart leaped—she had found me!

“**MHM!! MHM!! MHM!! HMPH MPH!!**” I muffled as loud as I could, trying to nod. She immediately rushed over to me, only to be blocked by the group of maids.

“Excuse me! That's my friend I-hey, let go of me!” I looked on in shock as the maids dragged her to the ground and held her on her back, holding her arms on either side of her head and sitting on her legs to keep her from getting up. “Stop this immediately! Let me go!”

“Not so fast!” called Ara's voice from upstairs. My eyes looked up to see her on the catwalk standing with her leather coat on, looking down at Pam helpless on the floor. She lifted her hand up, reaching inside its own sleeve to pull out a white rag. “A good magician always keeps an ace up her sleeve. This one always floors them!” she said with the brightest of smiles, throwing the cloth down to the group of maids sitting on her. One maid caught it and turned to Pam.

“No! Wait! Stophmph! MMPH! NHHPH!!” she yelled as they held her still. Her feet and hips bucked and kicked, struggling as much as she could. I watched in absolute horror as my friend, my only chance for escape, was chloroformed and... and her kicks slowly subsided.... and were lost.

“NNPHHH!!!” I cried and sobbed, going limp, only to be tugged on my nipples again making me stand back up. I had to stand there and watch the whole thing. There was nothing I could do.

“Eeee!” squealed Ara, giddy with excitement. “Strip her and bring her upstairs to the fourth room! Her too!” she called down to the maids as she left. I looked over at the maid with the rag as she stood up, walking over to me.

“Mm-mn! MM-MN!!” I screamed as she pushed the rag against my nose and face. Once again, I stood helplessly as I was rendered unconscious by this evil woman and her force of slaves.

11th Frame

I was getting really sick of this whole chloroform thing. It's not so much that they took advantage of me in my completely defenseless state. Ios did that, so did Ara; and from what my recent discoveries have been, I seemed to really get off on this (I don't know how or why). It's that waking up after they knocked me out was extremely disorienting and my head was spinning. I took a few seconds to get my bearings, focusing my vision. I thought I heard somebody calling to me.

“...hi.....Shi..... hear me...?” I blinked several times, trying to get a grip. “Shi, it's me...” the voice said in a sweet British, female accent. Who was that?

“Uuaahhh,” I moaned, shaking my head. I knew that voice, that voice was talking to me before. “Whaaiaah, huh?” I garbled to myself. My senses and focus were coming back. I was gagged. That's why I couldn't talk. I tried to rub my head, but my arms felt heavy, like they were stuck or something. I looked up to them, they were covered in some bright blue substance that slid down my arm.

“Shi!” she called again. Pam! It was her voice I was hearing. That was enough to snap me awake. My arms weren't stuck in some goo. It was a pair of really shiny blue latex opera gloves. They were held by a pair of tight leather cuffs, fixed to a very large St. Andrews cross, my arms and legs stretched and spread far apart in a very large X shape. I looked down my body to see that, apart from a matching pair of blue latex stockings with a pair of very high heels, I was flat on my back, and I was naked. My breasts, body, my pussy, all completely available to anybody. The cross I lied on was only about, chest-high maybe?

I looked over to see Pam, her outfit was equally exposing. She sat in a chair and wore a black and white striped corset that squeezed her hips quite tight, forcing her figure into a fine hourglass. That's it. She wore nothing else in terms of clothing. Her wrists and elbows were cuffed together over and behind the back, each by a pair of leather cuffs held by padlocks. Her legs were held open by a set of leather straps around her knees, fixing them to the front of her chair armrests. She tried pulling on her limbs but her wrists couldn't reach around the chair back.

“Haah!?” I called to her, looking over pulling on my restraints. We were both utterly helpless.

“Shi! Oh thank goodness! Are you okay?” she asked worriedly.

“Hyo!” I shouted, shaking my head.

“Oh Shi, I'm sorry about this! Had I known this would have lead you to Ara I would have never suggested going to that shop for a job. I didn't know that Ara owned that shop too.”

“Hwha!?” Pam knew this woman!?

She hung her head, heaving a sigh and looking back to me with a look of sheer grief in her eyes. “Shi, I'm so sorry, this is all my fault. Ios has been worried sick. He hasn't slept at all. He came in to work a complete mess.” I went pale rolling my eyes and head back, whimpering out loud, feeling a group of tears fall out of my eyes. Ios was so worried about me. And here we were, the only chance I had out of here, now caught as well in the web of this Arachne.

The door handle on the opposite side of the room sounded and we both looked over to see Ara walking in with a handful of materials. I couldn't quite make them out. She wore a black basque that held her breasts up, pushing them together to show some nice cleavage. But it didn't cover much else, if you get my drift. She wore a pair of platform heels, clicking over to us with a slight wiggle in her bum.

“Ara! What have you done to Shi!? Let us go immediately!” Pam shouted at her.

“Now, Pet, don't be like that. We barely get to see each other as it is,” she said walking over to me, setting the materials on my leg. “We just can't seem to stay away from one another. Besides, why would I let her go? She's having so much fun here.” Ara stroked my inner thigh. I glared the sharpest of daggers at her—but she only just grinned at me, taunting me. Then she turned to Pam, “As for you, I've needed a new head maid for a while.”

“What happened to Jes? She's your maid, not me,” Pam responded. I looked at Ara, whose grin turned into a sour, bitter frown. She picked up something and I finally made it out, a harness dildo with a cock on each side. She picked up a second item, a simple pair of handcuffs.

“That's none of your concern,” Ara snapped. She walked over to Pam with a bitter look.

“Please, Ara, I only came to you to try to find my friend. Her- ow! Huahmnpnhph!” Ara gripped her hair pulling her head back, forcing her mouth open and pushing the back end of the harness gag in her. The dildo filled her mouth as Ara pulled the straps around her chin and neck, then over her head, and buckled them all very tightly. “Mmnhph! Fphnm nhnmph,” grunted Pam.

“Pet, I am so disappointed in you. It seems you've forgotten everything I've taught you,” said Ara, sitting down on Pam's open lap. Pam glared very angrily at her, growling into her gag. “Well, we'll have to fix that. And then don't worry, we can go collect your beloved San—we'll all be one big happy family together. Just like old times...” She lifted the handcuffs up to Pam's ear and began clicking them very slowly. She leaned closer to Pam, whispering something in her ear. I couldn't make it out. I watched, wondering what was happening.

“Mnph! Ngrhph!” she grunted, pulling hard on her restraints. Ara just clicked the handcuffs next to Pam's ear, very slowly, whispering... and just like that, Pam's eyes went wide... then sagged, her gaze lowered, and all the fight in her vanished. What happened?

“There, isn't that better?” Ara said sitting back up and running a finger along Pam's cheek.

“Mph Mnff,” Pam mumbled quietly in a low monotone, nodding to her.

“Good Pet. Now, let's introduce your new adopted sister to our family,” she said. Ara got off Pam and lowered down to unstrap Pam's legs. “Stand,” she ordered.

“Mph Mnff,” Pam mumbled again. What had happened to her!? She didn't resist, she didn't protest, she was... just staring at the floor. Pam! Do something! But all she did was just stand there while Ara walked over to me, picking up the other large thing I saw her carry in. It was a strap-on harness, also with a dildo on each side. She stepped inside, lifting it up her legs carefully, rubbing the inner dildo against her pussy and fit it inside her. Ara leaned back slightly, exhaling a moan as she slid the large cock inside her. She licked her lips as she strapped it tightly on her, fiddling with the dildo in front of her.

“Come here, Pet,” she commanded. Pam slowly paced to her like a zombie. “I want you to pleasure your new sister here. We can all cum into heaven together,” she said softly, pulling a little bench out from under the cross. I hadn't seen it, since it was under me and I couldn't see very well.

“Mph Mnff,” she mumbled. Pam knelt on the bench and moved her face to my pussy. She didn't look at me at all.

“Hah! Hah wha are hyou hoing!? Hah ouh ogh igh! Hah!! Haaawwww... uuhhhh,” I tried calling to her. Pam just rubbed the dildo protruding from her gag against my wide open pussy, rubbing it between my lips, teasing me.

“That's a good Pet,” Ara said with an evil smile, watching me struggle against my bonds. Her hand stroked Pam's hair softly as Pam began to push the dildo inside me, slowly filling me completely.

“Ooohhhhh,” I moaned, feeling the sensations drive me wild, feeling wet and hot all over again. I pulled harder on my cuffs, but they didn't come loose at all. My hips kicked and pulled, feeling the sensations of Pam pumping her head in and out of me.

I'd heard little sucking noises and moans, “Mmnp, mmnh, nmmph,” coming from her as she ran her gag in and out of me. Ara's grin returned, stretching ear to ear as she kneeled on the bench behind Pam, lifting her hips up to her waist. Ara rubbed her dildo against Pam's sex, sliding it between her lips, and then inside as she too began to pump her body in and out of Pam.

“Mmmnnhhh, mnnhp, hmmmnhph,” moaned Pam as her head began to bob faster inside of me.

My face flushed as my close friend was being forced to penetrate me with her face while she was fucked from behind. I panted and struggled against the cuffs again; but to my dismay, they didn't help me. No one helped me. I lied there, moaning, grinding and heaving, whimpering as Pam built these tensions up inside me. I panted heavily as I watched, horny as ever and completely turned on by Pam.

“Oohh yes.... mmnyess... Oohh Pam, good Pet,” she moaned, thrusting her hips harder and faster inside Pam. “Make your sister cum, and cum with us together,” she groaned. She leaned back, panting with us as I lie back, bucking and jostling my hips, feeling the waves build inside me. I

cried out as I felt my walls shiver, and then erupt as I came with wave after wave of orgasms. In that exact moment, I heard Pam moan aloud as well, just as Ara did, cumming in unison. My head leaned back and the world seemed to go quiet. I shivered in my orgasms raining throughout my body, and cried softly to myself. My friend was lost. I felt like a slut, being driven to such high piques by those other than my beloved. I wanted to go home. I just wanted my Ios. I had only a moment of thought to myself before I felt my body shake yet again from even more orgasms flooding all inside me. The thought of everything was more than I could bare.

****I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED****

The darkness started to peel away from me. I felt very naked, but I felt like something smooth was touching me. I noticed another girl lying in front of me, as naked as me. I tried to back up to see better but found I was attached to her by my collar. Blinking a few times helped my vision focus. I was hooked to Pam by a small chain. My collar was attached to a collar of her own. I felt that our waist was secured together by something but couldn't look down to what. Every time I pulled, I felt something tug on my pussy, causing me to heave a moan. My arms were cuffed behind my back, my ankles in a pair of cuffs themselves. I imagine Pam was the same way. At least they weren't metal handcuffs. I moaned, feeling Pam's naked breasts and body pressed to me, feeling so close to her, but unable to hug her for support. Even this close to one of my closest friends, whom I really did trust, I still felt completely isolated.

I tried to lick Pam through my ring-gag, licking her lips held open by a ring-gag of her own. I whispered through mine, “Hah, Hah, whahe uhh.” She didn't respond. She lie motionless and in silence. I hung my head and tried to scooch closer to her, trying to feel a sense of comfort that I at least had her with me—as bad as the situation was. Well, I tried, anyway.

“Oohh! You're awake!” cooed Ara's voice from behind Pam. Ara peered over Pam's unconscious body, smiling brightly as she groped Pam's lovely big breasts from behind. “See? These ones are real, you should be ashamed for getting those done,” she whispered to me. I scoffed and glared at her. That comment of hers had actually really cheesed me off. Up until I fell in love with Ios, I hated my body and especially my breasts. I knew they were fake! But he helped me feel beautiful again—but now, Ara was pushing my comfort with myself, threatening to throw it all away. I looked away, ignoring her. My protest was interrupted by her reaching over slapping my ass.

“EEH!” I squealed, trying to rub where she spanked me.

“Oh, so feisty. Come now, let's wake your sister up and we can have some fun today, a breath of fresh air,” said Ara looking me up and down.

“Huhgh,” I scoffed, looking away from my tormentor. She rolled her eyes.

“Well then you get to watch from afar. Naughty bitches get to sit fun times out.” Ara sat up and leaned close to Pam, whispering softly into her ear, “Awaken, Pet, your Mistress commands you to awaken.” Pam's eyes slowly opened. She pulled me with her as she scooted back, making me grunt and groan as the, whatever kept our waists together, bit into my pussy. I already felt a

wetness come over me. Pam brought me to the edge of her side of the bed where she stopped. Ara reached over, unhooking her collar from mine. I looked down while she moved to our waist—it was a crotch rope, joining the two of us together so that each tug would cause us to pull the other's pussy. Ara slowly untied it, feeling my lips. “Ooohh, someone's been having a good night. Well, if you're good, you can have fun while you watch your sister enjoy today's activities. Pet, come,” she commanded. Pam moved her feet over and stood up. Ara knelt and unlocked her cuffs, allowing her to walk freely. She then unlocked Pam's wrists. At that point, they each took an arm of mine, pulling me out of bed and standing me up. My legs only had a little bit of movement due to a small chain that kept them together.

They walked me to the window which turned out to be a terrace door (I noticed this for the first time on the fly, since I didn't have the luxury of looking around much). Ara unlocked the door and pushed it open, letting the world see the three of us in our nakedness. They pulled me to the balcony which overlooked the whole front side of the house. It was enormous. There was a large drive that had a very big, iron gate. The landscape was well-kept with various trees, flower beds, bushes, and little paths that meandered around the property. On the balcony, there sat a leather bench which looked like it was big enough for three. Pam and Ara walked me around the front of it. Ara knelt quickly, unlocking the chain connecting my ankles. I felt it best not to resist with them both on me. They pushed me to sit down, lifting my legs up on the bench, far apart, further, further, all the way into a splits position. I gasped at how much my pussy was exposed to the cold air. The fluids from me made my whole crotch even colder. My ankle cuffs were secured to the bench by small hooks. Next, they wrapped some leather straps that were attached to the bench's crevice right at my thighs. My legs were held very tight, as wide as they would go. My body shivered a little in the open air, completely naked outside.

“Pet, you play with your sister, I'll be back,” commanded Ara. She left the two of us. I looked up at Pam who moved closer to me, lowering down to my chest where her hands began to massage and play with my breasts. I shook my head and moaned as she groped my helpless chest. She leaned closer to lick through her gag around my nipples, pulling them to attention and hardening them like rocks. She traded nipples periodically while her fingers began to run against my labia.

“Hooohhh, oohh Hah... oooohhhh,” I moaned, panting and heaving. My hips twitched and bucked against her fingers, sliding up inside and running up and around my walls. My juices began to lube her fingers even more as she teased and played with my clit. Her tongue around my nipples, her fingers curling and sliding inside me, I bucked and squirmed, my legs held completely open. My waves built higher and higher-

“All right, Pet, that's enough!” called Ara from behind. I gasped as Pam's actions came to a sudden halt.

“Huah?! Uh-uh! Nah, heahe!” I whimpered, right on the boarder of a massive wave of orgasms. But they ignored me. I whimpered and whined in complete agony, being denied. Ara handed Pam a large vibrator. Pam held it to my pussy and slid it inside. It wasn't hard, I was already well-lubed. I moaned as it filled my walls, and then as she secured it in place by some strands of ropes handed to her by Ara. The whole time, Pam never looked me in the eye—not once. She

was almost lifeless, acting completely on command. It was...terrifying. Would I become like this? Like those other maids? The vibrator pressed far inside me and wedged a nub against my clit, but she neglected to turn it on. I squirmed and wiggled in place, but it didn't come loose in the slightest.

“Good Pet, now let's get you prepped.” Ara took Pam's arm and drew her wrists behind her, locking her cuffs together with a tiny padlock again. She attached the chain to her feet and then her leash to her collar. “Awaken, Pam, awaken, Pam, awaken,” she chanted quietly. Just then, Pam blinked and her eyes returned to normal! She looked around frantically, as if she didn't even know where she was.

“Huh!? Hhi?! Whahaueauh!?” Pam garbled through her gag to me.

“Hah! Arh hyuh ahlrah?!” I whined back to her, seeing that she was herself again.

“So much easier when I have you to help. Come now, Pet, say goodbye to your sister,” said Ara and she began to tug Pam by her leash. Pam shook her head whining at me and resisted, pulling at first but then giving in, having no way to really fight back. I whimpered as I watched Pam get pulled away from me, trying to call out to her. I sat back, distraught that I couldn't help her at all. Everything Ara had done was a step ahead of us! There was nothing we could do. She always made careful plans to keep us restrained or under control at all times. The moments I wasn't in bondage, I was so tired I couldn't even fight back no matter how much I wanted to. Now she had Pam, where she would... do something to her, and control her mind to make her double-team me. I sighed, looking down at my naked body. I did look gorgeous, tied so helplessly with a vibrator wedged in my pussy. The thought made my lips wet with anticipation. And that horrid bitch made Pam do all this to me but didn't turn it on?

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a large box-like object pushed out from the side. It sat in the middle of the driveway. Someone opened up like a kind of hinged case that let something be put inside it. Then I saw Ara, pulling Pam's leash. Ara was dressed, but Pam wasn't. Ara wore a black garb that covered her torso, but showed off her legs. Her legs looked like they were in some form of fishnet stockings, with her feet in some heeled shoes. Pam tried resisting a bit, but eventually stepped inside. She stepped in, and then bent over, where Ara reached down to attach her leash. Pam was made to stand in place, bent over, with her mouth hanging open from the ring-gag, and her pussy and bum open to anyone from behind. Her wrists were trapped behind to prevent her from resisting anything. Ara looked up at me and pointed. I gasped when my vibrator suddenly sprung to life—a low setting, but a shock to the system. I moaned heavily as it buzzed and stimulated my insides and my clit. Unfortunately for me, it was nowhere near enough to bring me to orgasm.

Ara wheeled Pam down the drive towards the gate where it opened up slowly. It stayed open as Ara posted Pam next to the column that lead out to the road. There was our freedom... right there, hanging open... and all I could do was pant at this vibrator in my pussy, driving me crazy because it wasn't on a higher setting. I whined in despair. Ara sat down in a nearby lawn chair, looking like she was just relaxing, playing with herself, as Pam sat there with her naked pussy and bum up in the air with her mouth open to the world. Was she just offering her to whatever

passerby came and wanted something to have their way with? It was a horrible thought as Pam was helpless to stop it, and with a gag she couldn't even call for help.

****SOME TIME PASSING****

I was sweating heavily, waiting for this thing to kick to a higher gear, but it hadn't. I don't know how long I'd been sitting here but I wanted to cum, now. I'd been denied all damn morning and I wanted my orgasm, dammit! I shook my head and my thoughts were interrupted by the sight of some man, dressed in a dirty jacket, ratty long hair and beard, and a toque, waddling down the path towards the two out front. I had to get his attention.

“HEEAAAHH!!!” I screamed as hard as I could, hoping he would hear me. But at that very instance, the vibrator jumped up higher, sending all efforts of calling for help down the tubes. “Uuooogh, oohhhh,” I moaned as my pussy buzzed with pleasure. I panted, “Oohh ghoh, oohhh hhghuck,” trying to call out, but could only moan into my gag. I tried keeping quiet as I heard voices talking.

“Dyouu h-have eny mune, jus'-jus' a few dollerz?” said the man in a slurred voice. His face was grimy; his beard was unkempt; and his hair was unwashed. From what I could see, I think he looked like a homeless man. Beggars can't be choosers (by which I mean me).

“I don't have money for you, but look! I do have a cumslut to offer. She's a one-of-a-kind time that I'm offering to you free of charge,” Ara said standing up. “She has a mouth like you've never felt.” He looked her up and down, his hand twitching towards her.

“Sh-shsheez pritty. Ar' yuu szhur you don't haff szum money?” he asked. Ara huffed and bat the bum's shoulder with her book, shooin' him away.

“Go, be off, I don't have time for beggars looking for money!” she snapped at him. He stumbled and slowly staggered to his feet, scampering away from being smacked by Ara.

“Hooohh, hwaaii-uuooohhh, oohh, ooohhh,” I panted and moaned into my gag, all efforts to call out being quickly squeezed out of me by the building waves inside which washed over me as the man left sight. A tear rolled down my eyes as a ribbon of drool fell over my lip down my chin. I leaned back, bucking my hips and heaving as the waves flooded me, sending countless orgasms shattering throughout my whole body. My limbs twitched and spasmed as I came and I came. My head hung forward, letting our hope slip away again. The vibrator continued to buzz and quaver inside me as I sat there. Ara had wheeled Pam back up the drive and frustratedly pulled her out of the box. She dragged her inside and out of my sight.

I sat there, feeling my orgasms wash and crush my will over and over. I don't know if I was sitting there for minutes or hours. It felt like the latter. I heard the sound of heels clicking behind me. I looked up to see if she had Pam with her, she didn't.

“Your sister's being punished for her failure as a cumslut. You can spend the afternoon inside,” she said.

“I whauah hee her,” I whined. But Ara didn't listen. She untied the vibrator from my pussy, and pulled it away. Next, she unstrapped my thighs, and then unlocked my ankles one by one. She hooked a leash on my collar and helped me stand. My legs felt like jell-o. I was a dancer and flexible enough. The splits position didn't hurt. It's that my muscles were stretched and I had been cumming for hours. I wobbled as she pulled me inside and closed the terrace doors.

Ara walked me through the house, and I didn't once see where she took Pam. I hoped she was okay. She pulled me to a large room with multiple easy chairs, sofas, and a large fireplace. Along the walls there were several books and decorative plants. It was a study. Along the floor, there was an entire outfit with bondage gear waiting.

“Sit,” she commanded.

“Hyeh, Hihh,” I uttered, falling to my knees in front of it. I didn't realize I said it until after the fact. My eyes widened in shock as I realized what was happening to me.

“Good girl, if you resist you will be punished. Are we going to have any problems?” she gripped my hair, staring daggers at me.

I shook my head, “Ho, Hihh,” I mumbled. She unlocked my wrists and my ankles from their cuffs. She brought the first piece of the outfit, a black, latex catsuit up to me, and helped me in it, fitting it to my body, molding to all of my curves. She took out my ring gag, finally letting my aching jaw get a break. “Thank you, Miss,” I panted, massaging my sore face while she zipped up my catsuit. The latex molded to my body and breasts, bulging and feeling much bigger than they were. She took hold of my wrists and locked the cuffs back on. The second thing that came on was a corset. I held my arms up as she wrapped it around my torso, tightly lacing it up. I grunted and panted as it squeezed me, forcing my body to take shape, my breasts and hips bulging even more than already. Ara picked up a hood, tucking my hair inside as she slipped it over my head. She fit it on nice and snug, with only my mouth and eyes open to the air. She pulled my arms behind me, I guess she had no more use for them, and locked them together by padlock. Next, Ara picked up a large panel dildo gag, holding it to my face. I obediently opened my mouth, whimpering at another gag already, but she just pushed it in, pulling the straps and buckling it tight behind my head. “Mngph,” I mumbled experimentally into it. The next item was a posture collar, Ara brought and wrapped around my neck, hooking it together and buckling it up. My neck was stretched very tall and upright, I couldn't look around without moving my shoulders.

Her next item, or I should say items, were some thick leather straps. She wrapped one around my elbows from behind, pulling them together very tight and buckling it. Next, she wrapped another one around my arms and body above my breasts, buckling it just as tight. Then another, buckled around my arms and body but this time beneath my breasts. Then a fourth wrapped around my wrists and tummy, keeping any movement of mine to an absolute minimum. But she wasn't done. Once my entire top was secure, Ara brought a pair of ballet boots to my feet and fit them on. My toes pointed as far as they could as she laced them up, then locked them on with a pair of small padlocks. Once my feet were secure, she wrapped another set of straps around my

ankle and thigh, binding me in a tight frogtie. She did this again to my other leg. My bondage was complete—almost. As I was now completely sealed away, having no identity other than my eyes, no movement other than light squirms, Ara moved to my front and tilted me back to do something to my crotch. I heard and felt the movement a zipper. She fit something up inside the catsuit, right inside my pussy. I was sopping wet. It was a very large egg, about the size of double-yolker you find on occasion. She also fit a smaller egg, the size of a bird's egg, into my bum. It was very slippery and well-lubed, being pushed inside me. She turned that on next, sending vibrations into my ass. Then she zipped my suit back up and flicked a switch on.

“Mnnggmn,” I moaned, closing my eyes and feeling it all throughout my whole body. Ara stood back up, walking behind me again and bringing something over my eyes, soft, fleece panels resting against my eye sockets, blindfolding me, and I felt her buckle it tight behind my head. The last thing I felt of her was another set of pads pressed to my ears, wrapping tight over my gag. They felt soft through the latex, kind of fleecy maybe. They blocked out all sound from the outside world. I could hear nothing but the buzzing inside my body...and my breath from within. Each breath grew deeper, heavier, and louder, as that was all I heard. I sat there, frog tied, my arms pinned behind me, in my latex catsuit... sightless... soundless...helpless...soulless. I felt myself slipping away as I whimpered into my gag. If someone were to see me now, I was no one, just a sex doll sitting on the floor, cumming in her catsuit. I contemplated all that was happening, how I'd been stripped of everything I was. My profession, my home, my love, my friends, and now who I was; but I still came waterfalls of my juices at everything happening. I didn't know who I was anymore. “Mmnnnghh,” I groaned, feeling the first wave of orgasms already washing over me. I think I was crying... I wanted Ios's embrace so bad. I felt dead. I fell back slowly and pushed on my straps, feeling the tightness of it all. But as I struggled, the eggs shifted around inside me. I laid there, locked in oblivion, feeling the second wave of orgasms already building. Ios....I'm so scared...please....HELP ME....!

12th Frame

I don't know how long it had been. I moaned heavily into the gag, sucking on it, feeling the vibrations churn throughout my body. I was on my back, squirming around with what little movement I had. The incisive, invasive, deafening buzzing inside my pussy and inside my ass had driven me to madness. It was all I could hear next to my panting and heaving breaths from within. But all I could do was lie there, squirming and wiggling, and cum, over and over, trapped in my latex suit, bound tightly by straps, and sealed away in darkness with no senses to guide me. I was completely alone in this realm. My body torqued and my hips bucked, feeling yet another wave crash over me.

Just then, I felt some hands on me, my shoulders. Someone was there! I hadn't heard them come up to me. My ears had been shielded by some earmuffs. The person sat me up on my legs, letting a groan fall out of me. But they didn't release me. I felt them reach over my shoulders, wrapping their arms around, and running their hands down, playing with my breasts, running their hands all along and around them. Their fingers massaged and gripped, squeezing and rubbing my latex-covered bosoms.

“Mnnggnnn?” I moaned, leaning back into them. I think it was a woman. I was leaning against something soft and squishy, kinda like breasts. Their hands probed my own latex-clad bosoms, massaging, groping, lifting and wrapping around them. I panted and heaved, squirming around in their arms. One of their hands dove down my tummy to my groin, playing with my zipped crotch. Their pressure pushed on the vibrating egg inside. “Mnnggnph!! Hmnggph!!” I heard myself emit, feeling the tingling inside rise higher and higher, growing by the second as she played with my pussy, mashing my clit and my sensitive spots. I squirmed and writhed in my bondage, panting and heaving through my nose as the only form of breathing, sucking on the dildo gag filling my mouth... and once again I heaved an enormous groan, cumming as hard as ever...and again...and again.

I heaved and groaned, being held up on my knees, shivering and twitching as my countless upon countless orgasms would hit in waves of aftershocks. The pressure from my position pushed on a small bird's egg vibrator in my ass. The hands unstrapped my chest and arms, and then my around my stomach. Was I being let out? Sound returned as I felt the earmuffs come loose.

“Mngph?” I whimpered as best I could, thinking Ara might have been there. ...No one answered. The hands pulled me back, laying me down again and unstrapped my legs. I slowly opened them up, feeling the hands unzip my crotch and pulling the egg out while it was still on. The vibrations touched my clit and made me jump slightly. Then they did the same for the egg in my bum. I tried pulling at my wrists to reach around and rub my very cold joints. But the cuffs were still in the way. The hands touched my head, unstrapping the blindfold and slowly pulling it away. The light blinded me for several moments while everything was a blur. I saw a chair, with a shape in it. The shape slowly took form in another woman. The one behind me unbuckled the gag in my mouth and pulled it out slowly. I gasped and heaved a huge breath as I could finally take air in once more. My sight pulled focus and I saw in shock at who it was. Ara was sitting there in a

large armchair, her breasts in one hand, her pussy in her other, playing with her labial piercings, pleasuring herself... Was she was touching herself to me the whole time!? It couldn't have been, I must have been here for hours. I'd never been so humiliated in all my life. I looked up at her sheepishly, wanting to speak, but could only faintly whisper. "Mi-hhh-Mi-Miss... I'm... so thirsty."

"Yes, I'm sure you are. You refused to eat and now you're paying for it. Are you going to behave now?" she asked, getting to her feet.

"Y... yes, Miss," I whispered obediently, hanging my head. I looked back at who was playing with my helpless body, and found my nightmare just went on. I discovered that it was Pam who sat at my back in a latex catsuit just like mine, but with no hood. She wore ballet boots just like mine. "Pam? Are you-! ...Hhhh!" I gasped, seeing her eyes were droopy, sagging, empty, like she was before. The shock of it drew out a whimper of defeat. The zombified look from her, staring down at me, lifeless and soulless, like a doll; it horrified me. But I was too scared to move away. She unlocked my posture collar, then removed my hood. The open air felt so refreshing on my sweat-covered scalp. My hair was a mess.

"Oh my, you two are quite filthy," scoffed Ara. "Pet, take your big sis and go get cleaned up."

"Yes, Miss," she mumbled in a monotone, flat affect. She attached the old collar I had from before back onto my neck, locking it with a little padlock, and hooked a leash on it, pulling me up to my feet. I shook like a leaf, trying to stabilize. It wasn't easy, I was still shaking. Pam helped me up as much as tugging on my leash would. I wobbled as she pulled me along. Ara didn't bother tidying up, just finished pleasuring herself. Pam pulled me along, walking me through the house as best I could with my wrists still locked in leather cuffs and my shaky legs in these damn boots.

"Pam, please, wake up," I whispered to her, hoping no one else would hear. It was like talking to a wall. I felt a few tears well in my eyes as my efforts to reach her were in vain. "I can't do this, I feel so alone. Pam, if you can hear me, please just give me a sign, anything..." ...nothing. I quietly sniffled and cried to myself. She walked slowly, gripping my leash, and didn't even turn. My head hung in agony, tears dripping from my eyes. I may as well have been pulled by one of the other empty, mindless specters she had enslaved.

We reached a luxurious and spacious bathroom. The middle had a large bathtub, almost like a hot tub. It was certainly big enough for more than two people. Pam turned to me, eyes still sagging and droopy. Not a breath of life in them. She first helped remove the boots, unlocking them and helping me pull them away, discarding them on the floor. Next, came my cuffs behind me. She unlocked my cuffs and pulled them off. I took a moment to rub my very tender wrists, having been in some form of bondage for almost.... ...Now that I realize it, I don't know how long I'd been trapped here in this mansion. Finally, Pam unzipped my catsuit and peeled it away. It took some coaxing, since all the sweat from my body had made it stick. The suit turned inside out as it was peeled away from my limbs. I sat on the floor naked, exhausted, contemplating what I should do. She began to strip out of her own catsuit and she was completely open, unguarded. I could finally take this chance to run away! I looked at the bathroom door and the

nearby window, thinking I had to act now or I may never get another chance! Yet, as I watched my dear friend, my heart sank into my stomach. I looked in sorrow at her pitiful, mindless expression. She was here because of me. She came to find me. I couldn't just abandon her like this. Ara may come to find me missing and punish her for it. Even if I managed to make it out of here, as impossible as that was from all the orgasms, and the bondage, my body was so shot that I could barely stand, much less run, let alone fight back; and, as the deathblow, I had no idea where I was, how far away from civilization this house stood. I sat naked in the bathroom and wept, staying right where I was.

Pam finished undressing and filled the tub with water. She came back and lifted me to my feet, taking my hand and guiding me into the tub. The water felt so warm and relaxing. It was so very welcome. The marks on my body tingled as the water engulfed my body. Pam dipped my hair back against the water, washing me off of all the grime that had come with days without a shower. She pulled a loofah from a tray sitting in the tub's wall, running it along my neck and face, not at all looking at my eyes. I leaned back, feeling her hands caress and rub my naked body. I breathed softly, taking the only moment I had in days to relax. Pam lathered the loofah and began to wash my body. Her hands ran all over my chest, my tummy, and then down my arms, lifting my legs and washing my sore muscles, my feet, and then inside my crotch. I gasped as her fingers touched inside my pussy, cleaning and washing me. She handed me the loofah, sitting mindlessly. Did she need further instruction? I looked at it and her, and thought maybe she needed me to do her now. Acting on mostly instinct, I began to repeat the process for her. I rubbed my soapy hands and sponge all along her body, around her breasts, her neck, her arms, and along her bum and pussy.

“Mmmnhh,” she moaned quietly. My eyes widened, thinking she was possibly awake, but her eyes were just closed. She could still feel stimulation, but that was just her reacting to it. This had been the most intimate I'd ever been with Pam, let alone another woman. She was all washed, and I dipped her hair to rinse that too. Once done, I stood there with her, looking at her from beside her, and wrapped my arms around her waist, resting my face against hers.

“Oh Pam, if I could just snap you out of it, we could get out of here... I won't leave you like this, I promise,” I whispered to her. Bath time was over. She tugged my hand and dragged me out of the water. On a nearby shelf, there rested a few very large towels that we used to dry ourselves. I heaved a sigh when we were all dry, seeing her pull me back over to the pile of materials she'd stripped from me. She reattached my leather wrist cuffs back to my hands and pulled them behind me, locking them in place. “Nhh, she didn't say to do that, y'know,” I whined, looking back at her attaching her own leather cuffs again. She pulled me to a second shelf beside the towels where there rested a number of restraints and toys, but selected two large, red ballgags. “Hey, no, Pam pleagnpnmng,” I started to protest only for her to push the ball in my mouth, buckling it as tight as it possibly could go behind my head, under my still-wet hair. Once she finished with me, she fit one in for herself, holding the ball to her mouth, pushing it inside and buckling the straps behind under her hair tightly. She then took my leash in hand, pulling me behind her.

I blushed very heavily walking by a maid who glanced at my nakedness. We paced through the house, completely naked apart from our cuffs, gags, and collars. Pam pulled me to a bedroom

where Ara sat in a red, very transparent nighty and thong, preparing herself for bed it seemed, brushing her hair and turning to us.

“Oooh!! My Pet and her big sis are all squeaky clean now! Come, it's time for bed.” No water for me, I guess. Pam tugged on me, pulling me to a huge bed, crawling onto it. I followed as best I could with just my legs, moving closer to the two as she fixed my leash to a carabiner on the headboard. Ara then took Pam's wrists and locked them behind her back, attaching a second leash which was already anchored to the headboard to Pam's collar. “Oooh! A dream come true, sleeping between two lovely pets in bondage,” she squealed, moving between us and settling us into the sheets. She wrapped her arms around us, pulling us all close together. “Now, you two go to sleep. And if either of you wake me up, you both will be severely punished.”

“Mph, Mnpph,” mumbled Pam.

“...Nh, mph, Mnpph,” I answered after, wanting to not be chastised for not responding.

“Good girls!” she squeaked, settling close to us, wrapping her legs with ours and nuzzling into Pam's forehead. I lied there in bed with this awful woman, wanting to be as far away from her as possible; but here I was, curled naked around her. With nothing else I could do, I whimpered silently... and closed my eyes.

****AN ACTUALLY RATHER PEACEFUL SLEEP LATER****

I slept like a log. My arms were still achy, but the bedsheets were very soft and smooth, like sleeping on a cloud. My jaw was really stiff from being ballgagged all night. I rolled away from the other two, but not far since my leash didn't have the most slack. I found Ara's arms and legs wrapped around Pam, spooning her, rubbing up and down her, kissing her neck and shoulder in her sleep. What was it with her and Pam, I wondered. Why was she constantly calling Pam her pet? What was the nature of their relationship? Ara began to stir and rolled over, feeling the bed for me. Her eyes opened and noticed me noticing her. She stretched and sat up.

“What's wrong? Did you enjoy your stay in your Mistress' bed?” she asked to me.

I looked down, hesitating, but nodded meekly, answering very lowly, “Mph, Mnpph.”

“Good, I knew you'd be happy here,” she said, petting me. I whimpered, pouting and looking away. “Oh come now, are you still that shy? Well, we can work on that today. Let's get your sister up!” she said with a smile. Her eyes were still as cold and eerie as always. She turned to Pam and whispered into her ear, stroking her cheek.

“Mnnhh, nnmhph.... mnph? Hmn!?” Pam's eyes opened, full of life again. She was herself this time!

“Good morning, Pet,” Ara greeted her by rubbing Pam's chest. “You slept better than either of us. I hope you're hungry.”

“Hmph!” Pam grunted, looking away from her, then over to me, “Fhmn!” she garbled to me, eyes widening worriedly.

“Hm Phmn,” I mumbled back, looking at the mattress. Ara got dressed in a large, silk robe, then took both our leashes and pulled us along. No clothes for us, it looked like. We walked together behind her. I felt at least a little bit better this morning, both physically and mentally. Pam was herself... for now anyway. I twisted my arms reached around my side as much as I could to her while she did the same—and we held each others hands while we were pulled through the halls. I looked sadly over to her, and she returned the look. We both could tell in each others eyes how sorry we were about this mess. She gave me a look of understanding by nodding. I stayed close to her. She was the only real friend I had here.

Ara pulled us to the dining hall where she fixed our leashes to the large chairs. First, she sat Pam down, strapping her ankles to the chair legs, holding her legs open. Next, she fixed handcuffs to her upper arms with chains just long enough so she could reach the table. Once she was secured in place, Ara unlocked her wrist cuffs to let Pam reach in front. My turn was next, same treatment, my legs strapped to each chair leg and held open, then the handcuffs around my upper arms, and finally my wrists unlocked from behind. Ara sat leaning on the table facing us.

“Now you two know the rules, if you speak out of turn, you'll receive nothing to eat and be severely punished. Understood?” she asked, glowering at the two of us. I looked over at Pam, then back to her, before nodding.

“Mph Mnpph,” I mumbled.

“Mph Mnpph,” Pam mumbled.

“Good Pets. You're so well-behaved when you have a little encouragement,” she smiled with a chipper tone in her voice. She reached around my head, unbuckling the straps and pulling the ball from my lips. I heaved a sigh, watching as she did Pam's next. Once done, she placed our gags on the table and sat in the head chair, ringing a small bell next to her. Within moments, a couple of maids appeared, plates and trays in their arms and hands. They served us at the table, uncovering them. My eyes widened, my mouth watered. It was a delicious English breakfast, bacon, sausage links, eggs, a couple of hash browns, and then a glass of tea. My stomach made a very loud, noticeable, 'rrmmhh' noise. I blushed, looking at the other two who were staring at me. Ara just grinned sinisterly. “Have some breakfast, I insist,” she offered. I looked at the meal. My teeth chattered. My resistance failed. I lunged at the plate, grabbing the utensils, shoveling the food into my mouth. It was absolutely amazing. I went to town on that meal. Pam joined me after a moment of resisting. It wasn't until her own stomach called out, 'grrnmn', that she chomped into her meal too. Ara giggled to herself, eating her own share. I downed the entire glass of tea in one almost gulp (it was a few more), panting at the first food/drink I had since I got here. “Well next time don't refuse your food,” she said to me.

“...Y-yes, Miss,” I answered, hanging my head to hide the red tint in my cheeks. Pam finished hers and reached as best she could to touch my arm. I looked over at her, seeing a look of reassurance from her. I opened my mouth, about to speak, but glanced at Ara, who was staring daggers at me out of the corner of her eye as she ate. I held my tongue and shut my mouth,

hanging my head again. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Pam turn to Ara.

“...Why don't you let her go?! Can't you see she hates it here!?” Pam snapped in an outburst. My eyes shot wide, my jaw fell open, and whole face went beet red, looking up at her. Pam, what have you done?!

“Bad girl!” hissed Ara. She threw her napkin on the table and grabbed Pam's gag. She hastily got to her feet and walked over, grabbing Pam's jaw and forcing the ball back into her mouth and buckling it tight behind her.

“Mphnmph! Pmnhph!” Pam growled and grunted at her, glaring hatefully at Ara.

“Looks like you need a refresher course in manners, Pet, biting the hand that feeds you,” said Ara. “And since you forgot how this works, your big sis here will join you!”

“Hmph!?” her eyes widened, looking over at me. I looked back at her, filled with sorrow that she was about to be punished for standing up for me. “Mm-mn!!” grunted Pam, shaking her head.

“I'm sorry Pam, I-ow! Nngmph!” Ara gripped my hair, seizing my cry in pain as an opportunity to push the ballgag back into my mouth as well. I whined, looking over at Pam who was struggling wildly in her chair at what Ara had done.

“You two seem to have a bit of fight still in you. I think I'll run it out of you today.” With that, she recuffed my wrists behind me again, then unlocked my arms, then my feet. She repeated the process for Pam, wrists, arms, and feet, then took our leashes and pulled us along. Pam resisted, but as soon as she did, Ara pulled me and gripped my hair and scowling at her.

“MNH!! Mngphmhmhhh!!” I screamed in pain. Just like that, all the fight Pam had in her went dead. She stood very still, then nodded quietly.

“Turn around,” she ordered Pam, in a very low growl. Pam obediently turned her back to Ara. Ara pushed me next to Pam. Without warning, Ara lashed and whipped both of our naked bums with our own leashes. We each squealed and yelped in pain, nursing the points of impact on our bare cheeks. “You two better shape up, or that'll be your only meal for the week. Pets get to eat at the table and sleep in bed with their Mistress. Dogs eat off the floor and sleep outside! Do I make myself-CLEAR!” she whipped our backsides again. I cried in pain and tried to shield my naked buttocks from her any way I could.

“Mph Mnpph!!” Pam shouted. Ara growled and pulled us along. No resistance this time from either of us. We were pulled towards the kitchen area, through the very well-equipped kitchen, plenty of pots and pans for very large gatherings. Fridges and pantries big enough where you could walk inside them. We saw a few maids cleaning up and washing the dishes, only noticing us, smiling lightheartedly, and going back to work. Ara pulled us through a kitchen door going outside. I was still rubbing my sore bum, feeling the weld spot she had tanned. Outside, Ara lead us along the pathways. In the grass, we saw various lawn decorations and objects used for a

variety of activities including croquet and horseback riding. She pulled us to a small building with a couple of large doors on the outside. Once inside, I could tell by the smell of hay that it was a stable. There were a couple of horses penned in, eating quietly and swaying their tails. Ara hooked our leashes to separate hooks on opposite sides of a large middle area in the center of the room. The leashes pulled very taut, almost choking us. I had to stand on my tippy toes just so I wouldn't get strangled. Towards the large doors, there was a large chariot with a shaft in the middle reaching out. Oh no... I could sense what was going to happen next. I think Pam did too, because she really started to kick and fight back.

13th Frame

“I have a better idea,” Ara murmured, looking at Pam kick and pull, knowing full well who was going to be pulling that chariot. “Sleep,” she said, lifting her hand to Pam. In an instant, Pam froze, her eyes sagged, and her body became very calm and still. I trembled, watching her become that zombie again. What had Ara been doing to her?! Every time she looked like this, it scared me, wondering what was happening to her—if that was going to happen to me, if it had already happened to me! “Pet, you will fix your big sis up and then help me prepare you, is that understood?”

“Mph Mnpph,” she mumbled into her ballgag.

“Good, Pet,” said Ara as she unhooked her leash and unlocked her cuffs. Then she went into a changing room, leaving us alone. Pam walked to a nearby locker where she opened it up. I could see various equipment and outfits hanging inside it. Pam selected a shiny, silver, spandex catsuit, and pulled it out. She walked to me and held my legs. I didn't resist, knowing that if I did, she would be punished for my insolence. Pam fit my legs inside the legs, then my body, and unlocked my wrists from each other to fit them in the suit. The suit was special in that it had holes for my breasts to fit through, bulging out of them in fact. It had a zipper going from my bum all the way to my crotch. She zipped the catsuit's front, then unzipped the groin. Next, Pam fetched from the locker a pair of shoes that were in the shape of horse hooves, but they may as well have been ballet boots they were so high in the heel. She walked over and fit them onto my feet, lacing them up tight, and locking them on with padlocks. Next, she unbuckled my ballgag and pulled it out. I heaved a breath of stable air, rubbing my cheeks from the straps and pouting at what was about to happen. My heart beat wildly, stomach turning over. I was honestly scared of this sort of thing. Pam came back from the locker with an assortment of items. First, she wrapped a corset around my torso, zipping it up and lacing it very tight to squeeze my midsection. She wrapped a leather belt around my hips, buckling it securely, and then pulled my arms to my sides, locking my wrists to my waist. I gasped for air as she unhooked my leash, taking my collar off, and then replacing it with a posture collar. My neck stretched as I stood very tall in this outfit. She had to retrieve more from the locker, then came back. I stood groaning at how uncomfortable this was.

Pam stood behind, brushing my hair until it was very smooth, soft, and straight. She pulled it tight and put it up into a ponytail—in a book it's called foreshadowing. What appeared before me, she held up a harness bit gag to my face. I sighed and opened my mouth obediently to her, accepting the gag as she pulled it deep between my teeth, fastened it over my head, around my cheeks, under my chin, and felt it all buckled very tight behind my head. On the harness, she fixed a fake mane to my head, then blinders to keep me from looking on either side of me. She pulled me over to the chariot, helping me step inside the place where a horse would be. First, she attached some strings I noticed on the center shaft over the back of my shoulders, then down my chest to my nipples. The strings had little loops on the end. Uh oh...Pam licked my nipples softly, causing me to moan into my gag.

“Oohhh, Pham, mnooo,” I moaned and whined as my nipples stood at attention, feeling her wrap the loops around and tighten them, feeling my nipples squeezed. I squealed in distress as my poor nipples were tugged. She reached down and found a small chain hanging on the shaft, taking it and fixing it to my ankles to keep me from wandering too far. What happened next was something I never saw coming. Pam moved behind me, bent me forward a little, and I felt something slide inside my bum between my cheeks, filling my rear. I gasped and wheezed at the sensation, feeling incredibly invaded and violated. Whatever it was had slid inside my catsuit with two little flaps pressing against each of my buttcheeks. It was very filling and incredibly alien to me. I don't think I liked it. I groaned at the feeling as she zipped my catsuit up. Finally, she lifted the left piece of the shaft and attached it to my waist harness by way of chain and padlock. The chains rustled as she wrapped them around me and then, (CLICK), locked in place. It was one of the most ominous sounds ever, under the circumstances. Although, it wasn't that heavy, actually. Once I was firmly, securely in place, I stood there as Pam left me, walking back to the locker. I couldn't see her, couldn't turn to watch her. I could only hear rustling. The longer I stood there, the more uncomfortable this was, especially this butt plug inside me. I didn't like this thing at all.

“Ahh, good Pet, let's get you fixed up,” I heard Ara say from behind. I heard them approach my right side, on the other side of the center shaft, and chained her ankles together, attaching the nipple strings, and bent her forward for the butt plug as well. I turned as best I could and saw that it was a fake horse tail, with some strange sheets along the sides that pressed to her buttcheeks (and mine). Were they to hold the plug in place? Ara zipped Pam up and then chanted to her again, “Awaken, Pam, awaken...”

“Heuh? HEY! Wha hahff hyuhhuh!?” she shouted and flailed in place, taking hold of her situation. Was this because of the predicament we were in? Ara stepped around in front of us both. She wore an Equestrian uniform, complete with jacket, jodhpurs, riding boots and gloves. She giggled looking at the two of us while Pam was cursing up a storm. Honestly, I had never seen her so infuriated. Had she done this before or-?

“I think it's so cute when you wag your tail for me, Pet. And I know how much you love being forced into it, but it was much easier getting you ready by having you do it yourself than me having to do it. Well then, let's run all this disobedience out of you two,” she said turning to the doors, unlatching them, and opening them up to us. The open air blew against us. Ara walked behind, climbing aboard the chariot. I felt the strings, which were the reins in fact, tug my nipples. I gave a very high pitch squeal, feeling them pulled. Soon enough, Pam joined me, squealing in pain from her poor nipples being yanked by the reins. “Gidup,” called Ara. With a sudden (FLICK), I felt a very sharp, shocking pain in my cheek. It was so painful I let out the highest of pitched squeals ever as I felt my entire bum jolt, even on the inside... the plug! It had some effect that shocked me whenever she struck my cheek. Pam screamed in a very high-pitch squeal, sort of whinnying. I did the only thing I could think of to get away from it and stepped forward, feeling another crop to my other cheek. I too let out a very high-pitch neigh, gripping my eyes shut in pain, feeling a teardrop well. Pam and I, completely on involuntary instinct, moved forward in unison to escape the strikes against our behinds, bringing the chariot to movement. We picked up speed, only for our nipples to get pulled back to slow us down.

We reached the path and had to take a direction in the fork. My left nipple got a hard tug with a harsh (FLICK) crop to my right cheek. I screamed into my gag at how much it hurt, leaning to the left away from that side and to ease the yanking on my nipple, pulling Pam with me. Pam squealed just as loud when she got a (FLICK) and was pulled along. I couldn't see anything behind me or next to me. I could only look forward, feeling which direction to pull based on whichever side got the most pain. 'Butt cheek go away, nipple go towards' was all I could process. I panted and walked, looking around at the landscape with only my eyes, pulling this chariot. I was a pony... I was reduced to damn a pony!

I trotted, drooling down my chin over myself while I panted, feeling the occasional tug on my poor, helpless nipples, as well as the sharp pain in my bum from straying too far off course. It was overwhelming. I sobbed in silence, tears running freely down my face. Not from the pain of being cropped, but at this point, finally, I felt destroyed. My life was ruined. The sun may have been hot and this catsuit didn't insulate at all; but I was freezing. My heart was cold and I felt so empty, feeling nothing inside. It had broken apart. I didn't love this, I didn't love bondage anymore. I hated everything I was again, what I'd become. I wasn't even a person at this point. I looked around at the birds flying around, one pair together, and immediately my thoughts turned to my other half... my beloved. I pictured his face, his smile, and the warmth of his arms around me. I sobbed silently, panting and losing focus. The despair was overwhelming... there was no way out.... I'd never see him again. I'd never see my wonderful Ios again, condemned to the rest of my life as this woman's play thing. I stopped. The chariot stopped with me as my silent cries were now out loud, filled with unspeakable sorrow.

“Gidup!” Ara called from behind me, striking my bum again. I neighed into my gag and immediately started trotting along, sobbing uncontrollably and sniffing, my eyes soaked with tears.

“hi?” called Pam from next to me. “Are y'u uohkhay? EEHHEEHHEE!!” she asked, only to be cropped for speaking out of turn. But I didn't answer with words. I wasn't able to. I could not stop sobbing. I wanted it all to go away. I wanted Ios back. I wanted to feel safe again. Every time I tried to resist, my body would just betray me to my sexual desires. I couldn't escape... there was no hope. There were only tears—my tears. I felt myself collapse as I was once again swallowed by darkness.

****I THOUGHT I HAD DIED****

My eyes slowly opened up. I felt very sore in my legs, my bum, and my arms and especially shoulders. I was standing on my feet, held up by a pair of straps around my shoulders, holding my upper body in place. My ankles were locked to a spreader bar. My arms were trapped behind me in, something, it felt like leather. They were pinned tightly together in a single piece that enveloped them both. It was a monoglove armbinder. I was completely naked apart from those items. My armbinder was fixed to a rail above me that was mounted to the wall, forcing me into a strappado.

“Uuuhhhh,” I whimpered, realizing I was gagged with a ring-gag. I looked over to see Pam on all-fours, blindfolded, in a metallic frame holding her wrists, legs, and hips very tightly in place,

with pistons posted around it at the front, back and beneath her. The pistons had dildos mounted on them, whirring and thrusting into her gaping mouth, her pussy, and her rear. She made sucking noises as it perpetually thrust inside her.

“Well well, look who's back from her little nap. Too much fresh air I take it?” Ara said from her desk. We were in her office again. She stood up, walking around to me. Her finger touched my chin and stroked along my cheek. “And we were making such progress. Well, don't be discouraged, with a little more effort, you'll be ripe for the picking and happy you came to live here.” But I didn't come to live here willingly-!! Ohh, what did it matter anymore? Ara walked over to Pam, switching the front piston off, slowing it to a halt, and pulling the dildo out of Pam's mouth. It was bigger than I thought. She gasped and coughed for air, only for it to be replaced with a big black ballgag, strapped tight behind her. Ara picked up a leather flog from her shelf and walked behind me. “Let's take it from the top, shall we? I know how you like a little punishment.” I whimpered as I felt the light, warm-up thwacks and slaps across my bare, defenseless buttocks, my legs, my underside. There was just no end to it. I was going to be her slave forever. “You seem to be resisting me again, try not to, you'll thank me for it later; I'm going to keep pushing you, and pushing you. I will continue until you break, and finally see yourself for the true beauty inside,” she said to me.

“Ah! Ahh! Oowh! Hhh, hhh, hh, hyeh, Hihh,” I panted and groaned, feeling my pussy flare up with heat and warmth as she lightly flogged my sensitive parts, my legs, and up my back.

-BOOM-

She and I gasped as I felt a shockwave from the house. Ara immediately ceased my torment.

“What the-?!” she exclaimed, rushing around me to a large bookcase. She flicked a switch beside it, sliding the case over which revealed a large TV array with a control panel. She pressed a few buttons, and all the screens lit up. They were surveillance cameras, posted everywhere, there were so many places, she saw the whole property and its perimeter. She stopped on one screen that was a large, burning building with three very large garage doors, and slowly gasped. “My cars!” She pressed a button on the panel and shouted into a microphone, “Report! All units! I demand to know what happened immediately! The one responsi-” she stopped mid-sentence. A shadowy figure appeared to be standing beside the burning building. It turned around, heading towards a satellite dish mounted nearby, but somewhere in the property. The figure moved with quick speed, and jumped into the dish, knocking it to the side. The figure reached up and bashed the antenna that reached out from it. What were they doing? Who was this!? I blinked and watched helplessly, my heart was racing, but cheered them on in silence.

Ara growled through her teeth, watching the shadow figure rip the cables out of the dish and then make its way around the house's outside. “Do they know how much it'll cost me to replace all this?!” she muttered reaching for a phone and turning it on next to her ear. She paused and looked at it, then put it back to her ear. “It's dead! Did they cut the phone lines too!?” Ara snarled lowly under her breath and pressed a button again and yelled, “Guards! We have an intruder! Be prepared to capture and bring them to me! I want them alive...” she hissed. She walked quickly around to her computer and brought the screens up, clicking around with her

mouse. Her mouth fell open, her eyes widened. “What the hell?! My Internet, I have no network connection... did they-!?” she looked back at the surveillance screens. The figure had made their way into the front yard, grabbing a large object from the garden. It was a large rock. I thought I recognized the outfit, it looked kind of dark and grubby... who was this?

The figure walked up the steps, then around the side to the large window, hurling the object through. The window shattered and broke as he leaped through it, walking in to the front door. The cameras caught a great view of him. I gasped at the sight. It was that homeless man! The one Ara tried to get to play with Pam the other day. What was he doing here?! He looked angrily at the maids as they assembled around him, blocking his path. They came armed with crops, whips, chains, ropes, handcuffs, and large wooden canes. There must have been at least eight of them.

“Him!!” Ara screeched. The man dropped a small bag from his shoulder. He shed his dirty jacket, and threw it to the floor. He was skinny, but my word, his biceps, triceps, and forearms were ripped. He reached up to his head, pulling the toque he wore off and threw it down. His hair was messy at first but he smoothed it out. He reached up to his face, pulling a pair of broken glasses with padding in the right eyepiece, and dropped them. His eyes... his build... my heart stopped as he reached up, pulling his beard off in one motion. The beard was fake, and tossed aside, revealing an illusion. It had to be an illusion. My mind was playing tricks on me! But no matter how unreal it had seemed, there he was, there my only hope stood, looking at all of the maids around him. I couldn't believe my eyes. “Who the hell is he?!” screeched Ara. “He” was my savior...! I trembled and panted with excitement—he was actually here! Ios found us! He was actually here!! Ara looked at a different camera. “How did he get in!? The gate is always locked at ni-What!?” she shrieked. The front gate was locked all right. She leaned in close, looking carefully at it. “Is that...razor wire?! He chained and wired the gates shut! Why would he-...” I could sense the terror surfacing in Ara as I realized it to.

One of the maids approached him slowly. Since I don't know their names or identities, most of them had hoods on and no identifying marks at all, I could only refer to them as numbers. For the sake of discerning who was whom, I thought of her as #5. He scowled over at her, eyes widening, gritting and bearing his teeth, filled with rage.

She spoke to him, “The Mistress has not permitted-!”

“**WWHHOOOOHHH!!!**” he howled through his teeth, gripping his hands like claws, his neck muscles straining, as his whole muscular physique flared. #5, Ara, and my heart jumped. But I was worried about something different apart from his being here. Something was all wrong about this.

Ios lunged forward, grabbing the front of #5's uniform, shoving her with so much force she actually went airborne, screaming as she flew back and hit her head, skidding across the floor. She wasn't getting up... #s 4 and 3, brandishing a pair of handcuffs and rope (respectively) jumped at him simultaneously. Ios hunkered down and jumped at #4, shoving his heel into her stomach, knocking the cuffs out of her hand and her onto the floor. She rolled on the floor, and then lie very still, out cold. #3 almost reached him, but her foot was grabbed by Ios, and flipped

off balance. She screamed in surprise and alarm as she went somersaulting through the air, landing hard on her side, letting go of her ropes. Ios grabbed the cuffs dropped by #4 and locked her wrists behind her, wrapped the rope she had around her cuffs and then around her neck, pushing her away to struggle. Every movement she made strangled her a little harder.

“What is he... doing to my-!” Ara looked on in shock as her maids were assaulted and pummeled.

#s 2, 6, and 7 all ran at him. #6 swiped at him with a flog, but he quickly ducked and grabbed her wrist and shoulder, whirling her around and around, “**HHHRRRAA!!**” he roared, letting go of her into #2. They both went down with a loud “Ooff!” and went down for the count. Just it happened, as #7, brandishing a cane, slapped his face hard.

“HA!” cheered Ara, someone finally landing a hit on him. He winced as the cane struck his cheek. I whimpered as I watched my love get hurt. But it didn't stop him. Ios grabbed it out of her hand, holding it with both hands, bending it, and snapping it in half. He growled lowly and seized her face, shoving her into the ground and clenching.

“MRMPH!” she screamed, struggling to push his arm away from her head being crushed in his hand, flailing her arms to get him off her. #s 8 and 1 came running to her aid, slashing at him with their whip and crop. Ios released her just in the nick of time to dodge the cracks from being hit. He was fast. He jumped back, lowering down, his hands reared in the shapes of claws. His teeth grit hard, his lips curled back as his eyes twitched, fueled by rage.

“*You're going down!!*” he hissed at them. He gripped a fist, driving it hard into the floor. The force was so powerful, we felt the office shake from here. I looked at the items on the shelf jiggle a little, then back at him on the cameras. His arm swelled with his veins, his neck bulged with his muscles, “**RRRRRRRAAAAGGHH!!!**” he roared. His veins sunk back inside his body, at which point his whole body flared, red as a cherry. As I watched him, I felt a cold sweat and a very nauseous feeling in my stomach. The rage, pain in his eyes...

Ios sprinted towards #8, shoving his palm into her stomach, followed by a whole bunch of quick strikes and jabs with his fingers and hands into her torso, moving so quickly I could barely follow, and then kicked her legs out, and stomped on her thigh to cripple her. She screamed out in pain as he loomed over her. #1 stood there quivering.

“*Your mistress! Where is she!?!?*” he bellowed down at #8.

“M-Miss has ordered you-KULGHAA!” she wretched as he stamped on her diaphragm.

“**TELL ME!! Where is the Mistress of this house!?!?**” I glanced over at Ara, seeing her face...stricken with a mix of fear and anger. She clenched her jaw, quivering. I couldn't tell if she was terrified or infuriated. It might have been both.

“He's...he's ruining everything!!” she screeched.

“Hyaaaah!” roared #1 as she lunged at Ios, his attention still on #8, and (SWIPE), she attempted

to crop him hard across the face, only for it to end up in his hand. He caught it as she swung, ripping it out of her hand and stepping off #8. His teeth bared, growling viciously at her, #1 backing away very slowly, panting in fear as he leered and stared her down with the meanest of looks. “P-please... you have to submit or-”

“**END OF THE LINE!!**” thundered Ios. He hunkered down, gripping the crop's handle, holding it the way an ancient ronin would about to draw his blade. In a rushing, fluidized motion, he lashed out with countless slashes across #1's chest, stomach, legs, arms, and face, whipping in upward criss-cross strokes, over and over again—he cropped her senseless. Stopping suddenly and throwing the crop far against the wall, he reached down, grabbing her ankle as she was stunned with shock, pulling her off her feet, and then spun around and around, tossing her like a hammer throw. #1 flew across the room into a display table, breaking it with her impact, and fell to the floor...motionless. At this point, Ara, wasn't angry anymore, but absolutely terrified. She began to breathe heavily, watching Ios storm through the now empty hall, marching upstairs, gripping his fists.

“My... my maids... have all been slain...” she muttered. “Wait, is he-?!” she looked close at the TV screen. Ios reached the first door in the large hallway and leaned over, heaving a huge exhale. He panted, completely out of breath. “He must be getting tired... now's the chance!” She smiled nervously. But that smile faded quickly when he gripped the nearby wall.

“Not yet...” he growled very lowly. “Have to find her!...HrrrrnNNN!!” his arm gripping the wall bulged with his veins again, flaring like his body was about to rupture, and then they sunk back into him. It was like he got revved back up, renewing that cherry color in his face and arms. He began stomping through the halls again. He beat open door after door as he came across them, searching every room. He was on his way here.

“This can't be-” panted Ara. She turned around fast, bracing herself against the control panel, breathing heavily. I can see she started to panic. She looked around frantically, trying to get a grip on herself. “Calm down, Ara,” she whispered to herself. I furrowed my brow, watching her talk to herself. “You are in control.... I am in control...” She closed her eyes, chanting her mantra to herself, taking slow breaths. After a few moments, she looked over at me with a nervous smile. “No matter, I can fix this.”

“Hah?” asked through my gag. My shoulders were killing me at this point from this bloody strappado I was trapped in. I couldn't even stand up. Not to mention my legs held open at this wide angle by a spreader bar. At least the armbinder had some straps to hold me up. Ara quickly rushed over to her desk, fumbling through it. As she did, I looked back over at my lover, whimpering. “Oh don't worry, he's not going to harm us,” she said looking over at me. You wretched bitch! I was worried for *his* safety!

“Mnghhph?!” mumbled Pam. Poor Pam, she hadn't seen anything. She only heard these things happening while being continually penetrated.

“I have a plan,” muttered Ara, fiddling through her drawers for something. “No, chloroform won't work, I'll never be able to hold him long enough...” Meanwhile, I looked back over at Ios.

I pouted through my gag, feeling my heart break inside. He stormed through the halls. I'd never seen him so angry. The way he beat those girls senseless, consumed by rage... he wasn't himself anymore. He was driven to this by something. I didn't want him to hurt anymore. This wasn't my Ios. This was... a beast, who reminded me of-. "Ah-ha! Here we have it!" she rallied to herself. She lifted up a small syringe and took the cap off the needle, squirting it a little. "I knew this would come in handy one day. This man may be powerful, but he can't resist a shot of etorphine. There's enough here to take down an elephant! I'll make him pay for this..." she grumbled, grinning very unstably. Oh no, Ios, she was going to capture you too?! Please, watch out!

But here he was. With a loud crash, the door flung open, and there he stood, menacingly gazing into the office with us, seething through his teeth. He looked over to me with twitching, bloodshot eyes...

"Uh-uh!" I shook my head trying to warn him. "Hwah ouh! Hehh hah ah hrawhaarhouh!!" Curse this gag! I had to warn him! But it was too late. He turned his sights on Ara, and slowly clomped in the room, moving towards Ara, who sat on the desk hiding the needle behind her. I went pale, sweating at how dangerous she was. No, Ios! Stay away!!

"You seem to have befuddled me, stranger. You've destroyed my house, trashed my maids... maybe we can cut a deal," she offered, giving him a fake smile. He just growled, clenched fists shaking violently. "I didn't think so!" she shouted, rearing back and thrusting it at him. NO! He put his hand up to stop it but-

"**GHKAAAUUGGHH!!!**" Ios screamed, gripping his eyes in pain, his legs buckling slightly. Oh god no, this couldn't be happening!! My eyes welled with tears seeing him like this, he was about to...stand...back...up? "Auughhhhhrrrrrrrgghhhh!!!" he snarled, rising to his feet. Had he resisted the tranquilizer? No, that was blood on his hand? The needle had pierced his palm! It ran straight through, sticking out the other side. Just looking at it made my stomach clench. I couldn't imagine what it was like for him.

"Nnh, what are-, l-let go of me! Ow! Let go of me this instant!" shrieked Ara as she struggled to pull her hand away. Ios had clamped onto her hand, crushing her fingers in his grip to keep her in place. He thrust his free hand up at her face. "AHH!" she screamed, stopping it, off balance, and struggling to keep her from ripping her face off. "Rngh! Ahh! NRGH!!!" she strained against him.

"**You stole her once! You WON'T steal her again! HRRGH!!**" His hand pushed with ease through her grip, reaching over to the needle, and pressing on the plunger. Ara exhaled in horror as she watched the tranquilizer emptied out through his hand, not actually being injected inside him. Her eyes widened and she began to hyperventilate. Her trap was foiled. Ios instantly released her, pushing her back and dropping the syringe to the floor. He lurched over, slowly, as Ara began to back away. Her feet tripped and she stumbled back, leaning against the desk.

"Please-please, I'll give you whatever you want! Just stop! HHH!" she gasped with fright as he gripped her neck and shoulder. Tears actually started to fall from her eyes as she shivered.

“No...! You can't do this to me!” she mewled with fright. He raised his hand up, reaching high over his head, taking form of a jagged claw shape. He was about to do it. My eyes widened. I suddenly pictured his wonderful smile, his loving arms embracing me, the peaceful, sweet man I fell in love with... he was about to be lost forever at the hands of this monster inside him! I wanted him back. I just wanted to go home with my beloved. Give him back! CHANGE BACK-!!

“IOH!!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. ...A deafening silence filled the room. I opened my eyes to see what had happened. His hand was stopped, just beside his face in, trembling in place as he halted his strike. He strained, holding himself back.... and looked over to me. I sobbed, tears freefalling down my cheeks, whimpering and crying to him. I struggled against my bondage, desperate to hold him in my arms once more. His eyes transformed that very moment. The rage oozed away from his eyes, and turned to sorrow. He looked back over at Ara, cowering beneath him like a scared little mouse. He shook his head slowly, gripping himself, and then let her go, standing up. He peered down at her, panting in exhaustion.

“You've lost this day... I'm taking my love... and my friend...and going home... goodbye.” He turned and walked slowly towards me, eyes locked with mine. I felt my heart jump at the light at the end of this dark tunnel I'd been lost in. I'd reached him! I could finally go home with my beloved! This almost didn't seem real. But something was off. Just beyond him, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ara rise to her feet, clutching something in her hand. Her face wore a demented, fiendish smile, as she crept behind him. My stomach turned over in shock as I tried to stop her.

“HO!!” I shouted.

“HAH!” she shrieked, jumping onto his back, clapping a rag over his face and nose. Her legs constricted around his arms and body, clinging to him as tight as she ever could. “HAHAHA!! YES YES YES!! A good magician always keeps an ace up her sleeve! Don't fight, just breathe it in. Until you're lying on the ground, sound asleep, I will never let you go!” My heart stopped. I couldn't believe it. What had I done? I distracted him... he let his guard down because of me... our one chance to escape and I ruined it all! Surely I was cursed. My love would now fall victim to this evil woman! But... he didn't... He stood very still. His eyes just stared straight ahead, blinking slowly. What was going on?

“Mmmmmrrrrrrrrrr,” I heard him snarl from behind the cloth, starting out very low, getting louder.

“Wh-what are you doing?” panted Ara, clinging to him. “Stop it!” He squatted down slowly, only bending his knees.

“HrrrrrrhhhhRHHH!!” he roared, leaping up into the air. It all happened so fast... Ara's face shrieking, gasping at what had happened. They flipped backwards slightly... and (CRASH), slammed into the floor. Ios had crushed her using all of their weight and gravity, smashing her beneath him. Her legs and arms went limp and mangled as she wheezed, gasping for air, trembling from losing her breath. It would be a wonder if it hadn't broken her back. Ios rolled

off her, swiping the rag from her hand and pressing it into her face. “Now we'll see how you like it!” he hissed. Her eyes darted around, like she couldn't believe what had happened, struggling to move but still in shock. Her face gripped in horror as she was held against her will, being slowly knocked out. “What's the matter?! Not having fun anymore?! Suddenly it's not as funny when it happens to you, is it!?” screamed Ios down at her.

“Hrmhph, nrrhph...mmrrnnp...nmnh.....” she garbled. Ara's eyes rolled and crossed, fluttering... and then fell shut. Her limbs dropped to the ground.... she was out.

14th Frame

It was a miracle! Ios had won! Ara lie unconscious on the floor having been chloroformed by Ios after she tried a dirty trick while his guard was down. But both her traps didn't work! My heart soared as he got up from his knees. Yet, there was something strange: his limbs were shaking. I watched, bewildered, as he stripped Ara naked, pulling off her latex halter top, her corset, her gloves, stockings, and her thong. It was a bit riveting, seeing her lie there for a change, naked and helpless. But he wasn't done. He took her, picking her up and throwing her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, carrying her to the frame I woke up in my first night. Ios' teeth chattered as he strained and pulled her from his shoulder, holding her against him while he lifted her arms up, strapping each wrist into a leather cuff, letting her hang naked like I did. She'd wake up feeling such a cramp in her shoulders—serves her right! Ios turned away from her walking back to me, hands still trembling.

“Now that she's out of the way, hold on, baby. I'll get you out of that,” he panted to me, lowering down to my ankles, producing a key I assumed he pulled from Ara. He unlocked my ankles from the spreader bar, letting me bring my legs together. My legs were incredibly wobbly from being on them for so long. He stood up and reached behind my head, unbuckling the gag and pulling it from my mouth.

“Uogh! Oh Ios, thank you! Thank you thank you thank you! Aughoohh!!” I groaned as he unlaced the monoglove enough for it to slip off my shoulders and let me fall out. I fell into his arms, panting, finally getting a chance to nurse my arms. He lowered me down and brushed my hair from my face.

“Are you all right, honey?” he said, cradling me in his lap. My arms spasmed as I hugged myself in his lap and arms. I looked up at him, catching my breath. I couldn't help but grin in delight.

“I can't believe it... you're actually here...” I whispered up to him, so very tired from this whole ordeal.

“Rmphrmnhrrhgnph!” shouted Pam, still struggling and blind to everything that was happening.

“Oh, please help her! She's suffered enough because of me,” I said worriedly up to him. He rested me on the floor, moving over to Pam, pulling the dildos out of her. She moaned, relaxing her muscles, as Ios produced another key and unlocked her legs, then her arms, her hips, and her neck. She pulled the gag from her mouth, unbuckling it while he took the blindfold off of her. She shook her head, woozy from the hours of penetrating orgasms.

“Y'okay Pam?” he helped her up. She stood a little wobbly, naked, but managed to stabilize herself okay after a few moments. She was really experienced with this sort of BDSM. I wished I was as strong as she was.

“Oooohh, I've been better, but it's good that you're here, Ios. Shi, oh my goodness are you

okay!?” she finally got a chance to run over to me, wrapping her arms around me, heaving a breath as I clutched her. “Oh Shi, I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry for everything I did to you. Please, I beg your forgiveness. I promise you I didn't-”

I shook my head, wiping a tear from my eye. “It's okay Pam, I know. I'm okay now.” She smiled brightly into my eyes, tightly holding me against her. She was herself again. I hardly noticed Ios walk over to Ara's computer, typing on it and plugging in a USB flash drive. He typed a few things away. Once done, he got back up and started back towards us... and stopped in his tracks. His body began to shake violently.

“Hurhghh.... uughhhh....” he wretched, clutching himself and his body's tremors. We looked over at him worriedly.

“Honey?! Are you okay?” I asked. His hand shook violently, bleeding down his arm. It wasn't bleeding terribly, but his body trembled and shook like it was about to explode.

“Looks like I got a little..... carried away.....” The whole world slowed to a halt as I watched our hero fall. He wasn't getting up.

“IOS!!!” My heart broke apart as I jumped from Pam's arms, crawling over to him. We rushed to his body, pulling him into our laps. “Baby! Please be okay! Say something!” I cried to him, rubbing his face. He shivered and his teeth chattered endlessly. His eyes fluttered as if he was trying to stay awake. Was he cold? No. His body was burning up.

“What happened to him?” Pam asked, completely oblivious to his injury and holding his hand carefully.

“Ara stabbed his hand,” I explained. “He blocked a needle she was trying to inject in him.”

“So-s-s-sorry baby...” he wheezed very quietly.

“Ios, please, talk to me, what's the matter?” I held his cheek, rubbing gently. He panted so heavily against my arm, rubbing his face in my palm. He was himself again. My stomach did feel a little bit better at that. He caught his breath after a few moments, forming his words better than before—but they were still very short in length.

“Meditations...disciplines...and arts of control.” He spoke slowly and quietly. “Discovered... technique... pushes body...absolute limits... Raises metabolism and adrenaline... Spikes reflexes, speed, strength, and stamina.”

“Ios, that sounds incredibly risky, reckless, dangerous, even,” Pam replied.

“It is... Just once, need half a day's rest—and food and water... Did three times... in 30 minutes.” I looked at Pam and we gawked at each other.

“Baby are you crazy!? How could you risk yourself like that?!” I exclaimed, holding him tight.

“...Had to find you... Knew you were here... Had to find you.” His eyes began drifting closed.

“Ios, Ios please stay with me.” I pulled him up to cradle him, whimpering, scared for his safety.

“You said you needed food and water,” Pam interjected. “What happens if you don't get it soon?”

He slowly and deeply panted, his breaths quivering, “...Coma... die...” My chest was about to explode the second he uttered those words. My fingers clenched and gripped his body as tight as I could.

“What if we got you something?” she suggested.

“...Bag...front door...” he responded weakly.

“What?” Pam looked at me confused. I blinked, thinking hard for a moment.

“No, I remember,” I explained. “He dropped a small bag when he broke into the house. We can go get it and get out of here.”

“No,” he whispered. “Need... talk... her.”

“Ios, you can't be serious. Do you know what she did to us?” Pam replied, frazzled.

“Must... know why...” To be honest, I wanted to know too. I looked up at Pam. She looked at me, then Ios, and rolled her eyes.

“Ohh,” she scoffed, “-fine. The bag's by the front door right? I'll go get it. I know the house, and know my way around.”

“No,” he quickly responded. “Not alone. Shi, go too.” My heart skipped a beat.

“Ios, I'm not leaving you here like this. You're coming with us-”

“Can't move. Slow you down. Go quickly.”

“Wait,” I said looking over at the door. “What if somebody comes in and sees you like this, and her? They'll release her and you'll be caught. Pam and I can't fight like you.” His eyes looked around slowly, dazed and unfocused, looking like he was thinking.

“Idea... Pam, blindfold and gag her,” he instructed.

“With pleasure,” she responded with a smile. She walked over to the frame which she'd been locked and penetrated, finding her gag and blindfold.

“Shi,” he said to me, “prop me... against the desk.”

“Honey, please,” I whined. I didn't want him to exert himself any more. He'd done enough. And then, when I saw his hand was still bleeding. It made me reconsider stalling our time. I nodded. “Okay, I understand.” I summoned as much effort as I could, pulling him to sit up and turn him around, back against the desk. I lifted his knee, causing him to exhale a huge strain on his muscles. I situated him to make it look like he was just sitting reclined, his hand resting on his knee and his other hand supporting his body. He still shook in place, but from a distance you wouldn't tell very well. I looked over to a shelf and found several tools, including whipping canes, flogs, whips, and large paddles. I moved to the shelf, getting a whipping cane, a meter stick, and a crop. I handed him the cane, wrapping his fingers around the stem, and kneeling close to rest my forehead against his. “We'll be back in just a bit, okay? Stay awake and we'll be right back, Ios. Okay? You have to stay awake for me.”

“I have faith, Sweet Shi,” he whispered, nuzzling weakly into my face. I planted a gentle kiss into his lips. He watched me as I stood up, walking over to Pam who'd already fit Ara with blindfold completely covering her eyes and the big black ballgag that had been wedged in Pam's mouth. It seemed like poetic justice, if you ask me. I took a deep breath, nodding to myself.

“This is what I call poetic justice,” said Pam. Hey, great minds think alike. I handed her a crop while I had the meter stick. She took my hand and we walked together, staying close. “We'll be back Ios!” she called. He rested his head against the desk, trying to keep his eyes open.

We stepped out into the hall, both of us naked. Clothes were the last concern on my mind. My prime focus was getting Ios the materials he needed. I looked up and down, hearing dead silence throughout the halls.

“We can do this,” I said quietly, psyching myself up.

“Let's go, for Ios,” Pam said rubbing my shoulder. “This way.” We moved quickly and quietly, looking at the damage throughout the halls. Tables had been smashed, doors had been broken open. We moved around the corner, hearing nothing. It was like the whole mansion had been abandoned. At least, I thought that until we reached the grand hall with the staircase, seeing the maids still lying unconscious all around the room. “Oh my word....did he do all this?”

“Yeah, he beat them all,” I answered, looking at them, pitifully thrown like ragdolls. The whole fight made me shiver. We moved down the stairs quietly, keeping an eye on them and the doorways for any unsuspected units.

“I can't believe this was the same Ios. Such a kind and gentle man, to think this could come over him,” she responded. I looked about the bruised and broken maids. No. She was wrong. This wasn't him. This was something else, something of hatred and rage. This was-

“There! I see it!” exclaimed Pam, pointing to a brown bag next to the broken window. She hastily moved and unzipped it, finding a roll of tape, a screwdriver, a box of matches, two bottles of water, a few bags of crackers, and a set of bolt cutters. “This is it, let's get going,” she

whispered.

“Right,” I nodded, getting up with her. We moved back up the stairs when I heard moaning and stirring. I gasped, looking back, seeing some of the maids regain consciousness, crawling along the floor to their compatriots.

“Oh no, hurry!” Pam whispered, taking my hand and moving faster. We ran quickly down the halls, trying not to make too much noise with our feet. We ran past the bathroom and Pam skidded to a halt. “Wait!” she said, holding me close. “There should be some bandages and towels in here.”

“His hand, good thinking!” I went in with her. She searched a medicine cabinet, while I searched cupboard. I found a clean towel and a blanket as well. I suppose this was actually a linen cupboard. “Got one of each,” I said to Pam.

“And I found some gauze and antiseptic.” She shoved it in the bag and then moved back to me, sticking close, gripping our weapons in hand. We peered out around the corner, looking both ways for any sentries. No one. We ran back down the hall, as quickly as we could while staying together. The office was right around the corner, we were home free. Running inside, we closed and locked the door. Ios sat undisturbed, leaning against the desk, eyes shut. He had dropped the cane I gave him.

“Ios? We made it back, are you all right?” I called. He exhaled a breath.

“Thank goodness... you're safe,” he murmured. We rushed to his aid, Pam unzipping the bag and pulling out the water and gauze. I took the water, holding his head. Meanwhile, Pam began to dress his stab wound. His long hair was dirty and grimey, but I didn't care. I held him while gently pouring the water down his gullet. He gulped a few sips and took a breath, eyes opening up a little more. “Thank you, sweetheart.” He took several more sips, catching his breath and forming sentences a bit more with each passing moment. “Of course, this wouldn't be necessary, if Pam hadn't screwed up the rescue!” he said with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

“Excuse me,” she said with a grin, disinfecting and cleaning his bloody hand, then wrapping it. “I'm not the one bleeding on the floor right now.”

He grinned back, responding, “No, you were the one naked and ballgagged, getting pounded doggy-style in both ends.” She giggled, tightening his hand. “GRRGHHKK!”

“Cheeky bastard,” she chuckled. I let out a small snigger myself at their laughter, taking the situation so lightly. Once she was finished, Ios took some crackers fed from me, chewing them carefully. After some time of him getting something in his stomach, he began to breathe normally again, and managed to wrap his arms around both of us.

“Thank you, girls.”

“No, thank you, Ios, for setting us free from this spider's web,” Pam responded, hugging us both

tight. I squeezed them close. Ios leaned forward, leaning on us and slowly climbing to his feet.

“Easy, baby!” I said, helping him.

“It's okay, I'm all right...” he said, stabilizing on us. He stretched up, groaning, leaning back to crack his spine, and then accepted a new water bottle and some more crackers from me. “Let me check one thing here...tell me what happened. Both of you.” Ios sat down at Ara's computer, taking control of it and typing away. During that time, we sat close to him on the desk, and I told them both of the last... days (I honestly had no idea how long I really was there) in captivity. I told them everything, how I struggled to fight, how my body gave in, the many, many orgasms I had from it all. It came up that Pam assisted in some of it. Pam blushed furiously, looking down with a bit of shame in her face. Ios glanced up at me... then at her. “You molested and raped Shi?” he asked, unsettled.

“No, Ios, it's not what you think!” I interrupted. “It wasn't her fault! Ara...did something to her. I don't know what, but every time Pam would fight back, she would do something to her or just command her to sleep, and Pam would turn into some zombie. She was like she was under some sort of mind control—she wasn't herself.” I explained it as best I could to defend Pam. She hugged herself and looked down at the floor.

“It's hypnosis...” Pam answered. We both looked to her, listening to her explanation. “I'm so very sorry, Ios, and Shi. Some time ago, Ara had been stalking me online. She kidnapped me and my friends, and then brainwashed me, used me as her pet.” She looked away, unable to hide the shame in her face.

“Pam...I'm sorry, I didn't know-” Ios tried to say.

She shook her head, looking back to us. “I spent so much time and effort in therapy, trying to uproot her hold over me. I thought she was finally out for good. I guess I still need some work. Again, Shi,” she looked to me, stricken with grief. It almost made me cry. “I can't tell you how sorry I am for what I did to you. Ios, I hope you'll forgive me for what I did to her.”

“No, Pam, really, it's okay,” I said jumping on her, holding her tight. My boobs squidged into hers, feeling a little arousing as I contemplated that for a brief moment, both of us naked and hugging each other. “I forgive you, it wasn't your fault.” She smiled looking at me.

“Thank you, Shi. You're a wonderful friend.” We looked over at Ios, and he just sat there smiling at us both.

“If Shi forgives you, I do. I know you'd never hurt Shi willingly,” he said softly, still snacking on some of the emergency rations. Pam smiled brightly and leaned down, hugging him tight.

“Thank you, Ios,” she whispered.

“Shi trusts you, and you didn't abuse that, like she did,” Ios said glancing over at Ara, still unconscious. “And that's what this is all about.”

“Oh, yes, of course,” Pam nodded. They looked over to me.

“Shi, please don't let what's happened to you put you off this way of living. BDSM, bondage, there are a complete mesh of lifestyles and varying degrees of comfort levels between people,” Pam explained earnestly to me. “Some people like it more intense than others. San and I have a wonderful relationship and sometimes we take it a bit far. Some have different ways of interpretations of the roles and actions.”

I nodded looking over at Ios, “I know. I trust you both and will try to not let this experience ruin it for me.” I did know what they meant. I wrapped myself in the blanket we brought back, sitting on the desk listening to them talk about it. I wondered what I wanted out of this sort of thing. Did I want to be a sub, like Pam and San were to each other? I was forced to cum and physically stimulated in ways I never thought of. I was pushed to my physical and mental limits. I hated what Ara did to me; but, I can't deny that being so helpless felt amazing. My body was proof of that. Would it have been different were it Ios instead? I just thought about it, long and hard.

“And I'm in...” Ios said with a smile, looking at Ara's computer. “I loaded a cracking script to break into her machine. Password is \$il_I<YIV|ε@d0wS④eVΣR. Sheesh, that's quite a password,” he muttered, working quickly. “Now... to load... this little monster.... all right, that should do it.” I looked at the screen. It was covered by a huge shield with a countdown timer, in big bold print saying, **“YOUR FILES HAVE BEEN ENCRYPTED. YOU HAVE 72:00:00 TO PAY THE RANSOM OR THE KEY WILL DELETE FOREVER”**

“Wait, what did you do?” I asked him curiously. “You encrypted her files for her?” He looked up at me with a smile, taking another sip of water.

“I'll explain when she wakes up. Which should be any moment now.”

“Wait,” Pam spoke out. “I don't trust myself,” she said as we looked over. “If Ara still has a hold over me, she could say some trigger word and I would suddenly be used against you.”

“But, we can't hurt her, Ios,” I said looking over to him worriedly.

“What do you suggest?” he asked.

“What else?” she answered. “You have to restrain me so I can't attack you.”

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“I don't know how well you are yet, but if you haven't recovered, I could easily take Shi by force and if I get the upper hand on you, it's over. For all of us. You have to restrain me.” He nodded, and then I did too. She quickly walked over to the discarded monoglove, picking it up, then the pair of leather cuffs that were once attached to the spreader bar. On the wall shelf nearby, she picked up a thin chain with hooks on each end, coming back to me. “Here, make sure it's tight so

I can't get out.” She sat with her legs extended on the desk.

I took a breath, nodding, and brought the monoglove behind her. She dutifully put her hands behind her back, letting me slide the binder up, wrapping the straps over her shoulders and around her upper chest. I laced it up slowly, tightening it little by little, until her forearms and elbows were tight behind her back. Meanwhile, Ios cuffed her ankles one by one, and then attached the small chain to prevent her from moving that much. She grunted, pulling and struggling, shaking her hips and shoulders, reaching around and twisting as best she could. The sight of her nakedness, her helplessness, remembering my own... my heart jumped and my insides began to tingle. “Okay, good, I'm stuck.”

“That's not a real test,” Ios said.

“Well, that may be, but it's the best we've got for now,” Pam answered.

“Not entirely,” he replied.

“You have an idea?” she asked.

“Yes I do. Shi, if you'd be so kind as to fetch a couple things over there?” I looked over at what he was pointing at, and went to go get them. I picked out a big red ballgag, a pair of clover clamps, and saw a final object. He didn't see that one, but I picked it up, having an idea. I walked back over.

“Clover clamps? Come on, is that necessary?” she protested.

“But Pam, you said to make it so you can't get out, we have to prove that,” I answered.

“Well yes bu-ughrnmphmn,” she continued to protest as I pulled the ball in her lips, pulling the straps behind and buckling it tightly. I handed Ios the clamps as he leaned forward, reaching for her nipples. She turned away to hide her breasts, but I held her shoulders, pushing her towards him again. He latched them right on. Her nipples were already hard. “GRRNMmmnnhph phmhp!” she groaned and swore as he tugged on them, tweaking her nipples. She was enjoying it, Pam you naughty girl.

“Well? Whadduya think?” Ios asked looking up at me.

“Um... I have another idea, can you turn over for me, Pam?”

“Hmnh?” she asked, then nodded, rolling onto her tummy. Her breasts hung off the side of the desk, angled somewhat towards Ios.

“Ios, hold the chain,” I instructed. He leaned forward, gripping the chain that joined the clover clamps. I leaned close to her ear and whispered to her, looking into her face. “Pam...I just want you to know, I'm really, really sorry about this...” and stood back up, moving to her rear, where I lifted the third toy. I slid a butt plug up against her cheeks and pressed it close to her.

“MNH!?! MM-MHPH!! MN-MNHPH!!” she screamed, shaking her head immediately, kicking and yelling into her gag. She squealed as her struggles caused the clamps to tug her nipples. Ios held her steady as she screamed and kicked, not moving a whole lot thanks to the chain. I pushed the plug inside her bum, sliding it in until it was well inside. She looked over at me, glaring a deadly look at me. She growled and hissed behind the gag, pulling and struggling in her monoglove, harder than ever.

“Mission accomplished, she's stuck,” Ios remarked in a smarmy voice.

“Phmph mnph!” she cursed. “GRMPHNGNPH!!!” Pam yelled.

“Yes, hang on, just a second!” I said nervously. I held her still and slowly pulled the plug away from her, removing it slowly from her bum until she groaned in relief. Ios undid the nipple clamps and she sat back up, glaring at us both. “I'm sorry Pam! You said to make sure, so I-”

“Hmph!” grunted, looking away, and then sat down.

“...Can you hold still so I take your gag out at least?” I asked meekly. She looked over, glowering at me and huffed, tilting her head towards her and turning her back to me. I quickly moved to unbuckle and pull the gag out of her mouth.

“Don't you ever put anything in my ass again!” she scolded at me.

“Yes, of course! I'm sorry.” Pam heaved a sigh and shook her head.

“It's...all right...I ate my words didn't I? Should have said don't test it like this.”

“Nngnphm,” mumbled Ara from across the room. We glanced at her, realizing that wasn't sleep-gag-talk. She was awake...it was time. Ios stood up, walked slowly around to her. My stomach felt a pit in it as he took off her blindfold, and then her gag.

15th Frame

My stomach was rolling over while she blinked herself awake, slowly pulling focus. Ara shook her head and groaned. I guess she didn't like being on the receiving end of chloroform (not that I cared right now).

“Rrrgh, wh-what is-!?” she said confused, then took hold of her situation. She looked up at her cuffed wrists and down at her naked body locked in the same frame she held me. Her raven black hair hung over her naked breasts in a ratty mess. She was definitely not happy, flailing as much as she could. Ara struggled, pulled, and stamped her toes as best she could. “Let me out of this! I demand to be set free immediately!” she hissed. Even bound and helpless, standing on her toes to reach the frame, she was still unsettling to be around. Even next to a caged lion, you'd still feel a little nervous.

“Settle down,” Ios said calmly and gently.

“You!!” shrieked Ara. “Let me go this instant if you know what's good for you! I'll destroy you!!” Ios took a deep breath, then a drink of water, just waiting for her to stop yelling. It took her a while. “Who even are you!?! You were some bum who wanted a dollar! If it's money you want-!”

“This isn't about money... it's about taking back what isn't yours,” he interjected, but still calm, glancing over at her.

“What isn't... everything here is mine! I own this house and everything in it!” she snarled, looking over at Pam and myself. “Pet!! Let me out of this right now!” I suppose she wasn't really paying attention to Pam's own bondage.

“Stop calling me that!” Pam yelled back at her. “I've told you before, my name is Pam! I am not taking orders from you. I am not now, nor have ever been your pet or your slave.”

“When I get out of here, I'm going stuff the biggest plug in your ass and lock San in a chastity belt for the rest of the year and I'll make her watch everyone have every way possible with you!!”

“You bitch!! I'll-” I think she too forgot her arms were trapped in an armbinder and her ankles were cuffed because I actually had to hold her back.

“Pam, don't let her get to you,” I said softly, trying to calm her. She took a deep breath and nodded.

“You.... you treacherous little bitch!” Ara yelled at me, glaring furiously. “How could you betray me after everything I gave you!”

“Gave her what?” Ios interrupted. “Gave her fear? Gave her misery? Undeserved punishment? Heartbreak? Despair? You ripped her away from a loving home for that?”

“Who are you to lecture me on how I train my slaves!?” she retorted. “She had nothing before me! You have no business invading my house and assaulting me and my property!”

In a single motion, Ios seized her throat with his unwounded hand, causing her to choke and sputter. I gasped and reached to hold his hand. He held onto mine... and I knew he was still in control. “When you kidnap my wife, calling her *your* slave, then kidnap my friend, calling her *your* pet, there is no point where it's not my business,” he growled into her face. My eyes widened and my heart had leaped into my throat. He...called me his wife? My face began to blush furiously. His hand released her and she coughed to catch her breath.

“Th-that's a lie! She's not your wife! Her husband died 10 years ago,” she retorted glaring over at me. “She has no one!”

“...The way you talk, do you even know her name?” he said, looking over and holding my hand. My whole body tingled inside. I felt an incredible warmth inside.

“I...what?” said Ara.

“...What's...her...name?” Ios repeated, slowly. Ara scowled and looked away.

“It's whatever I say it is-” she started.

“Wrong answer,” Ios interrupted. He looked softly over to me, and pulled me closer to him, gently. He held my shoulders as I looked at Ara, still nervous. Then I looked back up at him, feeling him being behind me, and I felt like I could talk to her without repercussion. She glared at me out of the corner of her eye. I took a breath and strengthened my back.

“...My name is Shi! You haven't said it once since the day I met you,” I said with energy behind it. Now that I think about it, she really hadn't even once said my name; I was just exaggerating at first. I think she may have heard it once, barely, and immediately forgot it. “Shows how much you respect me.”

“Silence!! Slaves have no need of a name and you get off on it-” she tried to snap.

“No, I don't!” I interrupted.

“This is why I came here,” Ios spoke up. Pam stood beside us, looking as vengeful as ever.

“And why I did too,” she said vigilantly.

“We came here for her,” Ios said.

“I came to ask if you'd met with Shi after she was referred to you by a fetish shop employee. You

thought I was coming back to you,” Pam added. Ara just looked away.

“I have nothing to say to you! Insolent little cumslut!” she hissed. Ios heaved a sigh.

“This is getting out of hand, so I'll bring us back on course. Listen... I'm sorry about your maids and slaves. I bear no ill will against them for defending you or your estate. They weren't my target. You were,” he explained. “I came here because I am Shi's true Lord. I am her husband.” His hand gripped mine tight. My heart almost jumped out of my throat as I heard his words.

“How could you know she was here?” Ara glanced over at me. “She certainly didn't tell you.”

“I did,” said Pam.

“You? You hadn't known until after you came back, before he came along,” Ara responded.

“Like this,” she said stepping back so we could all see. She blinked at us in silence... (dot) (dot) (dot), (dot) (dot) (dot) (dot) (dot), (dot) (dot).”

“What nonsense,” Ara scoffed. “He knew she was here because you blinked your eyes at him?”

“Take a closer look,” Pam responded, doing it one more time....(dot) (dot) (dot)—S, (dot) (dot) (dot) (dot)—H, (dot) (dot)—I!

“It's Morse code,” I answered. They looked at me. “She...spelled my name.”

“Hfhehh!” she scoffed, looking away. “Shoulda kept better track of her...I didn't know she was an owned slave.”

“That's because she's not a slave. She never asked to be so I didn't make her one,” said Ios.

“We're not officially married, because I don't believe I need some government blessing to be with her forever. She is my other half.” I smiled brightly, blushing heavily and stepped closer to him, resting close. “I am hers, she's mine, we own each other.”

“Nonsense,” Ara muttered. “Slaves own nothing. Their Masters and Mistresses own them.” Ios shook his head, heaving a sigh.

“I can see that you aren't understanding. I suppose I'm not being clear enough. I'll try again.” He moved over to see her face, studying her, but she just frowned at him. “Look, I see it in your face. I see the emptiness in your eyes...and can hear it within your heart. I can tell, because you remind me of me—after having gone the other way. The domineering, the control, you need to be the bad girl, the one in charge, hoping you'll be praised and worshiped for it.”

“Shut up!” she snapped. “You don't know anything! Get out of my house!” Ios looked back at her, grimacing.

“I can see it in you, how tormented you are.” Ios stepped closer, gazing into her. “I know how it

feels to be so utterly alone inside, having no one to truly love you for what you are. To be misunderstood. The pain is...unbearable, isn't it?"

"He's right, Ara," Pam stepped in as well as she could have from the chain joining her ankles. "I know how you feel to just want someone to love and be loved by, for exactly who you are. Sometimes it doesn't come out right and you make a fool of yourself. But what I don't understand is you had that! Ios and Shi have each other. San and I have each other. You had Jes, and I tried to tell you. Seems you didn't listen...that's why she left, isn't it? You ignored her."

Ara grit her teeth, gripping her eyes shut. "Sh-sh-shut up! Leave me alone!"

"There was someone you fell in love with once, wasn't there? Try to remember your first attempts. Did you try to reach out to her?" Ios asked.

"Of course I did! She didn't understand at first! I showed her what she wanted in me, just like I would have shown *you*," replied Ara looking at Pam.

"And what happened when you got what you want? Were you satisfied?" asked Ios. She paused, looking angrily up at him. "Were you always like this? Always so controlling and seeing yourself as secretly desired by others? Did you ever have a friend who just wanted to be your friend? Loving who you were for you?" She looked down...and away.

"She betrayed me...she's...she's an insect to me now! What good is being nice? Only the bad girl gets what she wants!" she growled.

"Forced worship isn't love. It's fear. You did have friends...once," Pam said softly. "You turned your back on them. Why?"

"Because she was picked on for it," Ios answered. Ara gasped, eyes widening, she looked up at him. "Right? You were a nice girl, and had friends, but you were picked on by someone who had all the power and worship in the world. So you became them, didn't you?"

"What are you-?" Her voice trembled.

"You became the bad girl you despised to get what you desired, like the bad girl you despised, thinking it would impress...'Her'." Ara bit her quivering lip, not answering, trying to hide her face in her hair. I saw a tear run softly down her cheek. He hit a nerve for her. How did Ios know? Well, I forget, he did have a specialty in psychology.

"Get away from me," she whispered.

"You don't have to be that," I said softly, touching her shoulder. "You can dominate someone in a better way and still be worshiped by your sub." I looked up at Ios. He looked at me, smiling softly, rubbing my back. She didn't answer.

"Maybe this will get your attention," Ios said to her. She looked through her hair up at him,

trying to hide her tears. “This will help you learn that this way can't work, that you won't find happiness like this. The only way is to tear this whole world down, hoping I can reach you.” Ios reached into his pocket, pulling out a USB flash drive. “I cracked your system and loaded something into it. But this isn't an ordinary virus. You're in the hacking and cracking league so you would have no problem getting a regular one out.”

She gawked up at him. “How did you know I-!?”

“That game you seized is stored in my datacenter. Since a customer's server security is not my boss' concern and network security is, I didn't stop you but I did ensure that you couldn't reach anything else. Sleazy business practices are outside my control. But I digress. Yes, don't think I don't know exactly what you did - or what else you stole...” he said very calmly, looking very stoic. Her mouth gaped as she looked up at him. I'd forgotten how good he was with computers and networks—we never talked about his work. “Try not to be so surprised—my whole job is fighting your kind. 'Hackers' as you like to call yourselves? I take you out as a morning wakeup routine.”

“Wait, you knew about her before today?” Pam asked Ios.

“I knew someone broke into one of the virtual servers, but I didn't know it was her. She did so through a whitelisted network. My guess is she had someone on the inside get her access and then she locked them out.” Ara looked down, as if in shock. “Yes, that's right, that world is a virtual server, controlled by us. Shifting back into gear, this virus is not virtual by any means. You're familiar with CryptoLocker are you not?”

“HHH!! No! You can't!!” she cried.

“I just did...” he murmured, glancing over at Pam and me. “But since the girls don't know, this virus has been rampaging all across the US and UK, as well as a bit of Europe. I caught it while someone from a remote source was trying to inject it into our network. What this does is it encrypts all user files: documents, pictures, downloads, videos, anything and everything that user has write permissions—which includes network-attached servers and storages. It does this to keep them from being accessed by the user.” Ara went pale, eyes and mouth wide with horror. “The encryption utilizes an algorithm so strong that even the best of the best systems of today will take multiple generations to break the encryption. Once everything has been encrypted, the virus puts the key to unlock all the files on a three-day self-destruct timer and stores somewhere on the Internet. It then demands a ransom. If the ransom isn't met before the timer expires, the only key to unlock everything deletes itself. At that point, the files remain encrypted... forever. It's completely automated.”

“Oh my—that's what you did...” Pam said with a shocked look on her face.

“That's frightening,” I uttered. “Could you imagine something like that in a major economic epicenter? Global market collapse would be imminent.”

“Please! I'll pay anything you want! Just make it stop!” Ara pleaded. Ios shook his head sadly.

“I destroyed your cars, knocked your satellite dish out of alignment and destroyed the polarizer, and I trashed your Internet connection. Even if I wanted to undo it, I honestly, truly, can't stop it.”

“NO!! PLEASE!! I'LL BE RUINED!!” yelled Ara in desperation.

“Wait. What you own that's stored elsewhere will still be safely yours. I loaded this onto that computer which has no write permissions outside this house.” She panted and heaved, somewhat relieved it would seem. “So your bank accounts and money, that's all untouched. I'm just making you start over somewhere else. But your records stored here, the digitized deed to that club downtown, as well as the files you have otherwise...gone.” She looked down, crying quietly.

I looked up at him, “What happens now?” I asked.

“...We let her go,” he answered gently.

“What?!” Pam said, startled. She would have protested but Ios had already unlocked her left wrist....then her right, and helped her down. He hunkered down, took her shoulders, and looked through her hair. “Are you sure this is safe?” Pam asked worriedly.

“...Silky Meadows, huh?” he mumbled to her. Her eyes shifted up, her face flushed, and she looked into his face. “She's quite the find. I have a whole folder of her myself. She'll come back to you, y'know,” he whispered to her. “You weren't always like this. Try to remember who you were before, when you had friends, what made her take such an interest in you from the start. You have to snap out of this...spell you cast over yourself. Show her that you care, and be a proper dominatrix. Learn to control yourself.”

“.....Just go...” she whispered, tears dripping from her, as she stood naked, cradling herself. She slowly walked over to the control panel with the TV array, looking at her broken house, and her maids picking the broken materials up. She gazed into them, forgetting we were here. I walked over to Pam's back, unlacing her armbinder, loosening it until she slipped out of it. Ios unchained her ankles, and then removed her cuffs. He picked up the bag he brought, and Pam and I each wrapped in a blanket. We left together, staying close to Ios. I glanced back at Ara, tears still falling from her cheeks, as she gazed into the TVs.

We walked quietly, Ios keeping an eye out for any more surprises. I guess he didn't want to take any chances. We hadn't made it out of the woods yet. We made our way to the grand hall where there were two maids cleaning up the room, sweeping quietly. Ios stopped, putting his hand up to tell us to hold. He quietly stepped forward...and the maids stepped back, trembling. He didn't pursue them beyond that.

“...I'm sorry...” he said, quietly. He looked over at me, offering his hand out. I reached from the blanket, taking it, stepping close to him. “...I just wanted her back.” I blushed, looking at the maids who looked at me, then at him. They said nothing. So did we. We started walking again, slowly, until we exited the front door. Ios kept his arm around me tight, Pam stayed close to my other side. We kept the blankets tightly coiled around us to protect our nakedness from the cold.

We had just reached the front step before hearing someone behind us.

“Wait!” We turned about to find four of the maids. Ios turned around fast, scowling up at them. He stood between us and them, his jaw tight and his arms tensing up.

“Honey, wait, look!” I whispered. The front maid stepped out, walked down the steps, holding something in her hands. She reached the bottom step, and dropped to her knees, setting the remains of my collar on the ground.

“...The Mistress sends her regrets...” said the maid. Pam gawked at me, unable to believe the sight before us. I slowly approached the maid, kneeling down and accepting the collar from her hands. Ios stayed very close to me. I looked up at him, then to the maid.

“Please tell her, 'apology accepted. Thank you,’” I answered, smiling. We each stood back up, her going back upstairs and inside. I moved into Ios' arms, presenting him with the broken collar, looking sadly up at him. He nodded and we started off again. The chariot that Pam and I pulled was still out front.

“We'll use this,” Ios said.

“You gonna be all right?” I asked worriedly. He picked me up, bridal style, and lifted me into the seat. I blushed brightly. Next, he helped Pam up. Ios moved to the shaft at the front and picked it up, pulling us behind him. “You girls are naked so is there anything there that you can use to keep anyone from getting too interested off of you?”

“Oh there's this crop!” Pam said picking up a very thin, flexible cane with a metallic tip. This must have been what she used on us. “Giddy-up horsey!”

He glanced over his shoulder, not amused. “You touch me with that, I'll make you pull this thing back home, tail and all.” Pam bit her lip smiling, putting the crop down on the chariot floor. I giggled with Pam as Ios pulled us to the front gate, pulling the wire cutters out of his bag, and cutting the razor wire from the fencing. He unlocked the chains, sliding them away, and pushed it open. We were out... we were free!

16th Frame

The journey was a bit of a ways on foot. It turned out to be a few miles from the city. We occasionally had to stop and rest so Ios could catch his breath. Poor Ios, he was probably so exhausted. Our first stop was to drop off Pam. We were closer to her place than ours, based on the direction outside of town we were. I didn't realize that it was actually closer than I had expected. There wasn't much traffic on this side of the city at this hour; so, thankfully, there was less to be had of passersby to stare at a couple of girls in blankets being pulled in a chariot by a man smelling a bit like the underside of a bridge. We made it to Pam's apartment complex and stopped near the staircase. Ios helped each of us down and then stood behind, walking with us up the steps to the interior. We paced through the halls quietly before reaching their door. Pam knocked quietly, a little tint of red in her cheeks. The door quietly opened, showing a very surprised, very happy San to greet us.

“You're back!!” she exclaimed, brimming with cheer, almost tackling Pam. The two girls giggled and kissed with excitement, which brought smiles to our faces. “I was so worried, are you girls okay?” she asked looking over to me, hugging me close. We stepped inside where it was warm, sitting down in their living area.

“We're safe now, thanks to our white knight,” Pam answered, looking up at Ios. It made him blush a little.

“How did you find them?” San asked.

“Yes, I've been wondering that myself,” I said turning to him. Ios was smiling, but looked down, and the smile dispersed.

“When Shi hadn't responded by the end of my shift, I knew something was wrong. She said that she was starting the show as the main attraction. I waited until about 2am when I couldn't stand it anymore. She never goes that long without saying something.” I blushed a little myself. “I loaded the service that tracks her car and saw that it was still downtown. I went to see where she was, finding the club she'd went to. The place was closed for the night, but her car was still there. So I broke in. The club was empty. I feared the worst.” My stomach rolled and I felt queasy at the story. I moved closer, gripping his arm. He felt the distress in my hand and held me close.

“Then you called us?” San tried to finish.

“Not yet. I searched the whole place, starting in the back where the dressing room was. I found her bag, her phone, her clothes, but no sign of Shi. I broke into the manager's office, found a picture of a mansion that I'd seen on the outskirts of the city. I saw an invoice for the club on the desk and found that it was registered to some guy. The guy's name I recognized of being the owner of this server at our datacenter which hosts a virtual fetish world.”

“You mean that online world where you met Ara!?” San asked, shocked. Pam nodded.

“Hosted right here the whole time,” said Ios.

“So you called us, saying...?” San continued.

Pam answered, “Ios called me, scared for Shi's safety. You know the rest. He said that she was working at some club. I told him no, that's not right, that I referred her to that lovely fetish boutique where we shop. He was quite certain she was dancing at this club, saying she didn't get the job at the shop. He said that the name was 'pARAdise'.”

“And you knew Ara was involved,” I finished.

Pam said, “Yes. I'd been in this situation before and came to ask if she knew anything regarding your whereabouts, thinking she'd changed.”

“But as soon as you did, Ara figured you were coming back to her-” I started.

“-and she captured me yet again, yes.”

“Goodness,” San gushed, holding Pam tight. “Hope that bitch got what she deserved!” I noticed Ios' eyes hang down, grimacing at the floor.

“...She did,” he murmured. “When I hadn't heard from Pam, I went investigating. I got some old clothes of mine and backed over them a few times with my car to make them ratty.” The three of us girls giggled at that, but only briefly. “I saw Pam on display in front of her house. Ara tried to get me to use her as a cum dumpster. Pam sent me a silent message right there, telling me that Shi was inside. I feigned needing money and she pushed me away. The rest of that day and night, I watched her house and its activity, learning routines and when it would be safe to go in. I came back and rescued them.” The story went on telling of everything Ara did to me, everything Pam did to me, and Ios' rescuing us.

“Wow, I'm amazed you survived okay. That's wonderful to learn you're all right. I'm sorry you got exposed to heavier bondage play like that, truly I am,” San consoled to me. “The world of fetishes and BDSM is so...amazing; but it can be rather intense. It's good that you're both safe now. So can we get you anything?” I shook my head softly.

I replied, “I'm just exhausted and wanna get home to get some rest.”

“Of course,” Pam nodded. We got up and they showed us to the door. “Oh and one more thing. Shi, I hope you don't mind this at all, I mean nothing by it.” And without warning, she jumped onto him, dropping her blanket and wrapping her arms around his neck, planting a big, sweet kiss against his lips. Her naked breasts mashed against his chest. My face went a bit cold and white at the sight, I'll admit. But it didn't last long as Ios quickly pulled her away from him.

“Oookay, that's enough o' that,” he said, glancing over to me.

“Pam! You dirty little scamp!” San jeered, giving her bum a slap. It caused her to giggle.

“Sorry, I just wanted to thank our heroic man for saving us!” Pam said with a coy smile. San pulled her back inside, slapping her tush playfully.

“Naughty little slut. I'm sorry you two, I'll get her for that!” said San.

“Yes, quite...” Ios said.

“Heh... thanks...” was all I could muster. I didn't say this out loud, but Pam's actions and San's words ripped open a huge wound that was just waiting to be torn. Everything I felt back at the mansion suddenly came rushing back.

“C'mon baby,” Ios whispered, rubbing my back. I looked up at him a bit startled. “Let's go home.” I nodded, a bit distracted, and walked with him back downstairs where he helped me into the chariot, and then pulled me home. It didn't take too long before we got back. I found that my car was parked next to his—he managed to get it home by himself. That's one good thing, I guess. When we got there, we parked the chariot around the side of the building, and he lifted me up, carrying me upstairs. He braced me tight against his chest as I remained lost in thought, thinking about everything that I felt while I was Ara's slave. I felt... dirty. We got inside and I shed the blanket, looking around, smelling the apartment, feeling in a familiar place again. Yet, I felt a chill blow through me. Ios turned around to look to me. “How 'bout a bath to clean up and relax?”

“S-s-sure,” I said quietly, looking down. He offered his hand to me. I smiled and took it carefully. How I longed to be back here. But as I thought about it, I felt I had no right to be. We got in the bathroom, where he sat on the tub and turned the water on. I looked in the mirror... gazing at my reflection...in disgust. I was hideous. How could an accursed thing like me be worthy of such a wonderful man like him? My heart raced and my eyes dripped. I opened the cabinet to find a set of hair scissors, opening the blades. He deserved better, a loyal wife. I panted, whispering softly, “I'm so sorry...!” and pushed my hands upward!

(KSLSH!) The sound of flesh being cut was unique. I'd never heard it before. But something was off. I could still...breathe. I opened my eyes, to see what was amiss. I saw the problem, the scissor was trapped...in...a hand. I looked as the hand quivered, dripping with blood, gripping the edge of the blade tight to keep it from moving into my throat. My eyes traced the scissor to a sturdy, strong arm. My eyes widened in shock and horror. I saw whose hand it was.

“...I-Ios...what are you-!?” I panted, horrified at his injury. He stood with his arm fully extended, gripping the blade to keep it away from me. His eyes were filled with seriousness, but not anger.

“...That's my question to you,” he uttered lowly. I let go of the scissors, and my legs buckled. I dropped to the floor, sitting on my knees. He dropped to catch me, wrapping around me tight as I sobbed into my hands. “Are you giving up so easily?”

“You don't understand...” I whimpered. “I was unfaithful you! I tried so hard! I wanted to fight

back but I actually enjoyed it! My body wouldn't let me resist!!” I cried and sobbed into his shoulder as he clutched me. “I tried so hard, Ios! I should have been stronger! I'm a filthy whore!” I looked up at him to see if there was something I could find for comfort. His eyes were gentle, soft, but filled with sadness. No doubt a reflection of what he saw. “I don't know who I am anymore...” I whimpered.

“Would you mind an observation from me?” he asked softly, holding me steady as I sniffled and cried. I shook my head gently. “I see the most wonderful woman I've ever known. I see the kindest, prettiest, sweetest, most loyal woman I've ever had the blessing to hold in my arms. She's intelligent, funny, supportive, understanding, and her only flaw is that she loves too much —even so much to risk herself and stay behind for a friend in trouble.” His words made me feel slightly better that moment. “And she need only realize that what happened to her...was not her fault.” He cupped my face with his not-bleeding hand, lifting me up to see his worried eyes, locking into mine. “Okay? You did nothing wrong. You were manipulated, abused, you had your weaknesses wound up and turned against you by someone who doesn't understand who you are.”

I tried catching my breath, heaving between sobs. “How can you love such a dirty slut, though?” I looked deep into his beautiful oceanic eyes.

“...How can you love a monster?” My heart jumped. His words shocked me.

“Wh-what do you mean?” I asked looking worriedly at him. He sat back, looking away, hiding his eyes.

“...When I found you, I saw there were cameras that could see the maids I assaulted... the awful things that I did to those women... and then to her.” He looked over to me, filled with despair. “...How can you feel safe with me anymore, when I hurt all those girls.”

“...No...” My heart fractured inside. I couldn't believe the things he was saying. I pushed myself hard into him, constricting my arms around him, burying my face in his neck. “Ios, I love you! With all my heart!” I looked up at him softly. “You saved my life—twice!...You're not a monster. You're my hero...”

“Just as I love you. You're not a slut. You're my whole world. You are my Sweet Shi,” he said with a smile, holding me close. “I don't care if you enjoyed parts of it. I know where your heart lives. As long as I have you, nothing else matters,” he whispered, resting his face against mine. I finally smiled again, gripping him in my arms and pushing tightly into him.

“I'm sorry I scared you...” I sniffled into his face. He shed his clothes on the floor with me, sitting as naked as I was. “I promise I won't forget the vow I made to you ever again.”

“C'mon honey, let's get cleaned up,” he whispered. I nodded, standing up with him, I noticed my back was a little bloody from where he held me, but it was okay. I looked at his hand. The cut was only a minor flesh wound, it would heal, thank the stars. We stepped in to the tub, sitting down in the nice hot water. I laid against him, feeling the water submerge my body, wrapped in his arms and legs. For the first time since the night I was taken... I felt... warm.

We spent quite a bit of time in the tub, soaking, just lying with each other, gently scrubbing from time to time, massaging the sore parts and scrubbing the gunk off our bodies. When we were all done, he helped me out and patted me dry very carefully with a towel, conscientious about my sore breasts and arms. I turned to look up at him, growing lost in his eyes. My heart raced... I had to have him. I pushed up, wrapping my arms around and mashing my lips into his. They were hot, wet, filled with heat as he coiled his arms around me. I jumped up, wrapping my legs around his waist as he held me, kissing deeply and passionately. His tongue softly pressed against mine, petting and massaging. I hadn't realized that he already moved us to the bedroom where he fell back on the bed, holding my bum tightly. I rearranged my legs and leveraged myself better, lowering myself down, feeling his length pierce my walls. I gasped, feeling him inside, the heat was overwhelming. My insides boiled, my face flushed, and my chest felt a flame burning inside.

I panted and moaned, bouncing on him, riding his hips as he thrust up inside me. His hands probed and trailed all over my back, my sides, up and around my breasts, playing and massaging them, down my arms again and to my legs, then repeating. His breath beat over my lips, spilling all along my face, neck, and chest. I groaned, feeling his bone push up on my clit. I began bouncing harder on him. My hips bucked and pushed; my hands clung to his face as I licked his lips, kissing frantically against him. His length massaged my inner most regions, feeling him squish my breasts with his chest, his arms tightly wrapping around me, I felt the first waves begin to grow higher, pushing against my walls. I gripped him close, bouncing up and down, moaning for him. His hips thrust high inside, pushing my walls to give way for my juices—I came over him, feeling my body spasm. But he didn't stop! His hands caressed my face, holding me close, muffling my moans with his lips and kissing through them, pushing up through my convulsions. I didn't have any time to think or rest... as I felt my waves return, crashing over me, sending another flurry of orgasms, rolling over me. I wailed and moaned into Ios as we made love... for many hours to come.

****A VERY WARM NAP LATER****

I felt so warm again. I felt safe again. I had him here with me. The cold and isolation was finally gone. I opened my eyes, feeling Ios pressed to my back, spooned tightly against me. I felt his arm draped around my tummy, rubbing softly. I smiled brightly, pushing up against him. As I lie there, I thought about some more questions I still had. I did enjoy a lot of it, I can't deny this anymore. But I didn't enjoy it with Ara. I couldn't because I felt nothing for her or in her. I feel everything in and for him. His words came back to me about how I could love a monster. He was wrong. I didn't love a monster. I love the most wonderful, gentle, loving man I've ever known. What attacked those women was the monster that lived inside him. The thought of him falling victim to it again made me sick. I shuddered and shook my head. I knew what it was, who it was. Ios needed me.

I somewhat understood the reasoning behind it. Being a businesswoman, I sort of help reinforce the sanction that one has to look out for themselves, financially. They need to take the measures to get ahead for themselves because no one else is gonna take care of them. Our culture teaches us that it's important to be independent. But was there really anything so wrong with being

dependent on someone else? When I'm with Ios, I felt stronger than ever. Nothing could ever hope to hurt me. Without him, I was cold, isolated, and easily broken. So was he. Without me, he was almost swallowed by a savage, bloodthirsty beast. As he said, as long as I had him, nothing else mattered. To me, happiness was more important than social values. So I made up my mind. I rolled over, looking at his gentle, warm, sleeping face, and planted a warm kiss against his face. He almost died to keep me safe.

“Don't worry... I'll protect you this time,” I whispered. I would never allow that beast to come near him ever again. The beast listened to me. I was going to bring it to submission to him with my own. I would keep the man I loved protected. I slipped out of his hand, standing up and looking around. It was sorta dark, only lights were the LEDs from his computer and the hard drives around the room. I knelt on the floor, searching around... ah-ha! I found the attache case, filled with all our toys and play materials. I opened it up slowly, moving it out of the way of any feet so no one would trip. And then I sifted through, finding some appropriate materials.

The first item I selected was a large bundle of rope. Sitting naked on the floor, I thought of how he would do it, and set off to work. I sort of did it by ear, taking a page from his playbook. I doubled the rope up, wrapping it around my waist. I fed the ends through the loop and pulled it snug, then ran the ends down my crotch, feeding them through my pussy to make a tight crotch rope. I shivered at the sensation, feeling horny already, and pulled it up between my cheeks. Wrapping around the waist rope, I fed the ends back in the opposite direction to double my crotch rope, then parted the ends to run around my waist and tied it off nice and snug in my front. I wouldn't plan on being able to reach it. The ropes felt soft and massaged my sensitive spots very nicely. Next, I looked through the materials, finding a second bundle of rope. This next part took some maneuvering. I doubled the rope, like normal, then wrapped the rope around my neck. I wasn't planning on hurting myself anymore—that's his job! I fed the ends through the loop and pulled it tight so that I wasn't being strangled, but I wouldn't be able to get it off either. I tied a secure knot that would not slip or loosen at all. I gave it a tug to ensure that the knot didn't come loose or choke me. Success. I let the loose ends hang for a moment as I dug through to find the next coil of rope. I doubled it up, then began to wrap my ankles. I wrapped around and around, lining the strands up along each other very smartly to make it as elegant as possible. I wrapped around between my ankles and legs, cinching it tight and sealing my legs, tying it off. I wiggled my ankles experimentally. Nope, those weren't coming off. I looked over at the case and got the next two items out, a pair of handcuffs... and then my ballgag. The shiny rubber glimmered in the dark; it looked enticing as always. I fed the cuffs through my crotch rope behind me. The steel felt very cold against my buttocks. I gasped at the sudden chill, standing up. I carefully swiveled over to the bed, trying to keep my balance. I didn't want to hop out of fear I would make too much noise. Sitting on the bed, I reached over to the side, bringing the ends from my neck rope to the metal bed frame which held the mattress. I fed the ropes around and tied them tight to the frame. I pulled with my hands, then my neck. I was leashed to our bed, quite effectively. My heart was pounding wildly as I sat ready, brushing my hair aside, and lifting the ball up to my lips. This is what I wanted—I knew that now. Pam and San were right. I opened and pushed the ball inside, shimmying it into my jaw, until it settled behind my teeth way back on my tongue. I pulled the straps behind, buckling it tight.

“Mngmmp,” I grunted experimentally. I was getting hornier by the second. Couldn't lose focus

yet. I rolled over on the bed, lying down close to him, and reached behind. I found the cuffs after a few seconds, then fit my hands into them, clicking my wrists in, then tightening until I was locked. I jiggled and pulled, succeeding not at all in getting loose, but just teasing myself with this tight crotch rope. “Mmmhhh,” I moaned into my gag. That was it... I was helpless. I was at his mercy now. And I would remain cuffed and gagged until he decided to let me go. I squirmed and squinched closer to his chest, nuzzling deep into his warmth. His arms enveloped me, pulling me close. I smiled brightly behind my gag, moaning with every tug aroused me. His lips kissed my forehead, nuzzling deeply into my face. I closed my eyes and sunk into his warmth...and surrendered to him.

****ANOTHER WONDERFUL SLEEP****

I felt stirring. My chin was wet. I had been drooling, hadn't I? I opened my eyes feeling the sheet around me to be soggy. I had been drooling. My cheeks blushed as I looked up to see his eyes open slowly, smiling brightly. He immediately shifted to a worried look as he took hold of my predicament.

“Oh no, Shi, what happened!? Wait, I'll have you out in-”

“Mn-Mm!” I squirmed, shaking my head and twisting away. I looked at him sheepishly, but longingly.

“Honey are you... did you do this to yourself?” he asked softly, cupping my cheek. I nodded meekly, looking up into him. “Did you... you did this for me?” He smiled gently, petting my head. I used my eyes to tell him, since my mouth was full with a big, black, rubber ball. I looked at the rope leash I made, then back to him, then I settled close to him again, nuzzling his chest, pushing as close as I could. His arms wrapped around me, holding my head with care. “Oh, sweetheart, I dunno what to say. Are you sure this is what you want? I don't wanna force you into this at all, especially not so soon-”

I looked up to him with a twinkle in my eye, slowly nodding, and muffled into him, “Mnph, Mmphrm.” I had done it... I had finally taken this plunge, and I felt so free, ironically.

“Shi... I love you so much...” whispered Ios against me, nuzzling my head, kissing gently.

“Mn mnhp nm, Mmphrm,” I garbled. I wiggled and pulled on my restraints, feeling no slack... good. My Master would be able to have as much fun with me as he wanted for as long as He wanted.

17th Frame

I panted and moaned, “Nnyuhh, hhhhh, hhhhh,” feeling completely exposed, slightly embarrassed, and extremely horny at my predicament. I stood in the door way with my arms tied behind me, horizontal to the ground, with a very tight chest harness wrapping around my breasts, going up over my shoulders, down under my arms, squeezing my whole upper body very tight. On my groin rested a very, very tight crotch rope, biting firmly into my pussy and squeezing my most sensitive parts, with a couple knots tied in just the right spots to drive me wild. My boobs strained around the ropes, bulging out and swelling with tension. My nipples stood at full attention as Master Ios looped some little strings around them. I gasped, feeling them gripped, then watches as He fed the strings through two different eye bolts in the top of the door frame. One bolt for each nipple. He then knelt to the floor, and did the same around my toes, weaving the strings through my little digits. It was a strange feeling, like those socks with toe-holes. He fed the strings up through the bolts that were on the respective side of my body. Last, He attached two strings to my crotch rope, tying them just above each knot, feeding the ends up through both bolts. “Master, this is so embarrassing...” I whined.

“Hey, you danced for a whole crowd of strangers and not me?” He shot me a look with a hoisted eyebrow. I blushed furiously and averted my eyes.

“Nh, bu- well...I-I would have...” I stammered.

“Yes, I'm sure you would have. Well now you're going to. I just want a little dance. That's fair, is it not?” He asked with a sinister smile. I bit my lip nervously, feeling a little jitter in my knees as He pulled all the strings taut. I squeaked a high-pitch cry as my poor nipples were gripped tight. He wrapped the strings around His fingers: around His ring, middle, and index fingers, then tugged. My toes, my nipples, and my pussy all felt the harsh pull.

“AIIIEEE!!” I squealed, gripping my eyes shut, standing as tall as I could and very still. He moved in very close to my face, leaning in.

“Now listen very carefully...” He whispered. I felt His breath pour over my ear and neck. The heat drove me wild for Him. “You belong to me. Your body, your will, your heart... all are mine and mine alone.”

“Of course the-AEEEEII!!” I was cut off by my nipples and pussy being suddenly hoisted.

“Excuse you?” He asked very calmly and quietly, whispering every word.

“Yes, Master!!” I cried, panting from the pain as He let my nipples down.

“There's a good girl. Now, look at me,” He commanded. I meekly looked up at Him, seeing a serious, but soft gaze in His eyes. My lip quivered a little bit. “From this moment forth, no other life form, apart from a medical physician, is allowed to touch you without my presence. If a man

or woman lays a hand on you, you will resist and immediately report to me. Is that understood?”

I nodded, feeling so unbelievably turned on by the force behind His words. “Yes, Master.”

“Good girl. So you and the girls are going sexy shopping tomorrow and help try on outfits together. You gonna pick somethin' sexy out to show me?” He asked. I was a bit confused, as Pam, San, and I didn't have anything planned.

“Um, did they sa-AAHH!!” my nipples and crotch were tugged hard by His fingers pulling towards Him.

“Wrong?” He answered for me. “Who is allowed to lay a hand on you ever?”

“Master!!” I shouted. “Only Master!! No one else!!” I called out to make Him stop. He did after a moment. Hey, He'd tricked me!

“Fast learner!” He said with a cheerful smile. I saw a hint of warmth in His eyes...it made me blush beet red and smile along with Him. He walked backwards and sat on a chair out in the middle of the living area and kicked His feet up onto the sofa. “Now, let's have the right leg.” The moment He said, I looked down at my feet, feeling the tug on right toes, and I moved it forward. As soon as I did, my right nipple was pulled hard with my crotch rope, making me squeal again. “Ah-ah! Up, up,” He commanded. I lifted my leg higher, higher, until I had to balance myself very carefully, holding my leg into a standing splits. He had the clearest shot of my crotch roped pussy. I couldn't hide the blush in my body or in my face with my hair without risking falling over. “Good girl,” He congratulated with a cheerful grin. “Now set it down, sloooowlyyy,” He ordered, letting my toes go loose. I gently brought my foot down and set it back on the floor. “Good puppet.” As I did as I was forced and instructed, my crotch rope wiggled and vibrated. He was rolling His fingers, causing the strings to pull and tug my crotch rope very softly, rubbing and massaging my labia and my clit.

“Hooooohhh, nmmmyyyess... mmmmmnhhhh,” I moaned and panted.

“Now the other leg,” He ordered. I felt a lighter pull in my left nipple and my toes, telling me to slowly lift my leg. As I did as I was commanded by the strings of Master, the whole time, my crotch rope never stopped getting light little tugs. In fact, when I spread my leg into the stance I was in before, it only felt more intense, touching the stretched, sensitive parts. I gasped felt the tingles all over me, slowly beginning to build already.

“Hooohh, oohhh, hhh, ooohhyeess, yyessss,” I moaned heavily, pulling on my wrist ropes and against the breast harness. My breasts felt so swollen and squeezed. I was about ready to burst when my nipples were yanked without warning. “Aaahh!!” I yelped.

“Don't...you...dare,” He said softly. “If you wish to cum, then come to your Master.”

I nodded, panting and blushing, struggling to hold it back—and losing. “Y-yes, Master,” I whimpered. I panted and heaved, gripping my fists to try and focus. It was getting harder each

second. I walked by His guidance, lifting my right toes, moving them forward as He pulled my right nipple, then set my foot down, then left nipple and toes...then stepped... I was moving closer to Him but so was my roaring climax. I was only a few feet away...but I couldn't hold back anymore.

“Ghyyaaahhhooh! Haaooohh, haaohh!!” I cried, shivering and panting, the waves thundering all over my body as I came, feeling the rush of aftershocks. My legs felt weak as I slowly caught my breath and looked up. He sat there, staring at me with an eyebrow cocked. Master was not happy. I looked sheepishly and horrified at Him, trying to remain calm. “I... I...Master, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean-AAAHH!!” I screamed, watching Him curl His fingers and feeling my nipples pulled harder than ever.

“So, you get to cum and your Master doesn't? Is that how this works?”

“No, Master!!!” I shouted, gritting my teeth and feeling my poor nipples being yanked from my breasts. My whole chest felt like it was burning from the sensations.

“You came without me... you've been a bad girl, Shi. You will be punished.”

“I'm sorry!!!” I groaned, feeling my nipples released. I panted and whined as He stood up. I was in trouble now. He pulled His chair over, putting it behind me.

“Sit,” He commanded. At the risk of my poor nipples getting another treatment, I gulped and did as He ordered. He loosened the strings from me, giving me a chance to rest as I sat there, nervous about what I would receive for my disobedience. I felt a little trapped since He teased me to my raging orgasms, expecting me to not have them. But Master told me not to...and I disobeyed Him. I hung my head, feeling guilty. I looked up at Him to see He'd removed the strings from the doorway, then pulled another chair from the dining room over. He lifted my legs up and set them on the chair. I didn't notice that He had a couple coils of ropes in His hands. Master immediately began to secure my ankles to the middle of the chair seat. They were so tight I couldn't lift or pull them away in the slightest. Next, He moved behind and pulled my back flat against the chair, tightly wrapping around my shoulders, my upper chest, my tummy, winding the ropes very secure through the chair back. I couldn't lean forward or to the sides at all. I was stuck there.

“Master, please, I'm sorry, ahh-ah-ow,” I pleaded. He ignored me, pulling the strings for my toes up, stretching my toes far back so my feet pointed straight towards the ceiling. He secured the strings for my toes to my nipple strings, pulling them very tight. “Ahh! Ah, ah,” I whined, feeling my nipples get tugged at even the slightest relaxation of my feet. He moved over to me, gazing at me, squatting close to my face. I whimpered, looking longingly at Him.

“I know you're sorry, and I forgive you,” He said caringly, stroking my cheek. I immediately felt relieved that He was not about to severely torture me. “Don't think of this as, 'do as I say or I'm going to make you suffer.' Try more to think of it as... 'this is what you can have when you give in to your Master,’” He whispered, running His hands softly around my breasts. I gasped, feeling the sensation of His hands around my big, bulging breasts in the ropes. My body shuddered at

His warm touch. I watched as He moved over to my feet, moving closer, and blowing on them. I shivered a little, feeling the cold air between my toes. I felt Him rest His cheek against the arches of my feet, and then He nuzzled into them. I tried to keep very still, as it started to tickle. Then, shockingly, He dragged His index finger as light and gentle as He could down my foot.

“AA-AUGH!” I screamed feeling the tickling sensations, and then immediate pain bursting through my nipples the second I tugged. I panted, trying to struggle and pull free, but I was completely stuck. He dragged His fingers up my feet again very slowly and softly. “NOOAUGH! HAHAHA!! Maste-ahahehahaha!! OW-HO-HAHAHAHAHA!! Please stop! I can't mov-Aahahaha!!” He just sat there, smiling, tickling my defenseless little feet. The very gentle, very soft, light little touches to my feet were maddening. But not nearly as maddening as when He put his face close again, very softly licking. Every time I struggled and pulled, my toes pulled my own nipples. “OHW-Please Master! I'm s-ohw-aughahehahahahaha!!” My cheekbones began to feel strained from laughing so hard. Every breath I took squeezed my breasts tighter in this chest harness, causing my bosoms to throb and feel the tightness of my bondage. I felt another storm coming on. Was this His plan? I didn't know anything besides- “DAHH-it tickles! EHEHAHAHAHA!!”

“You want me to stop?” He asked so casually, still torturing my feet in the most sinisterly evil way I ever imagined.

“PLEEAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!” I screamed for mercy. His fingers and tongue suddenly came to a halt.

“You gonna show your Master who you love?” He asked, glancing up at me.

“Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!” I nodded and panted wildly, trying to catch my breath. He rose to His feet and moved to my face, kneeling beside me and smiling sweetly.

“Your Master needs to know you love Him,” He whispered.

“I love Master!” I panted into His face, pushing my neck as far as it reached to crash into His cheek, nuzzling frantically. “I love Master! I love Him so much! Mtsk! Mwah! Mtsk! Mtsk” I panted and kissed wildly all over His face, rubbing my face and nose dearly into Him. His face felt so warm and soft. I kissed passionately against His lips, licking against His maw, adoring Master as much as I had in me.

“You wanna give all of your Master your love too?” He asked sweetly, nuzzling right back.

“Uh-huh, I love all of Master!” I whispered. I heaved as He stood up. I was so horny I couldn't stand it anymore. He stood close to me as I ran my tongue along Him, feeling the texture of His length. He was hot, hard, throbbing, as I drew Him in. I couldn't move my shoulders, so it was rather kind of Him to stand so close as I pumped my neck and head. “Mmmnh! Mnhhh! Mmmnh!” I moaned, sucking on him, making delighted little suckling noises. His taste filled my lips, salty but sweet; it was a dessert I'd wanted to gorge myself. His smell filled my throat and nose, becoming addictive in moments. I ran my tongue all around Him, feeling His head and

His shaft, sucking happily to please Him. I felt His tension build inside my mouth. I flicked my tongue along the tip of His head, tickling lightly, and then bringing Him all the way in, pumping my head faster and sucking harder. His muscles tightened and spasmed—and I felt my mouth fill with his juices. It felt like drinking a lava cake. I lapped up around His member, drinking down every last drop before He pulled away, looking down at me. I looked up, eyes brimming with eagerness for His care.

“That was amazing, my love,” He whispered, face tinted red, grinning ear to ear. I smiled brightly as He untied my shoulders, then chest, and then tummy from the chair. I leaned forward for him to untie my arms, and then my wrists, and finally chest harness, feeling the ropes fall away. Next came my feet which he quickly freed from the chair, at which point we both removed the strings he'd used to pull my own. “C'mere sweetie,” He said softly. I hastily moved off the chair onto the floor, kneeling in front of Him. He took one of the discarded ropes, lifting my arms up, pressing my forearms to my upper arms. He doubled the ropes and began to tie my first arm, wrapping around and around, and then cinching tight down the center. He repeated the process for my other arm... then my left leg... then my right. I sat helpless once again, looking up at Him meekly. “Just a moment, I have somethin' for you.” He quickly made off for the bedroom and rustled around out of sight. I leaned over to see if I could discover His actions, but He just quickly came back with a few accessories. He leaned down, holding a ring-gag to my face. Quickly and excitedly, I opened my mouth obediently for Him to pull it inside, wrap the straps tightly behind and buckle it. Next, He placed a headband with fox ears on me, then bent me forward pressing a sticky, fluffy tail just above my bum. I blinked as I realized my situation.

“Heauuh?” I garbled up to Him.

“Awwohh lookit the cute little foxy!” He gushed with a big smile. I went beet red and looked up at Him.

“Hueww?” I mewed to Him. He giggled and scratched my head. My heart skipped a beat and I smiled behind my gag.

“C'mon, little foxy, come on!” He cooed to me, coaxing me to follow Him.

“Hew!” I meowed, crawling on my knees and elbows, following Him over to the sofa where He sat back. I sat back on my knees in a begging position, unsure of how to climb up. It was a bit harder than it seems.

“Come on, you can do it! Jump on up!” He cheered, patting the sofa. I reached with my elbows, struggling and straining.

“Uh, uuhh, hoeww,” I whined to Him. He reached down, holding under my arms and pulling me up. I pushed as much as I could to jump up onto Him, crawling up onto His chest.

“Awoh, Shi want up. Theeerre we go!” He said sweetly, holding me close. I squirmed and adjusted, trying to get comfy on His chest. “Okay, lay down... down!” He gave my bare bum a light spank. I yipped and found the spot in that exact moment, laying on one elbow, the other

across His chest. I pushed my face into His, nuzzling lovingly.

“Hooouuw, I lluuu hyu Haherh,” I mewed cheerfully into Him. I nuzzled and kissed Him the only way I could, licking His cheek and lips, closing my eyes. His arms tightened around me, rubbing up and down my body.

“And your Master loves you too,” he whispered, kissing my forehead. He held me tight in his arms as I cooed happily against his face. I relaxed, sinking into his warm chest, feeling Him occasionally tug my crotch rope to tease me. My heart bounded, feeling unlimited happiness as I slowly fell asleep.

****A PEACEFUL LITTLE NAP LATER****

I felt my head being gently scratched, feeling His fingers run through my hair. I cooed delightedly, looking up to His adoring eyes. I squirmed up to lick His face again. He giggled and kisses my nose, licking at my tongue.

“I think I'm gonna keep this foxy. She's so sweet and adorable!”

“Hyeuh!!” I yelped with glee.

“Submit, little foxy,” He commanded to me, brushing my hair away. I nodded obediently and maneuvered to sit up, leaning back and presenting my belly to Master. I tried to cover myself to hide my modesty, but didn't have much ability. Master undid my crotch rope and pulled it away, and then crawled atop me, looking down into my face. I looked up reverently, whimpering in delight. “Your owner loves you with all his heart,” whispered Master. My chest beat frantically as I felt Him sink into my body, mashing my bosoms with His strong chest. His lips touched along mine. I couldn't resist licking them as best I could. I licked his face lovingly as His heat felt my walls up and down, plunging between them. I moaned to Him, feeling the tension of his length fill my walls. I squirmed and wiggled beneath Him, unable to change my position. I was helpless to His hips pushing inside me. Master ran his hands up my body, around my chest, feeling my breasts, squishing and playing with them. He kneaded them deliciously, sending tingles all over my chest and spine. I moaned and whimpered, feeling his hands probe my outsides, his length probe my insides. As His pelvis ground my clit, my back arched and hips bucked to the pleasures rolling all over me. My breaths picked up, moaning faster and heavier. My body squirmed and bucked, pulling on my ropes but only pawing at His body with my elbows and knees. I gripped Him as best I could, feeling His member plunge deeper and harder. His breath beat over my face as He kissed along my gagged lips. His warm, tender lips mashed and kneaded along mine. My tongue touched His, feeling along His hot breath, feeling my walls crack. His hot juices burst against mine, sending roars of orgasm after orgasm all throughout me. I cried out in bliss, convulsing and bucking to His thrusts inside.

I panted and heaved as He slowed to a halt, pulling up from me. His hands reached down, untying my legs... and then my arms... and then my gag from my mouth. My breath still hadn't fully returned. I lied there, still trembling from the waves of orgasmic aftershocks, looking up at Him. I weakly held out my arms to him, whimpering for him. He smiled brightly and came

back to me, laying on my side and mashing me between him and the back cushion of the sofa. I coiled my arms and legs around Master, rubbing my face into His, entangling my legs with his.

“I love Master...” was all I could whimper. His lips touched mine gently, feeling hot, sweet, and soft. His heat embraced me, keeping me held ever tighter in his arms.

“And your Master loves you.”

“Master.....” I whispered softly, rubbing my face happily against His.

“...I love you, Shi...” were the last echoes I heard before losing consciousness once more in Master's loving arms.

18th Frame: Stop Bit

“Jan was right, you're very talented.”

“Thank you!” I replied with a cheerful grin. Ron was looking through my portfolio, eyebrows hoisted and smiling. I sat poised with excitement, hands folded in my lap, in a navy-blue blouse, a dress skirt with peach colored nylon stockings, and dress heels. Ron sat in a dark business suit with slacks and shoes, sitting across his desk.

“I think this is actually one of the better files I've seen in my day. Good attention to detail, excellent planning skills and knowledge of fiscal policy... when can you start?” he asked and looked up at me.

“Then I can have the job?!”

“Absolutely!” Ron nodded.

“Oh thank you so much! I can start as early as the Monday after next. I have some—family issues to take care of and will be unavailable until then. Is that okay?” My heart was jumping up and down wildly.

“Yeah that should be no problem,” he confirmed, looking up and down a scheduling book. “I have a meeting in Chicago next Wednesday, and then I'm off to Denver for a week. I'll miss your first day but you should be able to pick up all your necessary materials then.”

“And I can work from the comfort of my home? Really?!” I asked, almost trembling with excitement.

“Yep. We'll issue you a company laptop that you can use to remotely connect to our offices here over a secure connection. We'll also issue you a company phone that will route calls for me to you. I travel a lot so I don't expect you to follow me around,” answered Ron.

“No, that's just wonderful! I'm happy to be of service!” I responded.

“Then welcome aboard, Shi!” Ron said standing up. I got to my feet and took his hand, shaking it. His grip was firm but not crushing. “We'll send you the paperwork in the mail and you can drop it off on Monday when you pick up your stuff.”

“Thank you so much, Ron! I won't let you down!”

“I know you won't. Jan's word is stronger than steel. I don't believe a thing the papers said. If she says you're the girl for me, then that settles it.” I grinned with an uplifting feeling in my chest. Jan, how could I ever thank her enough?

“She's awesome. I'll definitely have to give her the great news,” I responded. “Thank you

again!”

“Thank you, Shi. We'll talk when I get to Colorado,” Ron said with smile, sitting back down.

“You bet!” I waved and walked out the door. I'd done it! I got a new job! Master would be so happy to learn that I would be the new executive assistant for a highly successful, well-known accounting firm spread all over the country; and I'd get to work from home so I could spend as much time with Him as ever. I walked out of the office, waving to the receptionist. I headed out to my car, absolutely giddy with excitement. Getting in, I sent a text right away, telling the wonderful news. I started the car and got an immediate response, “*That's great, sweetie! We'll definitely celebrate later. See ya then. Love you!*” I grinned, hardly able to contain myself. I actually squealed to myself as I drove over to Pam and San's place; I was meeting San there to get ready.

The drive was uneventful—just people who don't know how to merge or use their turn signal. I arrived at their apartment and hopped out of the car, hurrying up the steps and through the halls. I knocked on the door, being answered by an almost nude San apart from a towel around her body. When I say “almost,” I mean if she wasn't holding the towel up over her breasts, it would have fallen away to reveal her naked glory.

“Hey!” she beamed. “You're a bit early so you have some extra time.” She stepped back letting me in. I set my bag on the couch and pulled my shoes off.

“Thanks, that's great. I left the box here with Pam before she left this morning, did she take it with her?” I asked following her into the bathroom.

“What box?” San asked, arching her eyebrow curiously. “Pam never said anything about a box.” As I stripped out of my top and skirt, standing in just my nylons, bra, and thong, I went pale, thinking Pam had misplaced it.

“She what?! I was sure I left it here!”

“I'm kidding, Shi!” she cackled. “It's on the bed right now next to our dresses!”

I huffed. “Ohh, thank goodness. Don't scare me like that! That's my gift to Him tonight,” I scolded; cheeky minx, messing with my head like that. Once I got out of my stockings, bra, and undies, I hopped into the shower, putting my hair up in a bun out of the water's reach, and turned the faucets on.

“I know, I know. It looks absolutely fantastic. We were tempted just looking at it,” San said with a mischievous smile on her face.

I rinsed my shoulders and breasts, glistening in the bathroom light. “You didn't, did you?” I asked, peering around the shower curtain, washing down my body to clean myself up.

“Weeeeeeeellll...” she looked off to the side away from me.

“San!!” I gushed.

“No! We didn't, we have our own!” she answered. I'd never been so tempted to spray her with the shower head; but that would get her hair wet and delay us. I didn't have time to get her back.

“Stop teasing me!” I whined, finishing in the shower and shutting the water off.

“Yes, I'm sorry, that's his job now, isn't it?” I strained to hide a smile... and lost as I giggled with her. I finished rinsing and turned the water off. Once I stepped out, I dried myself off and stood next to her, letting my hair down. With the towel clinging to my body to shield my nudity, I touched my hair and makeup a bit, adding a little sheen to my hair and teasing it just a bit to add a bit of sexiness. San exited the bathroom while I applied just a bit of lip gloss and a hint of eye shadow to complement my eyes and hair. After a quick teeth cleaning, I followed San who was already getting dressed. She slipped into a lovely, black, tight-fitting, strapless, corset dress. She wore a sexy garter belt, a black thong, with some suspenders to hold up a pair of nylon stockings. I donned a different set of stockings than the ones I wore earlier. These were dark red in color, with a garter belt to match, but nothing to guard my sex. I wouldn't need it tonight. My shoes were some high, strappy heels that buckled onto my ankle and instep. Finally was a beautiful, tight, white dress, with open legs, open back, and no straps to let the front hang low and show off my massive cleavage. Thankfully the dress' cups were big enough to hold my breasts contained. If this were a regular dress, they would have surely fallen out. The dress would also hide my very naked pussy from anyone. I took a deep breath as I looked in their mirrors to see how astonishing I was. I felt the sexiest I'd ever been. San admired my outfit with a grin and rubbed my shoulders.

“You look beautiful,” she said quietly. I smiled from ear to ear and hugged her tight.

“Thank you. Thank you for everything.”

“C'mon, they're waiting for us. You ready?” she asked looking me up and down. I nodded taking another deep breath to calm my nerves. I was trembling so excitedly.

“As ready and excited as I've ever been.” We picked up the box on the bed, a fairly thin, but long, velvet box, headed out to get our bags and purses, and then headed out the door. We walked out and down to the parking area and got in my car. Driving through the city was much better after rush hour was gone; less traffic, less people who don't know how to drive. We talked about my new job and how I could work from home. San was a bit jealous—even said so. Our destination was a parking garage beneath the nicest hotel in the city. After parking, we got out, feeling the chill of the evening air. My inner spots were especially chilled, having no protection. Our stuff in tow, we walked to the elevators, heading up to the hotel lobby. San sent a quick text to Pam saying we were on our way up. We walked through the lobby of the hotel to the other elevators. It was extremely fancy—lots of chandeliers, potted plants, expensive decorations and paintings. I wondered what it would be like to stay in a place like this. We went up to the top floor of hotel, stepping out and walking down the hall. The room we reached was the last door, penthouse suite. My chest was fluttering, hands were actually shaking. San giggled, I could tell

she was excited too. We knocked softly. The door opened with Pam to greet us.

“Hey!” she whispered. “We’re all set so do you want to put the last touches on?” We stepped inside, seeing a beautifully large hotel room: a small sitting area in the center with a huge bedroom off to the side, as well as even a guest room on the opposite end. Before I got a chance to look around for Him, they corralled me along to the bathroom. We rushed inside, much larger than I anticipated. Pam slammed the door behind us. “You look amazing!” she whispered.

I blushed. “Thank you, you do too!” She wore a leather dress with an open leg on the left side, halter cut top that showed off her boobs beautifully. Her arms were clad in some silk opera gloves that made her look incredibly pretty.

“Here, I’ll take that out,” San said with pep in her voice, snatching the box from me and exiting the room. I smiled at her excitement, checking my outfit, my hair, and looking to Pam.

“Anything missing?” I asked.

“Nope, you look fantastic. Just one final piece...” she said, checking my front and back. She produced a headband veil, fitting it over my head and draped the thin, white, translucent veil down my hair. I admired myself in the mirror. I had honestly, truly, forgotten how it felt to be this beautiful. My heart raced. I looked at Pam’s reflection, grinning at me. “Ready?” she asked. I gave a firm nod. Pam took my hand and we exited the bathroom. My spine shivered as we clicked in our heels around the corner into the room, looking out the sliding glass doors to a balcony. San saw us and nodded her head. And there He was. He turned to us, a soft gaze in His eyes, and the tenderest of smiles. My cheeks were starting to hurt, I was smiling so much. He wore an ankle-long, sleeveless robe which hung open to expose His bare chest. The robe had all sorts of intricate patterns down the side, looking like gold threading. His bottoms matched in the design and color, loosely holding His body. Thin and sharp, like a scythe, He stood dignified as I slowly walked up to Him. Our hands finally touched...and held...and we gazed into each other.

“...So beautiful...” was all He whispered. My heart leaped and I bit my lip. “You ready?”

“I’ve been going crazy all day,” I whispered with a grin. He matched mine and we looked over to the girls. Each one stood next to us, handing us a ring. Ios took my left hand, holding it with care, and slid the ring that used to be on my collar onto my fourth digit. He pushed it back, letting it hug my finger. My heart pounded hard as my hand circled around His, holding His now, as I slipped a larger, stronger band onto His identical finger, left, fourth digit. When both were on, I looked up at Him. His warm hand holding mine, the smile, and the tenderness in His eyes, I couldn’t hold back the tears any longer. Very gently a couple of drips fell down my cheek.

He spoke, “There’s no one else I would rather be with than you. You make me the happiest man alive. And if you’ll stay beside me, I’ll do everything to share with you a glimpse of that happiness—As my slave, my wife...my Empress...” Another tear dripped down my cheek.

“And there’s no one else in my heart who can stand up to your might. You’ve been the light to

keep the darkness away from me in the darkest of times. If you'll keep me at your side, I vow to share the infinite depths of how I feel for you—As my husband, my Lord... my Master, forever.” He smiled brightly, holding my hand. We looked over at the girls who were cupping their mouths. I could see they were trying not to cry. They approached us at the table fetching the box I brought.

“Allow us,” Pam said with a smile, opening it up. Inside, there lay a white, leather, monoglove armbinder. She picked it up, and I noticed it had already been unlaced. San, you little liar! I smiled as San rubbed my shoulders to get me ready. I looked up at Him for a distraction as my hands were drawn behind me, held together, and slid into the glove. San pulled the first straps up over my shoulders and down my back. The second set of straps criss-crossing around my body, over my chest above my breasts. Pam buckled the straps very nice and snug, and then laced it up slowly, pushing my forearms and elbows very tight together. The leather was thin and tight. It hugged my arms and allowed no movement from them at all. When the lacing was finished and the spare chords were tucked inside the glove between my shoulder blades, I felt and heard the sound of a buckle. My wrists began to feel even tighter as they strapped and buckled a belt which was attached to the wrist area of the glove. If that wasn't enough, they picked up a small padlock from the box, bringing it behind me. I felt the glove's top pull taut at my upper arms, and then a (CLICK). I was trapped. I would never be able to get this off myself. Pam smiled, handing Him the key.

He then turned to the table where my large box was, reaching for a second, smaller box. Opening it up, He retrieved something that made my eyes light up like the holidays. It was a titanium eternity collar with a special, studded tag ring. As He presented it to me, I gushed at it, seeing the inscription, 'Shi – Owned by Ios – To the End of Time.’ He opened it up and slipped it around my neck. I noticed it required a very special torx key to unlock. He held it shut, using the key that came with it, and screwed it shut. He was this close, it took every ounce of strength to resist my impulses. I did grin brightly as He worked. He looked so handsome and amazing. Once He was done, He dangled the tag at my neck. The collar felt just slightly loose. The metal was smooth and I couldn't feel any part of it hanging up on my skin. San reached in slowly, hooking a leash onto my collar, then handed it to Him. We both looked over at them. They were grinning like horny schoolgirls.

“Thank you both so much for coming,” I said softly.

“Go on then!”

“Kiss the slave-bride!”

We both stifled a laugh, but turned our gaze back to each other. He gripped my leash, pulling me close. I looked up deeply into Him, lost in the waves of His eyes.

“...I love you, Shi...”

“I love you, Ios.”

His hands cupped my cheeks very carefully...and our lips finally met. Time had stopped. Our

lips cushioned and pushed gently into each other, tasting the warmth from one another. Passionately, we stroked each others' maws, touching occasionally with our tongues for a better taste. Once we parted and our eyes reopened, our noses collided, nuzzling lovingly. The trance was broken by Pam and San cheering and clapping for us. He took my leash in hand and walked me back inside as we all followed Him. We sat on the couch, as I knelt on the cushion beside Him, leaning into His chest and curling up into His arms. Pam and San sat huddled tight together, holding each others' hands.

“Thank you both so much for inviting us,” Pam said, picking up a glass of champagne for her and San.

“Yes, that was such a lovely ceremony you two had! Very different and non-traditional.” San agreed taking her glass and sipping. Master reached forward for a glass for me, holding it to my lips and allowing me to take a sip as well, and then holding it for me while I wasn't drinking.

“It was the least we could do, for the girls who made this all possible,” He said.

“The pleasure's all ours,” Pam answered back. “To Shi and Ios!” she said raising her glass. We all repeated the toast, as the three of them raised their glasses together and touched (I got no glass and pouted—but only for a moment). The girls sipped while He held it to my lips again. I smiled, giddy on the inside as He kept me close to Him in His clutches.

“So an interesting thing came in the post today,” Pam said setting her glass down. She got up and walked over to the table where she picked up an envelope. “I thought all of you might like to see it.”

“I couldn't believe my eyes,” San chimed in. Pam handed Master the envelope. On the front, the only words written were: *'To Pam, Shi, and Ios'*. He sat close to me, opening it up and pulling out a photograph. My eyes widened and my mouth gaped at the picture. A dignified, majestic Ara, clad in a latex dress fit for a queen, and lying on a royal sofa. Her arm supported her against the rest as her other arm stretched down her leg. In her opera glove, she carried a leash connected to a beautiful redhead maid, kneeling in front of the sofa. She had a submissive, happy, gentle smile on her face, eyes softly gazing at the camera. Master turned the card over, to find it so very simply put, “Thank you...”

“Looks like you got through to her,” said Pam.

“She looks so... peaceful,” I commented. He rested His cheek on my head, putting a smile on my face.

“I think she's finally found happiness,” Master said, handing them the picture. “She just needed to see what it was that she had thrown away by accident—what makes a proper dom.” He looked to me, drawing my eyes to His. I blushed, lost in His eyes again, and smiled bright as ever, planting a very soft kiss against his lips. I then rested my head against His chest submissively, cuddling against Him with my arms tightly trapped behind my back. The conversations went on for a while, talking about my new job, the nature of our roles, and how it

wasn't as clear-cut as we thought. Even Pam had to agree she may have been premature in her assumptions. But I knew she was completely right. I belonged to Him. Some time passed and we began having light snacks as we enjoyed a very relaxing evening in this lovely hotel room together. The night grew darker and the girls grew drunker—and hornier.

Pam slurred in her words, “Welllll, I think itsss tsime ttto adchourn to our roomzz. Iosz, Shshssshi, to thhhe luffy couple. Now gghoo hafv married sex! San, yyyou cum with me,” she giggled. We all broke out laughing. She tugged on San who was somewhat zonked out on the sofa. They both held each other as best they could in their heels. He jumped up to help them into their room, guiding them so they didn't hit the wall on their way in, smiling at their inebriation. Once they were safe inside their room, He turned his focus to me. Silently, with a smile He stood there, just watching me kneel on the sofa. I did the only thing I could think of, bending forward to grab the leash handle with my teeth, and then stand up. I clicked in my heels with a wiggle in my bum over to Him, offering the handle to him. He accepted it with a grin, stroking my cheek as I knelt before Him.

“No no, c'mon back,” He said softly giving my leash a tug. My heart jumped as I gasped and thought I made a mistake; but as I stood back up quickly, he caught my waist, holding me close. I looked up into His eyes, instantly becoming lost in the twinkle shining brightly within them. “You truly look so beautiful tonight.”

“It's the dress and glove. They're offset by my hair and my eyes,” I remarked.

“It might be the shiny objects around your neck and finger.”

“But you can only see one of those,” I said with a mischievous smile.

“Very fair point indeed, my love,” He said with a poised, analytical look, stroking his chin. His hand curled around my bum and pulled me closer. It sent a shiver up my back. “Well, perhaps it's that I'm just so utterly captivated by those big, beautiful search lights looking up at me. Not to mention those shiny gems you call eyes.”

“You have such a way with words. I had no idea my breasts were so hypnotic,” I said with a grin.

He leaned close, whispering to my lips, “...Well they're mine, now...” and very gently mashed against me. The heat of His breath filled my chest with a huge craving as I pushed against Him, deeper into His lips. The kiss softly parted as I looked up, trying to still my nerves. My arms started to pull against the glove, squirming against it. “Aww, is my dear slave getting antsy?” He asked gently. I shivered and eventually nodded, sheepishly.

“Yes, Master,” I answered.

“Well, all you have to do is ask nicely...” He was teasing me. It was working.

“Please, Master, please...” I begged, struggling to say it.

“Please, what?” He asked. I bit my lip, blushing furiously, trying to push it out.

“...Strip me... gag me... clamp me... spank me....fill me, fuck me, and make me cum for you...” I felt incredibly naughty saying it.

“...If you insist,” He whispered into my ear. My heart raced. My breaths became a little quicker when He gave my leash a tug, pulling me with him into the bedroom. On the dressing table, our case sat open, everything ready, with a few new additions I was excited to try out. He pulled me to our very large bed, slowly pushing His loose bottoms away to reveal Himself. I looked hungrily at Him, then up to His eyes. He unhooked my leash and placed it on the dressing table, fetching a few key items. Once returned, He placed them out on the bed and reached around to unzip my dress, sliding it away carefully out of the straps of my armbinder. I stepped out, standing very nearly naked before Him, smiling with a naughty grin in just my garter, nylons, and high heels. “Now since you've been a good girl, you may have your choice of item first.”

I looked at my options, a set of clover clamps, a number of rope coils, a new, special ballgag, a set of bullet vibrators with some sticky tape, and a new dildo vibrator with twin prongs for clitoral stimulation. I wanted it all so bad it was hard for me to choose. But I quickly made a decision to not keep Him waiting... and submissively opened my mouth to him as wide as I could. “Aahh?” I moaned gently. He smiled cheerfully, picking up the big, shiny, red ballgag. It was to be “my” new gag, the same size of my old one, but this one came with a chin strap which reached around across my neck and a special buckle that would lock by mini padlock. He pulled it into my lips, wiggling it a bit until it popped in behind my teeth, settling back on my tongue. He pulled the straps behind tightly, buckling it, and then clicking the lock shut. He then adjusted the strap on my chin and neck, buckling it nice and snug as well. The gag gripped my jaw very tight. I couldn't open my mouth or move the ball with my tongue in even the slightest. “Mnmphmn,” I garbled, realizing I would be wearing this for a while.

Master turned to the bed, picking up the clamps. My eyes widened, feeling a large resistance build in my stomach. “Mn-mm,” I shook my head. I tried to turn away, but was immediately caught by his quick fingers, gripping the nipple on the side I turned. “Mnnh!!” I squealed, gripping my eyes shut at the pain. My nipples were already hard and erect, just waiting for it. He raised the first clamp, closing it slowly on my nipple. “MNGHPPH!!” I groaned very loudly, and then a second time, feeling the shock of my nipples being clamped and tweaked by the chain linking the two. He flicked the chain, making me whimper and struggle against my armbinder as I felt a bursting pain in them. I looked meekly up at Him.

“Tsk, awww, I know, here, let me make them feel better for you,” He said. He picked up the little bullet vibrators and pressed them over the clamps. I whined loudly as he mashed the clamps. The bullets had little sticky tape flaps that hugged my breasts to keep them in place. They were very sticky, actually. Once in place, he took the remote that powered them both and flicked it on. They buzzed to life, sending rushing waves of mixed pleasure and pain all over my chest.

“Mnnmmnnhhhh, mmmnnhh,” I moaned, feeling so horny I couldn't stand it.

“There, sweet slave, all better?” I hesitated for a moment, but slowly nodded. “Good, now whadduwe say?” He asked tugging the chain and my nipples a little. I winced the pain was instantly washed in the ever yummy, pleasurable buzzing all over my sensitive breasts. I stepped closer, pushing my face into his, nuzzling deeply affectionately.

“Mnhph...mnnhh,” I moaned softly into him. Master took me by my hips, guiding me over to the bed where I sat down and leaned back. The mattress and sheets were very soft and cozy against my bum. He took a coil of rope, lifting my left leg up, folding my knee, and doubling the ropes to wrap around, tying my ankle tightly to my thigh. He wrapped around and around, cinching it up the middle, and tying it off. I pushed my leg against the froggie but got nowhere. I was all but helpless as I lay on my back. He lowered down onto me, laying very close, kissing my gagged lips, down my chin, and nuzzling my neck. My pussy was tingling, I was so wet. His hand felt down between my legs. His fingers slipped right through my walls. “Mnghhph!!” I wailed into my gag, arching my back. I moaned and panted, already feeling the waves building as His fingers very gently played with my lips and walls, stroking and curling inside them. His thumb pressed my clit, massaging, tickling my insides. I groaned, feeling the strain inside. His hand cupped my pussy, reaching far inside, curling His fingers in a “come hither” motion. Over and over again He stroked. My body shook as the waves broke over me, flooding me all over. I came hard over his hand, shivering in delight. I panted and felt hot, looking down to see my flushed pussy. His eyes met mine, smiling delightfully. I gazed longingly and whimpered. It was only beginning...

His body pressed tight, resting his hand on my hip, then holding it close as he ran Himself along my sopping wet walls. My labia tingled at the sensation and His heat. I moaned heavily, whimpering for him... as he slid inside. My back arched harder while his bone pushed my clit, pushing and pumping in and out slowly within me. I closed my eyes as I squirmed and bucked. Laying back, I panted harder, feeling my nipples straining against the tape and clamps, constantly being buzzed between the vibrations and bursting pain. I began to moan louder, deeper, and harder, overjoyed by my bondage, my gag, feeling Him inside, feeling a never-ending happiness throughout my whole body. The happiest day of my life, spent with the love of my life, I pushed as close as I could, feeling His hand gripped my waist as he thrust inside—building another towering wave within. That which all belongs to Him. He who belongs to me. My happiness is His. My submission, his worship. He is my True Master.