

Escort

He went to answer the knock at the door of his motel room. It was his escort. She was far prettier than she appeared on her website. He had hired her a little reluctantly, because when corresponding she admitted to little knowledge of rope bondage. Promising to show her what she needed to know, he hired her anyway.

As he let her in, he noticed she had on a short skirt, tan pantyhose, and ankle-strap suede high heels, just as she'd agreed to. Her legs were beautiful. She had a large purse with her. "Is that your car there?", she asked, pointing to his 2016 Dodge Viper. "Yes", he said. "Do you like it?" She said, "Yes - I've always been partial to those! Anyway, I'm Dianne." She picked up the white envelope on the table, which contained her donation, and put it in her purse.

"I'm Robert", he said. "Nice to meet you!" He thought it a bit odd that she asked about his car, but then didn't give it another thought. He sat on the edge of the bed and got right to the point. "So, I thought we could do like a robbery scenario. You'll knock at the door, say you locked yourself out of your room, and ask if you can come in and call the front desk. After I shut the door you pull the gun on me, make me lay down on the floor, and tie me up. Here, I'll show you how to do it."

She watched with a bemused smile as he took a piece of rope (one of many lying on the bed) and folded it in half. He laid the rope under his thighs. Then he brought the two loose ends up and threaded them through the loop that had formed when he folded the rope. He pulled and the rope tightened around his thighs. He continued to loop the rope around his legs until maybe three to four feet were left. Then he started wrapping the rope perpendicularly around the loops already in place. After one complete turn, he pulled as tightly as he could, and all the rope tightened up. "That's called a cinch", he said. "It's very important. It makes everything else tighten up. And I like it tight! Anyway, you keep wrapping cinches & tightening them until you only have enough rope left to tie a knot. Then you tie it off to where I can't reach the knot. Got it?"

She laughed and said, "I think I've got it. You're a good teacher! Looks like you've done this before." "Yes", he said. "I've never found a lady in this little town who could do what I need. But I'm hoping if you're good at this we can see each other

regularly. Oh, by the way, I like being gagged as well. I brought a ball gag with me.” He showed her a leather strap with a buckle. It had a big red rubber ball in its middle. “You just push the ball back behind my teeth and strap it in tight.” She said, “OK. What do I do after I have you tied up?” He said, “Oh, I don’t know - improvise! I do like just being made to lay still, keep quiet and not struggle for part of the time.” She said, “All right - I’ll think of something. Let’s do it!” She took her purse and let herself out of the room. He hoped she had really understood what they discussed.

Then she knocked at the door again. A delicious shiver of anticipation ran up and down his spine as he opened it. This time for some reason her beauty almost took his breath away. After a second, she explained she’d locked herself out of her room. She asked if she could come in and call the desk clerk. He said, “Sure!” Let her in, and closed the door as she walked past him. Her perfume was delightful. He turned to tell her this and found himself staring down the barrel of a gun! She hissed, “Now motherfucker, you do exactly what I say, and you won’t get hurt. If you fuck with me, I’ll blow you away, I don’t give a shit. Lay down on the floor and put your hands behind your back and keep your fucking mouth shut.”

He was secretly thrilled - she was a fantastic actress! He did as she said, laid on the floor on his stomach and put his hands behind his back. She took a piece of rope and then said, “Put your hands together. No, not crossed, did I say cross them? Put your palms together - do it!” As he did so he felt her wrap the cord around his wrists, very tightly. When she cinched the rope, it was tighter than he’d ever experienced. He tried to turn his head around to look at her and said, “I hate to get out of role, Dianne, but I think that’s almost too tight. I don’t know if I can handle that for very long.” She laughed and said, “Oh, don’t worry - I’ll keep an eye on things and make sure nothing’s turning blue!” He laid his head back down as she began to tie his ankles. Again, after she cinched and tied the ropes, they were almost unbearably tight. But, trusting her, he didn’t say anything.

She said, “Now I have to find something to gag your mouth with.” He went, “Ahem!”, and motioned with his head toward the ball gag on the table. But she took her purse, squatted down, and took out a pair of pantyhose. “These are size 4X, too big for me,” she said. “But I wore them for five days anyway, just for you.” Over his protests she began methodically stuffing them into his mouth, a leg going into each cheek. When she got to the panty part, she started stuffing this

into the rest of his mouth, being sure to put the crotch panel on his tongue. Now his head filled with her scent and taste every time he took a breath.

It took her some effort, but she finally got the whole pair stuffed into his mouth. His cheeks were bulging at this point. She removed a roll of duct tape from her purse and wrapped some of the tape tightly around and around and around his head, over his mouth, to seal the pantyhose securely in. His face was covered with the duct tape from just under his nose, to his chin. "That should keep you nice and quiet - try and scream," she said. He tried to scream loudly because he was becoming genuinely frightened at this point. But only a faint muffled mewling sound came out. She laughed at him, then took another short piece of rope. She looped it through his wrist and ankle cinches, then lifted his knees off the floor, arching his back. Next, she pulled the rope as hard as she could, bringing his ankles up over his wrists and causing him to grunt involuntarily through his tight gag. She tied this rope off. Now he was brutally hogtied and gagged. There would be no getting loose. His hands were beginning to go numb. This rapidly worsened as she tied and cinched his elbows.

She took out her cell phone and dialed a number. He heard her say, "Hey. Yeah, another dumb ass wanted me to tie him up. He tried to teach me how to do it - can you believe it?" Then she said, "Yeah, I gagged him - he's gagged real good." She continued, "You coming over to help me decide what to do with him? He has a Dodge Viper, it's kind of old but it'll bring something. I haven't looked through his wallet yet. What time is it now, noon? In a few hours then? OK, maybe I'll go shopping for a while. It's room 108. See you later!"

He was of course scared to death at this point and started thrashing around and trying to scream into his gag. She said, "Look, don't bother struggling, you're not going to get loose. You'll just make the ropes tighter. I know what I'm doing when I tie somebody up." She bent down and took his head in her hands. She forced his head up and said, "Look at me! Look in my eyes!" And as he looked into her eyes she said, "I know what I'm doing when I gag somebody too, don't I honey?" He moaned into his gag as she let go of his head. She took his keys and got her purse. She turned on the TV and adjusted the volume to cover his muffled screams. Again, she bent down and this time he heard a sultry whisper in his ear, "Have fun bound and gagged, honey. It's no fantasy this time - this is the real thing."

Had he been in a frame of mind to appreciate irony he would have recognized that this, after all, was what he had always thought he wanted - to be left savagely bound and gagged in a perilous context, with no hope of getting loose. But he had never been so seriously bound and gagged by someone who really knew what they were doing, deadly intent on making certain he couldn't get loose or make any kind of intelligible or loud sound. The ropes were extremely tight and uncomfortable. His hands were now so numb that even had he been able to reach any of the knots, there wouldn't have been enough feeling in his fingers to get any of them untied. And he hadn't a prayer of dislodging the soiled pantyhose which she had so unceremoniously stuffed and taped tightly in his mouth. With despair he realized he was truly helpless.

Before she left, she said, "You know what? I'm going to give you a chance." She was standing right in front of him, and he could see the texture of her cheap nylon pantyhose, which were a little wrinkled around her ankles, and he could see how the straps of her heels bit gently into her ankles. She took a pair of scissors from her purse and tossed them onto the middle of the bed. "If you can get these, you may be able to cut yourself loose. If you can't, we're going to have a lot of fun with you tonight. Good luck!" And with that, she was out the door. He heard his car starting and driving off.

He first started thrashing about again and screaming as loudly as he could into the gag. It didn't take him long to recognize the futility, and even danger, in doing so. The ropes didn't budge at all, and the pantyhose were taped so tightly into his mouth that every time he tried to scream they were gradually working their way to the back of his throat. If he kept it up, he would choke on them and suffocate. And thanks to the TV he couldn't generate enough noise to penetrate the door anyway. So, he changed his strategy to slowly feeling around, trying to find any knots he could reach. But he couldn't find any. He didn't think he had any chance of getting the scissors she had wickedly thrown onto the bed. But they were his only hope.

He frantically began to inch his way toward the bed. The ropes were biting into him deeply and it was very painful and slow progress. Although he was sweating profusely, this didn't loosen the duct tape which secured his gag. His shoulders burned terribly from their unnatural position. And he had an extremely strong desire to straighten out his legs. But the hogtie rope, like all the others, wasn't loosening.

The bed seemed enormously tall. After an hour he was still two or three feet away. After another hour he had reached the bed. He began to rock side to side and eventually rolled to his side. He felt around behind him until his deadened fingers could feel the bed covering. He discovered that if he grasped at this repeatedly the covering began to move. Desperately, he repeated his actions again and again. Eventually he heard a faint thud, and he realized the scissors had finally fallen to the floor. Now he had to find them.

This turned out to be easier said than done. He first had to painfully squirm to where he thought the scissors had fallen. Then he again had to clutch at the thick fabric over and over. But finally, he felt the scissors. It was hard to pick them up because of how numb his hands were. And because of their length, it was quite difficult to maneuver them perpendicular to his wrist bonds in order to be able to saw through them.

But he realized his efforts had come to nothing as he heard the door open. She said, "Not bad!" as she again stood in front of him. "Are you ready to get loose?" He groaned a muffled assent into his gag. She knelt, took the scissors and carefully sliced through the layers of duct tape wrapped around his head. Then she removed the pantyhose she had packed in his mouth. His jaws were aching from being gagged so thoroughly, and for so long. Then she untied the hogtie rope and he gratefully lowered his legs to the floor. Finally, she started to untie the rest of the ropes binding him but ended up having to use the scissors on the cotton ropes - she had tied them so tightly even she couldn't get them untied.

She asked, "Was I worth it dear?" He didn't yet have the energy to sit up. But he said, "Absolutely - it was the best mindfuck I've ever had. Can we do it again?" She laughed and said, "If you have the money, I have the time!"