

The Suit

Chapter I

Sharon slowly woke to the busy sounds of the city. She was sweating and panting like a horse. She opened her eyes, groaned in pain, and closed them again. Her head was pounding, and she felt as sick as a dog. Cursing she rolled onto her side, but the nausea would not go away. Slowly she opened her eyes again and waited for the room to stop spinning. At last, she felt brave enough to sit up.

She felt as if a train had run her over, and as she sat on the edge of the bed, she tried to remember what she had been up to. A wave of nausea overcame her, and she realized she was about to throw up. Drunkenly she stumbled to the bathroom and managed to reach the toilet just in time to empty her stomach in the bowl. Kneeling in front of the toilet she flushed the contents away and waited for her stomach to settle.

As the waves of nausea slowly abated her body began to send her other messages. First and foremost was the heavy throbbing in her head. It felt as if she had been kicked by a mule and she leaned back until she was seated with her back resting against the cool tiles of the bathroom wall.

She closed her eyes but immediately the room started spinning and with a pained grunt she opened them again. She longed to stand up and get some aspirin from the cupboard, but her body balked at the mere thought of getting up. As she waited the headache finally diminished to a dull throbbing at her temples. The next report that her body sent her was of a dull ache in her sex. Despite feeling so ill she smiled at herself.

Whatever she had been up to last night, it had involved strapping a dildo onto herself. She did it quite often and loved the feeling of waking up in the morning with a dildo in her pussy. She instinctively looked down and was surprised to see that she was wearing an old nightgown. She preferred sleeping in the nude, and she only had the nightgown for those very cold mornings when she really needed it. She began to wonder about the previous evening and was surprised and troubled that she could remember nothing of it.

She could remember coming home and taking a bath, but after that it was blank. She'd had her share of rough nights before and once or twice she'd woken up with a gap in her memory. What worried her was that she usually could remember the parts up to where the heavy drinking began.

At long last she felt a better and she slowly stood up. Popping two aspirins in her mouth she carefully walked to the kitchen to make some coffee. As she moved, she could feel the dildo inside her and she absent-mindedly stroked her sex through the nightgown. She was very surprised when none of the sensation reached her sex, instead she discovered a hard barrier under her hand. As she turned back to the bedroom, she became aware of a restrictive tightness around her waist and chest. As she entered the bedroom, she dropped the nightgown from her shoulders and stepped up to the mirror.

Sharon's mouth hung open in surprise. She was wearing an unfamiliar garment, something that definitely did not happen every day! The shock of seeing a strange garment on her body made a cold chill run down her back. What the hell was she up to last night? She looked the garment over. At first, she thought it might be a teddy or other kind of negligee. It was cut like a speedo bathing suit, with a tight turtleneck and high-cut hips. Its surface was gauzy and sheer, the weave of the fabric unbelievably fine.

It seemed to be made of a strange silver fabric that glittered like metal. The gauzy material made up most of the garment, but a built-in panty and bra was solid and not see-through. They glittered and shone as the light played over the solid surfaces. The neck and arms of the suit had thin solid seams, rounding the suit off. Turning around she discovered that the suit was cut like a G-string that bit deeply into her butt crack. A thin wire came riding up between her cheeks and then flared out as it reached her tailbone. The flare continued around her waist, becoming the belt of the panty. A broad solid strip ran from her tailbone up over her spine to the seam around her neck.

As she looked at her profile, she was surprised to see that her breasts were padded by almost half an inch. Puzzled at the purpose of the padding she also noticed that the surface had the faint outlines of two nipples built into them. She cupped her hands over her padded breasts and was surprised at how hard and unyielding the surface was. Running her hands down her sides it felt smooth and slick, but with a strange stiffness to it. Twisting her shoulders from left to right

she noticed that the suit was flexible, but that there was a noticeable resistance to her movements. The suit fit her tighter than a second skin and drew her waist in sharply. It was almost as tight as a corset, and she felt slightly uncomfortable.

The strip down her back seemed to pull her shoulders upright and forced her back to stand straight. Bending over she confirmed her suspicion as the strip resisted the curve and it tried to pull her back to her upright position. Running her fingers down the thin wire in her butt crack, she was shocked to discover that the panty was also rock hard and stiff.

It was much harder than she'd expected, and she began to suspect that it was indeed made of metal. She pulled and twisted at the thin wire, but it would not even bend. The movement reminded her that something thin and hard was still stuck into her pussy, and she tried to get to it. Rubbing her hand over her sex she realized that her mound was covered by a hard dome.

She was surprised to discover that the dome was so hard that she could not feel the sensation of her hand stroking her sex. A cold feeling of dread suddenly overcame her, and she frantically began searching for a zipper to remove the garment. When she discovered there was none she panicked and completely lost it.

She could not even find a seam where the suit would open, much less a zipper. Twisting and turning in desperation she searched for some means to rid herself of the suit, but she could find none. For a while she fought with her body in a blind panic but she soon tired and was forced to calm down. Crying in desperation and in fear she flung herself onto the bed.

Lying on her bed Sharon desperately tried to remember the events of the previous night. She had calmed down and had stopped crying. She could remember nothing about going out nor anything about the suit she was wearing. The fact that she had to concentrate very hard not to think about the object in her pussy did not make things any easier. A cold knot of fear twisted her innards as she realized that the suit was deliberately constructed not to be removed. Sharon almost hit the ceiling in fright when the doorbell suddenly rang.

By the time she had managed to put the nightgown on the doorbell had rung three more times. She relaxing as she realized that it had to be her friend

Annette who was at the door. She always rang the bloody thing as if there was a fire somewhere in the building.

Glancing at the mirror she realized that the suit was visible through the cleavage of the nightgown. Blushing a crimson red at the thought of being discovered in the exotic garment she looked for something else to wear. After several hasty experiments she settled on an old T-shirt to cover her chest and neck. It was almost the only thing in her whole closet that was high enough to hide the suit. A part of her distractedly admired the effect the suit had on her breasts, not only were they bigger, but they also looked hard and firm. Wearing the nightgown over the T-shirt she walked to the door.

By the time she opened the door Annette had rung the bell more than a dozen times. She came bouncing into the room with her usual vigor and excitement.

"So, babe, how's it hanging?" she joked as she came in. She gave Sharon a quick peck on the cheek and stormed into the kitchen. She and Annette had experimented together when they were young and although they both decided to stay hetro, they still had a close relationship. Sharon blushed as she realized how close she'd come to Annette giving her a hug. She would immediately have felt the hard pressure of Sharon's breasts.

"Geesh girl, you look like a wreck" Annette said as she poured them each a cup of coffee, "You sick or what?". Sharon collapsed on her couch and looked at Annette. Perversely a part of her wondered if she would notice her bigger breasts.

"I'm OK, I just had a rough night." she replied. Annette came over with the coffee and sat down across from her.

"So, you going to tell me who he is or am I going to have to drag it out of you?" She said with a mischievous smile.

"What do you mean?" Sharon replied, genuinely confused by the question.

"I mean who is he? You disappear for two days without saying anything to anyone. You must have gone away with a lover or something. So come on, own up, who is he and why haven't you told me about him?" she said, leaning over in a conspiratorial way. Sharon sat in shocked silence. She'd not heard a word

beyond the "two days" and she was thoroughly confused. After several seconds she noticed Annette looking at her expectantly.

"Uhm.. I'm a bit out of it, Annette - what day is it today?" she replied, ignoring Annette's mischievous grin. Annette sat back and looked genuinely surprised. "Fuck me! You must really have had a rave. Its Sunday of course" She replied. Sharon felt her world come crashing down. The last thing she could remember was coming home on Thursday evening and taking a bath. Two full days had been cut out of her life and she shivered at the thought. Suddenly, she felt sick all over again.

Sharon sat on her bed and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her left leg was dangling off the edge of the bed while her right was tucked under her left knee. She had removed the nightgown but was still wearing the T-shirt. She still felt slightly nauseous and looking at her reflection she realized that she looked the part. Her hair was in a mess and her skin was pale and stretched.

It had taken a while to get rid of Annette. She'd been surprised and offended by Sharon's unwillingness to talk. After almost an hour of prodding and probing she had finally left in a flurry of anger, hurt that Sharon would keep the details from her. Sharon felt too tired to dwell on the incident. The stress and shock were taking a strain and she could not deal with Annette's hurt emotions as well. Besides, she did not have a plausible explanation for her sudden disappearance.

For the first time she looked at herself in an almost detached and critical manner. She could not believe how well the suit fit her body. For practical purposes she was wearing a corset, bra, and chastity belt at the same time and yet it was so smooth and tight that it was invisible. The thought of a chastity belt gave her a start and she became uncomfortable. Where did that thought come from? Was that what she was wearing? A modern-day chastity belt? The idea made her so distressed she stood up and walked around the room.

Finally, she ended up in front of the mirror. She hugged her body with her hands and stood looking at herself. The only sign that all was not well was the glint of metal from between her legs. She had not really had a chance to think about her predicament, and now she mulled it over in her mind.

She had obviously been abducted and had been kept drugged for two whole days. Whomever had taken her had for some reason seen fit to encase her body in a strange suit that she was unable to remove. Sharon tried desperately to think of a reason for doing this, but she soon realized that it was futile. The whole situation seemed to be frustratingly illogical. All she had to go on was that her captor had obviously added some sexual overtones to the suit as well. It was hard to ignore the dildo and the padding over her breasts.

Sharon suddenly realized that she had absentmindedly been stroking the inside of her thigh. She was surprised and angry to find that she was aroused by the whole experience. Her body was not only responding to the stimulation, but in the dark deep recesses of her mind her erotic dreams had also come alive.

For a while she stared at the foreign glint of metal coming from between her legs. It looks so strange and yet... alluring? She hated to admit it, but it was an erotic sight. She turned around and admired her rear. She could see no sign of the suit. The thin wire ran deep in her crack and emerged high up in her tailbone where the T-shirt hid it from view.

She moved her body a bit and tested the resistance of the suit. It was uncomfortable, the waist was too tight and the wire up her crack took some getting used to. She slid her hands under her T-shirt and cupped her breasts. Again, she was surprised at the resistance to her touch. She scratched the false nipples but not even a hint of sensation was transmitted through the suit.

She had wanted to examine the suit more closely, but there was not much more to discover. Using her fingers, she found three small holes at the bottom of the suit, positioned under the dome. Except for the holes the suit was as smooth as glass, no trace of a seam or a break could be felt. It was only then that another worry started to nag at her, how would she urinate. She could not imagine urinating while wearing a garment, much less with a dildo in her sex.

With the worry still nagging at her mind she decided to investigate the holes. She managed to find a paperclip and straightened it out. She stuck it into all three holes, but it would not go in. She presumed the holes were either a decoy or they were blocked by something. Dejected and emotionally spent she lay down on the bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

THE SUIT - Chapter II

Sharon suddenly came awake.

She realized the light was wrong because it was late afternoon, and the sun was setting. Mother nature was calling, and she walked into the bathroom, absentmindedly scratching the irritating wire in her butt. She knew that urinating with the suit on was going to be difficult, but she also knew that she had no choice. She seated herself on the toilet and waited. Nothing happened. She tried as hard as she could to relax, but the harder she tried the more nervous she became.

The object in her sex was too distracting and concentrating on urinating made her even more aware of it. After a long while of painful waiting she got angry and was about to get up when the golden fluid started flowing. She settled and looked down in the bowl. It was obvious that the urine was coming out of one of the three holes at the bottom of the suit. It felt so strange to be urinating with an object in her sex.

She sat for a moment and frowned. Something weird was going on. She smiled a wry cynical smile. "Something weirder than usual" she told herself. Although the urine was flowing, she could not feel it. It felt strange but somehow familiar. It was as if the urine was flowing through a pipe? With a start she realized that she was urinating through a catheter. The thought made her tense up and immediately the urine stopped flowing. She cursed and tried to relax. Slowly the urine started trickling out again.

She had firsthand experience in using a catheter. The previous year she'd had an IUD installed, but there had been complications. The doctor had failed to hook it into one of the tubes. In his attempts to adjust it the idiot had used forceps and he had managed to get some skin from inside her labia squeezed in between the handles. The moment he pressed down to get a grip on the forceps he received a very hard kick to a very tender part of his anatomy.

Sharon was left with a very sore welt on the inside of her labia, the doctor with a week's sick leave. A nurse from his practice had finished the installation and

installed a catheter to prevent infection. For a week she had to use the thing while her tender skin healed.

What she remembered most was the embarrassing loss of bladder control. In this case it was obviously different, she had been sleeping with a full bladder and yet nothing had leaked out. If it had been the hospital's catheter, she would have wet the whole bed.

To learn more, she squeezed and relaxed her sex muscles. She believed she could feel the faint outline of a small tube between her lips. However, the pumping made her acutely aware of the other larger object in her sex. Soon the pipe was forgotten as she concentrated on the object.

The first thing she noticed was that it was to the rear of her sex, removed from her clit. The second was that its stem was very narrow, allowing her lips to close around the object and seal her slit. As the stem went deeper inside her it suddenly expanded until it was about as thick as her thumb. It went in all the way, as deep as is possible. She could even imagine its tip resting against the IUD. She began to think of it as a thin, long dildo. A dildo forced in all the way inside her with a small stick keeping it attached to the suit on the outside.

She was finished with the toilet, and she flushed the liquid away. She got some toilet paper and cleaned the last few drops on the outside of the suit as well. It felt so weird to clean her body without feeling it, almost like polishing a ring on her finger.

In a daze she walked back to the bedroom and lay down. This was just too much to deal with. She lay on the bed, trying to prevent the growing sense of doom and desperation overpowering her. The day was barely over, and she felt like she'd aged decades. What the hell was going on? How was she supposed to deal with this? The questions rolled through her stressed mind like thunder. Why? Who? How? For a while she could just lie there, sobbing like a child.

After a good cry she managed to pull herself together. She got up and decided that she needed a shower. She could feel a deep dark depression lying just over the horizon. If she didn't pull herself together, she might get into some serious trouble.

Deciding to simply ignore her predicament she removed the T-shirt and stepped into the shower. The flood of hot water was soothing and soon she felt better. However, there was no escape from the suit, especially standing 'naked' in the shower. What precautions was she going to have to take?

She supposed that would depend on how long she was to wear the blasted thing. She tried to convince herself that it would be short-term, maybe a day or two. "You're kidding yourself" said a little voice from deep within her. "Who ever made this thing spent a lot of time and effort on it. There is no way that you're going to get out of this within at least a week."

Her legs almost buckled at the thought. "It might even be months." the voice continued. The thought was too much to bear. She tried to kill the voice by washing her hair. It would not go away. "What do you think this thing is going to do to your body? The chafing, the aching, the itching in places you cannot reach. Remember that plaster cast you had to wear in third grade? Remember the itching?"

Her tears mingled with the water as her hands went through the motions of washing her hair. "And do you have any idea what that dildo is going to do to your innards? Remember when you got the IUD? The cramps, the aches? You had to take medicine for months to suppress the contractions. You'd better face it girl - this is going to be a rough ride."

She cursed the voice and threw the shampoo bottle in rage. "Fuck this! Fuck THIS! I'm getting off this train, right here right now" she screamed at the walls. She stormed from the shower, water splashing everywhere. In a blind fury she stormed to the kitchen.

An old boyfriend had once left some tools at her place, and she rummaged through the cupboards looking for them. Finally, she managed to find a set of pliers. She forced it in under the seam over her shoulder. Twisting and screaming she tried to tear the suit off, but it would not budge. She jerked the pliers out and attacked the wire between her cheeks. It would not even bend.

Realizing it wasn't working she dropped the pliers and dove back into the cupboards. When she could not find any other tools, she collapsed onto her knees, beating the suit with her fists. Finally, she was so exhausted she was

forced to calm down. She had never lost it so badly in her life. If there had been another living thing in the house, she would have torn it to pieces with her bare hands.

Getting up she noticed the pain in her shoulder. She had broken the skin when she'd forced the pliers in, and a small trickle of blood rolled down her shoulder. The blood immediately sobered her up and she realized how stupid she had been. Running her hand over her butt she was relieved to find that she had only pinched the flesh, there was no serious damage. Defeated she returned to the bathroom to turn the water off.

Sharon sat in front of the TV, but she didn't even look at the screen. Her shoulder was throbbing slightly and the skin around the wire had turned blue. After her outburst she'd tried to tend to her wound as best she could. At the end all she could do was to force a Q-tip with disinfectant under the suit and rub it over the wound.

It had hurt like a bitch, and she'd cursed her own stupidity several times. After cleaning and drying the house, she'd made herself some food and settled down to eat.

The tight waist of the suit had held her hunger at bay, and she'd only been able to pick at her food. She was wearing the nightgown with a fresh T-shirt. She'd told herself that she was wearing the clothes to keep from going into a rage again, but in the deepest darkest corners of her soul she knew it to be a lie.

The reason she'd worn the clothes was to keep from seeing the suit - not because it reminded her of her predicament but because it turned her on. As she sat on the couch, her legs drawn under her, she could no longer avoid the truth. The throbbing of her nipples and the trembling in her sex proclaimed her a liar.

She tried to fool herself into believing it was merely because of the dildo, but she knew that to be a lie as well. She shifted in her chair and tried to concentrate on the TV, but the argument between her rational and emotional sides raged on. She'd always had a kinky streak in her - she knew that well enough. She even had a few toys in a box at the bottom of her closet. They were innocent enough, the

odd vibrator and dildo. The leather harness that kept them strapped to her body was a bit weird, true, but she needed it for when she slept with her toys on.

The casual observer would probably not even notice the two small padlocks at the bottom of the box, not unless he knew what he was looking for. He'd have to dig around in the back of her freezer to make the connection. If he looked carefully in the right place he might discover the two large ice cubes, the keys to the padlocks frozen inside them.

Sharon tried to think of the future. What would it hold? First thing to be done was to get some bigger tools. She doubted if she'd be successful, but she had to give it a try. She thought of getting a hacksaw, but the thought of sawing so close to her flesh immediately made her drop the idea. What other tools did she know of? She was not an expert, but she'd grown up in a house full of brothers and she'd picked up the basics. Hammer? Useless. Pliers? Tried that. Drill? Yeah right. Chisel? Ditto. File? Hmm - maybe, but she doubted it. The suit was damn hard, her stunt with the pliers had not even scratched the surface.

Sharon realized that she'd been stroking the inside of her thigh while she'd been debating. She immediately folded her arms in front of her chest, but the damage was done. She could feel her nipples, throbbing harder than ever. The musky odor of her sex told her how much damage had been done and again she shifted her body into another position.

In exasperation she flew up from the couch and stormed to the kitchen. She decided that she was in the mood for something sweet and she bent down in front of the fridge. She stood looking at her meager selection, trying to decide, when she realized she was standing with her hand in the fold of her inner thigh, her finger stroking the dome.

She was now really getting angry, and she flung the freezer door closed and walked back to the couch. Only when she reached the couch did she notice that she still had not removed her hand. She fell on the couch and sighed in defeat. Her body was used to a lot of attention, and she should have expected the mutiny of her hands. After all, they have had years of practice.

She cupped her hand over the hard dome and squeezed. Nothing. She pushed her hand deeper into her fork, sighing as her fingers forced her thighs apart. Her

pinkie and forefinger stoked the tender flesh between her thighs and the dome. It was as close as she could come to the real thing, but it was not enough, not nearly enough.

Sharon realized she was tormenting herself, but she could do nothing to prevent it. Her body ached for some attention, and it wanted it NOW. She split the nightgown open, and her hands roamed all over her body. Wherever they roamed her hands met only hard, smooth, sensual metal. She closed her eyes and allowed her body to take over.

A part of her brain was screaming at her to stop, to think about what she was doing but she ignored it. In a desperate attempt to cause some friction in her pussy she arched her back, hoping the suit would ride up and pull the dildo deeper into her. When that failed, she twisted and squirmed on the couch, trying desperately to get some movement going. Her hands tried to squeeze her breasts, failed, tried to stroke her sex, failed.

She even attacked from behind, rolling over and following the thin wire down, trying to force her fingers under the dome. Nothing doing. Her fingers would have to double jointed twice over to be able to penetrate the steep angles. She rolled back over again and spread her legs as wide as they would go. It felt as if she would split in half and still it was not enough, her fingers could not penetrate the dome's rock-hard defenses.

She grabbed the fork from her dinner plate and tried to force the handle under the hard metal. Once again, she rolled over and tried to force the handle in from the rear. It slid in half an inch and was stopped by the stem of the dildo. She twisted and turned, but it would go no further.

Finally, she admitted defeat and lay back, panting in exhaustion. Her whole body was on fire, and she could feel her rib cage strain against the sides of the suit as she breathed. Her nipples were burning, her sex was throbbing, her head was spinning and her blood pumping.

She placed her hands behind her head and locked her fingers together. Determined to ignore the throbbing she lay staring at the TV, not daring to move

a muscle. A quiet voice quickly shot her a "told you so" and ducked before she could throw a plate at it.

Sharon climbed into bed and switched the light off. It felt so strange to get into bed while wearing the suit! She'd removed the T-shirt and for a moment she'd searched for the bra-strap before realizing what she was doing. She'd stayed up late because of her long sleep in the afternoon. As she lay on her side she stared at the clock and sighed.

It was just past two AM, but she wasn't tired. She'd spent most of the evening lying quietly in front of the TV, too scared to move. Every breath, every heartbeat reminded her of the suit. Moving her arm to adjust the channel it would rub against the smooth surface of the suit. Scratching her head would press her ribs against the tight fabric. Adjusting the position of her legs would stir her belly.

Rolling over when her side went numb was sheer torture. She'd never felt so alive, so intensely aware of her body. She'd realized that the human body was continually sending signals to the brain, whether it was listening or not. Under normal circumstances the sub-conscious would filter and block these messages until just the most important messages reached the conscious brain.

The problem was that the sexual urge seemed to remove this barrier. Her conscious brain was bombarded by a continuous stream of information, everything from the pressure of one foot on top of another, to the rushing of blood in her ears. Her whole body was talking to her all the time, her sexual organs shouting the loudest of all. Just because she'd gone to bed didn't mean it stopped.

She could feel her warm thighs touching each other, so she rolled onto her stomach. She felt the domes of the suit press into her chest, so she rolled onto her back. She could feel the hard strip molded over her spine, so she rolled onto her side again. Another problem was that she often masturbated before drifting off to sleep. She desperately wished she could do so now, but all she could do was sigh. She rubbed her eyes and felt her arm brush against the suit.

She tried to curl up into the fetus position and the wire bit into her anus. She stretched out and the dome bit deeper into her fork. She sighed in frustration and felt her rib cage press against the suit. Even when she wasn't moving, she

couldn't escape. Her sex and nipples gently throbbed, the volume growing and growing until she thought she would go stark raving mad. She jumped out of bed and stormed into the bathroom.

She opened the cold water tap in the shower full blast and stepped inside. Her breath was taken away as the cold water hit her and for a precious few moments, she forgot completely about the suit. It didn't last long. Soon she realized that the suit was rapidly cooling down. Even with her eyes closed she could feel every inch of the cool surface. She stood in the shower for a moment, unsure of what to do next.

Her body told her that the cold shower had been a mistake. Who knew a freezing cold wire rubbing over your anus could be so erotic? She quickly got out of the shower and dried herself off. As she jumped back into bed, she felt the last little droplets of trapped water find their way out and seep into the linen. Her body began to do strange things to her. Besides the fact that the cold wire had put her right back to square one, other things were now happening.

The suit was taking much longer to heat up than it did to cool down. She could feel every inch of suit clearly, except over her nipples and sex? Her sexual organs felt like burning beacons of light, stranded on islands in a deep ocean. How could it be that her sex and nipples could be so hot, practically radiating heat, while the rest of her body was cool?

Suddenly she knew why none of the rubbing and scratching had worked - the suit wasn't touching her there! She tried to imagine how the suit looked under that smooth surface. Her breasts would be encased in two large domes, swelling and thickening as it rose over her flesh. By the time it reached her nipples the walls of the domes would be almost half an inch thick. Inside these domes would be two small pockets, drilled to just below the surface. In it her nipples would sit, alone and isolated.

No matter how she scratched and squirmed, her nipples would never feel any sensation. Her sex would sit in the same kind of pocket, molded precisely so that it would allow a fraction of an inch between her aching flesh and the inside surface of the dome. The thought was so discouraging she started crying all over again.

THE SUIT - Chapter III

Sharon killed the alarm clock's insistent bleeping and sighed. She rolled over on to her back and rubbed her eyes to wake up completely. She'd had a restless night and her sleep had never reached the depths necessary to dream. She groaned as two problems immediately presented themselves.

First, she had a maddening itch all over her sex, and second, she had to take a dump. She rolled out of bed and stepped into the bathroom, trying her best to ignore the itch. She seated herself on the toilet and concentrated. After a while the urine started flowing and she relaxed, enjoying the simple pleasure of urinating. Soon she was empty, and she waited patiently for the next part. She could feel the waste inside her, ready to come out.

The problem was the wire over her anus. Her sphincter was clenched closed tightly, unwilling to relax. Sharon tried to squeeze, but that hurt so she just sat there. She leaned back against the toilet, closed her eyes, and tried to relax the muscle. The pressure was slowly building, and she knew sooner or later it would happen, there could be no other way.

The itching around her sex was slowly getting worse and it took all of her will power not to try and scratch it. Quite unexpectedly the feces started to emerge and again she sighed in relief. She realized that her mind needed to be distracted for mother nature to take its course. Patiently she waited until she'd finished, and she stood up. She could not avoid a curious glance into the toilet. As she had expected each chunk was neatly split in half by the wire.

She cleaned herself and inspected the bottom of the suit with a small mirror. She had to be very careful not to have any of the feces slip in under the suit, if it reached her sex, it could have disastrous medical consequences. She was happy to see that the wire only flared into a plate once it was well removed from her anus. Her suit differed from conventional chastity belts in that it prevented rear entry into the sex with the stem of the dildo, rather than a plate. Satisfied that she was clean she stepped into the shower to clean the rest of her body.

Sharon stood at her front door and took a deep breath. She opened the door and peeked down the hall. She could not see anybody and the breath in her lungs

came out in a deep sigh of relief. She straightened her back (figuratively), gathered her courage, and stepped through the door.

Trying to act as normal as she could she locked the door and walked down the passage. Rounding the corner at the end of the passage she saw two young men standing at the elevator. All her courage disappeared, and she almost fled back to her apartment. Pausing for a moment she waited for her heartbeat to settle.

When she was finally calm enough, she took a few steps forward and stood in the corner of the foyer. Both men had noticed her approach and as she stood looking at her feet, she could hear them softly whisper to each other. She blushed deeply as she imagined them discussing her figure and again, she almost fled.

Instead, she stood quietly, longing for the elevator to arrive. Her clothes were all wrong, but she had little choice in the matter. She was dressed in a brown knitted bodysuit with long sleeves and high turtleneck. With the bodysuit she wore a flowing gray skirt and pantyhose. On her feet she wore dark brown pumps with modest 3-inch heels.

The bodysuit was tight, and the knitted fabric stretched over her figure, revealing every curve. She'd wanted to wear a dress but none of her dresses would cover her chest and neck. She'd thought of combining a dress with the bodysuit, but besides looking strange it would also be way to hot. It was going to be a warm day and she could already feel her body growing hot under the knitted wool and metal.

She cursed her boss again; he had refused to give her a few days off. She'd claimed that she was sick, but he had insisted on a doctor's note. He was clearly not happy that she'd taken Friday off without telling anybody. As she stood waiting, her mind started playing tricks on her.

She grew convinced the men were discussing her suit. They must be able to see it, after all it was just below the surface of the bodysuit. Maybe there was a seam or ridge that she'd not noticed. She glanced up at the men and caught sight of them both staring intently at her breasts. She blushed even deeper and started moving back to the passage when the elevator arrived.

As the doors opened, she saw that it was almost full, and her courage failed. There was no way she would be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with the other people. She could hear the surprised remarks as she fled through the nearest door. It took her to the stairs and by the time she had regained control of herself she had rushed down two flights. She stopped and leaned against one of the walls, taking deep breaths of air. Finally, she felt calmer, and she walked down the stairs at a normal rate. She had another 14 flights of stairs to go and as she walked her mind began to wander.

It took her six more flights before she realized that she was growing seriously horny. She stopped for a moment and looked around. Certain that she was alone she lifted the skirt and felt between her legs. Already the stretched fabric of the bodysuit was damp, and she blushed at the thought of walking around with her juices flowing. She realized that the mere presence of the dildo was keeping her excited, whether she noticed it or not. It was surprising that she could even walk normally with her stuffed sex, but then it was a very thin dildo. When she'd worn her own dildos, she tended to roll her hips or waddle like a duck. With the assistance of the strip down her spine and restriction around her waist her posture had been very good. On flat ground she could walk quite normally, however the steps had forced her hips to roll, causing a small amount of friction. For a while she wondered what she would do. To go back to the flat, she would have to use the elevator. She was already so late that climbing the stairs back up would be disastrous. She was still trying to gather the courage when she realized that her finger had slipped in between the damp bodysuit and slippery dome. She withdrew her hand in angry disgust and continued down the steps. What was it with her! She felt like a nymphomaniac, unable to resist touching herself every five minutes! Clenching her hands behind her back she continued down the stairs. For now, the sanitary pads in her car would have to solve the problem of the damp.

Sharon finally reached the underground parking level and she sighed in relief as she walked on the flat concrete floor. As people and cars moved about the large open space, she kept her head down and walked straight to her car. She got in and leaned back in relief. The car created the illusion of isolation, and she closed her eyes for a moment. Her sex was throbbing, both from the stairs and the itching. She could also feel that a small amount of chafing between her thighs was going to be inevitable. Already the skin right next to the dome was getting inflamed. She again made sure nobody was watching and pulled her skirt up. She

released the clips of the bodysuit and stuck a sanitary pad over the holes. Re-fastening the clips she straightened her skirt and applied some deodorant for good measure. Before she could set off, she had to adjust her driving position, raising the back of the chair to compensate for her spine's straight back. She set off into traffic, her nipples throbbing mercilessly from all the activity. Morning traffic was always heavy, and she made her way slowly down the streets of the city. A few blocks from her office building she came to a stop behind a police cruiser. With a start she realized that she'd not even considered going to the police. Why was that? Had she been robbed or assaulted it would have been her first stop, why not now? The traffic moved on and she had to concentrate on her driving, so she dropped the issue for now.

Reaching her destination, she parked and started walking to the office. She worked as a junior accounts manager for a large accounting firm. As she neared the office her trepidation grew. How was she going to spend the day in the close company of other people? Her stunt at the flat had already proven that she was in no position to deal with people, she was still too ashamed and afraid. Standing outside her building she pretended to rummage through some papers as she debated with herself. She could leave now, go home and claim she was too sick to come in, no matter what the boss said. After all he couldn't fire her for taking a few days, could he? She should quit anyway, any boss that acted like he did was just trouble. Get herself a nice new job, maybe working from home?

Sharon scolded herself for being so weak. She'd always been a strong woman, not standing back for anyone. Just because she was wearing a strange garment did not mean anything should change. She was still the old Sharon; no piece of shiny metal would change that! How were they going to know anyway? Today she'd go to the cops, and they'd be able to help her. For now, she had to act as if nothing was wrong. Flinging her hair in defiance she stepped through the revolving glass door.

As soon as she entered the building her courage fled. The place was packed, and she could feel people jostling and pushing her towards the elevators. She tried to get out but was swept up in the stream of humanity. Finally, she ended up in a large crowd waiting for the elevators. Clenching her jaws, she willed her legs to stop quivering and stood staring at the floor. She'd simply wait until the next elevator and quietly slip to one side.

As she stood, she prayed nobody would accidentally touch her body. The lift arrived and she prepared to make her move. The crowd started pushing forward and she quietly slipped to one side. She was about to walk away when she heard her name called. She turned around and almost fainted as a spotty young man stood inside the elevator, holding a space for her. His name was Mark, and he had a terrible crush on her. Realizing everybody was waiting for her she tried to think of an excuse, but none came to mind. Cursing Mark, she stepped into the elevator and quietly turned around. As she stood staring at the door, she could feel Mark's eyes on her. "You look nice today" he said and immediately blushed a deep shade of red. "Thank you." she said tersely, cursing the little twerp in her heart. She was intensely aware of the other bodies around her and she longed to get off the elevator. The blasted thing stopped on virtually every floor and each time she had to quickly step out to prevent the departing passengers touching her. She was all elbows and hands, trying to keep a bigger personal space around her. Finally, she reached her floor and she sighed in relief as she got off. "See you around." said Mark as the elevator doors closed. The little bastard would probably go through the whole day in a daze just because he'd spoken to her. Her old spunk had returned, and she set off for her office.

Sharon leaned back and rubbed her tired eyes. Immediately she became aware of the itching over her sex. Groaning she tried to return to her work, but she was just too tired. She'd been working full blast for the whole day, her eyes straining as she stared at the computer screen. She'd discovered that the work could distract her enough to forget the itching but as soon as she took a break, she'd be reminded off it. It had grown worse since the morning, and she dreaded having to go back to her lonely apartment where she'd have nothing to keep her attention focused. She glanced at her watch and was very surprised to see that it was past 7 p.m. She packed up her stuff and left the office.

Standing in the lift she thought back over the day's events. It had started with a very unpleasant conversation with her boss. The man had accused her of slacking off and doing what she liked. She fumed as she thought back to the argument. The bastard had it in for her ever since she'd ignored his advances. He was an egotistical pig that still believed women didn't belong in the workplace. She could not believe that such people still existed, and here she worked for one!

The rest of the day had been fairly routine. She'd had some conversations, drank some coffee, worked, and had lunch. Within the first hour she'd relaxed and

been able to function normally. During her lunch hour she'd gone out and bought virtually a completely new wardrobe. It was mostly blouses, all of them with tight little collars. She had groaned at the selection, these kinds of clothes she'd always associated with prim little librarians, now she'd be forced to wear them as well. She'd bought a few bodysuits as well, but she still felt uncomfortable with such tight-fitting garments, and she doubted she'd wear any of them soon. Finally, she'd bought a dress, the only one in the store that would suit her needs. She'd been forced to try a fitting as she was no longer sure of her collar size, and there had been a tense moment when one of the sales ladies had stood outside the cubicle, inquiring if she'd like some assistance. She'd had to really concentrate to keep the quiver out of her voice as she declined the offer, a thin curtain separating her from discovery. It was only back at the office that she'd thought of the security cameras and her legs had turned to Jell-O. Out there might be a stranger that knew her secret and as she walked through the lobby, she was still very distressed by the idea. She quickly made her way to her car and got in.

During the day she'd twice gotten very close to calling the police and every time she'd backed off. Her rational mind had thrown several good reasons at her for not phoning the police. Firstly, she doubted she could go through the ordeal of baring her body to a stranger. Just the thought made her shiver. Secondly had been the suit's creator. Surely, he had to know that was what she'd do. Somehow, he'd prevent her from going through with it. After all, he'd planned everything else to perfection. Thirdly she was not yet convinced she couldn't remove it herself. She'd intended buying some tools after work, but obviously it was now too late for that. She'd have to do it tomorrow. There was a fourth and final reason as well, but she refused to even admit it to herself.

On her way home she passed a pharmacy and she pulled over. Approaching the counter, she explained that she had an IUD and that the contractions had started again. The pharmacist explained that he could not give her the regular medicine as she needed a prescription, but he could provide a weaker alternative. The medicine he gave her was for night pains and he felt certain that it would do the job. She also claimed to have acquired a rash from hiking and wanted to know if he could recommend something. He gave her a salve and explained that it was a mild anesthetic. She also bought some more sanitary pads and disinfectant for

her shoulder. Finally, she happened to see some sleeping pills and took those as well. Well stocked up she set off for home.

Sharon lay back in the bath and soaked. The warm water seemed to relieve some of the itching, though she could not be completely rid of it. All in all, her second day in the suit had gone well. She'd been happy to discover that the wound on her shoulder seemed to be healing without complications. If she cared for it properly it would be gone within a week. The itching did worry her though. She was worried that it was not going away. Would every itch she had be so insistent? She was surprised that the rest of her body seemed not to itch. The cast she'd worn had been torture and she'd expected the suit to be the same. Maybe it was because most her skin could breathe that she didn't itch so much. Her lower back and stomach ached from the constant pressure, but she felt certain that she'd get used to it within a day or two. She was even becoming used to the dildo. Although she could still feel it, the sensation had shifted from constant pressure to a dull reminder. She was confident that soon she'd not even notice that anymore. Her biggest problem at this stage was keeping control of her mind rather than her body. As soon as she let her guard down, she'd start fantasizing and she'd get horny again. She'd always had an active imagination and it was very difficult for her to control it. Of course, she'd not always been thinking of sex, but now her body was constantly reminding her of it. Where she used to fantasize about clothes or money or adventure, she now found herself constantly fantasizing about sex. Her mind was being bombarded by subtle queues, the glint of metal in the mirror, the pressure of the suit around her waist and of course the constant throbbing in her sex.

She climbed out of the bath and quickly toweled herself dry. As soon as the warm water drained from the suit the itching returned and she groaned in frustration. As she dried her hair, she tried to think of a way to alleviating the irritation, but none presented itself. She applied some medication to the wound on her shoulder and prepared to see to the rash as well. She sat staring at the tube of salve when she had an idea. Returning to the bathroom she mixed some salve with warm water and dropped a few drops onto her stomach. It seeped into the gauze and ran down her stomach. She could not make a gap between her skin and the suit - it was much too tight for that - but she was convinced she could wriggle and twist until some of the liquid found its way under the panty. It was slow, exhausting work. She'd apply a little fluid and then twist and turn until it had penetrated. She repeated the steps so many times she lost count but after

a while she could detect a big improvement. Satisfied that that was the best she could hope for she returned to her bedroom and applied some salve to her inner thighs. She was exhausted by the previous night's lack of sleep, and she got ready for bed. Just to make sure she took two of the sleeping pills as well and crawled in under the covers. She had just enough time to marvel at the weird sensation of the suit holding her in its firm embrace before sleep took her.

THE SUIT - Chapter IV

She looked around and could see no one. How did she get here? Where was here? Why was it so dark? She tried to move but could not. Her body was held rigid by something wrapped tight around her, pinning her arms and legs down. She tried to call for help but her mouth was gagged. She twisted and turned, rolling on the cold floor as she fought to escape.

Suddenly a bright light shone over her, blinding her completely. As her eyes got used to the light, she tried to see who was there, but she could not see past the lights. All she could see was the black and white checker of the tiled floor she was lying on. The floor seemed to go on forever, disappearing into a black horizon. Her body was wrapped in black a shiny rubber tube, covering her from neck to toes. It was the rubber that had kept her from moving. Several ominous looking wires came out next to her feet and disappeared into the shadows. Suddenly a voice boomed loudly. "Mademoiselle Gaumont! We know you have been hiding English POWs in your shed! What have you done with them?" A shiver of fear went down her spine. The Gestapo! How had they discovered her? She tried to profess her innocence, but she could not speak through the gag. Again, the voice boomed. "I said, where are the POWs? It would be difficult for you if you don't cooperate! Speak whore!"

Again, she tried to reply but the gag prevented it. What was going on? Couldn't they see that she was unable to reply? "Very well, have it your way. Hit it Hanz."

Suddenly small electrical shocks coursed through her body. They had inserted electrodes into her sex and anus! Another two were placed over her nipples. She had expected to be tortured but instead the electricity felt like several fingers coursing over her skin. The sensation was gorgeous, and she moaned in pleasure as the electricity flowed through her. Suddenly it stopped!

"Had enough yet?" asked the voice. "We can go on for the whole day, we've plenty of time. Ready to be more co-operative?"

She could just shake her head and try to thrust her jaws towards the light. "I'm gagged you fools!" she tried to shout. Again, the electricity flowed, slightly stronger this time. It just heightened the pleasure. For several seconds she rolled over the floor, wriggling and squirming as thousands of little fingers caressed her. As she was about to reach orgasm the fingers disappeared. She was panting heavily through her nose, the shiny rubber squirming and bulging as her ribs strained against the tight surface. Already she could feel little pools of sweat form under the rubber. She rolled onto her stomach, forcing her breasts into the hard floor. She could just make out the pressure of the metal clips on her nipples. They should hurt, and yet they did not. Suddenly another voice spoke. "Mademoiselle, I know this hurts. Surely you realize that you have no choice but to co-operate?" The voice was soothing and reasonable, but she was not fooled. They were playing bad Nazi, good Nazi. "Are you prepared to talk?" the soothing voice asked. Again, she shook her head, trying to make them understand. Again, the shocks returned. This time it was even stronger, making her groan in pleasure as it coursed through her.

She squirmed and rolled, groaning, and moaning through the gag. It felt so gooooooood! She arched her back, trusting her breasts and hips into the air in pleasure. She could feel the climax coming, closer and closer till she was just about to... and the electricity disappeared. She screamed in frustration - that was so close! She tried to roll over to the light, trying to reach the little button that would send her over the edge. She could hear the men laughing at her desperate attempts. Suddenly a black leather boot flashed behind the light, collided with her ribs and sent her rolling back to the center of the spotlight. Her ribs were bruised, but it was nothing in comparison to the throbbing in her sex. She could see her nipples through the rubber, their hard shapes forming bumps in the smooth surface. This time they didn't even ask the questions, they just gave her all they got, and as she distantly heard them laughing, she finally succumbed to a pink haze of pleasure.

Sharon stood in the shower and absent-mindedly soaped her body. She'd survived her first week in the suit and she'd began to despair that she'd spend

the rest of her life in it. She'd hoped her captor would contact her, explaining his intentions and setting his terms. After all, why do this and then disappear. The possibility made her cringe and she refused to consider it. But the question remained, what was his plans? Suddenly she got angry with herself. What did she care what his plans were? Why should she sit around waiting for his demands? She wasn't his slave, his possession. He could go to hell for all she cared. She should refuse to be intimidated by him. She should get on with her life. This was the 90's, not the Middle Ages. A woman's body, soul and mind were her own. The bastard had violated her, and he should pay! Why even think of him? What did he have that she wanted? Why be bothered by him?

She looked down at her shiny hard breast covered with soapy suds and her spirits sank down to her feet. That's why. Because of the suit. His slave? Certainly. She wasn't chained but he sure controlled her. Her body was his, and she was beginning to wonder about her mind. Intimidate her? She squeezed her breasts from the sides. Definitely. Anybody with the power and money to construct this should be feared.

She shivered and tried to forget the whole thing. She concentrated on cleaning herself. She'd discovered that a nail brush seemed to work best. Although the bristles were too thick to penetrate the fine weave, it did make to suit move slightly. The soapy water would penetrate under the solid sections as she scrubbed and cleaned those parts she could get to. She was scrubbing her sides when she happened to glance under her arms. I had been a week since she'd shaved and yet no stubble was showing. She ran her hands down her legs, they were smooth as well. Apparently, her body had been treated with a permanent exfoliating treatment. Well, she couldn't say she minded, she'd considered having it done herself. She wondered about her sex, would that be clear as well? It made sense. After all, the small holes would soon clog up as her hair fell out. Better to get rid of it beforehand. That would also explain the maddening itching she'd experienced. Her first period was due to arrive any day now and she dreaded it. What were the cramps going to be like? The constant pressure on her waist combined with the dildo in her sex could cause some serious problems. Could the dildo block her up, preventing the passage of the blood? She sighed to herself. She would cross that bridge when she came to it, there was nothing she could do now anyway.

She got out of the shower and dried herself. It took a bit of jumping and twisting to get rid of all the water trapped under the suit but by now she knew that she could get rid of most of it. When she'd first realized that her suit contained pockets, she'd been worried that water would get trapped in them. After a week she'd still not noticed any problems with water, so she assumed there was a way for the water to drain away. As she walked into the bedroom, she had to grudgingly admire the inventor of the suit. It took a lot of knowledge and foresight to think of all the complications the female body might pose.

She noticed the tools standing in the corner and cursed. What a waste of money that had turned out to be. She'd bought several items, none of them worth a damn. The hacksaw had not even made a dent, after an hour of laborious sawing all she'd had gained was a completely ruined blade. The metal shears were useless as well, she couldn't squeeze them closed. The worst disappointment had been the bolt cutter. Its 3-foot handles had convinced her it would be ideal and she'd bought it eagerly. Her excitement was shattered the moment she'd tried it on the wire, the jaws would not close properly! The cutter had a very small tolerance between its teeth, but it was just enough for the wire to sit unharmed in the gap. She'd tried to use it on some of the other surfaces, but it was too bulky to get under the suit. With a disgusted curse she was forced to admit defeat and fling the thing into the corner (taking a patch of plaster as it bounced off the wall).

As she dried her hair, she noticed her computer standing in the corner. With all that was going on she'd not had chance to surf a bit and she fired it up. It would be the ideal way to distract herself - something she had to do, or she'd go mad. The past week's nights had been torture as the TV had been unable to capture her attention fully. Waiting for the computer to boot she finished drying her hair and dressed in the usual T-shirt. By the time she'd done, the computer was ready, and she logged on to the net. She had several messages waiting for her, most of it spam. She scanned through the messages, killing the spam with a quiet little curse. A few of her friends said hi, one or two newsletters sent her their regular updates and an old boyfriend was coming to town (four days ago). She froze as she came to the end of the list.

Somebody had sent her two messages. The first subject read 'The basic ground rules'. With her heart in her throat, she opened the message. It had been sent a

day after she'd first discovered the suit. The sender was 'nobody@anonymous.net'. She bit her lower lip as she read the message.

- 1) Do not tell anybody about the unit.
- 2) Do not try to contact me.
- 3) Follow all instructions to the letter.
- 4) Keep the unit clean.
- 5) Do not attempt to leave the city.
- 6) Check your e-mail daily.

No greeting, no name, nothing personal of any kind. It was the most intimidating message she'd ever received. The second message was even worse:

From: Nobody@anonymous.net
Subj: First instructions.

1. Go to the Post office, retrieve package.

She stared at the screen for a while. The message had been sent on Thursday, three days ago. She'd hoped to be contacted and now she has. It wasn't what she'd hoped for. She sat back and looked out her window. The messages were not only bland and rude, they were arrogant. She imagined the person sending them and shuddered as the image of a stuffy military general sprang to mind. She leaned back in the chair and rubbed her eyes. The messages had several implications and not all of them bad. First was the fact that she'd been contacted. One of her greatest fears had been that this would turn out to be a single, almost random act of malicious madness. She could well imagine someone being sadistic enough to do this to her and then leave her to live out a life in misery. Although the possibility was still there, it seemed unlikely. Obviously, there was more to come.

Second was that her tormentor knew exactly who she was and what would be the best way to contact her. That canceled the random theory.

Finally, there was the knowledge that someone else was involved. Until now it had been just her and the suit, now a third person was part of her secret. Although she'd always knew he was out there, his message had a comforting effect. Now she could feel another's presence, she could almost sense his touch.

Her life was no longer just about her and the suit. She cursed as she realized her body had betrayed her again! What the hell was going on? Whenever something bad happened she got horny! It was so bad that she could barely inspect herself in the mirror, the mere sight of the metal and her breasts would start throbbing! Why was her body reacting in this way? Sighing in exasperation she launched the browser; she'd better find something to distract her or she'd have to go through hell again.

Sharon woke early on Monday morning and started the arduous task of preparing for work. She'd soon realized that she'd have to modify her usual patterns to accommodate her new lifestyle. The most irritating change was that she'd have to wake up half an hour earlier than what she used to. She'd always been a notorious and chronic over-sleeper, but with the suit she could no longer afford to rush out of her flat in a mad flurry. Besides taking longer to do the usual ablutions (she still wasn't completely used to the wire) she'd also need to take greater care with her cleansing routine. Getting rid of the water alone took her much longer than just a normal toweling.

Selecting a frilly little blouse (fuck, she hated them, they looked so prim) she quickly dressed and got ready to leave. At least she felt comfortable enough to wear a tight pencil skirt. After all, why go through all the aches and pains if she can't even show off her flat new stomach and thin waist? Finally, she set off, ready to face a new day.

During her lunch hour she swung by the post office. After a long search she'd discovered the parcel's notification in a stack of unread junk mail - tucked inside a brochure for camping goods of all things. She'd been relatively calm about the parcel until she stood in the queue in the post office. As she slowly neared the counter her anxiety grew. What would it contain? What could he possibly be sending her? Would she want it if she knew? What would happen if she refused to take it, simply ignoring the instructions? The loud, constant thumping of a stamp on paper was getting on her nerves. Couldn't they find a better way of making their mark on a document than violently hitting it with rubber stamp? Finally, she reached the front, her nerves frayed to the breaking point. A thin little man was standing behind the counter and she almost giggled. He was the complete image of the gray bureaucrat, down to the little bowtie and shiny oiled

hair. He did not even look up as she slid the stub under the window, his attention focused on his work.

Without a word he turned around and disappeared. She waited nervously as he appeared a few moments later, carrying a brown parcel about the size of a shoe box. Sliding the stub under the window he waited for her signature before handing it over. She left the post office, carrying the parcel as if it was a bomb.

Sharon entered her apartment and threw the keys on the kitchen counter. Carrying the parcel, she placed it on the bed and kicked off her shoes. She'd avoided the parcel the whole day, not wanting to open it at the office. She needed to keep her composure at work - that bastard of a boss was still watching her like a hawk. If the parcel contained something unpleasant, he'd notice her distraction immediately.

Finally, she sat down on the bed and looked the parcel over. It was neatly wrapped in brown paper, the seams perfectly straight. The post marks indicated that it had been sent from the large central post office in the heart of the city. With her heart in her throat, she opened the paper wrapping and looked at the nondescript white shoebox. Finally, she took a deep breath and removed the lid.

The box contained several items, none of which she immediately recognized. First of was a sealed plastic bag, containing some kind of garment, neatly folded into a square.

Next was a small black box with several holes.

Then there was another sealed plastic bag with what seemed to be a jumble of wires inside.

Finally, there was a note. Deciding to keep the note till last she opened the bag with the garment. She was very surprised to see that it was a standard bathing costume, with one small modification. All around the seams clear plastic wings had been added. She immediately realized that the wings were meant to be tucked in under the suit, keeping the suit covered beneath the fabric of the costume. The costume was pitch black and fit the dimensions of her suit exactly. The only part that was larger was the seat of the costume, following the traditional line rather than the g-string wire of her suit. A solid plastic zip ran up

along the spine to a high collar that closed with velcro. She realized that she could wear the costume and not a single part of the suit would be visible. Quickly she stood up and faced the mirror. Stepping into the open back she pulled the costume up until it fit snugly over the suit. She tucked the clear plastic wings under the seams of the suit and closed the collar. It took a bit of a struggle but she finally managed to close the zipper and she looked herself over. The effect was startling. She looked completely normal! She pulled and tugged at the costume, but the wings held it in place. There was no way that the suit could be revealed as the wings kept the seams lined up. She stepped close to the mirror and marveled how natural it looked. The small bumps on her breasts showed where her nipples would have been, and it looked completely natural. The dome between her legs was invisible, the contours following the natural lines of her body. Stepping back, she inspected her rear as well. The zipper masked the broad strip up her back, hiding it from view.

The feeling was more powerful than she'd expected, and she realized how much she missed her freedom. Seeing herself in a 'natural' state made her realize how much she'd always taken it for granted. She could not stop looking at herself! How she longed to peel the costume off her body, seeing her own flesh and blood beneath the thin fabric. She stroked her hand down her stomach and immediately the illusion vanished. Under the innocent black costume was hard unyielding metal. With the spell broken she sat down and inspected the rest of the contents.

The small box was about as long as her hand and had several small lights on top. At the one end was the standard hole that a power cable plugged in. Several small holes lined the one side of the box, neatly numbered from one to eight. Each number had a corresponding little light with a ninth light at the end. Unable to determine the purpose of the box she moved on to the next item.

She opened the bag and two items tumbled out. She immediately recognized the power cable; it was obviously meant to plug into the box. Next was a long, thin wire, ending in a small plastic triangle. On the inside of the triangle were three small copper points. On the other end of the wire was a small plug, clearly meant for one of the holes in the box. She inspected the triangle and with a sinking feeling realized where it was meant to go. The three copper points would fit perfectly into the three holes at the bottom of the suit. Obviously, the whole arrangement was meant to power something inside the suit, maybe the dildo!

Deciding to be cautious she ignored the temptation to plug herself in and moved on to the note. It was as short and rude as the e-mail.

Instructions for use:

1. Electrodes to be inserted every night without fail. Latest 3 am.
2. Continuous electrical current to be supplied until 5 am earliest.
3. Keep all units dry at all times.

The note was typed on a normal white sheet of paper, no signature. No mention was made of the bathing suit. No indication was given as to the purpose of the black box. As usual the instructions supplied more questions than answers. In exasperation Sharon stood up and walked to the kitchen to make dinner. She decided to keep on wearing the bathing suit, it made her feel better.

The rest of the night was spent in anxious anticipation. Over the last week she'd slowly and laboriously regained control of her composure, and she'd thought she had it under control. The package ruined that theory. She was nervous and exited at the same time, not knowing what was going to happen. The E-Mail system had supplied her with no further clues and her imagination ran rampant.

As she lay on the couch, she realized that she was again incredibly horny, her body responding to her nerves in the most traitorous way possible. She closed her eyes and slowly slid her hands up and down her breasts, trying to remember what it used to feel like. Soon she was so frustrated she couldn't stand it anymore and she stormed to the bedroom. She removed the bathing suit and gathered the other equipment. She quickly plugged the box into the wall socket and the ninth light came on. Next, she plugged the wire into the first hole. For a few moments she stood staring at the small triangle. What she was about to do was foolish, she had no idea what would happen. For heaven's sake, she might be shocked to death for all she knew! Despite her trepidation she knew she was going to go through with it, she could already feel her sex throbbing at the prospect. Oh, for the chance of feeling that dildo move! She'd be over the edge in the blink of an eye.

With a little shudder she spread her legs and applied the little triangle. It clicked home with a faint tick, and she held her breath. Nothing. She fiddled with the triangle - maybe it's not making contact? Nothing. She switched the power off and on. Nothing. Finally, she flung herself backwards onto the bed, crying in frustration and disappointment as the useless black wire snaked around her leg and into her fork.

After a few minutes she'd calmed down and had to admit that nothing was going to happen. She sat up and stared at the thin wire. With a disgusted oath she struggled to pull the triangle from its holes. It was a tight seal, and it took several oaths and grunts before she could remove it. Looking at it in revulsion she threw it into a corner. She stormed into the kitchen and vowed never to wear the damn thing again. She was still fuming when her stomach muscles suddenly spasmed, frightening her to death! For about three seconds her whole abdomen had clenched itself into a ball so tight she'd thought her muscles would tear! The sensation had not been painful, just scary. For a panicky moment she'd thought something had hit her in the abdomen. She barely had time to recover when another spasm hit, this one stronger and lasting a bit longer. It forced her to her knees, and she groaned as the air was forced out of her lungs. This time she'd felt the weird sensation of electricity running through her muscles. When it ended she breathed deeply to calm herself. Something inside her suit was shocking her, pulling her muscles so tight they spasmed! Still shocked and dazed she headed back to the bedroom, realizing that she should have not interrupted the power supply. She was still fiddling with the triangle when the third shock hit her and for the first time, she felt pain. When it was over, she applied the triangle and fell back on the bed, too dazed to think clearly.

THE SUIT - Chapter V

She crested the hill and drew the reins in. The stallion was skittish, and she patted his white mane to calm him down. She looked down the hill to the distant harbor and sighed. There was still no sign of his ship. Her beloved was already two weeks late and still no sign of his galley. She turned the horse around and headed back to the castle. Where could he be? Thinking of him made her blush and she became exquisitely aware of the stallion's rippling muscles beneath her thighs. She thought back to their first encounter and soon her breathing became

heavy, and she was lost in a daydream. It was only when the stallion halted that she came out of her reverie, and she looked out in front of her.

They had entered the forest and the path was a narrow trail, tall trees lining the route. A large black stallion stood alone in the middle of the path, saddled but rider-less. Her own stallion was already snorting and pawing the ground and she held a tight grip on the reins. For a few moments she looked around, searching for the horse's owner, but the forest was as dark as it was quiet. She dismounted and tied her own horse to a tree. Calling out she started searching, going ever deeper into the forest. She was about to turn back when her body was rushed forward by a hard force from behind. As her feet left the ground she screamed in terror and tried to turn around.

Somebody had a hold of her waist and in a moment, she was flung to the ground. As quickly as she'd been tackled, she was turned over onto her back and her wrists pinned down. For a few moments she fought viciously, but she was held in a firm grip. At last, she was spent and she looked up into a grinning mouth. Her assailant was seated on top of her, his hands keeping her wrists in place. His eyes were masked, and she froze in terror. A bandit!

For a few long moments they just stared at each other, she breathing as hard as her tight corset allowed, him grinning like a cat with a mouse. She tried to protest but he merely bent down and kissed her softly on the lips. For a moment she struggled and then recognition came flooding in. It was her beloved! Giggling and weeping she kissed him as hard as she could, relief flooding all over her body.

He let go of her wrists and still kissing she embraced him, hugging him as tightly as she could. She could feel him pulling at her coat and soon he lay between her legs, only the chastity belt keeping them apart. Finally, they stopped kissing and he raised his head to look at her.

She had so many questions, but for now it could wait. With a mischievous grin he produced a small key and she grinned back at him. He fiddled around between her legs until suddenly she felt the tension over her abdomen released and she sighed in pleasure. For the first time in almost a year she was without the constant pressure, and she felt as light as a feather. He tested her readiness with his fingers and found her as wet as she's ever been before. He was just as ready and she quickly helped him undress, gasping as his cock finally sprung loose from

his tight breeches. Not even bothering to undo her corset he mounted her again, and as the hard warm flesh entered her all she could do was moan. For a second, she wondered why he was still wearing the mask but then all rational thought left her.

From: Nobody@anonymous.net
Subj: New instructions

You are to go to the beach one Saturday out of each month.
You are to wear only the supplied bathing suit.
You are to stay there for a minimum of three hours during
daytime.
You are to mingle with the crowd and may not attempt to hide.
These instructions include the current month.

Sharon sat back and read the instructions again. She'd written them down word for word and by now she knew them by heart. She looked out the windscreen of her car and onto the beach. The message had come last night, and since this was the last weekend of the current month, she'd had no choice but to come down. She felt so nervous she was sure she was going to be sick. Just the thought of getting out of the car was so bad she started to shiver. She'd decided to come down early in the hopes that the beach would be deserted. To her dismay there was already a crowd, and even more people were arriving every minute. She seriously considered going home and trying later, but she knew it would only get worse. Taking a deep breath, she prayed her legs would hold out and she got out of the car.

She knew he'd be around somewhere, and she scanned every face she could see. A few men were glancing her way and immediately she felt her knees go weak. Surely, they must see the suit, for heaven's sake it was as large as a house! She looked down and inspected herself. She knew what to look for and still she couldn't notice anything strange. Realizing that she was only putting off the inevitable she started walking to the beach.

She'd wanted to wrap a large towel around her body, but she felt certain he'd not accept that. Instead, she walked with it flung over her shoulder, carrying a canvas bag in the other hand. She blushed deeply as several men openly stared

at her body, following her every move. She entered the crowd and selected a clear spot on the sand. Opening her towel, she sat down and pretended to stare out to sea. That walk had been the most difficult of her life! She was still blushing, waiting for her heart rate to settle. She had a hard time resisting the urge to inspect herself again. Her mind was playing tricks and she felt convinced that the suit must be visible. She rolled over onto her stomach, inspecting herself as casually as she could.

After several minutes she had calmed down enough to think straight, and she opened her bag. Three hours in the sun was going to cause havoc with her skin and she started applying sunblock generously all over her body. The bathing suit covered her back so at least she could get to every bit of exposed skin. As she covered herself with the cream she kept a lookout for her captor, but nobody drew her attention. Several men were watching her, but none of them even looked into her eyes. Satisfied that she'd protected herself as best she could she lay down and started reading a book.

For the next forty minutes she tried desperately to concentrate on the book. She was just getting into it when she realized that she was getting uncomfortably hot. The black bathing suit drew the heat like a magnet and soon she was baking. She tried lying on her back, but soon her stomach was frying as well. She looked at the sea and realized that she'd have to go for a dip. She put the book down, made sure nobody was staring, and casually stood up. The walk down to the beach wasn't as bad as she'd thought and as soon as she entered the cool water, she felt a lot better. She was surprised to find that she was enjoying herself. She spent a long time in the water but soon she grew tired. The suit kept pulling her down and she had to keep kicking to stay afloat. Finally, she'd had enough, and she started walking back up to the beach. As she looked up, she suddenly realized that everybody was looking at her. For a moment she almost fainted and she then she realized that they were just facing the water. She was merely walking into their line of sight. She relaxed somewhat but could not resist jogging back up to her towel. It only drew more people's attention as she came jogging past. By the time she was lying on her towel her whole body was burning with shame. As before it took her several minutes to calm down. Acting as if nothing was amiss, she started reading the book.

Sharon leaned back and enjoyed the warm sun. Her three hours was almost up and by now she'd regained her confidence. She'd just returned from her fourth

outing to the waves, and she had to re-apply the sun tan lotion. As she unscrewed the top she looked around and she smiled to herself. A teenage boy had been staring at her and he'd blushed a deep red as she caught him in the act. The teenager had quickly looked away when she'd seen him, but she knew he'd be watching her for some time. She'd always been attractive, but with the suit she looked downright gorgeous.

Feeling mischievous she innocently started smearing her arms and shoulders, pretending to concentrate on her work while keeping an eye on the boy. He was lying on his stomach, about twenty paces away. In a matter of seconds his head turned back, and his eyes followed her hands. Satisfied that she had his full attention she moved to her feet, smearing the rich cream in slow luxurious movements. As slowly as she could she started working her way up her legs, spending a lot of time on her calves. Her hands did a slow dance over her flesh, moving higher with every turn.

After a long time, she'd reached her thighs and now she had the boy's full and unblinking attention. She turned away from him, rolling over onto her side. She could imagine the boy's irritation at having his view blocked, but she was not about to disappoint him. With a faint smile she slowly applied the cream on to her rump and hips, imagining the thoughts that must be going through his head. When she was done, she rolled over onto her other side and she did the other cheek as well.

She was now facing him and she took a quick look to make sure he was still looking, Satisfied that she had his undying attention she opened her legs ever so slightly, giving him a unobstructed view between her thighs. As innocently as she could she started applying cream to her inner thighs, keeping a close eye on the boy. As she'd expected he was riveted, his mouth hanging slightly open. She could just imagine the glorious view he must have as the black fabric of the suit stretched tightly over her dome. She wasn't at all surprised to see his knuckles turn white as he fisted some sand in each hand. Finally, she lay back and pretended to sunbathe. One of his friends tossed him a soft drink and she had to suppress a giggle as he slid over the sand to get it - he was too ashamed to get up!

Sharon was heading home, cursing all the way. Her stunt with the boy had backfired and her whole body was throbbing with lust. The slow caressing of her

flesh and the adoring stares of the boy had made her extremely excited. By the time she'd packed her stuff and left she'd been so hot she had to resist the urge to fondle herself. She could just imagine the scene - she'd wink at the boy, licking her lips and smiling at him. In the wink of an eye, he would be at her side, ready to become her lifelong slave. She'd gently take his hand, leading him up to her car, his muscular young body following her obediently....

For the hundredth time she swore at herself and beat the steering wheel in frustration. She'd never acted like this before! What in heavens name was going on with her! She'd always been fond of sex, who wasn't? But what she'd done on the beach was a first. She felt like a whore, skillfully picking up clients on the beach. And her body! Used to be, she could go months without sex, the occasional finger keeping her in control. Now she was so charged she couldn't think straight! Surely the lack of masturbation couldn't have so severe an effect? After all, some nuns spent years without even touching themselves, and she could not even last two weeks.

At last, she was home and she undressed in the bedroom. She was still as horny as ever and the sight of the suit made it even worse. In frustration she again attacked the suit with her fingers, but as before it was of no use! She stood in the middle of the room, jumping, and crying like a spoilt little girl. Suddenly she had a brilliant idea and she cursed herself for not thinking of it earlier.

She got a long piece of rope from her secret box and threaded it through underneath the wire. She let go of the ends and bent forward, grabbing hold of the two ends hanging between her legs. She pulled the two ends forward and the loop of rope slid down the wire. Wriggling her hips, it finally came to a rest against the stem of the dildo, and she pulled upwards as hard as she could. It moved slightly! The movement was so faint she could hardly feel it, but it had definitely moved! Again, she pulled as hard as she could, and again it moved. The movement was not nearly enough to get off on, but it was encouraging. She flung herself onto the bed and rolled over onto her back. She took firm hold of both ends and pulled with all her might. As before the movement was there, but it was a minute amount. A few more times she tried this trick, but it was useless. Soon she was too tired to make it move, and she desperately searched for an alternative. Striking upon another idea she quickly rushed into the bathroom. She stood on the toilet and tied the two ends to the railing of the shower curtain. Slowly she lowered herself until the rope pulled taught and she stepped of the

toilet. She was now hanging with her full weight on the rope, and still it was not enough. For several minutes she tried swinging and jiggling and twisting and turning - all to no avail. Finally, she was so tired she could just hang there, her feet dangling a few inches off the ground.

Sharon was now facing a new problem. She'd tried to reach the toilet, but suddenly it was just beyond her reach. She could place her foot on the toilet but could not swing over far enough to push her weight onto that leg. "This would almost be funny if it wasn't so pathetic" she thought. She tried again, and again but she couldn't get her weight over to the toilet. She tried to swing over by pushing away from the side of the shower, but her hand slipped and she toppled over backwards. Hanging upside down with her head and hands resting on the floor she started to giggle. This was absurd! She tried to pull herself up but her body was too tired to fight the stiff strip down her back. All she could do was lay back and rest for a while.

She looked so funny, hanging upside down with her hips thrust into the air by the rope. Her legs were hanging down the other side, making her pose in a most unlady like fashion. She could just imagine the firemen discovering her hanging there. The great big brute of a man would stop in the door, gasping in surprise and shock. Then he'd chuckle to himself and move over to her side. Ignoring her pleas, he'd place his humongous hands on her NO dammit! She uttered so many swear words her mother would think she'd married a sailor! She rolled over and stood on her hands. The loop of rope slipped back from her sex until it was as high up her rear as the suit would allow. Kicking and swearing she tried to pull away from the rope, her feet waving uselessly in the air. Finally, she realized it was useless and she rolled over again.

Gathering all the strength she could muster she gave a huge shout and reached up for the rope. She just managed to grab it and for a moment she just hung there, too tired to do any more. After another short rest she managed to pull herself back up.

Sharon hung from the rope and gently swung from side to side. What was she going to do? What she needed was something to cut the rope, but where would you find a knife in a bathroom? Suddenly she remembered the razor in her medicine cabinet. If she could get to those, she could cut the rope!

The cabinet was on the other side of the shower and she hung from one hand as she peeked around the corner. She felt certain that she could reach it, all she had to do was push the rope over to the other side of the railing. Reaching up she grabbed hold of the rope and placed her legs against the side of the shower. Pushing with all her might she was gratified to see the rope slide along the railing. She was just about ready for her second push when the railing suddenly gave way, dumping her on the ground like a sack of potatoes.

THE SUIT - Chapter VI

For a few moments her ass hung delicately over the chair and her whole body trembled. Slowly the force of gravity took over and she sat down with a grateful sigh. As soon as she was seated, her favorite cat jumped onto her lap, purring and rubbing as she stroked it. "Hi Willie, hi my pet." she purred back. "Do you know what day it is today? Do you? Today's my 70th birthday my pet, yes 70, my dear. Isn't that a long time?". She sighed and leaned back, stroking the cat as it settled down. The flat looked so empty and lonely. All her old friends had either died or moved away. She didn't even have children to comfort her, how could she? She touched the hard surface under her blouse. After all these years it had become a part of her, she hardly even noticed it anymore.

At first she had hoped and longed, praying every night for what the next day might bring. The first year had been the worst and several times she'd come close to killing herself. After five years the messages had dried up, her tormentor either dead or bored with her. After ten years she'd accepted her fate, too old and cynical to dwell on the things she'd lost. Now, after decades, she could not even remember what she'd been longing for. Again, she sighed and leaned her head back, her time was near, and she had spent her whole life in the suit. After years of avoiding doctors, her body was packing up. She felt certain that whatever she had could be cured - medical science had come a long way the past fifty years - but she dared not ask for help. Besides, she was tired. She'd be glad to go over, this life no longer held anything for her.

She just wished she could have met her tormentor. For only once she would have liked to look into his eyes, try to find a reason for her capture. In all these years she'd not seen him once. Several times she'd felt his presence, watching over her

like a benevolent guardian. But after the messages had dried up, the feeling had left her as well. She was now certain that he was gone, leaving her utterly alone.

She moved her head to get rid of the pressure on her jaw. As she'd aged her body had slowly shrunk and by now, she fit like a bag of bones inside an old pot. When she was seated her body would slip down in the suit, forcing the neck of the suit up against her jaw. It was a cruel fate that she was always reminded of her glory days. The suit still held the perfect form of her body in its prime. Every day she had to look at the exquisite shell while her real body shriveled and wrinkled like an old prune. She took one of her knitting needles and pushed it under the suit to scratch an itch. Although she could get some implements in quite deep, she could still not reach her sex. She smiled to herself as she struggled to reach the itch - she was no longer interested in getting to that part of her body anyway. The damn itch was deep, almost too deep to reach. She pressed even harder, and the plastic needle slipped in deeper. It was pressing against something under the suit, and she wondered what it could be. Again, she pressed and with a faint click the needle went in another inch. Suddenly her whole body collapsed as the suit split into several parts. The cat had sprung from her lap, and for a long while she could just stare at it, her mouth hanging open in surprise.

Finally, her frail heart relaxed somewhat and she slowly tried to stand up. Her body was not used to supporting itself and she cried in pain as her back and waist had to carry her weight. Finally, she managed to get upright and she gasped as several pieces of silver metal fell down to her feet. They looked like old discarded pieces of a broken pot, lying in a jumbled heap on the floor.

She slowly shuffled to the bedroom and as she moved more pieces dislodged themselves and fell out. When she finally made it to the bedroom, she felt certain she was free, and she stood in front of the mirror. Her heart was racing in nervous anticipation, and she closed her eyes to savor the moment. With her eyes still closed she removed her clothes and let them fall to the floor. Waiting for her heart to settle she finally opened her eyes and her mouth fell open in horror.

Her breasts were two shriveled pieces of skin, her nipples completely gone! Of her sex there was nothing left, it had grown closed until all that was visible was the short stem of the dildo, sticking out from a flat white piece of skin. Her skin was as clear and translucent as smoked glass, the blue veins clearly visible as they throbbed under the surface. For several minutes she could just stand there in

shock, too horrified to move. Then she started screaming, her anguished cry of horror and revulsion echoing off the walls.

Sharon sat up in her bed and panted in shock and fear. Finally, she realized that it was a dream and she lay back in the bed, her heart still beating furiously in her breast. The linen was soaked from her sweat and as the dream slowly faded, she regained her composure. She tried to get out of bed, but the thin wire had become tangled around her legs and she had to undo it first. She switched the bed lamp on and cursed the thin black snake as she worked to release her legs. She looked at the clock expectantly, but it was only a quarter past four and she could not yet be released. She had only about four paces of slack, not enough to reach anything. She could not even go to the bathroom and wash away the awful taste in her mouth.

Finally, she was free, and she lay back, trying to avoid the damp spot on the linen. There was no possibility of sleeping again and as she rolled around restlessly, the dream haunting her. Her first month had passed, the days ticking by slowly, frustratingly - but relentlessly. She had to face the terrifying possibility that she would spend the rest of her life in the suit. The thought was so horrifying she started crying into the pillow.

After a good cry she lay on her side, staring at the clock. Although the thought was horrifying, she knew it was entirely possible. The last physical hurdle - her period - had come and gone. The cramps had been worse than usual, the bleeding heavier. She'd had the same side effects when she'd first had the IUD inserted and she knew she'd return to normal pretty soon, maybe two or three months. Other than those she had suffered no ill effects. She had been very worried about spending her nights while wearing the small triangle. Where would the blood go if she blocked up all the holes? About a day before she was due, she'd received a message permitting her to forgo the wire for 6 days every cycle. The fact that he knew exactly when her period was, bothered her, it reminded her how much her privacy had been invaded.

Sharon took a leisurely stroll in the park and admired the pastel colors of the trees. Autumn was coming and already the air was beginning to cool. It was her lunch break and she liked to spend her hour out-doors. She'd gotten into the

routine to get away from her colleagues, some of them had become concerned about her and if she stayed at the office, they'd insist on dragging her along for lunch.

In the three months since her ordeal had begun, she'd become more and more anti-social. She'd even had a big fight with her mother when she'd wanted to fly over for a visit. Sharon sat down on a bench and stared at her feet. The fight bothered her, she'd always gotten along with her mother. She'd become used to the suit in most physical ways, but now it was taking its toll on other parts of her life. She no longer craved sex every day, although she still had a tough time during her period. She'd always become horny during that time and because of the suit she'd had some very frustrating days. She leaned back and let the sun bake her face. It was strange how quickly she'd adjusted to her new life. During those first terrifying days she'd not imagined she would adjust so quickly, and yet she has. She'd had to turn her whole life upside down, but now she was getting used to a new routine. Sometimes she'd still think of the suit, but by now she had to concentrate to even notice the dildo. Another month and she would be completely adjusted. Even the routine of plugging herself in had become second nature, it happened almost without thought.

She thought back to the nightmare she'd had. It had kept re-occurring for a few nights until she could remember it vividly. Was it an omen? A sign of what's to come? The fact that she'd had almost no new instructions just re-enforced the notion. The last instructions she'd had was to forgo the beach routine for the winter. That message had been sent almost a month ago. Since then, she'd had no further contact and it bothered her. Sometimes she could still feel his presence, suddenly she'd get that creepy feeling of being watched and she'd know he was around. But it was not the ever-present sensation she'd thought it would be.

She felt strangely let down. Although she hated the suit and would do almost anything to be rid of it, a small part of her had been waiting for the climax - the moment she would be taken. The adventure of it used to keep her awake at nights. What would she do when he came for her? Would he keep her, taking her back to his house? What would he look like? Smell like? Taste like? Would he be kind? Would he be young, old, short, tall? When would he come? How would he do it? Maybe he'd sneak in at night, take her while she slept? Maybe he'd abduct

her as she walked in the park. Maybe he'd simply order her to go to such and such a place - knowing that she'd have no choice but to obey.

What would he have her do for him? Maybe she'd be forced to dance for him, the suit shimmering in the light as she twisted and gyrated her body. His admiring eyes would follow her every move. He'd stand up, take her hand, and draw her nearer, embracing her in his arms... All these things she'd wished for - hating herself for being so weak. But her dreams had continued, and her fantasies had become more and more erotic.

Instead she was left utterly alone.

Why do this? Why did he take her and then refuse to have her? For the hundredth time she was faced with the possibility that her abductor had no other intentions but to have her denied forever. She felt like a prisoner, looking forward to a life sentence in a small, solitary little cell. A single, desperate little tear ran down her face.

Sharon sat and looked as people walked by. She knew she was going into a depression but could do nothing about it. She dried her face with her wrist and took out her make-up case. Anti-depressants meant doctors and there was no way a doctor would get to see her like this. Yet she could not shake the awful feeling of dread that was ever present in her life. She looked into a long future of heartache and denial, and it was like looking into the depths of a bottomless pit. If only she could be free! She sighed and headed back to the office. She'd gone through this whole process before. The suit had defeated her. Every attempt to be rid of it was met by hard unyielding metal. She'd had several more attempts and at one stage she'd even bought a small blowtorch. All she'd gained was a painful blister that had taken weeks to heal. In about the second month her will had finally been broken and she'd made no attempts since.

The traffic on the freeway was terrible and the stop-start progress was working on her nerves. The radio was blaring but she wasn't really listening, instead she sat brooding, the depression slowly taking hold of her. Her boss had broken the news that she'd be looked over for promotion - he simply didn't consider her dedicated enough. She'd wanted to be angry at him, spit in his face and scratch his eyes. Instead, she was dispassionate, listening to his criticism with indifference. She knew she should fight, hit him back where it hurt. Instead, she

just took it in silence, a strange lethargy taking hold of her. Her life was ruined anyway - what was one more set-back? What would it help to fight? He was the all-powerful management; she didn't stand a chance. She didn't need the additional grief right now.

The traffic moved a few yards, and she slowly edged her car forwards. Why should she go on? Why be bothered by it all? Her whole future was gone. For a moment she had a glimmer of hope - what would happen if she ever met her captor? What things he could do to her! He'd take her away, rid her of all her worries. The feeling was brief. He was a man, and men had no patience. Three months had passed, and he'd never even met her. Obviously, he was somehow impotent! She imagined her life being in control of a sadistic eunuch and again the tears started rolling down her face. Her nightmares had been a vision, a message of what was to come. She would never feel the warm touch of his hands, the tender kiss of his lips. She knew enough about history to know that eunuchs used to be the most sadistic and vicious creatures of all. They would take delight in tormenting and taunting the women under their charge. She folded her hands over the steering wheel and sobbed into the cradle of her arms.

A loud horn behind her pulled her out of her sobbing and she saw that the traffic had again moved. She edged the car forward but then she froze in utter and complete shock! Both her nipples had been brushed by something and for a horrible moment she had visions of cockroaches scuttling over her breasts! She let go of the steering wheel and desperately scratched at the suit, trying to get rid of the creatures. The next moment she was right on top of the truck in front of her and she slammed into its back.

She was so shocked she could not move. For a while everything seemed to happen in a dream with her watching from the sidelines. In slow motion she saw the driver in the car behind her climb out of his car and walk up toward her. The driver of the truck had also arrived and was inspecting the damage before looking at her through the windshield. In slow motion his jaws opened and closed as he spoke to her. She couldn't move, couldn't think. After an eternity a loud banging next to her head finally managed to draw her attention and she turned her head. The driver behind her was tapping at the window, his mouth silently moving as he talked. Finally, she came round and she realized he wanted her to roll down the window.

As soon as she moved her arm the spell was broken and the real world came crashing in. The first sensations she registered was that her nipples were still being tickled. She could hardly think straight as the sensation sent shockwaves through her body. She managed to get a hold of herself, and she wound the window down. "Jesus, lady, are you ok?" he asked. He was about forty but very cute. She had to resist the urge to giggle. "Ye- yes yes, I'm ok." she replied. The truck driver came over and she liked the look of him as well. His belly had such a delightful way of hanging over his belt. "Is she ok?" he asked the other man. Looking into the car he looked at her. "Are you ok?" he asked. She could hardly think, her nipples were making her nuts! "Yes, I'm ok." she replied. "She looks ok, but I think she's in shock." the first man told the second. "I'm not in shock" she wanted to tell them, "I'm in heaven". But then she realized that she was indeed in shock, and she took a deep breath. It took all her willpower to concentrate on what was going on. They let her get out of the car and she walked over to the front of the car.

She almost collapsed; her legs were all rubbery. The first man grabbed hold of her arm and steadied her; concern written all over his face. Again, she fought the urge to giggle - he must think she's unstable because of the accident! She loved the way his warm hands felt as he held on to her arm. She looked at the damage, but it was minor. Her car's grille had been dented but the truck had no sign of damage. "I don't think we need to report this, do you?" she told the truck driver, her voice sounding strangely sultry and seductive. "Your truck is fine and the damage on my car is so small the insurance deposit alone would be more than the repairs." The truck driver seemed relieved that she was willing to forget the incident and he quickly agreed. She felt a pang of regret as the other man let go of her arm. "You sure you're ok, you're as white a ghost." he asked. Was she? She'd have thought she'd be all flushed and red from the treatment her nipples were receiving. "I'm ok, really. Thanks for the help." she replied, unable to resist touching him briefly on the hand. He escorted her back to her car and then walked off himself. As she sat in the car, she closed her eyes and gripped the steering wheel as hard as she could. During all of that the tickling had never ceased and it had been very difficult to concentrate. The truck moved off and she gritted her teeth as she moved on after it.

Sharon reached her home and collapsed on the bed. Several times she'd been close to coming, but she had to concentrate on her driving. Now she could fully enjoy the sensation, closing her eyes as little shudders of pleasure coursed

through her body. Whatever was doing this to her nipples was doing it slowly. She imagined two small round brushes over her nipples, slowly and deliciously turning around and around. She could feel the wave building inside her and her breath became ragged as it grew. She rolled over onto her back and forced her hands in under the belt of her skirt. She wished the dildo would move as well and she grabbed hold of the dome with both hands. Her body wanted to increase the tempo, but the brushes kept going at their own slow pace. Ever so slowly she was built up and up until she was standing on the crest of a giant wave, ready to topple over. She squirmed and rolled her body, gritting her teeth and growling like a cat. Finally, she felt it come and her whole body arched as the spasm took her. Her hips started pumping as her sex milked the quiet dildo. For an eternity she rode the giant wave, giggling, crying and moaning all at once. The pleasure was so intense she completely lost her mind.

After several minutes it was over and she lay on her back, staring at the ceiling. It was the first time in more than three months that she'd achieved orgasm and she'd almost forgotten how powerful it could be. She was so exhausted she could hardly move. She felt an almost euphoric happiness and all her troubles were forgotten. She rested for a short while but then she realized that the brushes hadn't stopped. "Here we go again" she whispered happily and hugged her body with her hands.

THE SUIT - Chapter VII

She looked up as the two technicians approached her isle and she moved a little closer to the cage's side - they sometimes briefly touched you as they went past. They ignored her and went strolling down the aisle.

Disappointed she stood back and rested in her harness. She'd been listening to them speak but she still had trouble with the language. Sucking on her teat she drank some liquid. Did the liquid taste good or bad? She'd been fed the exact same mixture since birth, and she had no idea how it compared with other food. She only knew there were more than one kind of food because she'd heard the technicians talking about it.

She was very proud of her ability to do 'speak'. She'd slowly picked it up, teaching herself by listening to the technicians. How she longed to try out a few words on them, but the teat was never removed, and she was effectively gagged. She

adjusted her arms as far as the straps and chains allowed. How did it feel to have your hands free from the restraints? She'd never once been free; her hands being tied behind her back at birth. From what she'd over-heard it was to keep them from touching the equipment.

She looked down at her chest. Two large plastic cups fit over her breasts, attached to her body by straps and locks. She did remember having the cups fitted, after all she'd only gotten breasts a few cycles ago. She remembered the terror, the discomfort of being fitted with the cups. At that stage she'd not yet learned 'speak' and she'd screamed and wailed in terror. Until then she'd been allowed to play and run in the holding pens out back. Although their arms had been bound, she and the others had still been able to play a few games, mostly tag. With the cups had come the cages. She and her fellow captives had each been placed in a small square cage, suspended in a harness that hung from the ceiling. She doubted she'd ever leave the cage and a strange feeling overcame her, something she could not express in words.

She sighed and gently swung back and forth in her harness. Suddenly the cups came to life, and she gasped as the white fluid started flowing. After all this time she could still not get used to the unexpected sensation. All around her other bodies stirred as their cups came to life as well. Two small plastic pipes ran from her breasts to a bigger pipe out in front of the cages. She could see her fluid join the supply from the others and she wondered what the technicians wanted with such a flood of white stuff. Her body made other fluid as well, but they did not seem interested in that at all. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the fluid leaving her body.

The sensation was so good, and yet it made her afraid. What would happen if one day she became empty?

She opened her eyes and looked down. She was very happy to see that one of the technicians had returned. She tried to smile but the large rubber teat obscured her mouth from view. Instead, she leaned forward as far as the harness allowed. She knew there was a funny thing between her legs, she could see the same device between the legs of the others. It had been installed at the same time as the cups. Although she couldn't see her own, she guessed it looked the same as the others, all shiny and hard with lights and knobs on top. The technician looked around, smiled at her, and touched one of her knobs. Immediately a buzzing

started between her legs, sending shock waves of pleasure up her whole body. Instinctively she tried to touch the thing, but her hands could only flail behind her back. She moaned through her nose and swung back and forth. Suddenly the sensation was gone and with a pang of regret she looked down. The technician turned and walked away. She wondered what would happen if he ever left it on for a while. He never allowed her to find out, giving her just a few seconds of pleasure each time. The cups over her breasts died down as the last of the tremors between her legs died away as well. With a deep sigh she swung back and rested her head in a sling between the chains of the harness. Longing for some unnamed something she closed her eyes and fell asleep, her mouth slowly working the teat.

Sharon sat on the sofa and morbidly stared at the television screen. Her eyes were red and tired, her hair a tangled mess. Every now and then she'd give a small little jump as if she'd been stung. Sometimes she'd jump up, walk a few circles, maybe wash her face and then she'd sit down again. For the past week she'd not had a moments rest, her nipples being stimulated the moment she relaxed. She'd not even been able to sleep properly, the stimulation continuing through the night. Except for the first hectic night she'd not once been able to come. She'd be stimulated until she was nice and hot ... and then it'd stop. Like a simmering pot she'll slowly cool down and then she'd be stimulated again! Somehow the suit knew exactly when she was cooling off. She guessed it measured the height of her nipples, or maybe the blood throbbing under her skin. Whatever way it used - it was very effective. She could spend several frustrating hours simmering away, her body ready and willing. However, without release it was inevitable that she'd start to cool down - and suddenly, she'd be brushed again. This roller-coaster of ups and downs was taking its toll and she was going out of her mind.

Going to the office had been sheer torture. She'd get halfway down a row of figures and suddenly she'd be brushed. Of course, she'd lose her place and she'd have to start all over again.

She leaned back and looked at the ceiling. She couldn't understand this treatment. Why do this to her? What would he gain by driving her off her trolley? Right now, she was so horny she'd kill for a fuck - literally. But why? Why force

her to need what she couldn't hope to have? She'd been getting used to not getting sex, in another month or two she'd have been completely adjusted. Now she was back at step one, as aware and uncomfortable in the suit as if she'd discovered it yesterday.

Maybe that was why this was happening! Maybe he wanted her needy and desperate! Maybe the perverse bastard did this just to drive her doodley! What better way could there be? Like a starving man all you did was show him the food, keep it close enough to smell and see, but not allow him to eat. It would be only a matter of days before he'd be completely out of his mind. The thought made her shiver and she curled up into a ball. Was that the whole idea? She could not believe that he'd go through all the trouble just to send her to the insane asylum! Was this all part of a mind-game?

She leaned back and tried to stand in her captor's shoes.

First off, he's a control freak. Obviously the typical "dominant" personality. His letters and demands had made that clear.

Secondly, he was smart and crafty. The way in which she'd been captured must have taken a lot of planning. She suspected that he'd drugged her in the middle of the night. Maybe he'd sprayed some gas under the door? For all she knew he was in the flat the whole time, waiting for her! Whatever the method, he'd kept her drugged and had installed the suit in a very short time.

The only question was his intentions. Was he a sadist? She didn't think so. Except for the one time she'd neglected to wear the wire she'd never been hurt. Physical pain didn't seem to be his thing.

What of the stimulation? There had to be a method behind the madness. Could it be that he's using the stimulation to train her to his will? If he'd let her be, she'd have become used to the suit - that much was obvious. This way he could keep her under his control.

It seems he prefers using the carrot rather than the stick. Maybe he wanted her to do his bidding willingly, not because she was afraid of punishment? Right now, she'd do almost anything he could possibly ask of her - as long as he allowed her to climax. She stretched herself out, her toes pointing at the wall. It was amazing

how the stimulation had ruined her composure. As with the first few nights she was again super-aware. As she stretched, she arched her back and pushed her hands into the air. A dark corner of her mind noticed how the suit resisted her movement, clinching her waist and biting into her fork as she stretched.

Despite her state of arousal, the depression was back in full force. She tried to fight it, but it was like fighting a thick black fog. For a few minutes she'd rant and rage, determined to crush her unseen enemy. Finally, she'd be spent, and she'd be forced to calm down. As soon as she did the oppressive black fog returned, whispering horrible dreams and visions in her ears. She gave a small jump as she was again brushed. The stimulation lasted less than a second, just long enough to draw her attention back to her nipples. That was the bloody problem with the thing! As soon as she became distracted - thinking of something else or maybe daydreaming - she'd calm down. Whenever the stimulation came, it was always a surprise. After all, as long as she waited for the stimulation, nothing would happen.

Sharon looked around and made sure she was alone. She could not shake the eerie feeling of being watched and she suspected he was around somewhere. She was back in the park, her instructions sending her here early on Saturday morning. The instructions had come on the same day the stimulation had finally ceased, the previous Tuesday. After almost two weeks she'd had enough and if it had lasted just a few more days she'd have killed herself. Somehow, he'd known of her desperation, and it had ceased just in time. Perversely she found that she now missed the stimulation. She could not believe it, and yet she longed to feel her nipples brushed. As she drew the long dress up to her knees, she cursed herself, why did she always want what she couldn't have?

She felt extremely vulnerable and nervous, continually scanning her surroundings. The instructions had been clear - no under-garments of any kind. Just the dress and some light sandals. The dress had been sent to her via the usual anonymous package, part of a whole collection of objects. It was a light brown dress made of woven wool. The bodice was tight and would stretch over the suit, but the skirt was wide and long. It had no zippers, she'd put it on like a jersey, sticking her head through the narrow turtleneck. It had long, narrow arms that came down all the way to her wrists. Folding her hands under the pits of her

arms she could hide her whole body from view, only her face showing. It was nice and thick and would keep her warm in the autumn cold.

She took a short cable from her handbag. She looked at it for a while and cursed herself - she was growing horny! What she had to do would leave her completely at his mercy - the first time she'd lose all control over her fate. For a short while she debated with herself, but she never had any real choice. A small black box was attached to one end of the cable, a metal clip sticking out of it. She snapped the clip around the foot of the bench, thereby attaching the cable to the bench. On the other end of the cable, she attached set of padded shackles, permanently fixed to each other. Sighing she held the shackles for a moment and then she tied them to her naked ankles. With two little clicks they shut, binding her ankles to the bench.

Sharon sat watching the swans glide over the lake. She'd hoped to be approached the moment she was bound, but nothing had happened. She looked down and was satisfied to see that all signs of her restriction were hidden by the dress. She slowly moved her feet; they were kept together in a comfortable but firm grip by the shackles. She could feel her feet being stopped short by the cable, she had less than a foot of play. She hated to admit it, but she was enjoying the confinement, her body responding in its usual manner. Here she was, bound and helpless in the middle of a public park and nobody was any the wiser!

The park had been very quiet when she'd arrived but slowly the people started arriving. Soon she saw somebody walking down her path next to the lake. For a moment she'd hoped it was him, but then she saw that it was a woman, taking her early morning walk around the lake. She looked the other way but there was nobody coming from that direction either. She was about to relax when she suddenly gave a stifled little cry and froze in her seat. The woman looked at her quizzically and frowned as she approached the bench. Sharon made no further moves and the woman walked on by. Finally, she rounded the bend and was lost out of sight.

Sharon released the breath she'd been holding and checked to make sure everything was still concealed by the dress. As the woman had approached her nipples had been stimulated and it had made her cry out in surprise. She squirmed in her seat, suddenly both horny and afraid at the same time. She had

a very bad feeling about all of this! She tried to stand up but the shackles around her ankles reminded her of her predicament. She could no longer do anything to prevent whatever was going to happen.

Sharon looked up and dreaded the approach of a whole group of Japanese tourists. By now she'd spent almost two hours bound to the bench and she'd figured out the rules of the game. Whenever somebody would pass her, her nipples would be stimulated. The stimulation would grow until the person had reached the closest point and would fade as they walked on by. As the Japanese approached the stimulation began and she clenched her jaws to avoid making a sound. It felt as if a hundred little fingers were cajoling and stroking her, driving her mad. To her absolute horror several of the tourists stopped right next to her to take photos of the lake, chatting, and joking as their cameras clicked non-stop. She felt certain she was going to break a tooth, but she kept on biting down on her teeth, determined not to make a sound. She was about to pass out when they finally moved on and she could breathe again. That had been the longest one yet and she'd come to within an inch of having an orgasm in public! The thought had her so horrified she blushed a deep red and immediately her lust died down. She wondered how long this game would continue. She could still feel him watching and she cursed as she imagined him laughing at her attempts to keep herself under control.

Suddenly her nipples came alive again. For a moment she looked up, swore under her breath, and looked down again. An old man with a cane was slowly walking by and it was going to take several minutes before she'd be able to relax again. She pretended to be busy with her handbag but the tempo over her nipples kept on rising. It was driving her wild, the brushes teasing and twisting her nipples as the old man slowly made his way past her. He was taking longer than she'd expected and she concentrated on keeping her breathing under control. Finally, she could stand it no more and she looked up. She almost cried in desperation and looked down again, the old man was heading straight for her bench! After several minutes he laboriously lowered himself down onto the bench and gave her a quick, shy smile. She tried to smile back but it was taking all her effort not to cry out - two furious bees were buzzing away under her bonnet!

The spasm took hold of her, and she grabbed onto the bench for support. Her whole body went rigid as it swept her along and she desperately tried to keep control of the little tremors coursing through her taut muscles. Finally, it was

over, and she collapsed back into the bench. "Excuse me miss - are you not feeling well?" a voice said next to her. She raised her head and looked at the kind old face of the man; concern written all over his face. "I'm fine, thank you." she replied, giving him her sweetest smile. "Go away, go away, go away," she thought while she smiled. He smiled back and nodded his head at her. "Pardon me saying so but you look a bit distressed. My daughter-in-law had the same look you know - turned out to be a fever. Had some strange disease for years while nobody knew it. My son, David that is, had to take her to the hospital one afternoon when she fainted....."

Sharon leaned back and tried to feign interest while the voice droned on. She had no idea what he was saying, her whole world filled by two small patches of flesh. As she smiled, she could feel the second climax building and she held on to the bench for the ride. This time she handled it much better, the old man didn't even realize she was a little pre-occupied. He never noticed her knuckles turn white or the sweat streaming down her brow.

THE SUIT - Chapter VIII

Suddenly she was awake and for a moment she was completely disoriented. Her arms and legs had been tightly bound and her mouth was gagged. For a few panicky moments she tried to fight but then she remembered where she was. Slowly her heart rate settled down and she relaxed.

The equipment and instructions for her nightly bondage had arrived three days earlier and she was still getting used to sleeping under these new circumstances. Her head was encased in a leather harness, two patches covering her eyes and a thick rubbery gag filling her mouth. She'd never liked gags and the aching of her jaws each morning has proven her dislike founded. The gag and patches were held in place by a host of straps, all attached to a broad leather collar around her neck. The collar plugged into the black box via a thin black wire. Once locked it would only release her at 5 am.

Her wrists and ankles were bound by large, padded shackles, a thin wire running from each set to the small black box. As with the collar, they would only open at 5-am, keeping her bound throughout her night of restless sleep.

She had a tough time falling asleep whilst wearing the erotic ensemble. Her body wanted to do a lot of things, but sleep wasn't one of them. The last three evenings had been a struggle of restless rolling around till she could finally slip away, exhaustion overcoming frustration.

She rolled over onto her other side and tried to fall asleep again. If she could do so quickly, she might fool her body and it would forget all about the damn. She rolled onto her back and screamed into the gag in frustration. Her nipples were already throbbing, her lust fired by the mere realization that she was helpless. Her bound wrists were pressing into the small of her back and she rolled onto her stomach in frustration. This was just like discovering the suit all over again! She couldn't find a position that would not be an erotic reminder in some perverse way.

She twisted and turned her wrists behind her back. She would have preferred having her arms bound in front of her body, but the instructions had been clear. At long last she managed to slowly drift away when once again she was jerked awake. This time she'd heard what had woken her - somebody was doing something with her front door! She froze as she heard the faint metallic sounds coming from the door - what the hell was going on? Suddenly everything grew quiet and after a while she relaxed. She had just about convinced herself it had been her imagination when she heard the familiar sound of her front door opening! She had a thick carpet at the door, and it made a distinctive brushing sound every time the door was opened. As she now heard the familiar sound her heart throbbed in her throat. Somebody was inside her sanctuary, invading her privacy! For a moment she panicked but then a thought came to her - what if it was him?

She froze, her breath caught in her throat. It made sense; he would quietly slip into her room. Next, he'll grab her as she lay on the bed, her defenseless body would quickly be stuffed into a bag. He'd drag her to his home and soon she'd be free of the suit, his warm flesh ... or maybe he'd do it right here! Maybe he'd free her right here and now, his rough hands traveling all over her body as she lay bound on the bed. Sharon got herself worked into such a state she could feel her legs quivering in expectation. After a long while of nervous anticipation and fantasizing she realized that nothing has happened. Suddenly the old fears

returned. What was he up to? Was it really him? Maybe it was just a common burglar! Why was he taking so long?

She could hear some faint movements in her kitchen. That can't be him! What would he want in her kitchen? It WAS a burglar! Some common, dirty thief had broken into her house and soon she was going to be discovered! What would he think when he saw her? What would he do? What a sight she must be - her perfect silver body in stark contrast with the erotic black devices on her limbs. What would go through his mind when he saw her - exposed and naked?

Suddenly she blushed all over and wished she'd not rolled around so much. She was no longer covered by the linen, and he was going to discover her lying there in all her naked glory! But what then? When he discovered she was not available, what would he do in his frustration? Would he use his fists, taking his rage out on her? Maybe he'd have a knife! She shivered at the thought and became seriously afraid for the first time!

The next moment she felt a warm hand slide over her leg, and she cried out in fear and surprise. For several minutes she rolled around, fighting, and screaming. Her wails came out as soft kitten mews, her fighting made impotent by the shackles. Through the blindfold she sensed that the light had been turned on, and again she rolled around - this time in shame. The man was watching her struggle! She'd never felt so ashamed and vulnerable in her life! Not even on the beach has she been so exposed. Her hands opened and closed as she desperately grabbed the air. Here she was, not only naked but bound and helpless as well. For a while she continued her rolling and moaning but soon, she grew tired and rational thought took over.

She'd just settled down when he grabbed hold of her ankles, lifting them into the air. He held onto them easily while she struggled anew, her tired body unable to dislodge his hold on the shackles. She rolled over onto her back, but his wrist just followed the movement. After a few seconds she calmed down, her ribs straining against the sides of their tight prison.

Satisfied that she'd calmed down her tormentor placed his other hand above her knee, rolling her over with a firm push. She was too tired to resist and as she lay on her stomach, she felt him push her ankles upwards until they pressed against her buttocks. The tinkle of chains should have warned her, but by that time she

was too scared and tried to think straight. The next moment her wrists and ankles were tightly bound together. As he let go of her, she tested the restraints, but she was firmly bound in a hog-tie. She could feel her hips and abdomen strain against the inside of the suit as all her weight rested on her lower abdomen. Her spine was bent backwards in a curve, lifting her chest and knees off the bed. She felt his weight disappear off the bed as he stood up. For a while nothing happened, and she started twisting and turning her fists inside the shackles. Once she'd been hog-tied, most of her fear had disappeared and she knew it had to be him. He knew exactly what he was doing, he'd even brought the equipment to hog-tie her with.

She turned her head this way and that - trying to locate him. He was keeping quiet and after a long while she began to feel convinced that he'd left. She moaned into the gag - the bondage and excitement had set her whole body on fire. Where was he? She was extremely excited by the prospect of what lay ahead. If he was to have her, he'd have to remove the suit! She twisted her hips and rubbed her thighs together, nervous sexual energy coursing through her like electricity. She toppled over from her stomach on to her side. As she lay there, she slowly became worried. Why wasn't he touching her? Was he still in the room? She moved as much as the bondage allowed, her breathing ragged and exited. Finally, she could stand it no more and she pulled as hard as she could, every muscle, every tendon straining against her confinement. For a while she kept it up, her body a bowstring of tension, pulling desperately to free her hands. But muscle and tendons can't defeat cold hard steel and soon she had to let go, defeated. She rested her head uncomfortably on the bed and breathed deeply through her nose.

He gently placed his warm hand on her naked buttock, making her jump. She was so tired she could hardly move and yet she felt little spasms of pleasure course through the tired muscle under his hand. He sat down next to her and gently rolled her over from her side onto her stomach. She moaned into the gag - she was so ready for him! He slowly slid his hand down her butt crack, following the wire as it went down. The sensation was pure heaven and she arched her back even further, her butt cheeks squeezing his fingers. He slowly forced his hand in deeper until it was cupping her dome from behind, the warm flesh between her thighs driving her wild! She felt his weight shift and he bent down next to her. With his other hand he brushed her hair away, exposing her collared neck. She gasped as his warm breath tickled her ear and he gently covered it with kisses.

His arms slipped in around her waist, just below her breasts. All she could do was moan as his feather light kisses covered her neck and ear.

Suddenly she was lifted bodily into the air, surprising and disorientating her completely. For a panicky few moments, it felt as if she was flying through space! He lifted her upright, balancing her body on his hand between her thighs. His other hand was still holding onto her chest and kept her balanced. She'd never been manhandled like this, and the feeling of losing all control was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced. He was still seated, and he lowered her until her knees rested on the top of his thighs. He freed his hand from between her cheeks and started roaming her body. After several detours both hands ended up around her throat. His fingers were under her chin, his thumbs placed over her spine. Gently he pressed and she tilted her head forwards as far as the collar allowed. He again kissed her exposed neck and head, sending shock waves down her spine as each warm kiss touched her for a brief moment.

As he kissed, his hands slowly started roaming her body. Despite the hard metal she could feel his palms cup her breasts. She could imagine him squeezing the hard metal and she wanted to cry in frustration. For a moment he rested his hands over her breasts and then he moved on, stroking and rubbing his large hands along her sides and over her rib-cage. The suit was dampening the sensation and yet it was enough to drive her up the wall. Again, he surprised her by lifting her up, his hands circling her waist. For the second time she became disorientated as her whole body was moved and rotated as easily as if she was a doll. When he put her down, she had no idea which way she was facing, all she knew was that her knees were again resting on his thighs. A sudden hot breath on her cheek told her that she was now facing him, and as he kissed her nose and brow she longed to melt into his chest. His hands still had hold of her waist and now they slid down until they were holding her hips. Gently his thumbs rubbed her hip bones while his fingers dug into her butt-crack. With a firm pull he drew her body into his chest, his fingers pulling her cheeks apart.

She cuddled his neck with her face, his musky odor filling her nostrils. She could smell the sweat on his body, and she knew he was as exited and horny as she was. If she'd been free, she'd have coupled with him long ago, instead she was forced to endure as every second built her higher in her desperate need. With her weight leaning against his chest his hands were once again free and they started roaming. Soon both his hands had slid down her hips and thighs and were holding

onto her calves. Each hand took hold of a leg, and he gently pulled her open. As she opened, she slid down onto his lap and soon she was half seated, her inner thighs straddling his legs. She could feel their abdomens touch and she longed to feel his warm manhood throbbing against her. Instead, she had to be satisfied with the empty, quiet dome where not even her outer labia could feel anything. She cursed at the injustice of it, moaning as she tried to make her intentions clear. When was he going to take her? Why was he dragging it out so much? She longed for him to free her, to give her what she'd not had for months now. She froze in shocked silence as the dildo suddenly started to move. She had gotten so used to its quiet presence she never noticed it anymore. Now she became intensely and exquisitely aware of the thin rod. It was expanding, ever so slowly growing bigger. As if by magic its sides were filling and stretching her purse. She knew it could only be a few fractions, but it felt as if it already filled her whole body! Everything else was forgotten, her whole being concentrated on the unexpected pleasure. It kept on growing until she felt she would burst. She could feel her slippery skin slide over its surface as it expanded, filling her to beyond what she'd thought possible. At last, it reached its apex and she realized she'd bitten deep into the rubber gag. Suddenly the dildo started moving up and down and for a moment she blacked out from the overwhelming sensation and shock.

She regained her consciousness in time to feel him tilt her over onto her back. She hardly noticed as he stood up, the dildo driving her crazy. It was moving extremely slowly, going up and down by only a few fractions. And yet the slight movement was enough to discover that the thing was ribbed with thousands of tiny knobs rubbing her walls.

She barely noticed him lower his weight down onto her, the dildo demanding her full attention. With a bit of prodding, he managed to get her attention and she opened her legs as far as she could. He lowered himself into her fork, and she groaned as his weight stretched her bound limbs to their limits. Despite the tension she didn't feel any pain, her mind oblivious to all but one sensation. She felt his hard cock throbbing against her inner thigh where it was wedged between her skin and the dome. The head was sticking out past her ass like a short little tail. He stroked her hard metal breasts and she screamed into the gag as the brushes came alive. He slowly started moving his member up and down, rubbing it between the fleshy thigh and hard dome. Soon the tempo increased inside her as well and they started rocking together, animal instinct taking over.

Sharon sat bolt upright with a start. She was sweating and her pulse was racing away. At last, she calmed down and she removed the restraints over her head. As usual the shackles on her wrists and ankles had fallen off as soon as the deadline passed - it was only the collar that she needed to remove herself. As she blinked in the morning light she rubbed her aching jaw, cursing the damn gag. Finally, she dragged herself out of bed and took a shower. The dream had been the most erotic yet and she knew she must've come in her sleep. She longed to remember what it felt like, but as with most things the memory could not compensate for the experience. She dried herself off and looked herself over with a resigned sigh - because of the dream the day was bound to be spent in impotent frustration. She dressed and got ready for work. It was only when she made the bed that she noticed the sticky glob stuck to the linen.

THE SUIT - Chapter IX

She stood looking at the wall for a moment, unsure of which whip to use. Finally, she smiled and took the cat-o-nine-tails off the wall. Its long strands of woven leather swung lazily as she tested its grip. Satisfied she walked over to the bench and looked down at her bound victim. He was admiring her she posed with her hand on her hip, the whip twitching slightly. Her latex catsuit left nothing to the imagination and already she could see his pathetic little cock begin to stir. The light danced over her perfect curves as she slowly walked around his body, his eyes following her every move. The high boots she was wearing had 6" heels, making her hips gyrate with every step. Suddenly she lashed out with the whip, the strands snaking over his bare flesh with a loud crack. She saw him scream into the gag, his eyes bulging and his face turning red. She bent down, enjoying the power she had over him. He was stretched over a hobble horse, his naked hips and stomach exposed to her every whim. His hands and feet were bound behind his back and several straps kept his arms and legs bound to the horse. His cock didn't appreciate the whip and it was shrinking quickly. She straddled him and looked down into his face. She slowly and deliberately rubbed her breasts with her black, gloved hands. Her nipples were straining against the tight latex, and she played and teased them, licking her lips suggestively. His cock was coming alive again and she slowly lowered her abdomen until it was hovering inches over the hard, throbbing flesh. Teasing him her hips made large lazy circles just out of his reach. She jumped up and stepped onto his chest. The bastard didn't deserve

her, not after what he'd done. She liked teasing him however, just to show him what he'd be missing. He was a rotten boss and an even worse person. "Would you like some?" she said in her most seductive voice, indicating her pussy by rubbing it shamelessly. He nodded eagerly and moaned through the gag. She stepped off her chest, gratified by the marks her sharp heels were leaving. She placed her gloved hand on his cock, feeling his hard excited manhood quiver. She slowly bent over, making sure he caught full sight of her latex covered breasts. Slowly she bent over till her head was only inches from his face. She purred over him, her hot body hovering ever so close to his skin. "Well," she said in a voice that just about dripped sexuality "You can't have any you FUCK!"

Sharon stood still for a moment and listened. All she could hear was the rustling of the wind and the chirping of birds in the trees. She was by no means a woodsman, but she felt confident that she was not being followed. That meant he was probably already waiting for her. Looking at her watch she saw that she had been walking for almost half an hour. She had another hour left to complete her tasks and she had no idea how much further she still had to go. She had been climbing a steep hill and was sweating buckets. The tight collar of the tracksuit was bothering her, and she decided to unzip the top, there was nobody around that would be able to see the suit. She shifted the weight of the backpack she was carrying and continued up the mountain.

The backpack contained the devices and instructions she had received the previous week. It had stated that she was to rise early on Saturday morning and dress for a hike. She was then to pack the devices in a backpack and to include food and water. The instructions included a map with a spot marked with an X.

The X turned out to be next to a road in the middle of a large nature reserve. The instructions had stated that she should arrive no later than half past six in the morning. Arriving at the spot she had found a small enclave where she could hide her car. After hiding the car, she had followed a foot-path down to a river where the next set of instructions had been taped to the under-side of a small bridge. The new set of instructions had ordered her to cross the bridge, follow the trail and then look for a cliff face. She'd located the cliffs easily and had started walking up the steep hill towards them. The route was taking her away from the

path and any other signs of civilization. Blazing her own trail through rough terrain she slowly made her way up the mountain.

It took her another twenty minutes before she reached the cliff. Turning around she saw that she was now well above the road and a beautiful valley was sprawled out in front of her. All she could see of civilization was the distant road as it wound its way down the valley. Sharon found that the sweating had again made here slippery and uncomfortable. She sat down on a rock and looked around. She was in an isolated part of the reserve, and it was unlikely she would be discovered. She looked down at her chest and the metal suit. It was the first time she had ever been "naked" outside of her house. She was amazed that she was both horrified and aroused by the thought of being discovered.

Suddenly she realized that the suit must be shining like a mirror for all to see. Quickly she zipped the tracksuit shut. Blushing deeply at the thought of somebody seeing the reflection she got up and looked around. She could not see a tree with a ribbon around it, so she followed the base of the cliff. After a few minutes she found the tree and another set of instructions.

Taking the backpack off her shoulder she placed it on the ground and zipped it open. She first took out a bottle of water and drank deeply. Sitting down on a nearby rock she read the instructions. First, she had to search for a black hook attached to the tree. After a brief search she discovered the hook hanging from a high branch in the tree. She was supposed to attach a red ring to the hook in the tree. She opened the backpack and removed a large black box. On one end was a bright red ring while on the other there was a blue hook. At her house Sharon had discovered that the blue hook was attached to a thin metal cable that pulled into the box. She could pull the blue hook out but as soon as she let go it drew back into the box. With a resigned sigh Sharon started climbing the tree. The weight of the box and her tired muscles did not make it easy, and she battled to reach the hook in the tree. After a long struggle she managed to hook the red ring onto the tree and start down again. The instructions had told her to pull the blue hook down with her and she was soon on the ground again, blue hook in hand. She wrapped the hook around a branch to prevent it from pulling up again and read further. Next, she was to take off all her clothes. Sharon did not at all like the sound of that, but she knew that she had no choice. Looking up she realized that she was still visible from the road. The only salvation was that the large tree threw ample shadow and that she would no longer shine like a mirror.

Standing behind the trunk of the tree her shaking hands got to work on the tracksuit. She could not resist the urge to cover herself with her hands and she stood behind the tree watching the road. Sharon knew she was being irrational, but she still felt naked and exposed. Careful not to come out from behind the tree she removed her shoes and socks. She finally plucked up the courage to remove her pants as well. Standing behind the tree she realized that she'd left the instructions on a rock on the other side of the tree.

Cursing she crouched down and crept to the rock. Retrieving the backpack and instructions she was soon seated behind the tree. With her legs drawn up tight against her body she waited for her heartbeat to settle down. It was amazing how aware she suddenly was of the suit. For months she'd been wearing the garment, getting so used to it that she forgot of its existence. And yet, sitting outside in the cool air it fit about as well as a new shoe. She could feel every seam, every bump in its surface. She briefly rubbed the hard dome - was the dildo suddenly feeling larger? She leaned her head back and rested for a moment before continuing with her tasks.

Her next instruction was to put on a harness. She retrieved the jumble of straps and inspected it. The harness was made of black material that looked and felt like the safety belts you find in cars. Reading the instructions, she started to put the harness on. First, she had to find two straps that were joined by two metal clasps, a small one in front and a larger one at the back. There were several clasps and straps in the jumble of the harness but after a while she located the right ones. As soon as she lay the two short straps over her shoulders, she understood how the harness worked. She did it up, referring to the instructions to make sure she was doing it right.

The harness had three belts circling her body and a strap over each shoulder. There was a belt just below her armpits, another just under her breasts and a broad one around her waist. Each belt had a metal clasp at the front and another at the back. Short sections of strap ran vertically from each clasp to the next. Together these short sections formed a long belt that ran from between her shoulder blades, down her spine, between her legs, over her stomach up to her cleavage. Two straps ran from her hip bones, down her rump to between her legs where they crossed over and continued up her stomach to the opposite hip.

She twisted and turned her body, making sure everything was in place comfortably. Looking down at herself she thought how ironic it was that she was wearing not one, but two bondage garments.

Sitting down she read further. Now she had to retrieve the blue hook and hook it onto the clasp between her shoulder blades. Looking around she realized that she would again have to expose herself to get to the hook. Rushing to the branch she grabbed the hook and brought it back with her. Once safe behind the tree she struggled to reach behind her and get to the clasp over her shoulder blades. After a while she managed to hook it in place, and it clicked home. She was now tethered to the tree, and she felt a chill run down her spine. Although she could remove the hook and harness, she suspected that pretty soon she'd be helpless. Next, she had to fix two leather cuffs around her ankles. They were fixed to each other and would allow no movement at all. Testing the cuffs, she found them tight but comfortable.

The instructions told her to eat and drink as much as she could. She finished the sandwiches she had brought and drank a lot of water. She finished reading the instructions and sighed. The next part was easy but worrying. Taking a leather harness from the backpack she placed it over her head. It was a complicated blindfold and gag combination like the one she'd been wearing each night. It had a standard leather blindfold that covered the eyes with two large eye patches and fastened at the base of the skull. A triangular rubber gag filled her mouth with two grooves for her teeth to bite into. Everything attached to a broad collar around her neck. It slid over easily and fit quite comfortably. Sitting in the dark Sharon felt very lonely and vulnerable. She almost took the blindfold off again, but in the end she calmed down. Finally, she was calm enough to do the last step.

She had to grope around a bit to find the cuffs that would bind her hands. They were made from the same material as the suit but had a soft inner lining. They were the only part of her ensemble she could not unlock. They were connected to each other by a thick black box. She suspected the box housed the mechanism that would unlock the cuffs when the time was right. A short metal tube pointed out from the box in a T-shape and it had a strange point at the end. She fastened the shackles to a clasp in the small of her back by pressing the strange point into a hole in the clasp. They stuck out from the harness, and she could imagine them looking like a bow-tie sitting in the small of her back. Sighing she paused before

she placed her wrists in the cuffs. The moment those cuffs snapped shut she would be unable to free herself again. She would need her tormentor to free her, or she would die.

She sighed and placed her wrists in the cuffs. She backed up until she felt the rough bark of the tree against her shoulders. Backing up against the tree she pushed the first cuff closed. With a soft, morbid click it closed. She paused for several moments and then pressed again. A shiver ran up her spine as she heard the second click.

Sharon was becoming seriously worried. The last instruction was for her to be ready and waiting by 8 am. She had forgotten to check her watch before she bound herself, but by her reckoning there could not have been more than a half an hour left until that time. That meant that he should have been there ages ago. At first, she had just sat there, waiting. After a while she became bored, and she kept herself busy by testing the restraints. She was truly and thoroughly bound, with not the slightest hope of escape. After a while she had even calmed down enough to start fantasizing. She day-deamt of being rescued by a big handsome ranger. Finding her bound and gagged in the middle of nowhere he would drag her off to his cabin where he would make love to her until she could stand it no more. Or maybe he would decide not to free her immediately, but keep her tethered to the tree, all the while fucking her brains out.

Realizing that she was just torturing herself, she decided to think about something else. But her body would not be put off so easily. Her backside was aching from the long sit and she rolled over onto her side. She could feel the wet slickness of her pussy, and the foreign object within. Lying on her side she tried to ignore the sensation, but the movement had made her aware of the steady pull of the wire attached to her back. It got her going again and she groaned in frustration. Finally, she had managed to doze for a bit. She woke with a start and tried to sit up. For a moment she panicked in confusion and then the memory of the morning came flooding back.

Relaxing she tried to roll onto her back, but the huge clasps and wire made that uncomfortable. With difficulty she managed to sit up and lean against the tree. She was now certain that he was late, it would be well into the afternoon by now. She listened intently for any sound of him, but all that she could hear was the slight breeze rustling the leaves in the tree. She was just about to doze off

again when a loud beeping sound frightened the shit out of her. It sounded like an electronic watch alarm. She hardly had time to think when it stopped, and a whirring sound took its place. The next moment something was slowly pulling her backwards. In a blind panic she tried to get away, but it was futile. She was ever so slowly being dragged across the ground! She struggled with all her might, but it was no use. After a moment she remembered where she was, and she realized that the cable was being reeled in. For a moment she calmed down and then she realized she would be dragged into full view of the road. The thought was so horrifying she fell into another panic, and she again tried to get away. She could feel herself being dragged around the trunk of the tree, the rough bark scarping against her skin. She kicked and screamed, but the gag made her sound like a little kitten mewling in the dark. She tried to roll away, but like a fish on a hook she could just move sideways. At last, she realized that she must now be in full view of the road. She struggled until she was so tired, she could just lie there. Sobbing she could do nothing but be dragged along.

At long last she could feel by the angle of the pull that she was now right under the hook. Slowly she was being hoisted upwards and she could hear the pitch of the electric motor change as it took the strain. It felt like hours went by as she slowly rose inch by inch. She managed to get her feet under her and stood up. Realizing that there was nothing she could do to resist she just waited for the machine to whine away. After what felt like another eternity, she felt the harness starting bite into her fork as it was pulled upwards. Soon she was dangling from the end of the wire with only her toes touching the ground, and then it was gone. She felt herself twist slowly around as she dangled at the end of the wire.

She was still being hoisted upwards and as the time passed her mind began playing tricks on her. She felt certain she had reached the end of the cable, but it just kept on going. She started thinking that somebody had repositioned the hook in a higher branch while she had been sleeping, and that she was now dangling yards above the ground. She could just not believe how long the motor kept going, and she was about to think she was going crazy when it suddenly stopped. Dangling in the wind she listened to the sudden and deafening silence. She calmed down and tried hard not to think of the road. Instead, she tried to analyze her predicament. She was hanging from a wire in the middle of nowhere. She was gagged and bound and utterly helpless. She had no food or water and

no idea as to what would happen next. She did not even know if she would ever come down from this tree again. All she could do was hang there.

Sharon realized that the position of the hook on the harness had her slumped over forwards. Like an old man with a cane, she was bending forward in a bow. She could feel the tight pressure as her weight bore down on the small section of flesh between her legs. Although some weight was being carried by the strap around her waist, most was carried by her fork. Sharon also noticed that despite all the weight on that section of the suit she could still not feel any pressure on her mound, instead the pressure was being transmitted to the flesh on either side. Tired and worn out she dropped her head. Soon she was dozing again.

THE SUIT - Chapter X

Annette sits down on the bed and casually places her hand on Sharon's stomach. "So, my pet, you comfy?" she asks, a faint smile playing around the corners of her mouth. She knew that Sharon was everything but comfortable. The leather straps around her ankles and wrists were biting deep into her flesh, almost blocking the circulation. The corset around her waist was terribly tight, restricting her breathing to quick, shallow gasps. An inflatable gag was filling her mouth to its absolute capacity, her cheeks bulging out from the pressure. She twists and turns her wrists above her head where they were bound to the bed. Despite the discomfort her nipples and sex throbs in anticipation.

Annette bends down and circles Sharon's nipple with her tongue. Reacting to Sharon's moans she raises her head and smiles sweetly at her captive. "You like?" she asks playfully before lifting herself off the bed. With Sharon moaning and squirming in frustration she disappears through the door. For several minutes she leaves Sharon alone and by the time she returns Sharon is almost crying with frustration. Annette places something next to the bed and seats herself between Sharon's open legs.

Without saying a word, she reaches down and lifts something off the floor. With a mischievous smile she shows a bottle to Sharon. "Want some honey, honey?" she asks as she pours the sticky fluid over Sharon's breasts. She bends down and slowly licks the honey up with her tongue. The treatment is driving Sharon wild, and she squirms and twists her whole body. With her eyes closed she doesn't notice that Annette has moved and her whole-body spasms as a tongue suddenly

licks her slit. She tries to spread her legs even further, but the bondage has her limbs pulled as tight as bow-strings. Annette expertly flicks her tongue in and out of her sex, every movement driving her further and further out of control. For a moment Annette pauses before she plunges her whole face into Sharon's crotch. The tip of her tongue finds Sharon's clit, driving her moaning over the edge.

Sharon slowly woke to the sound of crickets in the grass. Again, she panicked as she discovered she was bound but she soon woke completely and calmed down. The pressure on her fork had grown and she was now really aching. Twisting and turning she tried to alleviate some of the pressure, but the movement only aggravated the throbbing. She was stiff and sore from hanging in the same position the whole day. She moved as much as she could to get the circulation going, but it was hopeless. Sighing a deeply through her nose she tried to doze off again, but a sharp pain in her neck told her that it would be impossible. She tried to stretch her neck by pushing her head backwards, but the cable blocked her way.

She was just about to start struggling again when she heard a twig snap. For minutes she just hung there, not daring to even breathe. She had just calmed down again when a faint touch to the sole of her foot almost killed her with fright. She screamed into the gag and jerked her legs upwards while struggled to get loose. She twisted and turned like a trout on a hook, but her tortured body was too tired to struggle for long. Moaning in fear she felt her legs slowly extend as tired muscles gave up the fight. At long last she was again hanging as before.

She felt sure it had been some sort of animal that had touched her, and images of bears and wolves kept flashing through her mind. She strained to listen for any other signs of life, but there was none. Shivering in fear she waited for the claws to rip at her flesh, but nothing happened. After an age of nervous waiting her head slowly tipped forward as she relaxed. Just as she felt safe something touched the back of her knee. Again, she screamed and fought, and again nothing happened. Sharon felt relief flood through her body as she realized that it had to be a branch or something touching her. She was giggling in relief when two strong hands suddenly grabbed hold of her ankles.

Sharon hung in tired surrender, drawing gulps of air through her nose. After a long and valiant struggle, the hands still had a firm hold of her legs. He was just standing there holding on to them, not moving a muscle. At last, she calmed down and her breathing became easier. She felt a hot hand slowly and tenderly slide up her left leg. Forcing herself to stay calm she waited to see what would happen next. With one hand holding her legs still, he slowly slid the other in between her thighs. She clenched her thighs in fear and the hand froze. Forcing herself to relax she felt her muscles loosen their grip and his hand roamed further. Slowly he stroked and squeezed his way up her thigh until he cupped her mound in his palm. She felt herself responding to his roaming hand and she cursed at the suit that would not allow her to feel his touch. All she could feel was the gentle pressure of his fingers on the insides of her thighs, no sensation of touch was transmitted to her mound. Slowly he stroked the flesh on either side of her sex.

She was soon moaning into the gag in desperation and desire. Still unable to do anything she almost cried when he removed his hands. Twisting and turning she struggled against her bonds. Thrusting her hips forwards into the air she tried to entice him into touching her again. A small voice in her head was screaming its rage at her for being so easily manipulated, but it was fighting a losing battle against pure lust and instinct that had taken over. Soon it was just a distant echo that was drowned out by the rushing sound of red-hot blood pumping through her veins.

Gently he took hold of her leg again. He was now standing behind her, his hand holding onto her bound ankles. His other hand slowly and deliciously slid up the back of her left leg. Cupping her knee in his hand he stroked the sensitive skin behind her knee with his thumb. Suddenly she could feel his hot breath on her skin as he kissed and licked the back of her other knee. The treatment was delicious torture and she moaned deep husky moans through her nose. Both his hands slid up the back of her legs and took hold of her buns. Gently rubbing and squeezing her ass, he slowly drove her to madness. He slid two fingers down her crack, one on either side of the rod. Slowly and rhythmically, he began working his fingers up and down the rod, each time coming closer to pushing his fingers through to the other side. Sharon no longer had any control over her body and as instinct took over, she slowly began rocking her pelvis forwards and backwards. She could feel an enormous orgasm begin to build in her body and she started

rocking faster. Just as she was about to plunge over the edge, he withdrew his hands and the orgasm subsided.

Screaming in frustration and anger she twisted and turned to get some sensation going, but it was too late. Once again, she could just hang there, the blood in her pussy and nipples pounding away. When she had cooled down enough, he again took hold of her. This time he was standing in front of her, his hands reaching around her hips and holding onto her butt. Slowly he started stroking her butt in small rhythmic circles. The circles slowly grew larger, all the while driving her mad. Grabbing hold of her hip bones he held her steady while he drove his face into her thighs. She could feel his hot tongue licking and teasing every inch of sensitive flesh that was not covered by the suit. Soon she was again squirming as the orgasm built up, and again he abandoned her just before she could come.

Sharon realized that he was not going to allow her to orgasm, and she bit hard on the rubber gag in frustration. She was still cursing her captor when he started again. This time he placed both palms on her thighs. Slowly he worked his way upwards until he was stroking her sides. The delicious feel of his hands stroking her waist was bitter-sweet as she realized she was being teased into madness. Again, he drove her to the edge, and again he yanked her back.

For what felt like hours Sharon was tortured in this way. She tried desperately to deceive him into sending her over the edge by holding back. Each time her body would betray her, and she would start squirming and moaning - and each time he would back away. Finally, she now longer tried to fight, but merely let him do with her what he would. He tortured her a few more times and then suddenly, inexplicably he left her alone. Sharon grew desperate as she realized he had gone, and she had not once been allowed to come. Her whole body was aching with desire and unfulfilled need, and she could do nothing about it. Squirming and twisting she begged him to come back, but the gag prevented her from making any recognizable sound. After a long time, she gave up the struggle. Suddenly she felt a hot breath in her neck and his arms encircled her waist from behind. "Do you want to come?" he whispered into her ear. Crying tears of shame and desire she nodded her head yes. "Do you surrender to my will?" he asked. Again, she nodded yes. "Then listen closely. You are my possession and I do with you what I want. Your body and mind belong to me. You will never again orgasm without my wishing you to. As with your body your mind will be mine and I demand complete control. Do you understand?" Again, she nodded yes.

"Very well." he said and let go of her. For a second, she thought he had left her, and she was about to panic when her nipples were stimulated by the suit. She arched her chest outward at the unexpected sensation, trying to press them harder against the brushes. Suddenly he was there, grabbing her from the front and circling his hands around her waist. He pressed his body tight against hers and she felt the vibrator in her pussy slowly come to life. She hardly had time to register what was happening when the first orgasm took her.

Sharon slowly and reluctantly woke up. She had no idea how long she had slept, and what time it was now. Her whole body was aching, and she struggled to get some circulation going. Her nipples and sex were still pounding with blood, and she knew she would be very tender for a few days to come. Swinging slowly in the cool breeze she thought back over the experience.

The first orgasm had been like a volcano and a nuclear explosion combined. She had never lost control in such a complete manner. Her mind had been swept away as her senses took over. Being bound and unable to see had left her free of any distractions. She had been caught in a world of sensations completely made of touch. No other sense could penetrate this world and thus the sensation of orgasm was made so much stronger.

She could still remember his roaming hands, then gentle, then rough. He had skillfully coached her into such a state that she was nothing more than a sexual machine longing for pleasure with every fiber of her being. She knew she would easily have come without the aid of the nipple brushes or the dildo. She still marveled at the strange device in her pussy. Usually, it was thin and unobtrusive. Although she could never quite forget of its existence, it was not big enough to demand constant attention or discomfort. But when he turned it on it slowly grew as if by magic. As it grew it would twist and turn, stimulating her vaginal walls with small rubber ribs. It would also start moving in and out, doubling the pleasure and sensation.

Sharon had never experienced anything like the device and she would have loved to know how it worked. Her only regret was that it did not stimulate her clitoris. In all the time that she'd been wearing the suit her clit had not once been touched. After her last experience she shuddered to think what her captor could do to her if he ever had access to her clit. She realized that she was working herself into a state again and she concentrated hard not to think about it, but

blind and bound it was impossible to flee her throbbing body. Despite all her efforts to distract herself she was soon ready for more and she moaned into the gag. The steady throbbing in her sex grew faster as her heart rate increased at the arousal. Soon she was lost in a world of desire that would drive her off her mind.

The hours dragged by with only her dreams and body for company. The torture of being left to confront your own body was unbearable and she knew she would never be the same again. In all that time, the only distraction had been a brief moment she had taken to urinate. As the warm fluid ran down her leg she snarled in disgust, but there was no way around it. After she had done, she could smell the musky odor of sex that had been flushed out with the urine. It even made matters worse. She was assailed from all sides with sensations. The pain and throbbing where the suit pressed into her fork. The ache of sore muscles and tendons that had been kept immobile for hours. The burning thirst in her throat and of course the throbbing of her sex. Sharon could feel the beginnings of a dark despair that threatened to engulf her mind. What if he'd left again. What if he's not coming back? What if some wild animal finds me here? Surely, he has to be here, he has to unlock the cuffs.

She suddenly felt something touch her toe. Hoping that he was about to arouse her again she kept perfectly still. Relief flooded over her whole being as she realized she was touching the ground. Slowly her body was being lowered to the ground and soon she could stand with her feet flat on the ground. The cable was extending slowly, and it took a long time before she could feel the weight on the harness lessen. Her tortured limbs screamed in pain as she tried to support herself and her legs gave way under her. After several more eternity's, she was finally able to sit down on her haunches. But now she faced a new problem. With the weight removed from the harness the blood was rushing back to her fork and the pain was excruciating. Sobbing in relief and pain she waited for the worst to pass before she tried stand again. Her legs were still too weak to support her and she fell down again. She moved as far as the cable would allow from the puddle of urine in the sand and lay down. She was still bound and helpless and could only wait for her tormentor to come and release her.

She was carefully listening for the sound of his approach when the cuffs suddenly clicked in unison and released her. Very surprised she withdrew her hands from the cuffs and rubbed her wrists. Her elbows and shoulders were aching painfully

at the movement and her hands shook as she slowly removed the gag. It took several minutes of painful blinking before she could get used to the bright sunlight streaming through her eyelids. Finally, she was used to the light and she looked at her watch. It was 8 am on Sunday morning, exactly 24 hours since her ordeal had begun. She painfully worked her stiff jaw as she removed the cuffs around her ankles. Slowly she crawled back to the shelter of the tree and away from the road. Grabbing a water bottle, she drank hard and deep on the clear fluid. She almost retched most of it up again because she had drunk too much, but she managed to keep it down. Ignoring the uncomfortable pressure of the clasp in her back she leaned against the tree and relaxed for a while.

THE SUIT - Chapter XI

Sharon sat on the tree stump and waited for the dawn to arrive. She crossed her legs and got another fright as the links of the chain made a loud noise in the quiet night air. She looked down at her ankle and gave a quiet curse. Her leg was bound in a large iron manacle, the manacle attached to a heavy iron chain. The five feet of chain ran from her ankle to the tree stump where it was bound by a tight iron band to the stump. The parish priest had accused her of using witchcraft to seduce the village boys and this was her penance. He'd actually wanted her burnt at the stake, but the village chief had put his foot down. Not even the priest would tangle with old Olaf when he'd made his mind up. Instead, she'd been sentenced to the relatively mild punishment of being bound to the stump, next to the road. She was to spend a whole day and a whole night bound and then she would be released. According to the custom any man that passed her by could do with her as he fancied, but it was the middle of winter, and no sane person would use the road to get through the frozen mountain pass. A few of the village crones had thrown rotten fruit at her on their way back from gathering firewood, but that had been the worst of her suffering. It was almost dawn, and she knew that soon she'd be released unharmed. It was bitterly cold but she was wearing practically her whole wardrobe, so she didn't suffer too much.

At first, she thought her ears were playing tricks with her but as the noise increased she grew certain she was not mistaken. She could hear the lazy clip-clop of a horse as it slowly came down the road. Suddenly she was very nervous and afraid. The old folk told all manner of stories about strange beasts and ghosts that inhabited the night. She stood up and tried to get as far away from

the stump as the chain allowed. She could not reach the edge of the road, but she could get to the darker shadows of a tree and she stood deadly quiet. Her legs were shaking as she tried to peer through the mist, and at last she could make out the sight of the black horse walking down the path. It carried a tall black shape on its back, and she tried her best to make out what it was.

The horse kept on coming and soon it was next to the stump. She had just convinced herself that it would pass her by when it suddenly stopped, its nostrils blowing wisps of steam in the frigid air. She stood as still as a statue, willing the horse to move on.

Suddenly the shape on its back moved and she tried take a step back in fright. The noise from the chain sounded like a hundred church bells ringing and she realized she'd been discovered. In a blind panic she turned around and tried to run for the woods, but the chain tripped her up.

Screaming bloody blue murder she clawed at the ground as she tried to crawl away. After several minutes of blind panic, she managed to get a hold of herself and she looked back. A man in a long black coat was seated on the stump and was watching her intently. She turned over and sat on the ground, staring back nervously. "Good morn m'lady." he said. She could not see his face under the cowl, but the voice sounded mischievous. "Good morn sir" she replied, cursing her quivering voice. Again, the chain tinkled as she tried to draw her legs up to her body. "And pray tell what is a beautiful damsel doing bound to a stump?" he asked. "Perhaps she had not been too much of a lady after all?" he continued. "Perhaps she has powerful enemies that don't like to her."

"No." she replied curtly. "Hmm" he said, not quite believing her. He bent down and took hold of the chain. Despite her maidenly protests she was soon reeled in and seated right in front of him. He grabbed hold of her hands and drew her to her feet. She barely had time to protest, and the next moment was seated on his lap. She wanted to ask him to stop but the moment she opened her mouth his warm lips met hers, stifling her protests. She let out a quivering little moan and melted into his arms. With her eyes closed she felt his hand probe in under her several coats and take hold of her breast. Suddenly she realized that she'd neglected to breathe, and she drew back, taking big gulps of air. For a moment

everything swam before her, but his hands were quickly bringing her back to the present. She tried to see his face, but the cowl still hid it from view.

This time she kissed him and while his hands roamed, she took the opportunity to draw the cowl away from his head. Her eyes grew large, and she tried to scream but his mouth was covering hers. She started fighting but he had her in a firm grip. As she slowly lost consciousness all she could see was the two deep empty sockets where his eyes ought to be. The last thing she remembered were the two small pinpoints of red light behind the empty sockets, lights that were an eternity away.

Sharon lay in the bath and soaked. It had been a month since her ordeal on the mountain and she had not heard from him again. She thought back to the adventure and her hands snuck down to her sex. After she had managed to free herself from the harness and cable, she had dressed herself and rested. She had discovered another letter that instructed her to retrieve all the equipment she had brought with her and to return home. Climbing into the tree had been torture, but she finally managed to collect the cable. Climbing down the mountain had been just as tough, but it was downhill so she had managed. It had taken almost a week for all the aches and pains to disappear.

A few days later she received another set of instructions via e-mail.

From: Nobody@anonymous.net
Subj: New instructions

You will shortly receive another parcel.

This Friday evening you are to go to the club at the corner of 10th and Main.

You are to arrive before 10PM.

You are not to leave before 2AM.

You are to wear only the garments included in the latest parcel.

You are to dance with any and every person that asks you.

You are to accept every drink offered to you.

As she re-read the instructions a tight knot formed in her stomach. She had deliberately been avoiding contact with other people, what if they felt the hard suit under her clothes? Now she was instructed to do exactly the opposite. And what garments would the parcel contain? With a worried heart she set about getting ready for bed. Soon she was sound asleep, her body bound in its usual bondage.

Sharon walked to her bed and placed the parcel on it. It was Friday evening and she'd been hoping the legendary poor service of the postal service would come to her rescue. Instead, they had waited to the last moment to send her the parcel. Seating herself next to it she opened the nondescript parcel and lifted the lid. The first garment she removed was a wine-red leotard, made from cotton. It seemed normal in every way, so she moved on. Next was a small leather skirt. It too was normal, so she moved on. Next came a broad red garter belt, also made of leather. Besides being broad and stiff she could find nothing ominous about it, so she continued. Finally, there was a pair of pumps with a stocking in each one. The pumps were pitch black and had 4" heels. She felt around inside the shoes but other than the stockings there was nothing else to discover. For the first time her 'gift' contained nothing to do with bondage. She had to admit it wasn't the kind of clothes she would buy for herself but there was nothing strange about them. It was already 6 PM and with a resigned sigh she got ready.

Sharon sat in front of the dresser and applied the last touches to her make-up. As per her earlier instructions she wore no clothes but the suit. She was already extremely nervous and excited and as she leaned back, she noticed the suit in the mirror. Its glimmering surface was a constant reminder of her predicament. As before, her fear made her both jumpy and horny. She stroked her hard breast and wished the nipple brushes would come alive for a few moments. Realizing that she was getting herself worked up, she stood up and walked to the bed. For a few moments she was unsure of which garment to put on first, the leotard or the garter belt? The belt had big metal buckles at the back, and she decided that it would look strange when worn under another garment. Stepping into the leotard she pulled it up to her neck. She'd not inspected it properly and only now discovered the plastic wings around the seams. As with her bathing costume it was meant to tuck in under the suit, hiding it from view. She used an old coat

hanger to pull the zip up her back. The leotard was tight but did not reveal any part of the suit.

Next, she put on the garter belt. Only when she wore it did she realize that it was actually a small corselette. Although it could not clench her waist any tighter than what the suit already did, it did create the visual effect of a clenched waist.

Next, she squeezed into the tight skirt. It was a tight fit over the garters, and she battled to get it on. For a while she struggled with the zipper but finally got that done as well.

The stockings were shiny black with a thin black stripe up the back. She attached them to the garters and was not at all surprised to see that most of the stocking's lip would stick out from under the skirt. Finally, she stepped into the shoes and walked up to the mirror.

Sharon looked herself over and groaned. She looked like a slut. The garters stuck out well above the skirt and the tight leotard revealed every curve. No doubt she'd be drawing a lot of attention tonight.

Sharon got out of the taxi and paid the driver. She was very nervous and looked around carefully. This part of town was quite rough, and she felt very vulnerable. She walked over to the corner and looked for the club. At first, she couldn't find it but then she saw an ancient bronze plaque showing the entrance to "The Chain Link" The plaque was set on a heavy door between a grocer and a pharmacy. She pushed the door open and tentatively walked in. On the other side of the door was a long, dark passageway ending in a stairwell. If it hadn't been for the music coming from the stairs, she would have thought the place was deserted. She looked at her watch, she had eight more minutes before she had to be inside the club. Taking a deep breath, she walked down the passageway and up the stairs.

Sharon's mouth hung open as she looked the place over. The place seemed to have gotten stuck in the 70's, complete with old posters and flashing blue disco lights. The voice of Aretha Franklin was mournfully singing about lost love and broken hearts. A big bouncer came over and introduced himself. "Hi, my name's Jake. What'll it be tonight, leash or collar?" for a second she just blinked at him in confusion. "What?" she asked. He smiled at her and opened a closet. On the one side were several kinds of cheap metal leashes, on the other collars. He turned

back to her. "I take it this is your first time here. Can I explain the rules?" he asked. She just nodded yes, too shocked to open her mouth.

"This is a bondage club" he started, and it was obvious he knew the speech by heart. "When you go in you become either a sub or a dom. Dom's are recognized by their leashes and subs by their collars. If a dom really likes a sub, he or she may ask the sub to wear their leash and if the sub agrees they become a pair. A sub may not approach or bother a dom, but then again there's usually many more dom's than subs so you won't be lonely. Although the place is geared to bondage it is not a sex bar so if you feel like having sex in public try two blocks down. No dom may force him or herself on a sub, the idea here is mutual consent. The closing time is usually about five AM and if you choose to be a sub your first two drinks are free. All equipment is to be returned when you leave."

He turned back to the closet "So? Leash or collar?". This was all happening too fast! Did he just say Bondage Bar? Shit! She was to spend the whole evening in a BONDAGE BAR! Sharon noticed the bouncer watching her expectantly. "Uhm .. hmm .. Leash? No no I meant collar" She said while trying to keep a straight face. A small shock had gone through her system as soon as she'd said leash. Oh hell! He must be close by to have heard her answer. She looked around frantically but with the noise and music it's unlikely anybody could have heard her speak. She looked back at the bouncer suspiciously, could it be him? What kind of nut makes his living from a bondage bar anyway? "Hope you enjoy the evening ma'am. Just shout if somebody is bothering you." he said as he handed her the collar. "Can't be him" she thought. "There's no way somebody with his sloping forehead could have thought up the suit".

Sharon sat down in a dark corner and played with the collar. Suddenly another jolt reminded her that it was meant to be worn, not played with under the table. With her hands shaking nervously she put it on and looked around. How could he have heard her speaking to the bouncer?

A cold chill ran down her back. Fuckfuckfuckfuck - he had her wired the Bastard! It made such perfect sense! What better way to keep tabs on her than to listen in on her conversations. She hammered her forehead with her fist. You silly bitch! Why didn't she think of it earlier. The second jolt meant he was watching as well as listening. She started scanning the crowd intently.

Her discomfort grew as she realized that there were a great deal more men than women in the place. Suddenly a guy walked over and sat down across from her. "Hey gorgeous, you new?" he asked. Sharon immediately disliked him. Besides the open shirt and slick oily hair, he had a cocky, arrogant attitude. "Uhuh" she said, looking away. "Wanna dance?" he asked, sliding over to her side. Sharon tried to draw away as he placed his arm around his shoulder. The alcohol fumes coming from him made her nauseous. "No way, just leave - uhm on second thought, yeah ok." she replied, suddenly remembering the instructions. "Great! I just know you and I are going to be a hit." her suitor replied, his big grin giving her a splendid view of the missing teeth in his jaw.

Sharon sat down on the toilet and leaned her head back. The whole cubicle was spinning, and she had to try her best not to giggle. "Good lord, what a night!" she said out loud. She had another hour to go and didn't think she would make it. She had not had one chance to rest her aching feet the whole evening. As soon as they caught on that she'd never say no to a dance, the men had bombarded her with requests. Some asshole had even tried to slip his leash onto her collar without her noticing. She smiled at the memory, apparently Jake had been keeping an eye on her. The poor sod wouldn't be using his hand for a while, Jake had seen to that.

At first, she'd been so nervous she'd tried to dance as far away from her partners as possible. But soon the alcohol had made her careless and she'd bounced off a few chests. The quizzical looks and raised eyebrows had been almost comical to watch. Her explanation of 'my new wonder bra - giggle giggle' had been enough to satisfy most of them. One guy had speculated that she might be wearing a strange bondage garment, but she'd refused to comment. Pretty soon she'd become the property of a little group of guys, all of them nice blokes. Heck, two of them were doctors for heavens sake! They'd done a good job of keeping the weirdo's away and pretty soon she'd felt as comfortable as could be expected. The night was turning out to be almost enjoyable. She'd not realized how ostracized she'd been becoming and it felt good so socialize a bit. Even if it was with a bunch of weirdos and perverts.

Sharon walked back into the crowd and searched for her little group of admirers. They had disappeared and she started to grow nervous. Suddenly a hand touched her elbow and she twirled around. A tall dark man had been behind her, and he looked her up and down. "Care to dance?" he simply said, not even

introducing himself. She nodded wordlessly, his dark eyes keeping her spellbound. He gently took her around the waist and pulled her close. His eyes revealed nothing as her hard breasts pressed into his chest. They floated over the floor of to the slow, mournful sounds of Kenny Rodgers' voice. One of her guys had spotted them but he also noted her partner's height and he quickly backed off. "Ohmygodohmygod! Its Him. It has to be! He didn't even blink when our chests met!" she thought. She held on to his broad, muscular chest as he expertly led her around the floor. "What am I gonna do! This is him! Sharon this is him! Ohshitohshit oh shit please let this be him!" The thought came so suddenly she lost a step in shock. Slowly Kenny wound it down and they finally stopped. He simply stepped back, gave a little bow and disappeared into the crowd. By the time she'd regained her senses he'd disappeared completely.

THE SUIT - Chapter XII

She stormed out the door and into the cold night. For a moment she panicked when she couldn't find him, but then she caught a glimpse of him rounding a corner. She shouted for him to stop and ran after him. She rounded the corner just in time to see him disappear down a dark alley. She ran to the mouth of the alley and hesitated. She couldn't see a thing, and this was a bad part of town after all. For several moments she walked in little circles in front of the alley, frustration and fear fighting with curiosity and arousal. Finally, arousal won out and she stepped into the alley. It took a few moments for her eyes to adjust before she could go on. There was no longer any sign of him and she had to be careful not to fall over the crates and rubbish.

The alley ran into another alley, then another and then another. Pretty soon she was completely disorientated and with a start she realized that she was lost. Her lust quickly fled to a safer corner of her mind and fear took its place. Frantically she searched for a way back to the street, but every dark corner revealed another alley. She started crying and shivering and pretty soon she was running around, convinced that the street had to be just around the next corner. She ended up in a dead end and she leaned against the rough bricks that blocked her way.

She was still sobbing into her arms when she suddenly heard the sound of a Zippo being lighted. She flung herself around and saw a tall dark shape standing in the middle of the alley. He lit a cigarette and relief flooded through her body as she recognized his face in the flickering light of the Zippo. Lust returned and started a

boxing match with fear. She leaned back against the wall and tried to look sultry but fear was not yet defeated and the effect was a bit spoilt by her knees knocking against each other. His shoes crunched loudly over the broken glass in the alley as he walked up to her. He sat down on a crate next to her and looked her over.

"This is not a good place for ladies to hang around." he simply said and took an other drag from his cigarette.

"Why didn't you wait?" she asked, "I wanted to speak to you."

He reached out and drew her to him.

"Hmm" he said.

"What do you mean 'hmmm'. Couldn't you have wa..." she said only to be cut off by his lips meeting hers.

"Mhgh hmpf yng?" she said after they'd kissed for a while.

"Hmm?" he said, coming up for air.

"I said, who are you?" she replied.

"Don't you know?" he replied, his voice sounding mischievous.

"If you are who I think you are, and you'd better be him, then you'd damn well wish you weren't who I think you are because I'm very angry at him that I think you are."

"?" he said.

Damn! His eyes seemed to be doing something to her tongue.

"I mean, I you're hmf mff ymmfm..." she said as he kissed her again. He lifted her into his arms and carried her over to an old mattress lying forgotten in the corner. The effect would have been spoilt by the smell of booze and urine rising from the mattress, but she was no longer in any state to care about what her nose thought. He tore the clothes from her body, the thick garter belt ripping loudly as his powerful arms ripped it to shreds. He leaned back and looked down on her

glimmering body, a faint smile playing around the corner of his mouth. He removed a small device from his back pocket and she realized that it was a ordinary car remote. She started giggling as he pressed the remote and her suit bleeped back, just as if she was an expensive car. The two domes over her breasts and the dome over her sex popped up and as he brushed them away her breasts spilled out of the holes left by the domes. She groaned as his hands found her breasts and for the first time in several months she felt warm human hands fondling her naked flesh. Suddenly she felt the hard head of his member pressing onto her sex and she gasped loudly as he rammed it home roughly. For a few seconds she stared up at the small section of stars between the tall buildings but soon her eyes glazed over and lost focus completely.

Sharon woke slowly and groaned as the hang-over hit her full blast. Despite the nausea and headache, she could still feel the lingering effects of the dream. She rolled over on to her side and stared at the shoes as they lay on the floor. In her drunken state she'd forgotten to remove the clothes and she was still dressed in the leotard, mini skirt, garters, and stockings. She slowly and carefully rose and walked to the window. The bright mid-morning sun was agony to her eyes, and she drew the blinds closed. She looked down at her chest. "You bastard, you know what I feel like?" she said hoping he was listening. She undressed, moaning as the movements caused pandemonium in her head. When she was done, she did her ablutions and took a shower.

She sat staring at the kettle, not realizing that it had long since boiled and switched off. Her mind was elsewhere, re-living the events of the previous evening.

Despite looking like a tart, she'd enjoyed the evening. It was flattering and pleasant to be the center of attention and she smiled fondly as she remembered her little group of admirers. Suddenly the doorbell rang and with a jolt she remembered that she'd invited Annette over. Sharon had thought it was time to patch things up between them and she'd asked her to come over. She rushed to the bedroom, suddenly very aware that she was walking around in only the suit. She dressed in her usual T-shirt and jeans and went to open the door.

To her surprise it wasn't Annette but a delivery boy. He was holding an enormous bunch of roses and she could almost not see his face. She signed for the roses and carried them into the kitchen.

A thorough search for a card came up empty and she sat staring at the roses. Could this be from him? Immediately her mind jumped back to the man she'd danced with, and a small thrill ran down her back. She'd tried to follow him out of the club but a sharp pain in her abdomen had warned her that her time was not yet up. Suddenly the dream returned, and she stroked her knees in frustrated arousal. For several seconds she day-dreamt, all the while getting herself into more and more of a state.

The old Sharon would have been furious at him, after all he'd virtually made her his slave. She stood up and started arranging the flowers. What a change she'd gone through! The suit had forced her to admit to her submissive tendencies. She'd always liked bondage games, but she could never trust anybody enough to let them into her little secret. Not even Annette knew of the strange kink in her personality.

Would she meet him again? What did he want from her? All these questions she'd carried for months and still she had no answers.

Annette arrived a little later and they chatted for a bit. There was an awkward moment as Sharon refused to hug her, but then Annette noticed the flowers and she rushed to the kitchen.

"So - you DO have a lover. I thought it must be that. So, is he still a secret or are you going to tell me about him?"

Sharon sat down on the couch and pretended to examine her nails. She had the story all worked out and decided to see how it fit.

"His name's Mark. I met him on the internet. We've been together now for almost a year." She started.

Annette sat down next to her and folded her legs in under her body.

"We started in the usual way, chatting in one of the rooms...."

Sharon and Annette walked through the mall, doing window shopping. Annette had swallowed the whole story hook line and sinker. Of course, she wanted to meet him but Sharon explained that he was off to England on a three month contract. They walked into a little boutique and Sharon stood looking around while Annette inspected the clothes.

"So, this is what husbands feel like when their wives take them shopping." she thought. Since her adventure had started her choice in clothing had been severely restricted. She stood around and pretended to share Annette's enthusiasm.

As Annette was browsing, she happened to glimpse an interesting color and she walked over. Hidden amongst the other clothes was the most gorgeous garment she'd ever seen. It was made of two parts. The top part was a velvet bodysuit with a high turtleneck and open back. The teardrop opening at the back was cut all the way down to the waist. It had long, narrow sleeves that ran down to the wrists. The color was so deep it looked red in some places and black in other. It reminded her of the sweet, dark color of a fine red port. She sighed as she held the wonderful fabric to her face. From the hips a long, narrow skirt made from dark red chiffon ran down to the floor. At the hips it was tight and dark, but it gradually flared into wispy billows of translucent fabric around the ankles. She sighed and put it back in its place. Annette came over and removed the garment from the stand.

"Jeesh Sharon - it's gorgeous! Why don't you try it on?" She asked, draping the garment over her arms to inspect it.

"Did you see the price?" she replied.

Annette's eyes grew large as she read the price tag.

"Holy Shit! \$849.00 for a dress!" she said, suddenly holding the dress as if it was made from plutonium.

"Are they out of their minds? Who would buy a dress for that price?"

She held it up to Sharon's chest and inspected it.

"You have to admit though, it would look spectacular. It would go especially well with your new breasts." she said casually. Sharon's heart jumped and for a moment she panicked. Annette turned around and returned the dress to its stand.

"I was waiting for you to tell me about it, but I can't wait any longer." she said over her shoulder.

"Why did you have it done? I didn't figure you as that kind of person." she continued, "Besides, you've always had a perfect figure."

Sharon smiled at the compliment as they stepped out of the boutique.

"You'd know, wouldn't you." She replied, trying to buy some time to think something up.

Annette was looking at her expectantly, refusing to have the subject changed.

"I didn't really decide to have it done, it just sort of happened. I was seeing a shrink about a bit of a problem I had, sleepless nights and depression and so on. She suggested I do a make-over, kind of re-invent myself from the ground up. Maybe it was the depression or maybe it was the pills, I still don't know, but I decided to have my boobs done."

She grinned at Annette's shocked expression.

"Yeah, that's exactly the face the shrink made. It wasn't what she'd had in mind either."

"So why the secrecy? And why are you so distant all of a sudden? After all we'd been through you suddenly won't let me to within ten yards of you." Annette asked, a bit of a whiny twang creeping into her voice.

They sat down at a coffee shop and ordered tea.

"Well, there are a lot of reasons. When you first came to my house, I'd just had it done. I was still groggy from the drugs and felt a bit out of it.

That's why I asked what day it was. I was also very sore and the last thing I wanted was to be touched."

Annette nodded, accepting the explanation.

"Then when we fought, I thought you hated me." again she smiled at Annette's accusing look. "I know it was silly but remember I was pumped full of drugs. I didn't tell the doctors I was on anti-depressants and the combinations of drugs played havoc with my emotions. When I finally got off the drugs such a long time had passed, I didn't know how to patch things up again."

Annette nodded knowingly, still accepting the story as the gospel truth.

"I know how you felt. There were several times I wanted to come over, but I thought you were pissed at me for some reason. I wasn't sure how to approach you."

They sat in silence for a moment, recollecting the months that had passed between them.

"And now, why are you still acting so strangely? It's clear you still don't want me anywhere near you. We don't have to do it you know, I'm just a touchy-feely kind of person. You know that."

For a few minutes Sharon sat staring at her fingers, frantically searching for an answer.

"There were complications with the operation." she finally said, not sure where she was heading.

"I've had two more operations since the first one and I think there will be a few more to come. I'm still sore and will probably be quite uncomfortable for some time to come."

"Jesus Sharon, you're not going to lose them are you" Annette said, a shocked expression on her face.

"I already have" she almost replied but she bit her tongue just in time.

"No, it's not the breasts themselves. They found something wrong with the blood vessels and tissue just above the rib-cage" she said. "I don't quite understand it myself so don't ask me what it is. All I know is that they found it in time, and they say they can fix it."

"Jeesh, you should have called. You shouldn't go through this alone." Annette said, concern written all over her face.

"Well, at about the same time I met Mark. He was a real help and I leaned on him a lot." She looked down at her breasts. Was he listening?

"Because of the operations we couldn't do it. It was the most frustrating thing I've ever gone through. I longed to feel his hands on me. I wanted him so bad I would have done it with stitches and all. I wanted to feel him against me, my hips pressing into his. But he refused, he said he would feel too guilty knowing that he's hurt me. All I wanted was to have him inside me forever, holding on to him. I started dreaming of the day we'd finally get to do it. His big hands roaming over my body, his warm breath in my neck. I would walk around the flat naked, ready for him to come over. My breasts would throb so hard I'd thought the stitches would come loose. I'd lay in bed, touching and playing with myself, saying his name over and over again. I'd get wet every time he'd just look at me, my legs quivering at his deep dark eyes."

Suddenly she was back in the mall, and she immediately blushed a deep crimson red. Annette sat with her mouth hanging open, her eyes blinking rapidly in shock. Sharon gave an embarrassed little giggle.

"Suffice it to say we haven't gotten around to it yet."

THE SUIT - Chapter XIII

As his mouth found her nipple, she closed her eyes and arched her back. "Oh Leonardo, oh, ooooh!" she whispered as he skillfully coaxed her to new heights. She wriggled and squirmed in the confined space as his tongue flicked deliciously over her skin. The hot musky odor of their combined sweat mingled with the scent of lovemaking. Both his hands groped her breasts as he kissed and licked her under her chin and behind her ear. His mouth found hers and again they kissed passionately while his hands teased and coaxed her nipples. She giggled out the

side of her mouth as they both tried to shed their clothes in the confined space. Feet, hands, elbows, and knees were everywhere, dancing in frantic loops and circles to get rid of the garments that stood in their way. Finally, they lay bare against each other, their hot skin burning with excitement and desire.

Again, she closed her eyes as they kissed and she could feel his hard cock rest between her thighs. While they were kissing his hand snuck down to her sex and his fingers slid into her crack. She gasped as he coaxed and teased her, his fingers rubbing her clit.

When he was certain that she was ready he gently slid his member inside her, filling her completely. She gasped as he slowly started rocking and his enormous manhood filled every inch of her.

At first, they slowly rocked in union but soon he increased the pace. Her moans mingled with his grunts, and they became frantic. Finally, the whole world was shaking and moving as they both came in an gigantic orgasm.

It took several minutes before she realized that the world hadn't stopped shaking. Her nails dug into the leather upholstery of the car as she tried to steady herself. Leonardo's tense body spoke volumes as she covered her ears in an attempt to block the torturous screaming of metal being torn apart. After an eternity things seemed to calm down and she opened her eyes. Leonardo was frantically wiping the fog off the windows in an attempt to see outside. She clung to his body, her eyes wide in fear. "W-What was that?" she asked, his wide eyes scaring her more than the sound and the shaking. "Shit - I think we hit an iceberg!" he replied and darted from the car.

Sharon walked down the sidewalk, lost in thought. It was still early on a Saturday morning and the streets were quiet. She was on her way to the corner grocer to get some milk and bread. Dressed casually in a thick brown jersey, cream ski-pants and brown slacks she folded her arms around her chest to keep her hands warm.

As she reached an intersection, she was suddenly surprised as her left nipple came to life. The brush over her nipple was slowly stimulating her, its bristles

rubbing and teasing her like a lover's tongue. It was so unexpected that her legs immediately became weak with shock, and she had to lean against a streetlamp. As she hung on to the pole, she tried to look nonchalant as she pressed her right wrist hard against her breast. She could already feel her body respond, her breathing coming faster and deeper.

She could not understand why only her left nipple were being stimulated but she enjoyed it thoroughly. Hoping that the stimulation would last long enough she turned around to rush to her home. She was very surprised when the stimulation suddenly switched to her right breast. She started walking briskly back to her flat, but after a few yards the stimulation stopped. She walked on for a while in the hope that it would return, but her suit was as quiet as a grave.

Disappointed and frustrated she turned around to head back to the shop. Her nipples were both throbbing with desire, and she instinctively rubbed her wrists against the unyielding surface of the suit. As she reached the intersection the stimulation returned to her left nipple and again, she turned around to flee back to her room. Again, it vanished as soon as she had covered a few yards. This time she walked all the way back to the entrance of her building in the hope that the stimulation would return, but it was in vain.

She stood outside her building for a while, but when nothing happened, she set out for the shops again. As she reached the intersection her left nipple again started buzzing. She now realized that the stimulation only happened when she stood at the intersection, and she paused for a while. What was so special about this specific corner? She stood around, trying to look as casual as one could while having your nipple played with. She turned to her left and suddenly both her nipples were being stimulated. Gasping at the wonderful sensation she realized that she was being directed. Curious to test her theory she turned around and both nipples went quiet. Turning to her right her suspicions were confirmed as only her right nipple was being stimulated. She turned back down the street and again both nipples were being stimulated.

Sharon had walked two blocks and she was in heaven. Both her nipples were being steadily and relentlessly rubbed and she was so high she could come at any moment. She longed for the dildo to join in the fun, but she had to be content with only her nipples working. As was now the norm she'd become intensely aware of the suit. Normally she could go around and not even think about it, just

like she would any other piece of clothing. But in situations like these she grew aware of every inch of its confining surface. She could feel the hard dome between her legs as her inner thighs rubbed over the smooth polished surface. She could feel the tight restriction around her waist, the pressure of her ribs pressing into the stiff gauze. She could feel the strip over her spine, gently resisting her body's motion as she walked. She could feel the hard cups of the bra, cupping her breasts like the firm hands of a lover. She rolled her head and her neck rubbed against the tight collar circling it. She rolled and swayed her hips and her sex responded as the faintest tremors of movement were passed on to the dildo.

Soon she realized that although pleasant she was not going to be able to come while walking. She spotted a bench and sat down, only to find that the stimulation immediately stopped. As soon as she rose it returned and she continued on her way. She was floating along on a plateau of pleasure, her breasts sending a steady flow of stimulation down her body. She had to physically clench her hands under her arms to prevent them from roaming.

Suddenly the left nipple went quiet, and she awoke from the erotic daze she'd been in. She looked around and realized that she was now standing halfway down a city block. Wondering what was going on she turned right towards the street. The left nipple started up again, but now both were buzzing very slowly, just enough to keep her interested. She walked forward, but as soon as she started crossing the road the stimulation disappeared. Turning around she walked back to the sidewalk and looked around. Only then did she notice the bus stop.

Realizing what it meant she waited impatiently for the bus to arrive while the suit slowly drove her to pieces. She'd hoped that the chance to rest would allow her to come, but the slow pace of the brushes made sure she was only simmering, not boiling.

After about fifteen minutes a bus arrived, and she tried to board but as soon as she climbed onto the bus the stimulation stopped. What in heavens name was going on? She ignored the bus drivers exasperated look as she got off and as soon as she got off the sensation returned. She was confused and frustrated and for a few minutes she stood around looking impatient. When nothing happened,

she sat down again, wishing with all her being that the stimulation would increase it slow pace.

After a few more minutes another bus arrived and this time the stimulation increased before it had even stopped. Her legs weak with desire she got eagerly on the bus and paid her fare. She walked to the back of the deserted bus and sat down. The stimulation had returned in full force and as she was seated, she could sit back, close her eyes, and give her nipples the serious attention they deserved. It was amazing how she could spend so long on the brink of orgasm, the final climax just beyond her grasp.

Looking to see if anyone was watching she slid her hands underneath the jersey and stroked her body. The smooth sensation of her hands sliding over hard metal brought her back to reality.

She was obviously being guided, but where and why? With a start she realized that he'd had to have been watching her in order to guide her along. Frantically she searched outside the bus for any sign of him, but nobody seemed to be following the bus. The city was coming alive and there were already too many cars around for her to be able to spot any single suspect. Realizing that the effort was futile she gave it up and concentrated on her predicament.

He was playing with her like a small boy playing with a remote-controlled car. With the simple press of a button, he could make her turn left or right, stop or go. He had in effect his very own walking breathing robot that would do whatever he wanted. Sharon had to admit that for the first time she was participating willingly, nobody had forced her to follow the directions. Was she becoming so addicted to sex that she would do anything to be stimulated? Had she sold her soul to the devil? She wanted to tell herself no, but she could not bear the thought of getting up and leaving the bus. She knew the moment she got off the stimulation would stop. While she'd been speculating the brushes had continued their devilish stimulation and suddenly, she knew she was going to come. She clenched her jaw and pushed her legs out as it hit, and waves of pleasure rolled over her body. She could not stop a little growl from escaping and she blushed a deep red as the bus driver looked at her in his mirror. Her sex was vigorously pumping the silent dildo and she wished she could lay down to enjoy the sensation. She still had her hands under her arms, and it took an enormous effort not to let them wander. Slowly the orgasm abated, and she could relax her

whole body. She sighed a deep, satisfied sigh and melted into the seat, all the while grinning like a Cheshire cat.

After a few seconds she noticed that the stimulation had not stopped, and she groaned as she realized it could go on for the whole day. The weeks of continuous stimulation was still fresh in her memory, and she was loathe to go through that again. With her need satisfied she played with the idea of getting off the bus but soon her body convinced her that it was ready for more.

Sharon sat staring out of the window, her jaw clenched so tight the muscles were starting to ache. Her whole body was shivering, and her brow was covered with sweat. In the three quarters of an hour that she'd spent on the bus she'd come twice and was well on her way to her third. She longed to get off the bus but every time she rose to get off, she'd receive a sharp shock in her abdomen. Clearly only the beginning of her adventure had been voluntary, from now on there would be no turning back. She groaned as her tortured nipples send shockwaves through her body. How the hell did he know when she tried to get off the bus? She had the bus all to herself and yet every time she rose, she'd be shocked. Could it be the bus driver? She immediately dismissed the idea, he was an elderly man with a bored look on his face. Clearly his joy came from his grandchildren, not his sex-life. All of a sudden, the tempo on her nipples changed. For two seconds one nipple would be stimulated, then two seconds of silence, then two seconds on the other side and so on. Clearly, she was being signaled and for a moment she was confused as to the meaning. They were heading into town, and she realized this meant she had to get off. She rose and this time she didn't get a shock.

Sharon stood looking as the bus pulled away and she shivered in the cold. She'd been dropped off near the docks and this was a bad part of town. Already she'd drawn the attention of some scaly looking characters across the road. They were probably pimps or drug dealers and she blushed as they laughed and pointed to her. Suddenly she was not so happy to be wearing tight ski-pants or that the suit made her breasts large enough to be appreciated even under a baggy jersey. Her right nipple came alive, and she turned to walk down the street. By the time she'd walked half a block she was all worked up again and her audience was forgotten.

She leaned against a pole and almost cried in humiliation and anger. She'd been walking now for almost two hours and her feet were killing her. A shock warned her that resting wasn't allowed, and she continued on her way. Every time she tried to rest, she'd be shocked, and she'd have to continue. If there had been a purpose to her trek, she could've understood but she'd been zigzagging around the city like a drunk aimlessly wandering around. He was playing with her, sending up and down the streets of the city in an endless wander. It was extremely humiliating and frustrating to feel like somebody's toy. The feeling of impotence as she wandered without a clue as to where she was going really stuck in her throat. She had no choice but to obey and could do nothing to resist. Besides, her body had turned traitor. She was on a raw edge of desire, but her wanderings never ceased and she wasn't allowed to come. Her sex was swollen and ready, her juices making the dildo slick as she rolled her hips in an attempt to get some friction going. Every part of her throbbed with the potent mix of exhaustion and arousal. She had nothing to occupy her mind and images of him standing around the corner, the remote control in his hand, kept flashing through her mind.

She'd wandered out of the bad part of town into the heart of the city. Twice she'd passed her office building as he led her on her drunken journey. All of a sudden, as quickly as it had arrived, the stimulation stopped. For several seconds she stood around, looking lost and confused. She let out a grateful sigh and sat down on a nearby bench. Her feet and legs were throbbing with the abuse, and she leaned back to rest. After a few minutes the throbbing in her feet gave way to a different kind of throbbing. She groaned a frustrated groan as she realized what was in store. Her body's needs had not been met and for the rest of the day it was going to keep on nagging her about it.

She looked around carefully to see if she'd missed anything but there was no sign of what she was to do next. She felt very confused. Her mind was ranting and raving about the humiliation of being led about like some dog on a leash, but another, stranger part of her was disappointed that the game was over. She sighed, she knew herself well enough by now to know which one of the voices would come to her in the dark hours of the night when she lay bound in her bed. She stood up and hailed a taxi, she might as well go home.

Sharon entered her apartment and cursed as she realized she'd forgotten to do her shopping. She felt too tired to venture out again and she tossed the keys

onto the kitchen counter. By now it was second nature to undress as soon as she entered the apartment, and by the time she'd reached the bedroom the jersey was already off and she was reaching for the strap of her shoes. She froze in mid pose, her mouth hanging open in surprise. A large white box was sitting on her bed, neatly bound with a broad red ribbon. She forgot the shoe and looked carefully around the empty apartment, but she was alone. She slowly walked to the box, looking at it as if it would jump up and bite her. She gingerly sat down next to the box and pulled the bow open. Holding her breath, she lifted the lid off and stared inside. It contained a dark red dress and with a start she realized it was the same dress that she and Annette had been admiring in the boutique. Amazed she lifted it out of the box and measured it over her body. It was the right size and she quickly stepped up to the mirror to look at herself. The dress was even more attractive than what she'd remembered and suddenly she was eager to feel it on her body. She quickly got rid of the shoes and ski pants and was about to put the dress on when she realized how dirty she was. A couple of hours of walking had not been kind and she could feel her arms and thighs slide over the suit at those parts where it touched. It would be unthinkable to ruin the dress with her sweat and dirt and she quickly jumped into the shower.

Sharon stood next to the bed, her wet hair wrapped in a towel. While showering she'd had time to think about the implications of the unexpected delivery and she came to a very disturbing conclusion - her fate had been affected by more than one person. Clearly the same man could not have followed her about town and break into the house at the same time. That meant two or more people had been involved all along. The thought made her very nervous and for the first time in several months she again felt truly threatened. To be owned by one person was personal and intimate, to have more people involved made her truly a toy. She sat down on the bed and quietly sobbed, the tears coming freely as she envisioned a group of men laughing and haggling over her fate.

After a while the tears dried and as had happened so many times before she could only sigh in surrender. If there had been anything she could've done she would have done it ages ago. Her inability to resist didn't make her burden any easier, it just meant that she had no choice. Again, she sighed and decided it was time to try out her present. It no longer had the allure that it had previously, but she was still curious.

She lifted it and for the first time looked at its back. During her shower it had occurred to her that she might never be able to wear the garment, after all its open back was hardly suitable to be worn in public. She was therefore very relieved to see that it had been slightly modified.

The keyhole back had been covered with two layers of fabric. The outer layer was a gauzy fabric with the same color as the body of the dress. Underneath it was another fabric that had the color of flesh. A small black zipper ran up the spine and under the velvety collar. A few of the familiar plastic strips had been sewn in as well and she could confidently wear the dress in public without fear of being found out.

She un-zipped the dress and stepped inside. As she pulled it up over her body, she could not help but notice that the day's adventure still had a lingering effect on her body and she was intensely aware of the soft fabric riding up over her skin. She squeezed her arms down the narrow sleeves and her middle fingers into the little loops provided. The bodice was tight and showed every curve of her body, had it not been for the velvet it would have looked as if she wasn't wearing a bra. She pulled her usual stunt with the coat hanger on the zipper and closed the collar around her neck, tucking the plastic wings into place. Finally, she stepped up to the mirror and looked herself over.

The effect was a little spoiled by the towel around her head but there was no doubt that she looked spectacular. She twirled and the light danced over the velvet as she moved. She rubbed her hands down her sides and was rewarded with the wonderful sensation of her hand sliding over the smooth, soft velvet. The chiffon twirled and billowed around her as she moved, and she loved the feel of it rubbing against her skin.

For several minutes she oohed and aahed over the image shining back from the mirror but soon the novelty wore off. She returned to the bed and sat down, her hands playing with the hem of the dress. Last night she would have jumped at the chance to take her new dress out for a spin - her time spent on the beach and in the bondage club had given her back her confidence. But today had brought new insights and worries. What did the gift mean? What new tasks was she going to have to perform? Where was all of this leading? She looked down at

the ribbon that lay discarded on the floor. One thing was for certain - she would find out soon enough.

THE SUIT - Chapter XIV

She opened the door to her apartment and tried to switch on the light. Nothing. She flicked the switch a few times but still there was no light. Cursing she stumbled over to the fuse box, when rough hands suddenly grabbed her from behind. She opened her mouth to scream only to have it filled with cloth and then quickly taped shut. She moaned and struggled as one of them covered her head with a cloth bag and the other bound her wrists with some rope. Suddenly she felt a noose around her neck, and she froze, fear shooting through her like red-hot droplets of molten iron. The next moment they left her, and she almost fell as she was caught off balance. She heard one of them move and she could make out the faint glimmer of light through the bag. For a few seconds she stood around, dazed and confused. She took a tentative step in a direction and grunted as her shin made painful contact with the couch. She twisted and turned her wrists to try and free them but to no avail. Where were they? What was she supposed to do now? Had they left? Suddenly a rough hand grabbed her ass and squeezed. Squealing in surprise and fear she tried to bolt but she ran straight into a wall. Dazed and hurt she stumbled back and stood still again, her legs trembling.

A rough hand took hold of her breast and twisted viciously, sending sparks of pain through her chest and neck. Again, panic took over and she backed away only to be brought up short by the noose around her neck. Somebody was holding on to the other end and for a few seconds she fought in panic as it throttled her, and she couldn't breathe. In her struggles she stumbled forwards and the noose loosened, allowing her to breathe.

She just stood there, her heart throbbing in her throat. What did they want? Where were they? What were they going to do to her? Again, the rough hand grabbed her, twisting her other breast even harder than before. This time she jumped but didn't try to run away.

"She's a fast learner. I think she'll do." a rough voice said off to her left.

"Yeah - Bruce said he wanted a smart one." another voice replied from straight in front, he had to be the one with the rope in his hand.

Suddenly a hand was stroking her breast and neck. "And she's certainly a looker. I think she'll do just fine." said the first voice. The hand continued to explore while she stood frozen.

"Think maybe....?" the first voice said.

"Hmmm. There's not much time and if Bruce finds out there'll be hell to pay." said the second.

"Yeah, but man, just look at her." said the first. He grabbed a hold of her collar and pulled down sharply. The light blouse she was wearing ripped apart and she stood exposed before them.

"Ooooh - a red bra! You know what they say about girls with red underwear." Said the second.

"Man-oh-man-oh-man - that's tempting. I wonder if her panty's red as well." Said the first.

"Well," said the first, pulling her over to him with the rope "if it is we'll soon know. Won't we honey?"

Sobbing and moaning she was led to the bedroom and pushed onto the bed. She fought them every step of the way but soon she was lying on the bed in only her underwear.

"Now have you ever seen anything prettier than that" said number one. She blushed deeply and tried to curl up as they discussed her body.

"Whoooooeee!" said number two "matching bra, panties, garters and stocking." he said mockingly.

"Where'd you get that darling" he said right next to her ear "Victoria's Secret?"

Suddenly a finger dragged over her pussy.

"Hot damn Abe, will you look at that! She's as wet as a heifer in heat! I think that's a formal invitation, don't you?"

She blushed even redder and wished she could sink into the earth.

"Now you know Leo, it's not polite to refuse a Lady's invitation. I think we'd better accept." said Abe.

She sobbed and fought as their rough hands ripped the last pieces of clothing from her body. Suddenly she felt the heavy weight of one of them on top of her and she struggled with renewed panic.

"For fuck sakes Leo, hold the bitch down, I can't get in between her legs!" Rough hands grabbed her ankles and spread her wide open. Before she had time to react, he was inside her and she screamed into the gag in pain as his large cock thrust into her. For several seconds, he fucked her hard before suddenly rolling over with her still impaled on top of his cock. She tried to lift herself off but his partner pressed down from behind and she couldn't move. Abe grabbed hold of her knees and bent her legs up until she was spread even wider. She had barely a second's warning before Leo's cock thrust in from the rear and she was impaled from both sides. She'd never been butt-fucked, and she screamed even louder as his cock forced itself inside her. Both men started fucking her in earnest and she squirmed in pain and humiliation as the two cocks slipped and moved inside her. In a very short time, they both came and they withdrew. By that time, she was too tired to fight any more and she just lay there, tears and snot running down her face. She felt a sharp prick on her shoulder and as the drug took effect the last thing she would hear was Abe bidding her a good night.

She had to wait a few days before she got her next set of instructions.

From: Nobody@anonymous.net

Subj: New instructions

Pick up package from Post Office

Do not open until Saturday afternoon

On Saturday night you will wear the red dress

You will also wear the contents of the latest package
Take a taxi to the Ignatio Melavio opera Theater
You are to arrive at 18:45
Your ticket has been booked under the name Sharon Smith
Immediately go to the auditorium and take your seat
You are not to leave until the performance is over

Sharon felt her stomach go queasy and nervous energy flow through her body. What was going to happen, and what was in the box? She stood up from the computer and paced the room. How could she get out of this? Whatever was going to happen she felt certain that she wouldn't want any part of it.

What were they planning for her? It was only Wednesday, and she'd have to wait all that time to find out. She knew her imagination was going to run wild, and she'd have some sleepless nights.

She swore under her breath, and sat down again. She had no control over her future, her own destiny. For heaven's sake - she didn't even have any control over her own bloody body! She felt so, so.. so.....?

Powerless! (sexy)
Humiliated! (erotic)
Abused! (exited)
Depressed! (aroused)

"Shut up shut up shut up!!!" she shouted at the walls, but the dark little voice just giggled at her. She rested her elbows on the table and held her head in her hands, sobbing in frustration. What was wrong with her? How could she be so aroused by the whole situation? She felt so dirty, so ashamed of her secret. What did she do to deserve this? Had she maybe brought it on herself? Maybe she'd inadvertently let it slip to someone that she was kinky? Maybe it was her own fault she was stuck in this situation? Somehow, she must have done something to make this happen!

"NOOOO" she cried in anguish and jumped up. With shaking hands and tears blinding her she managed to dress in a T-shirt and Jeans. Still sobbing she

stormed out of the flat, the door banging loudly behind her as she slammed it shut.

Sharon stared at the flashing blue light as if hypnotized. The cold night air was blowing right through her T-shirt and her whole body was covered in goose-bumps. The police cruiser stopped for a moment before pulling off with a loud roar of its powerful engine.

She was standing outside of the police precinct, still dazed and confused. She had wandered up and down the dark streets for almost an hour before ending up here. She melted into the shadows as a policeman came out of the front door and walked over to his car. Only when he'd driven off did she dare take another breath and she felt dizzy with fear.

She'd not deliberately walked to the station, it had just happened. The one moment she'd been walking along, her whole mind drawn deep inside and the next moment the flashing light had jerked her awake.

Could she go in? Did she have the guts? What would happen? Would they somehow know? Would they shock her to death before she'd even walked up the steps? And if she made it inside? What would the cops say? Would they be able to help? Would they know of a way to get rid of the suit? Maybe there was something glaringly obvious that she'd missed? Maybe it had even happened before and they would know exactly what to do?

She closed her eyes and hugged her body defensively. They would want to see. They'd ask her to strip. She'd have to stand in one of those gray little rooms you always see on TV, naked and exposed. They'd laugh at her! There would be a whole bunch of them standing behind that one-way mirror and they'd giggle and sneer and point and she wouldn't be able to cover herself!

"For fuck sakes Sharon! Get a hold of yourself!" she whispered loudly to herself. She started pacing the sidewalk in tight little circles. "Let's think about this rationally."

Pro's :

Get rid of the suit.

Get your life back.

Get your dignity back."

Her throbbing clit added its vote as well.

"Have sex again, anytime anywhere."

She changed direction and started pacing in the opposite direction.

"Con's :

Could be... no, IS dangerous.

The humiliation.

.... uhm?

Give up these gorgeous breasts."

She gave a nervous little giggle and then grew angry again.

"Dammit! Con's, con's...

Never get to meet him. Fuck that - that would be a Pro!"

She stood still and leaned back against a wall. Her mind was screaming GO but her legs were refusing to move. Her imagination was running rampant and for a long while she just stood there, her eyes never leaving the door of the precinct. Finally she stood up straight, gave a final shuddering sigh and walked back to her flat.

She stood in front of the mirror while drying her hair. It was getting very long and took a lot of effort to keep under control. Maybe it was time she had it cut? Finally, she could hold it no longer and she sat down on the bed. She was as nervous as a virgin on prom night. She rummaged around under the bed until she found the package and pulled it out. It was exactly the same as all the others, wrapped in plain brown paper with no return address.

She had another hour before she had to be at the opera and it was time to see what lay in store. For the last few days her imagination had gone nuts and by now she felt confident she could handle anything it might contain. She opened the package, paused for a moment and looked inside.

She gasped in shocked surprise at what she saw. The bright glitter of diamonds and pearls flickered merrily in the light as she lifted an exquisite necklace from the box. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, and she couldn't keep her eyes off it. For several minutes she twisted and turned it in her hands, mesmerized by the light playing across its surface. Finally, she blinked and remembered the time. She quickly looked at the box and gasped again. This time she drew out a gorgeous tiara, made from the same glittering diamonds and silver. Next came a set of matching earrings, a bracelet, a small red purse, pantyhose and a new pair of shoes.

She sat back and tried to come to terms with all the glitter and shine that lay spread out before her. She'd been expecting the worst and she got..... this? It took a while for her mind to do the about-turn and come to terms with it.

She stood in front of the mirror and made sure she was ready. She looked herself over with a critical eye but could find nothing amiss. The dark red shoes were a perfect match for the dress, their high heels showing her calves off to their best effect. The pantyhose had a thin, glittering line that ran up the back of her legs and melted into the dress as it became darker. The red dress was gorgeous, hugging her figure like a second skin while still classy and chic. The jewelry hung on her like glittering pieces of star. She twirled around and was satisfied that the tiara would stay in place on her neat French braid. Feeling like a million bucks she glided out of the apartment and into the night.

As she stepped out of the building she bumped into Annette. Annette mumbled an apology and then recognition filled her eyes and her jaw fell to the ground. "Holy Sh.....!" she said. Sharon smiled nervously as Annette walked around her. "You like?" she said, extremely pleased with Annette's reaction. Annette was still too shocked to get any words out and she just stared at her, totally dumbfounded. The waiting taxi hooted and suddenly Sharon remembered the time. "Shit! I'm late! Talk to you later hon." she said while rushing off to the

waiting taxi. Annette could just stare in surprise and shock as the taxi sped off into the night.

Sharon sat down nervously and looked around. She could still not understand what she was doing there. According to the billboards it was the opening night of a new production of Aïda and she felt very out of place. She'd never been to an opera and considered the whole business boring and stuffy. Why on earth send her to the opera? She looked down and made sure everything was in order. The hall was filling up quickly and she tried to scan the audience as they took their seats, but nobody looked familiar.

An elderly lady and her husband sat down next to her, smiling politely as they took their seats. The seat to her left was still open and a faint glimmer of hope started to grow as all the seats filled but that one. The couple were softly whispering, and she blushed as she realized she had no idea what the performance was going to be about. She kept a close eye on the seat, secretly crossing her fingers and biting her lower lip. The lady next to her tapped her shoulder and she almost jumped right out of the seat.

"Hello dear. My name's Edna. You don't seem to have a program, want to use mine?" said the lady, holding out a little black brochure.

"Uhm.. no thanks, I've got mine here somewhere." she replied, rummaging under the seat where she'd placed her purse and brochure. She finally managed to find it and showed it to the lady.

"I think Dame Masimio has the most wonderful voice in the world. Don't you?" asked the little lady in a friendly chatty voice. "My husband and I have been looking forward to this production for weeks."

Suddenly there was a movement to her left and her head whipped around. For a few moments she could just sit there, her mouth wide open in shock. "M-M-Mark? What are you doing here?" she stammered. The nerd from the office was the last person on earth she'd been expecting to find here. He was standing stock still in shocked surprise, his face blushing blood red. "Miss Sharon?" he said, just as shocked as she was. He gingerly sat down and fidgeted like a nervous animal.

"Uhm .. I didn't know you liked the opera." he said with a squeaky voice. Oh Fuck! It can't be him! No way could it be him, not Mark! Could it? "I don't" she replied, watching his face intently for any signs of guilt. "S-s-s ughm, sorry, frog in the throat. So, what are you doing here?" he replied, still blushing deeply.

Her mind was going 200 miles an hour and getting nowhere.

"I'm here by invitation of a friend. He couldn't make it through but I decided to come see anyway. You?"

He grinned shyly.

"opera is one of my little passions. I come to all the opening nights. Do you know anything about Aida?" he asked, his hands working furiously to try and open the brochure. It took him a few seconds to discover that the spine isn't meant to open.

"I can tell you about it if you want. It's a bit overwhelming if you don't know.. oh, look the lights are dimming." he said and made himself comfortable.

She sat back in the seat and studied his hands in the dim light. Music was starting to play but she hardly noticed, her mind racing furiously.

"C'mon Sharon. You can't be serious. Obviously, this is just a coincidence. There is no way Mark could be behind any of this. For heaven's sake he probably still stays with his parents."

Yeah, you're right. But then again..."

"He is smart, and he's got a terrible crush on you and he's a little weird and he's the quiet type. You know what the tabloids always say about the quiet types. I bet he could have done it if he was desperate enough."

"Do you think he's desperate enough?"

"Well, he might be. He's been after me for ages."

"This could all be your fault you know"

"What!?"

A part of her mind noticed some characters appearing on the stage.

"Well, if you've been pretty lousy to him you know. Remember that time he brought you chocolates and you told him you were on a diet?"

"Are you suggesting I asked for this?"

"And the many times he said hello and all you did was nod and the oh shit oh shit oh shit!"

Her whole body tensed as the dildo slowly inflated.

"oh shit oh shit calm down oh shit stay calm don't let anybody see oh shit!!"

She grabbed hold of both armrests and her knuckles turned white as she tried to drive her nails right through the fabric. The dildo inflated until it was filling her to capacity, its studded sides teasing her walls. When it finally stopped it was enormous and rock hard. She sat even straighter than normally, and her wide, glazed eyes stared at the stage without seeing a thing. After several minutes it was clear that nothing was going to happen, and she relaxed a bit. The enormous object felt as big as a melon and suddenly she couldn't find a comfortable position in her chair.

An enormous lady appeared on the stage.

"That's Dame Masimio." Mark whispered in her ear. "She's very famous and it's a real honor to hear her sing."

Yeah - whatever. In the meantime, do you have any idea what's happening between my legs? I'd bet you'd just love to know. Or do you know already?" The woman took a big gulp of air, her bosom heaving like a gigantic bellows. She opened her mouth and a voice as clear as a bell and as powerful as a foghorn flooded the auditorium.

The dildo suddenly started moving and she had to clench her jaw to prevent a little squeal from escaping. The nipple brushes joined in, and she almost passed out as thousands of extremely important messages flooded her shocked brain.

Everything was moving extremely slowly but it was more than enough to make her want to climb the walls. She was rapidly rushing into an enormous orgasm but then all the stimulation stopped. With an enormous effort she finally managed to regain control of herself.

"Yeah.." said Mark, grinning at her. "Her voice is quite something isn't it?"

She just nodded, praying he won't notice how tight her jaw was clenched.

The enormous woman launched into her song again and Sharon closed her eyes and leaned back in her seat. The dildo and brushes had started up again and she concentrated as hard as she could not to show anything. As the voice rose, so did the speed of the stimulation. Up went the voice - faster went the dildo. Down came the voice - slower went the dildo.

"Oh no, no no no no - I can't deal with this. How in heavens name am I supposed to sit through grnnnnn."

The voice rose again and this time it scaled even greater heights.

The orgasm hit suddenly and violently. Sharon lost all sense of reality and her whole being focused on the moving devices driving her insane. The dildo was moving up and down between her loins and she felt as if the whole world was shaking with it. The brushes were turning furiously, and sparks of sensation were running over her breasts. Her whole body trembled as one wave after shook here to the core of her being.

After a million years she finally managed to come down again and she melted into the soft seat. The blood was throbbing in her ears, and she was almost hypnotized by its loud throbbing. Slowly the throbbing turned into the loud banging coming from the orchestra. A cold chill ran down her back as she suddenly remembered where she was. She opened her eyes and look straight into Mark's concerned face.

"Are you ok? I thought you had fainted." he said, the concern giving way to relief.

"Yeah, yeah - I'm o.k." she replied calmly - inwardly praying the earth would swallow her there and then.

"I just like to close my eyes when I listen. It's nothing to worry about." "Yeah," he said "I sometimes do that as well. That woman has the most phenomenal voice."

She'd forgotten about the singer's part in the little fiasco and with a shocked expression she searched on the stage to find the source of her torture.

Mike saw her expression and smiled. "Don't worry. She'll be back in a moment. She's got a whole two hours left to sing."

THE SUIT - Chapter XV

Her long hair streamed out behind her as her powerful tail propelled her through the water. She spread her arms wide and did a lazy barrel roll, overjoyed at the freedom of flying through the ocean. She spotted a school of dolphins and laughed merrily as they greeted her with happy squeaks and clicks. Together with the dolphins she glided through the water, her body jumping out of the water and splashing back again as they raced each other through the waves.

On one of these jumps she spotted a distant object drifting on the water and she grew curious. The dolphins quickly closed the distance and started riding the bow-wave. She'd never seen a ship before and she hung back, curiosity mingling with fear. Slowly she approached and circled the strange object. Nothing seemed to happen, so she slowly reached her hand out and touched it. It felt strange, the texture was unlike anything she'd felt before.

She was just growing confident when she heard several small objects fall into the ocean. She saw them falling all around her and she was about to follow one down when her hair got snagged in something. She reached up only to have her hand and arm caught in the stuff. Her eyes grew wide in fear as she saw thin strands of white rope circle her head and immediately, she tried to swim away. She swam for several yards, dragging the strange ropes with her when she was suddenly and viciously brought short. Her powerful tail tormented the water as she fought to be free, but she could not move any further away. She screamed and tried to claw her way free but her other hand got snagged as well. Her one hand was stuck behind her head and the other around her throat. She renewed her efforts and the sea foamed and bubbled as her tail churned the water behind her. She tried a different tactic and tried to roll out of harm's way but to her horror she felt the ropes circle around her chest and waist. She was covered in ropes all the

way down to her waist and the rolling also pinned her arms painfully tight against her body.

She tried rolling the other way. At first it seemed it would work but then her tail got caught as well and soon she could only struggle feebly, completely encased in a net of ropes. She felt her body being dragged to the surface and she screamed even louder in fear and pain. Terror made her desperate and she bit wildly at the ropes covering her face. Suddenly she broke the surface and to her horror she was being dragged into the air. She coughed and spluttered as the sea water in her lungs was replaced by air and for a few seconds there was the sickening feeling of drowning as her body adjusted. She was lifted over the rough railing of the ship and dropped onto the deck. It took her a few minutes to get used to the bright glare of the sun and the strange, heavy feeling of being out of the water. When she could finally see she looked up into the faces of weird beings circling her and looking down at her. They looked like men, but they stood upright on two strange stilts that bent in the middle. One of them bent down and spoke some strange words to her. His body was red and his stilts were black. The sound of his voice was low and it sounded as if he was growling at her. She was still very much afraid, but she managed to find her voice to beg for release. His face grimaced in pain as she spoke and they all covered their ears. He reached down and she drew back in fear, her tail making a wet sound as it flopped up and down on the deck.

Again, she started begging but this time he produced a red piece of his body and stuffed it inside her mouth. She moaned and struggled as his hands sought out her breasts and he teased her nipples. More of them bent down and they were making those strange noises again, this time to each other. The man teasing her breasts tugged and pulled at the ropes and for a moment she thought they might release her. Instead, he adjusted the ropes so that both her breasts spilled out of the holes in between. The men applauded and their noises grew excited. She blushed deeply as some more hands found her breasts and soon her whole body was covered by stroking, fondling hands. She struggled as best she could, but they didn't even have to hold her down, her own heavy tail and the net of ropes made it impossible for her to do much more than squirm.

Suddenly she felt a hand on her belly button. She prayed they would not discover the thin slit between her scales that was the entrance to her sex. Everybody knew that the outside was as hard and lifeless as the rest of her tail, but if they were to push something inside, she'd lose all control over herself. The hands continued

stroking and she tensed as they moved over her slit, but they didn't notice it. Already her nipples were standing to full attention, and she blushed even redder at being so brutally manipulated. Suddenly a thumb found her slid and she moaned deeply through the gag as it entered her. She closed her eyes and her whole being was filled by the thumb as it drove into her. Her whole body shuddered in pleasure as it wiggled inside for a moment and then it was gone. She came to her senses and now she struggled anew, her fear being driven by a new force: they now knew her secret!

The creature that had fondled her breasts talked loudly to the others and they backed away. She sighed in relief as the hundreds of hands left her alone and she stared up at their leader, her eyes begging for mercy. They grew wide in shock as his black skin fell away from his stilts to reveal a large, straight rod between them.

The men of her kind did also have rods, but they were long, thin sticks that slid out of a small pouch inside their bodies. She'd never imagined having something so large inside her and she frantically started flopping to the edge of the deck. The man only smiled and grabbed hold of the ropes around her body. Before she had time to think he had her rolled onto her back and he sat down on her tail. She moaned and struggled but could do nothing as he leaned over forward and guided his rod into her slit.

The moment he entered her she lost all her senses. All she could think about was the large, throbbing shaft splitting her wide open. The pleasure was beyond anything she'd ever imagined! She rocked her body and moaned, but it was no longer in fear. After an eternity of one orgasm after the other she sighed deeply as he pulled himself out of her.

She lay on the deck, too dazed and overwhelmed to struggle any further. What were they going to do to her now? Would she be released? She looked up into the face of the man as he stood up and pulled his skin back on. To her horror another approached and off came the skin again. She started trembling violently as the men started filing into a neat row, but before she had time to ponder her fate, he was inside of her.

Sharon's hands slid over the smooth latex and little shocks of pleasure rode through her body. She was so horny she was almost drooling, and the latex heightened her lust even more. She turned around and admired her rear in the mirror. The catsuit was as black as the night and it looked as if somebody had painted oil onto her body. Every curve, crevice and bump was visible as the latex stretched tightly over her limbs. The catsuit covered her from head to toe and only her eyes, nose and mouth was visible. The hood stretched tightly over her head and her eyes looked out through two holes in the mask. She squirmed and moved her limbs and the latex reluctantly slid over her skin until it fit her perfectly.

For the last two weeks she'd been slowly going out of her mind with lust. Ever since the opera she'd been constantly stimulated and cajoled but not once was she allowed release. Sometimes she'd be stimulated for minutes on end, the brushes working so slowly it was impossible to come. Then the treatment would switch, and the dildo would inflate, filling her until she felt she would burst. For almost an hour she'd have to walk around with the giant object filling her sex. Then, just as suddenly as it had inflated it would deflate again, leaving her with an empty unfulfilled sensation. On other occasions the deflated dildo would suddenly start moving. Slowly and torturously, it would turn inside her until she felt ready to crawl up the walls. Sometimes she felt so close to orgasm she could almost taste it, and then everything would quiet down again. By the time she'd received her next instructions she was so ready and willing she even looked forward to the daring task.

She'd been going to the Bondage Club quite regularly but always in the same kind of outfits. Short skirts, high heels, stockings, and a bodysuit.

Tonight, she was to go whilst wearing her latest gift. She stepped over to the bed and got the second part of the ensemble. It was a hard rubber basque straight out of the movies. It was also black, but it was more textured than the smooth catsuit. She rubbed her finger over its surface and the texture reminded her of the dashboard of a car. It fit around her waist perfectly and fastened with eight rubber straps across her back. It ran up from her hips to just under her armpits and it covered her breasts to just over the nipples.

Next came a shield that fitted into the basque. The shield covered her sex and rear and made it appear as if the basque had a built-in panty. It was made from the same material as the basque and once in place Sharon couldn't see the line where the two met.

Last came the boots. They were molded rubber boots that came up all the way to her thighs. The toes were pointed, and the thin heels were very high. She felt very unstable walking in them, and it heightened her sense of adventure. They were also black and shiny, with a thin zipper running up the back.

Finally ready, she walked around the room a few times. She wanted to giggle and cry at the same time; the whole situation was so absurd. She was going out to town in the kinkiest outfit she'd ever seen. Under all these layers of synthetic material was real skin. Skin that she felt was almost not a part of her anymore. She waddled a bit and concentrated on walking normally, but it was difficult. The boots were brand new and didn't bend as well as her knees wanted to. The shield between her legs were stiff and she was reminded of the first few weeks in the suit. The foreign object between her thighs kept her attention focused on her throbbing clit. The smell of new latex was almost overpowering, and it made her nipples stand to full attention. Almost as if on cue, her nipples came alive, the brushes moving at their lowest possible setting. She closed her eyes and waited for the small shudders to stop. Finally, she took a deep breath and headed for the door.

Sharon carefully stepped into the passage and the memories came flooding back. That first day.. those men... the lift. All of a sudden it was as if no time has passed, and her legs started shaking again.

What was she doing! Did she really want to go out dressed like this? What if someone saw her? How would she explain? Was she completely nuts? She retreated into her flat and leaned against the closed front door. Her heart was doing 500mph and her whole body was shivering. She simply couldn't do this. She didn't have the guts. She closed her eyes and tried to relax before her heart burst. After several minutes she became aware of a different kind of throbbing. She walked around the living room in little circles. She couldn't do this... and yet. She needed to come, she needed it soooooo bad! She just knew she'd come tonight, if not by his hand, then certainly in her dreams. She didn't have any choice really; he would certainly punish her if she didn't arrive on time. She

thought about him. Was it the man in the club her tormentor? Every time she went back, she kept a eye out for him but he never showed. Tonight would be different! He'd want to see his creation. Was it him? Oh, please please please let it be him.

She stood inside the door, took hold of the handle and took a deep breath. Her legs still shaking she entered the night

Sharon sat inside the club and slowly sipped a drink. An hour ago, she'd felt horny - now she felt positively on fire. It had started with the walk down the stairs. She'd decided to take the stairs so that she could avoid bumping into anyone. As she'd moved her thighs had rubbed over the shield. Pretty soon every step had turned into an ordeal. The boots didn't want to bend properly, and she was constantly reminded of their tight, firm grip on her legs. At about the 2nd last floor she'd felt a quick, light flutter in her sex, and she'd paused to enjoy the sensation. Unable to touch herself the orgasm quickly faded, and she continued on her way. She'd hope the 'quickie' would take the edge off her need but, within five minutes she was all worked up again.

The drive in the car was just as bad. The first thing she noticed as she sat down was the hard shield gripping her buttocks as she sat on it. The car also quickly filled with the lingering smell of latex, and she turned the blower on full blast.

As she drove people would stare at her outfit. She found herself longing for tinted windows and decided there and then that it would be her next purchase. Her face was blushing red as she stood waiting at a pedestrian crossing. Almost all the pedestrians did a double-take and stared. When the light turned green, she sped off but soon realized that driving was no better. Her limbs kept moving as she had to negotiate the traffic and every slight movement would somehow remind her of the ensemble. Using her legs made her butt-muscles move against the hard shield. Her upper arms would rub against the rough exterior covering her breasts. The latex and rubber would creak in a cacophony of sound with the slightest movement. After a few minutes she had to pull over and relax, she simply couldn't drive with her hands trembling so much. Finally, she felt under control again and she continued on her way.

Sharon played with the collar around her neck as her eyes scanned the bar. It was still early, and the place was relatively empty. It was strange, but in here she

felt much more relaxed than outside. Somehow it felt as if she was among friends. There was a burst of laughter at the door, and she looked up to see four of her 'buddies' joking with the bouncer. One of them glanced her way and instantly his jaw hit the floor. She smiled sweetly and waved at him, immensely pleased by his reaction. He pumped his closest friend's ribs with his elbow and pointed with his head. They stormed over and she giggled as they mobbed her with compliments and questions. "Hold on boys!" she had to finally say. "One at a time please." She felt like a celebrity handing out autographs.

"So - you like?" She stood up and twirled for them. She felt so sexy and exited it was making her dizzy.

Andrew was staring at her, his eyes glimmering in amusement. He was the quietest of the bunch and of the whole crowd, she felt most drawn to him. His quiet dignity was so at odds with the boisterous and sometimes lewd group. He was standing stock still, his hands in his pockets. She felt a hand on her ass and she turned to be confronted by a large drink. "One peach schnapps and orange juice for the lady."

"Now, now Jake, you trying to make me drunk all over again?" she teased while her rump glowed hot where he'd touched her.

"You know I can't say no." she accepted the drink and gave Jake a quick peck on the cheek. He used the chance to pull her close and his hands grabbed hold of her ass as he gave her a proper kiss. The whole group burst out laughing and she blushed even redder as he released and grinned back at her.

Sharon closed her eyes and waited for the buzzing over her nipples to stop. It took an enormous effort to keep on dancing despite the stimulation and she was glad that she was dancing with Andrew rather than with William. William liked to twirl her over the floor in a heady rush of activity, while Andrew liked to pull her close and gently sway to the music. Finally, the slow torture stopped but she knew it would be back again. She'd found that the worst part of the stimulation came after the brushed had stopped. That's when her body would fill the sudden void with hard throbbing, her nipples screaming for the delicious sensation to return. It always took a few minutes before she could push the insistent throbbing into the background.

She loved dancing in Andrew's big, protective arms. He was one of those rare people born with the gentle spirit of a poet and the physique of a bull. His right hand slowly rode up and down her back while the other kept a firm hold on her waist.

"What's up with you tonight, Sharon?" he suddenly asked out of the blue. "What do you mean?" she asked, looking up into his face.

"I mean everything. The suit, the giggling, the trembling..."

"Trembling? What trembling?" she asked, completely caught off guard.

"I mean this trembling" he said, pulling her body into his "Your whole body is shivering. If I didn't know better, I would've sworn you're freezing under all of that rubber."

She hadn't realized that it was that obvious and she took a slight step back. To her surprise he pulled her back firmly.

"I'm sorry Andrew, I can't do this." she said, stepping back from him again. He let her go and she quickly fled to the bathroom. She was still outside the door when the first tremors hit and by the time she'd closed the stall her legs gave way. This time it was a bit more intense than the one on the stairs but still she felt unfulfilled and longing for more.

Sharon walked back to the group and was again warmly greeted. They made all kinds of jokes about her long visit to the ladies, and the general consensus was that it had taken her a while to get out of the catsuit. She blushed at their remarks and nodded. It had indeed been a struggle to get out of the suit so that she could do the necessary ablutions. She sat down and a drink appeared out of nowhere. She smiled sweetly at Jake and took a little sip. Andrew sat down next to her and circled her waist with his arm. "Listen. I don't know what's up and I won't push it." he said gently. She breathed a deep sigh of relief and kissed him on the cheek.

"But I by now you should know that I care for you." he said, and she tensed again.

"Andrew, you're a nice man. A kind man," she saw his face twist as he realized what was to come "But I can't be more to you than a friend. It's not that I don't feel attracted to you." she leaned up against her, her breasts pressing hard against his chest "There's nothing I want more than to be your lover, but I just can't." He opened his mouth to speak but she interrupted him "And you can't ask me why."

For a long time, they sat in silence, her head resting on his shoulder.

"Can I ask you a favor?" he suddenly said, his voice low.

She nodded, a little distracted by the dildo suddenly moving inside her. "I want you to wear this. Just for tonight. For me."

She looked up and saw him holding the leash.

"I .. I .. I"

"Please" his voice sounded so serious and pleading "For me. Only for tonight."

"OK, but only for tonight." she replied, a small shiver of pleasure going down her spine as the dildo changed direction.

His smile was as bright as the sun breaking through clouds. He leaned over, took a firm hold of the D-ring on the collar and clipped the leash onto it. An even bigger tremor of pleasure ran down her spine as she heard the faint click of the clip. For a moment they smiled at each other and then he was pulling on the leash and her face met his. For an eternity they kissed, and she melted into his broad chest.

THE SUIT - Chapter XVI

The full moon was shining brightly, and she had no trouble finding her way. The grass was covered with dew and the cold droplets clung to her feet and the hem of her nightgown. She walked over to the statue and cocked her head to one side, listening. Satisfied that she wasn't being followed she continued through the old English garden and entered the maze. It was cold and her whole body was covered with goose bumps. She pulled the nightgown close, but the flimsy fabric gave little protection. She knew the secret route off by heart and in a few short

minutes she entered the small courtyard that lay at the heart of the maze. In it stood a large oak tree with a bubbling little fountain and a fish-pond. She walked over to the tree and sat down in a swing that hung from one of its branches. She looked down at her chest and smiled at the sight of her nipples pressing hard against the flimsy fabric. She'd been looking forward to this all day and by now her whole body was trembling with excitement. There was a lovely little breeze blowing and she loved the cool feeling as it evaporated the sweat from her burning body. She sat quietly waiting, swaying gently to and fro in the swing. It felt so exhilarating to be outside wearing almost nothing and the longer she waited the more aroused she became.

She was just beginning to wonder if he'd show up when she heard the soft rustling of leaves. She giggled softly to herself; he'd gotten lost in the maze again! She knew the route off by heart, but he'd only visited it a few times before and he regularly got lost. She smiled as she listened to his soft curses. He was moving around out there, but not making any progress. Finally, she could stand it no more and she rose to go look for him.

She found him walking back from a dead-end and immediately they embraced. She melted right into his body and was immediately greeted by his warm, hard manhood pressing against her belly. Obviously, he'd been looking forward to their rendezvous as well.

She giggled and suddenly let go. She ran off into the maze with him following closely behind. She loved the feeling of her hair blowing in the wind as she ran out in front of him. Suddenly she felt her whole body being pulled back as he managed to grab hold of the nightgown. With a loud rip it was torn to shreds and she gave a shrill, surprised little shriek. Before she could recover, he had her in his embrace and they fell to the ground. She giggled and moaned as they kissed passionately. Her naked body was getting wet from the dew on the grass, but she no longer cared. He lifted her up and carried her in his arms. She was still very shy, and she used her hair and hands to cover herself. They entered the clearing, and a small shiver ran up her back.

He put her down next to the tree and pressed her back up against the rough bark. She struggled playfully as he quickly grabbed hold of her wrists and tied them together with a red scarf. The rough bark and her bound wrists drove her to new

heights, and she moaned as her breasts ached loudly. He held on to her arms and his powerful muscles lifted her clear of the ground.

She struggled and twisted as he hooked the scarf over an old iron hook in the trunk of the tree. She was left hanging from her wrists, her feet several inches off the ground. She looked down and blushed deeply as he admired her naked and defenseless body. For several seconds he just stood there, his eyes drinking in the sight of her lovely pale skin. Finally, he stepped forward and his hands found her naked breasts. She moaned and circled his waist with her legs, pulling him close. His hands squeezed and stroked her chest sending sparks flying throughout her body. His hands moved down to her ass and squeezed them hard. She arched her back and was surprised to hear a low, throaty growl coming from her throat. His hands were everywhere, rubbing her flanks, finding her breasts, stroking her thighs.

She twisted and turned her wrists inside their bonds, longing to touch herself. He tried to step back, but she still had his waist clinched in her legs and she held on for dear life. Suddenly his hand found her sex and she gasped loudly as his fingers slid smoothly inside. His fingers wriggled and squirmed inside her, driving her utterly insane. Before she realized what had happened, he'd twisted himself out of her embrace and she flopped back against the rough bark of the tree. Her clit was throbbing loudly and insistently, and she raised her legs in frustration.

He watched her twisting and turning on the hook, her legs rising and falling as she rubbed her thighs and calves together. She was so hot and desperate she could cry but she dared not make a sound for fear of discovery. He slowly and sensually took his shirt off and the sight of his broad muscular chest made her salivate with lust. He teased her by slowly pulling off his pants, his eyes never leaving her heaving breasts. Finally, he was naked and she admired his rock hard body, her eyes drawn to his large cock, standing to proud attention. She placed the soles of her feet on the trunk and pushed her hips out as far as they would go, inviting him to take her. Instead, he slowly circled the tree, inspecting her body from all angles. As he came around, she tried to reach out with her feet, hoping to snare him in her legs again. He caught hold of her ankle and pulled her away from the tree.

She struggled playfully, knowing that it had the same effect on him as it did on her. He stepped closer and pushed her feet against his manhood, rubbing the sole

up and down against his hard, throbbing heat. She longed to feel the hard heat inside her and she closed her eyes in impatient desperation, her whole being focused on the sole of her foot. Suddenly he couldn't wait any more and the next moment he was standing against her, his cock throbbing loudly against her sex.

She snared him in her legs and she pushed her hips up against him. For a second, he fumbled with his member, his excitement making his body tremble and his hands clumsy. He managed to gain control of himself, and she gasped loudly as he guided it into her. It went in easily, and he thrust himself in all the way to the hilt. She closed her eyes and growled as he slowly pumped in and out while his hands held onto her waist. In a few short minutes they both climaxed, and she couldn't prevent a loud, passionate scream from escaping as she came.

Exhausted he leaned up against her, pinning her against the tree. She cupped her head in his shoulder and waited for the world to stop spinning, her breasts rubbing up and down against his chest as she gulped in the cool night air. Finally, they both regained their composure and he withdrew, sitting down on the swing. He leaned up against the rope of the swing and smiled at her, his eyes droopy and tired. "Well Mrs. DiMarcio, that certainly was exiting, I think that howl of yours must have woken every servant within a day's ride from here." She merely grinned back at him, not yet trusting herself to be able to speak.

He stood up and quickly dressed. As he lifted her from the hook her wrists began throbbing and he had to carry her as her legs was still too weak to be of any use. He covered her with his cloak, and she nuzzled in the crook of his arm. "Do you think my dear," he said, a playful grin on his mouth "that we'll ever learn to make love in a bed like other newlyweds do?"

From: Nobody@anonymous.net

Subj: New instructions

Put in leave from work for four-week period starting 12th of next month.

Sharon sat staring at the screen, her mind racing. Her stomach wound itself up into a tight little knot.

What did this mean? What was he up to now?

She leaned back and put her feet up.

Two weeks? What did he want her to do during that those two weeks? Could this be it? Is this finally the meeting she'd been hoping for?

She reached over and pulled a cigarette from a pack lying on the table.

She'd never smoked, but recently she'd had this urge to do something different, something he couldn't control.

The flame trembled as she lit the cigarette. Her body was already responding to the prospect of a meeting, and she couldn't stop the trembling. Nervous excitement and fear made her jumpy and tense and she forced herself to relax. After all, the 12th was still almost a month away.

She took a deep drag and blew the smoke out through her nose. It gave her a strange thrill to be smoking. What would he do if he knew? Would he disapprove? Would he punish her? She sat staring at the burning coal. If he told her to stop, would she?

She stood up and walked over to the mirror. She folded her left arm under her breasts and held her right hand in the air next to her head. She looked like one of those stars in the movies, staring at the mirror defiantly as the smoke slowly rose in a straight line next to her head. She even cocked her hips to one side, but the suit resisted her, and it wasn't comfortable.

She was in a strange mood tonight, sexy, nervous, rebellious, adventurous. She turned around, watching herself in the mirror as she posed. After all this time the allure of the suit has mostly worn off. At times she still found it sexy, but it was no longer as exciting as it had been in the beginning. She put the cigarette down and dove into her closet. A few seconds later she was back in front of the mirror, an ostrich-feather boa wrapped around her neck. She picked the cigarette up and looked at herself again. She made her lips nice and pouty and pulled her eyes Marilyn Monroe style.

"I would like to thank all my wonderful fans for nominating me" she said breathlessly and giggled at herself.

Hmm - something was still missing. She dove back into the closet and pulled out the red garters and stockings. Although her instructions were to stay naked while in the flat, she felt certain he'd not object to the garters. In a few short minutes she had them on and she stood in front of the mirror again.

Nope, still something missing.

Back into the closet she dove again and this time she brought out the red stilettos. She slipped them on and returned to the mirror.

"To be nominated as the best actress of the year is indeed...."

Nope, still not quite right.

She walked over to the dresser and sat down. She'd only wanted to touch up her existing make-up but once she got into it, she couldn't stop herself. Thick, long eyebrows. Large, pouty, deep-red lips. Lots of gloss. Plenty of blush. She crossed her legs and shuddered at the lovely sensation of her nylon-smooth thighs rubbing against each other. The cold seat at the dresser was lovely on her naked bum, making her intensely aware of her nudity. She finished the make-up, crossing and re-crossing her legs more often than what was strictly necessary. She added some of the jewelry from her night at the opera and returned to the mirror.

"Hmmm - much better."

She struck a pose.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I must say that it is indeed...."

Nope - still not 100%

Back to the closet again, this time she returned with the long red opera gloves.

Ah - much better.

"It is indeed an honor to be here with you tonight."

She grinned at herself. She looked silly.

She got another idea, and a small tremor of excitement went through her body. She returned to the closet and took out a little red dress. She's not worn the garment for ages, it was simply too revealing to be worn over the suit. She stood in front of the mirror, holding the dress up to her chest.

She longed to put it on, but was afraid. That would clearly be crossing the instructions she'd been given. If he'd been willing to overlook the garters, he'd certainly not be willing to ignore the dress. But how would he know? All the windows were closed, the curtains pulled shut. Her front door was locked. There was no way for him to enforce the rule, since there was no way for him to know about it.

She stepped into the open back of the dress. She stood like that for quite some time, the dress circling her calves while she waited for something to happen. Nothing did. She slowly pulled it up, thoroughly enjoying the sensation as it rode up her legs. She pushed her arms through the holes in the dress and smoothed the surface down.

The dress was the most revealing thing she'd ever bought. It was very short, revealing most of her lovely thighs. It didn't have any zippers or clips, with the back cut so low that it went down to her waist.

She inspected herself in the mirror and smiled at the image. Although the suit was sticking out everywhere it looked very sexy. She'd never worn the little number with such a thin waist, and it startled her to realize how much thinner she looked. Her breasts looked spectacular. The fabric stretched tightly over the extra large domes and they didn't jiggle or move at all. She turned around and bent over, her ass sticking into the air.

"Oh, my Mister Williams - will you look at that! A dime in the middle of the road!" she said in her best blond bombshell imitation. She grinned back at herself, her hair tumbling down past her head. If the Pope had been standing behind her right now, he'd be turned into a sinner.

She pulled her chair over to the mirror and sat down. She leaned to one side, trying to look seductive.

"No detective, I have no idea who killed him.." She said and crossed her legs over the other way "And even if I did I wouldn't grnmf!"

The shock came hard, fast and without any warning. It was the hardest she'd ever been shocked and already the tears were forming in the corners of her eyes. For a few seconds she just sat there, trying to get the breath back into her lungs. She jumped up and grabbed hold of the dress. Wriggling like a worm she worked furiously to rid herself off the tight garment. The second shock hit just as she had it around her calves, making her lose her balance and fall over. She kicked violently and the dress and shoes went flying. She was sobbing into her arms, her whole body trembling when the third shock hit her. Instinctively she kicked out and as soon as it was over, she jumped to her feet. She panicked and fled to the kitchen in an attempt to get away from the pain and fear. The fourth shock took her there and she collapsed in a tight little ball next to the fridge. She was still curled up in a pathetic little ball when the fifth and final shock hit her.

Sharon's eyes were blurred with tears as she picked up the broken cutlery. For a long time, she'd been huddled into a little ball next to the fridge, too afraid to move. When she'd finally realized that it was over, she'd stood up and looked around the kitchen in a daze. Slowly a rage had built up inside her, growing like an evil black monster until her whole being was overcome with it. She'd gone on the rampage, throwing cutlery, and screaming at the walls.

Who the fuck did he think he was! Where did he get off dictating to her! Who made him God! She'd kill him, she'd fucking kill him! The fucker! The bastard! The son of a fucking bitch!

The next moment she'd caught herself standing at the front door, her hand on the doorknob. Instantly the rage had fled, and a cold hard shudder of fear and shock had taken over. She'd collapsed on the floor, sobbing anew. It was only after another good crying session that she'd noticed the damage she'd done to her kitchen. broken cups and saucers lay strewn all over the place and it was a miracle she wasn't cut to pieces. She'd slowly regained her composure and started cleaning up the place.

While she worked a startling thought suddenly came to her. How had he known? He would have had some way of looking at her to see her wearing the dress. That meant he had the place wired - for all she knew the whole place was filled with cameras! The thought made her very uncomfortable and afraid. Without realizing what she was doing her hands moved to cover her privates. She looked around carefully, but could see nothing out of the ordinary. Maybe there were only cameras on the bedroom? She walked into the bedroom - suddenly feeling like a stranger in her own home.

Now where did they always hide the cameras in the movies? She looked up at the air-vent and a chill ran down her spine. She went to the kitchen and got a screw-driver. Whilst standing on a chair she went to work on the four little screws. The grill came off to reveal - nothing. She sighed in relief and replaced the grill.

Where else could it be? Again, she scanned the room. Suddenly the whole place felt foreign - she could swear somebody was watching her.

Hmmm - What was that black spot on the ceiling? She pulled the chair over and inspected the ceiling. It was just a spot.

She sat down on the bed and looked around in frustration. She couldn't shake the feeling of being watched and yet she couldn't find any sign of the camera. Finally, all she could do was drag her legs up to her body and hug them with her arms. For a long time, she just sat like that, gently swaying from front to back.

Sharon sat staring out her office window. She had another week to go before her holiday and it wouldn't be a moment too soon. Things were really turning sour at work. A female co-worker had lodged a formal complaint against her boss, and she'd been called to testify as well. For a while she'd thought they'd win, after all it was two against one. But then it turned out the co-worker had exaggerated a few of the facts to make her case seem stronger and she'd been caught out. Now nobody trusted either of their testimonies and the boss is back in his old position. He's been using every possible opportunity to make her pay and she was working like a dog.

Then there was Andrew. He'd suddenly started calling her at work and she didn't know how to handle him. What was she supposed to tell him? That she didn't

like him. He'd know it was a lie. That it would simply not work out. He'd want to know why not.

So, she humored him, making excuses to all his invitations but not saying no outright. She felt so guilty about the situation. She knew she had to nip it in the bud but a large, powerful part of her liked the attention. It felt good to be wanted again, to see that look in somebody's eyes and to know what it meant. The problem was that it was also very frustrating - for both of them. He'd look deep into her eyes, and she'd melt. She'd long to kiss him, to hold onto his broad chest and pull him close. Instead, she'd be forced to look away, or make a silly joke to diffuse the situation. And then, when the moment had passed and she could breathe again, then the aching in her berates would be at its worst.

She sighed and turned back to the computer. She was working on a large, complicated spreadsheet and it was giving her troubles. Why was it that computers used such strange symbols and functions to do the simplest little calculation?

After a few minutes she got a creepy feeling in her neck, and she turned around to see Mark standing in her doorway.

"Uhm - sorry - I didn't want to bother you." he said, blushing deeply. Yeah, right. You just happened to be standing there staring at my butt. "Can I come in?" he said when she didn't reply.

No, go away. Leave me alone. I don't have the energy to deal with you as well.

She nodded.

"I've been thinking a lot about you since the opera." he said as he came in, his hands folded defensively in front of his body. "I was very pleased to find somebody that shared my interest."

She'd been trying to avoid this conversation for weeks. She'd been keeping as far out of his way as was humanly possible. She'd really thought he'd have forgotten about that incident by now.

"I know you liked it as much as I did. I could see the passion in your face." he continued, all the while staring at his feet, which was a good thing, or he might

have seen her blush. "I was kind of hoping, that is ,I was thinking, Uhm what I mean is.."

She couldn't help but smile. He was such a kid.

"I would be honored if you'd go out with me. I would love to show you some more of the opera."

He sounded as if he'd been rehearsing that line for days. Better sort this out right now.

"Please sit-down Mark. I think it's time we talked." She replied in the same voice she used with her clients. He sat down gingerly.

"I know you like me, its glaringly obvious."

He blushed even redder, and she began to worry he might hurt himself. How could there be any blood left for the rest of his body?

"The truth is I like you as well.." Oh lord, he's face is going to pop!

"But not in that way. You are at least five years my junior."

He was looking up at her, those sad puppy-dog eyes melting her heart. She softened her tone.

"The truth is that I'm very flattered, but I'm simply not interested."

He nodded, trying to keep a brave face.

"I don't think we should talk to each other anymore - It's just going to be too hard on both of us."

She felt like an old school mistress telling a little boy not to smoke behind the toilets.

"It's just that, well I mean that.." he stuttered.

Suddenly she had no more patience left over.

"Mark, please leave now. I'm not interested. I will never be interested."

She turned around and pretended to be concentrating on the computer. After a few seconds of silence, she heard him rise and quietly leave the office.

THE SUIT - Chapter XVII

"Hello? Is anybody here?" She took a step down the dark passage.

"Hello?" Her voice echoed down the passage. The hairs on the back of her neck were standing up and she very nervous. She turned around but the heavy oak door behind her was still locked. She turned back to the passage and tried to peer into the darkness. Her hands were covering her naked body defensively and she could feel her arms shivering in the cold damp air. What was going on here? Where were she? She slowly started walking down the passageway, her naked feet shuffling along over the damp stones.

For a long while she shuffled along in the dark, her fear slowly growing. After what seemed like years, she finally spotted a faint light in the distance. She quickened her pace and walked up to a single candle burning on a lone table. She looked around and was amazed to see the floor stretching away to infinity. During her walk in the dark, she must've entered a large cavern or something.

"Hello?" she shouted, surprised at how small and desolate her voice sounded. A cold shiver went down her back and suddenly she wanted to be anywhere but that cavern. She stood around for a few seconds, confused and lost. The candle was nailed down onto the table and despite her best efforts she couldn't dislodge it. Finally, she gave up and looked around desperately. She took a few steps and turned around. Which direction had she come from? She took another few steps, changed her mind and set off in a different direction.

Suddenly she felt something light and sticky cling to her face and hair, and she gave a small shriek of surprise. She reeled back in disgust as her waving hands met a thick spiders web. She scratched and pulled at the hundreds of sticky strands quickly covered her head and hair. She turned around and fled back to the candle, dragging a net of thin wires along with her.

Back at the candle she tried desperately to rid herself of the web, but for everyone she managed to dislodge a hundred others found a place to stick.

Realizing that she was fighting a losing battle she gave up and headed off in a new direction. This time she managed to walk quite a distance before she encountered another web.

As before she scratched and clawed at the web, but it quickly enveloped her in its fine strands. She backed off, but this time she could feel that the strands were anchored to something on the floor. She fought the strands, but it was like fighting mist, she could break a single strand quite easily but the whole clung to her like glue. She could feel the panic rising and she pulled back, trying to get back to the light. The strands stretched as she pulled on them, allowing her to go without releasing her. It felt as if she was dragging a weight behind her as she tried desperately to get back to the distant candle. She stumbled into another web, and she was quickly covered in a whole new set of strands. Again, she pulled and again she felt the strands resist as she was anchored to a second point on the floor. Every part of her was being covered with silk and it felt as if she'd fallen into a pot of syrup. She fought valiantly, but the combined weight of the two strands was getting to her and already she could feel herself growing tired.

Before long she'd stumbled into a third and then a fourth web, each one keeping her anchored to a different part of the floor. She was now in a full-blown panic attack, crying and shrieking as her hands and feet worked to free her from the sticky mess. The pull was too much to resist, and she stumbled backwards into the darkness, right into yet another web, then another and another. Pretty soon she was standing in the middle of a dozen webs, each one pulling her body in a different direction.

She screamed in despair but her mouth and face were being covered by the strands and the sound came out muffled. The more she fought the less movement she had and in desperation she felt her hands and arms being pinned against her sides. She twisted and turned her body but all it did was to wrap the strands around her like a cocoon. After a few minutes she was almost completely immobile, and it was a battle just to keep her balance. She stood quietly, her chest heaving as she rested.

Suddenly she heard a light, feminine giggle off to her left. She twisted her head to see who it was but could make out nothing in the dark. Something gave a hard tug on the strands from the right, and she gave another muffled scream as she almost fell over. Her whole body was shivering with fear but there was nothing

she could do. Suddenly she heard a strange clicking sound approach her from behind and she froze, her eyes darting from side to side in fear. The clicking stopped right behind her and she held her breath, too afraid to move. Suddenly she felt something cold, hard, and pointy scratch against her leg and she almost fainted.

She started struggling anew but only managed to get herself even more tightly wrapped. She struggled for a few more seconds but she was already too tired to do much and soon she was quiet again. She heard the clicking sound move behind her and held her breath as it circled around her to the front. She almost fainted as a large black spider appeared from her side and came to stand in front of her. The creature was at least as tall as she was with ugly black spikes covering its whole body. It had a human face, and her eyes grew wide in terror as she recognized her boss.

It stood quietly before her, its ugly black torso bouncing lightly up and down as it balanced between its eight legs. It lifted one of its legs and a cold tremor ran down her body as it probed and prodded her chest. The claw moved over her neck and chest and plucked at her nipple before moving down to between her legs. It plucked at the strands and quickly made a small triangular hole over her sex. She closed her eyes in fear and disgust as the claw probed and scratched between her legs. Suddenly there was a loud, high-pitched screech and she opened her eyes just in time to see a second spider attach the first. The second spider was quite a bit smaller, and she wasn't completely surprised to see Mark's face on it. Although smaller it fought with a determined ferocity and the two spiders rolled around in a tangled mess of limbs and spikes. More spiders arrived and she recognized Andrew and Jake as they joined in the fight, each one trying to kill the other with a deadly ferocity. Her colleague from the office joined in, hell bent on trying to decapitate her boss. A large hulking mass of spikes came lumbering past and she immediately recognized the bouncer from the club. A large, pitch-black spider joined out of nowhere and her heart froze as she recognized the dark man from the club. It fought with quick, stealthy movements, moving around like a flash.

She was so intent on the fight she didn't notice the last spider until it touched her. She jerked her head to the left as far as it would go and gasped as she recognized Annette. Annette was ignoring the fight, her attention focused on Sharon. She used one of her thin sharp claws to scratch and tease her left breast. Sharon

mewed and again she tried to get away, but it was useless, Annette could do a she pleased. While her first claw continued to play with her breasts a second found her sex.

Sharon closed her eyes as she was once again about to be invaded but suddenly the whole cavern started shaking from a low, deep rumbling. All the spiders froze and looked around expectantly. A second, even louder rumble filled the cavern and the spiders scattered, the fight completely forgotten. Sharon tried to turn around, but she was still tightly bound and could not move. For ages it seemed as if nothing was going to happen but then she felt faint tremors on the web.

Out of the blue she was being dragged backwards and she lost her balance. She squirmed and wriggled on the floor as her body was slowly pulled away from the light. She sensed a large, hulking mass somewhere behind her and again she tried to scream as she was pulled towards it. Ever so slowly she was pulled into the dark, the anchors breaking as easily as if they were made from clay. She looked back to the distant candle and blinked hard as it swam in the tears in her eyes. For a few more minutes she concentrated on the diminishing light as she was pulled over the floor. The darkness finally enveloped her like a cold, wet blanket and she uttered a last, desperate scream.

Sharon stood in the queue, biting her lower lip. She looked up at the metal detector and almost chickened out again. This isn't going to work! She took another step as the queue moved ahead. She had an excuse ready in case she was discovered but to her it sounded feeble and unlikely. She looked back at the airport's entrance and watched a yellow cab drive off. Oh, how she longed to be in that cab! Instead, she turned around and looked back at the gate. She was dressed in a light cream business suit and matching skirt. Her neck was covered by one of her white librarian blouses and she had a matching handbag thrown over her shoulder. The man in front of her placed his briefcase on the conveyor belt and stepped through the gate without incident. She squared her shoulders, took a deep breath, and stepped forwards.

The new instructions had arrived two days into her vacation. She'd been instructed her to be at the airport at eight AM the following morning and to pick up her ticket from the check-in counter. With no idea where she was heading,

and she packed everything she could fit into her three suitcases. The night was spent in anxious anticipation as her mind raced through the possibilities. Where was she going? What did he want from her this time? Was she going to meet him at last?

The next morning she'd woken up early and gotten ready. She had arrived at the airport a good hour and a half earlier than instructed and her legs had felt wobbly as she'd approached the check-in counter. As the computer searched for her name she couldn't help stepping around in nervous impatience. The clerk handed her the boarding pass and she tried to act as nonchalant as possible while she scanned the document. New Orleans? It took her half a second to make the connection. New Orleans meant the Mardi Gras!

The metal detector screeched a loud warning and she almost burst out crying.

"Please step this way ma'am" requested the security officer in a polite, clipped voice. She stepped to one side, her face blushing a furious red. He waved a hand-held scanner over her torso and the thing went nuts.

"Ma'am, do you have any metallic objects in or under your clothes." he asked.

"Yes, uhm, I wear a medical brace. I'm afraid that's what's making the noise." She replied, praying that he would believe her.

"Company policy requires us to do a body search in cases like this. Please come with me." He said, pointing the way down a passage. She retrieved her handbag and followed the officer.

He led her to a small room and held the door open for her.

"Please wait here. A female officer will attend to you shortly. Feel free to make yourself comfortable." He said and closed the door behind her. The room was bare except for two plastic chairs and a table. On one wall several coat hangers hung from a bare metal pipe.

She sat down and placed her hands on her knees, trying her level best to hold back the trembling that was racking her body.

After several minutes of anguished waiting a female officer finally arrived. The woman was tall with strong, almost masculine shoulders. Her hair was wound in a tight black bun and her hawkish nose gave her an aggressive, stern look.

"Good morning." she said as she entered and closed the door behind her. "My name's Liona."

"Hello" replied Sharon, not trusting her voice to say anything else.

"I was informed that you are wearing a medical brace. Is that correct?" Sharon just nodded.

"As you might appreciate security is of great importance. Can I request that you remove the brace for an inspection?" she said as her sharp eyes inspected Sharon's body.

"I'm afraid I can't. It can only be removed by my doctor you see." she replied, cursing her quivering voice. Liona nodded, obviously this was all routine to her.

"In that case I have to request that you undress for a visual inspection. I realize that it is inconvenient but I'm sure you understand that it is required."

Sharon just nodded and looked down at the floor. The moment the metal detector had gone off she'd known it would come to this.

Sharon stood up and slowly took her jacket off. Liona took it from her and hung it on one of the coat hangers. Sharon could already feel herself blush as her shaky fingers worked on the blouse's buttons. As the blouse slowly opened, she could see Liona's whole demeanor change from calm and professional to surprised and shocked. Her hard, darting eyes grew large as she followed Sharon's hands and it was clearly difficult for her to keep her composure. Sharon slipped the blouse from her shoulders and handed it to Liona. She crossed her arms defensively in front of her body and stood staring at the floor. It was several seconds before Liona could bring herself to speak.

"The skirt as well please." Sharon imagined she heard something in the voice, something that made her even more uncomfortable than what she already was.

She wanted to protest but as she looked up at Liona's face she realized that it was useless. The hard, professional look was firmly back in place.

She looked down again and reached behind her, her fingers finding the clip to the skirt. Her fingers were numb and trembling as she undid the clip and pulled the zip down. She let the skirt fall down to the floor and picked it up, handing it to Liona with downcast eyes. The shame flooded all over her body and even her feet were blushing.

Liona walked around the table and stood beside her. Sharon's hands were locked in front of her stomach, trying to cover as much of her crotch as was possible. Liona slowly walked around her, inspecting every inch of her body while Sharon kept staring at the floor. For several seconds she stood behind her, neither one of them saying a word. Suddenly she felt two hands take a firm hold of her waist.

"What the hell..." she said in shock as she tried to twist around. Liona's hands held her firmly and wouldn't allow her to turn around.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" said Sharon as she tried to push the hands from her waist. Suddenly Liona let go and stepped back and Sharon flew around angrily. Liona was trying her best to look professional but there was no mistaking the glimmer in her eyes. Suddenly Sharon felt very vulnerable.

"Why did you do that? I thought it was only going to be a visual inspection." She tried to sound angry, but her voice squeaked in fear.

"I don't think that's a back brace. I think you're lying." Liona replied. "I've worked here for years, and I've never seen a brace like that before."

She stepped back up to Sharon and stood uncomfortably close. "I have seen other things though.." She pressed her palm against Sharon's chest and forced her back against the edge of the table. "strange, shiny, hard..." she forced Sharon to lean back over the table, bending over herself so that their faces almost touched "kinky things. Sexual things. Erotic things."

Sharon was too surprised to put up much of a fight. How had things turned so strange so suddenly? How the hell had she gotten into this situation? What did the woman want from her?

Liona moved her hand slightly and suddenly it was over Sharon's breast rather than on her chest.

"No! Get off! Leave me alone!" she protested but the woman was surprisingly strong. Suddenly there was a knock at the door and both women jumped in surprise.

"Liona, are you still busy in there? We have a second search for you to do."

As quick as a flash Liona stepped back and regained her composure. "I'm just finishing up in here Ben, I'll be done in a minute." They both listened as the steps retreated down the passageway. Liona turned around and faced Sharon. She was completely business-like and composed as she handed Sharon her skirt.

"Thank you ma'm - you are free to leave. Thank you for your patience." Sharon's jaw worked in silent shock as her mind tried to come to grips with the rapidly changing circumstances. By the time she'd gotten her vocal cords working Liona was long gone.

Sharon lay down on the big double bed. She thought back over the last couple of hours and sighed a deep breath of relief. No matter what her instructions were, she was NOT flying back home. It was either the bus or the train, to hell with the consequences. There was no way she was going to go through that ordeal again. Curling up on the bed she was asleep in seconds.

THE SUIT - Chapter XVIII

She stood on the crest of the dune and looked down at the rolling waves. The warm sun shined down on her face and a slight breeze toyed with her sun dress. She walked down to the water's edge, enjoying the carefree freedom of simply being at the beach. The cool sand at the water's edge was lovely to walk on and she started wandering down the beach. She was all alone, and she preferred it that way. No crowds, no noisy kids. A whole stretch of white beach all to herself. The bay ended in a rocky point sticking out to sea and she decided to walk towards it.

As she approached the rocks her nose started twitching - something smelled delicious. She scampered up the rocks and looked over to the other side. The large boulders formed a small, private enclosure that was a perfect shelter against the

breeze. A small fire was merrily burning in the enclosure and a skewered fish was propped up between two stakes. Her mouth watered at the delicious sight of the brown fish, and she carefully approached.

She noticed a pair of large brown feet sticking out from behind a boulder and she froze. The owner of the feet was quietly rumbling away, and she smiled as she realized he was fast asleep. She climbed down and rescued the fish from burning. Suddenly the snoring stopped, and the two feet disappeared. A moment later a large mop of sun-bleached hair came walking round it, shortly followed by a body. The man was young, barely out his teens. His young body was firm and strong, the skin tanned to a golden bronze color. He was rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, and he almost bumped into Sharon before he noticed her. He stumbled back and his mouth fell open in surprise.

"I'm sorry - I didn't mean to scare you - your fish was burning so I took it off."

"Who are you?" he asked.

She stuck her hand out and discovered it still contained the fish.

"Oh - uhm - here. I guess this is yours." She said as she handed the fish over sheepishly. "My name's Sharon." He had the most beautiful eyes, as deep and as blue as the ocean itself.

He put the fish down and cleaned his hands on the seat of his pants. They shook hands and she couldn't help but notice the muscles in his chest and shoulders ripple as he shook her hand. She sat down with her back against one of the boulders and watched him as he moved around the small enclosure. "What are you doing here? This beach is supposed to be private property." she asked. He sat down next to her and handed her a tin plate.

"I'm up from Brisbane on holiday. I backpack my way around the place, hitch-hiking and walking from one place to the next. I hadn't realized I was on private property, Down-Under all the beaches are public property up to the high-water mark."

She just nodded and smiled as he loaded her plate with half of the fish. He continued his story as they ate. His name was Bane, and he was a professional windsurfer, apparently quite famous in his own country. He made enough money

to spend the off-season wandering the world. He'd been almost everywhere, Europe, Africa, the Far East. She was fascinated by his tales of adventure and absolutely hypnotized by his warm body right next to hers.

They finished eating and she started looking for a rag or something to wipe the sticky hot oil from her hands and chin. Seeing her problem Bane leaned over and took her hand in his. A slight smile played around his mouth as he gently placed each finger in his mouth, licking it clean. She smiled and moved closer so that he could reach the other hand as well. The next moment his mouth met hers and they kissed long and hard. He placed his oily hand on her thigh and slowly started rubbing up and down her leg. She giggled into his mouth and as they stopped kissing, she seized her chance to jump up and race down to the water. She dove into the cool ocean with dress and all with him following a second later. They giggled and splashed around for a while they played a game of tag in the rolling waves.

She soon grew tired, and he caught her, wrapping her up in his strong arms. Again, they kissed, and she gasped as he picked her up in his powerful arms. He carried her back to the fire and lay her down on the sand. While they kissed his hands found the hem of her dress and he pulled the wet fabric up over her head. She was wearing the skimpiest of string bikini's and she blushed deeply as he leaned back to admire her body. Except for three very small pieces of fabric he had free reign over her body and soon his hands were exploring every inch of her burning skin. His hands were expert in their task, and they drove her wild wherever they wandered. She gasped and arched her back as his hands continued their journey and she moved her palms over the hard bumps and ridges of his chest. Again, they embraced and kissed, stretching the moment out as long as they could.

Suddenly a powerful, urgent need overcame her, and she moaned as she pressed her pelvis hard into his. His rock-hard member strained against the fabric of his pants, and she reached down to remove the interfering garment. She was so overcome with lust she hardly noticed him undoing the bikini's two knots and it was only when his hands teased her naked nipples that she realized what he'd done. She soon had him naked as well and he rolled over into her open, waiting thighs.

Sharon woke up late and for a few seconds she was confused by the unfamiliar surroundings. She stood up and stretched luxuriously - it was the first time in ages she'd not been forced to sleep in bondage. Walking over to the phone she dialed room service and ordered a large breakfast - after all, he was paying.

She took a quick shower and got dressed in a casual T-shirt and Jeans. Walking back to the bed she sat down and re-read the instructions that had been left for her at the airport.

Dear Sharon

Welcome to New Orleans.

A room has been booked at the Holiday-Inn under the name Sharon Suiter. Feel free to order anything you need - all expenses will be taken care off.

Feel free to explore the city and join in the festivities. Further instructions will be forthcoming in due time.

Her eyes were drawn to the 'Dear Sharon' bit. This letter was so different from the others she'd been getting. It was almost friendly - like an old friend writing to her. She couldn't help the nervous excitement building in her stomach as her mind toyed with the implications. Did this mean anything? Was he indeed becoming friendlier? What did it signal? Were things at last coming to a point? And what about the further instructions? What was in store for her?

A polite knock on the door signaled the arrival of her breakfast and she put the letter aside.

The city was preparing for the Mardi Gras and she was assaulted by a heady mix of colors, sounds and smells. The streets were packed and she was jostled and bumped as the crowds surged past her. The festive spirit of the crowd was infectious, and she was thoroughly enjoying herself. She wandered aimlessly through the city streets while she sampled the different culinary delights of the street vendors. It was amazing how being on holiday lifted her spirit. She wandered along without a care in the world.

She spotted a small alley and, feeling the need for a cigarette, headed for it. She entered the alley and stood in the mouth while she lighted up. The crowds came surging past and she enjoyed watching them, she even allowed her eyes to wander to a few attractive butts. It was amazing how many men in this city wore tight jeans. Before long, her imagination was running away with her and she stood mesmerized, visions of rippling muscles and broad chest floating through her mind. For once she gave her imagination free reign - after all, this was her holiday. It was only the sharp sting of the cigarette burning between her fingers that finally managed to bring her back to reality.

She dropped the cigarette and leaned against a rough wall. Her breasts were aching furiously, and she knew that walking would only make it worse. She could already feel the familiar feeling of her slick walls pushing in on the dildo. Despite her best efforts to control herself she felt her sex do a few quick spasmic contractions on the hard object. She sighed deeply and searched for something to distract her mind.

A brief noise behind her frightened her and she swung around in surprise. It was only a feral cat, rubbing itself against the side of a dumpster. She relaxed and looked up into the alley. It was the standard inner-city version. A tangled mess of lines, laundry, windows, and a fire escape. She was about to head back to the street when a small sign drew her notice. It was an old, faded paper flier stuck to the wall on a wooden board. It proclaimed the existence of "Madam Oyliougn's Parlor of Secret Sight : palms read, future's told and secrets revealed." An arrow underneath pointed the way down the alley and around the bend. Shrugging a 'what the hell' shrug she set off down the alley.

Sharon stood in front of the plain wooden door and looked at the bell. She was definitely at the right place, but she'd expected more voodoo, more ... stuff. A bare wooden door, a cracked wooden plaque and an ancient bell was not quite what she'd expected. Obviously, Madam Oyliougn (how the hell did you pronounce that anyway?) wasn't the most successful of palm readers in the city. She was about to turn back when the door slowly opened with a loud creak. An ancient woman, so bent that she could almost rest her chin on her cane, stood in the doorway. Without a word she turned around and disappeared into the dim shadows of the room. For a second Sharon stood undecided outside the door.

"Entrée Madam sivouplez." creaked an ancient voice from the inside. She took a deep sigh and entered.

The inside of the shop was the exact opposite of the outside. Every nook and cranny was filled with bottles, candles, ornaments and powders. Sharon almost gagged as the strong smell of incense and spice assaulted her nose. The old woman was laboriously seating herself behind a small round table in the middle of the small room. She walked over and seated herself across from the woman. It was impossible to judge how old she was, eighty at the very least. Sharon couldn't prevent a sharp intake of breath as the woman looked up at her. Her pupils were covered with thick, milky cataracts, making her as blind as a bat. She rambled away in French and Sharon had to touch her hand to draw her attention.

"English? Can you please speak English?" she said.

"Oui" said the old lady, nodding her head.

The old woman continued in broken english

"Palm mademoiselle? palm sivouplez." she stuck out her hand, waiting for Sharon to give her her hand. Reluctantly Sharon reached out and placed her hand in the old woman's hand. How was she going to read her palm if she couldn't see?

The old woman rubbed and stroked Sharon's hand as if it needed cleaning. She used a fingernail to trace the lines along her palm. The whole time she was doing this the old woman kept up a flowing monologue in french. Suddenly the french switched over to english.

"What we want is what we fear. The good is the bad is the good. The road is straight with many turns."

What the hell?

"What we fear is what we want. The body is the soul, and the mind is the body, just as the soul is the mind."

Uhhmm....

"We search love, we search sorrow. For some the search is the love."

For a few seconds she paused and then she looked down at Sharon's waist. "Him that has the key is him that has the heart. Him that has the heart must find the key."

Again she paused. She looked up at Sharon's face and in a clear, quiet voice she spoke.

"He's here. Like the eagle in the clouds he watches you. He is on you, with you, but not by you. The time is near, prepare yourself. The time is right but not the place."

Sharon blinked a few times. A quiet silence passed between them. Suddenly the woman let go and she dove back into her french monologue. Sharon tried to speak to her, to question her, but the old woman had drawn back into her shell. Sharon could get no reaction out of her, it was as if she wasn't even in the same room. She finally gave up and rose from the table. Dropping a ten dollar bill on the table she let herself out.

Sharon sat on the bed with a package on her lap. It had been waiting for her at reception on her return. She'd spent the whole day wandering the streets, but after her run-in with the palm reader she couldn't quite capture the same care-free spirit she had that morning. The woman's garbled and senseless words had kept on returning to her. Finally, realizing that the day was ruined she'd decided to return to her hotel.

It was time to open the package and see what he had in mind for her. With shaking hands, she nervously opened the package. It contained a large white box and with a letter taped onto it. Removing the letter, she opened it and read the instructions.

Dear Sharon

Inside the box you'll find a costume for you to wear to the carnival. You are to mingle freely with the crowd and take part in the festivities. Do not try to hide or be unobtrusive. I want

you right in the middle of the festivities. You are only to wear what's in the box, no other garments (including jewelry) may be worn. You are to be out and about no later than 8pm.

PS: Once you have put the costume on you won't be able to remove it for eight hours. Do not return to the hotel until the eight hours has expired.

Putting the letter down Sharon stared at the box for a moment. Taking a deep sigh, she stood up and placed it on the corner of the bed. She opened it up and looked inside. A confusing mixture of colors, straps, glitter and metal filled her sight.

Taking out the top garment she saw that it was a small face mask. It would only cover her eyes, leaving most of the face visible. At the front was a small silver brooch covered with cut glass diamonds that would fit snugly over the bridge of her nose. The mask was made from soft satin on the inside, but the outside was covered with small shiny blue feathers, neatly overlapping each other like the wings of a bird. Several long blue feathers fanned vertically from the brooch, forming a small peacock's tail that would stick up in front of her brow.

Laying the mask on the bed she next removed a pair of gloves. They were made from the same satin as the mask and were also covered in small blue feathers. Once worn they would cover her hands and wrists almost all the way up to her elbows.

Next, she removed a pair of pumps. They were at least 6 inches high and colored the same as the feathers. A pair of shiny dark-blue stockings had been put inside each one.

Next came a large jumble of feathers and straps. At first, she couldn't understand how it worked, but turning it over she discovered two cups that would fit over her breasts. The garment was worn over the chest and shoulders, covering her breasts and neck. It was basically a large feather fan attached to a bra and choker. The choker and bra were also covered in the same little feathers as the gloves and mask, but it was stiff and hard. It was obviously not made of satin. The fan was made of large feathers, colored to create a shimmering rainbow of

colors. A very big silver broach with the same cut-glass diamonds anchored everything at the back.

The last garment was a stiff panty with a long tail of feathers. As with the other garments the panty was covered in the same little feathers. The tail was made of long synthetic feathers that first rose and then gracefully fell down to the floor. It looked like a horse's tail, only more colorful. Feeling the feathers, she was grateful to discover that they were made from shiny fabric that could be crushed and bent without being damaged. She was about to put the garment down when she discovered something that made her blush a deep crimson red. On the inside of the panty was a thin dildo, split in two. She tried twisting the dildo off, but it was firmly stuck in place. The only way she could wear the garment was if she inserted the dildo into her anus. The split in the dildo would accommodate the thin metal wire of the suit she was wearing. She also discovered that the panty had a very thin sanitary pad glued into the front. He'd evidently anticipated the fact that she might be having her period while wearing the garment. Luckily her period was still more than a week away. As with the fan and bra a large silver broach kept the whole thing together.

Sharon got out of the shower and started the routine of drying herself and the suit. She had made sure she had completely emptied her bowels before taking the shower. For some reason she felt awkward walking around the room in her suit. Maybe it was because of her new surroundings or maybe because she was so nervous - she wasn't sure. She was finally dry and turned her attention to her hair. She dried them as well and then sat down in front of the mirror. how would she go about this? Maybe a braid? Since no instructions had been given, she could decide for herself how she wanted to look.

In the end she decided to wear light, natural looking makeup with a French braid. Finally, she darkened the area around her eyes so that it would look natural while wearing the mask. She turned around and looked at the bed. She decided to start with the brassiere. She had discovered that the whole structure split open at the broach. She struggled to pull it open and get her arms in at the same time. She finally managed to push the two sections apart by making a wedge with her arms and pushing down onto the bed. She wriggled and squirmed her arms into the breach until the structure popped over her shoulders and chest. Twisting and adjusting she made sure her breasts fit snugly inside the chest

cavity before reaching behind her and pressing the two sections together. The clasp closed with a final little click. As she'd suspected the garment fit perfectly.

Next, she picked up the panty. She was filled with disgust and revulsion at the sight of the anal dildo and for a while she considered the possibility of ignoring his instructions. The memory of her last bout of punishment came flooding back and she realized she had no choice in the matter. She had no jelly to cover the dildo with and she panicked as she realized she'd have to force it in dry. In the end, after circling the room several times in frustration she settled on using skin moisturizer on the dildo, it was better than nothing and she was sure it wouldn't cause burning.

The panty also split open at the broach and she stepped into it. Bending down she almost lost her balance as the large fan on her back bent down with her. Keeping the panty open she pulled it up until she could feel the dildo tickle her anus. While holding on to the panty with her left hand she used her right hand to adjust the dildo so that the wire was seated between the two lobes. She tried to pull the dildo into herself, but her anus instantly contracted and try as she might she could not get it to penetrate. The more she tried to relax the more her anus clenched itself. It was the first time she'd ever had her anus penetrated and she had not realized how difficult it would be.

In desperation she decided to lower herself onto a stool in front of the mirror. She slowly and awkwardly waddled over to the stool and turned around. She had to keep hold of the panty while she tried to lower herself down. Fearful of losing her balance she slowly lowered herself onto the stool. She gasped as the dildo pushed into her body, forcing itself deeper and deeper. Finally, it was all the way in and she noticed that the stem of the dildo was a lot thinner than the dildo itself, allowing her anus to clench the foreign object within herself. Standing up she tried to get used to the strange sensation, but it was useless. She tried a few steps and could feel the thing move inside her as her muscles moved. Assured that everything was in place she closed the clasp, but it would not lock.

At first she thought that she was not pushing hard enough, but it soon became clear that something was wrong. Still holding on to the garment she re-read the letter but there was no indication of what was wrong.

Finally, she noticed the two stockings in the shoes. Unrolling one of the stockings she saw that the top lip had several small holes in them. She'd noticed some small knobs on the inside of the panty and she now realized that the stockings were supposed to be attached to them. Realizing that she would have to take the panty off to get to the knobs she cried in frustration and anger. After calming down she pushed the panty down and the dildo came out with an unpleasant sucking sound. Looking down she groaned as she saw the brown stain on the dildo.

Fifteen minutes later she was ready to try again. She had washed the dildo and herself thoroughly and had attached the stockings. The small knobs she had seen turned out to be the heads of little pins, almost like tacks, over which she could attach the lips of the stockings. Once again, she moisturized the dildo and stepped into the panty. This time she only pulled it up to around her knees and then she sat down. The feathery tail was everywhere and as she rolled the stockings onto her feet, she had to keep pushing the feathers out of the way. While attaching the stockings she had discovered that they were actually quite stiff and hard. Obviously, they were made for heavy-duty use and would not break or ladder easily. Another thing that she had discovered was that they were quite short. It took quite an effort to pull them all the way up her thighs. It was very tricky to keep pulling at the stockings while trying to guide the dildo into place. She soon realized that using the chair trick would not work because she had to try and keep her balance while pulling on the panty. Finally, she decided to try a different approach.

She lay down on her stomach on the bed with her legs hanging over the side. Pulling the panty up until she could feel the dildo she rolled over onto her side, careful to keep her legs straight. She slowly and carefully rolled onto her back while trying not to crush the fan with her weight. Using her elbows to support her weight she pulled and wriggled inside the panty until she could feel the dildo begin to penetrate. Once she was sure the dildo was in the right place she slowly sat upright, putting more and more pressure on her anus. The dildo slowly slid into place. Once she was seated properly, she could once again feel her anus clinch the narrow neck of the dildo. Wriggling and squirming until she was sure everything was in place she once again pushed onto the broach and this time it closed with a final little click.

Sharon stood in front of the mirror while she pulled the gloves over her wrists. She had to admit that she looked spectacular in the new outfit. The outfit masked the true purpose of her suit perfectly. Although the silver gauze that made up most of the suit was clearly visible it looked part of her new outfit and seemed natural. As promised, she had been unable to un-do any of the broaches, they were solidly shut.

Her ensemble began with the small mask covering her face. The small shiny feathers made her look exotic and birdlike. The small cluster of feathers stuck out from her brow like the head-gear of an Indian chief, the long thin feathers slightly bent to the back over her head.

Her head and shoulders were framed by the large colorful fan attached to her back. The choker was next, and it blended beautifully with the lines of the mask, accentuating the illusion that she was a bird-woman. Together with the long gloves and tail feathers there could be no doubt as to the theme of her outfit. The cups of the bra covered her breasts like two adoring hands over her chest. Whenever she moved the light would play over the shiny little feathers and create a dance of deep blue shades on her chest. Although the panty and bra were separate units the suit underneath created the impression that it was all one garment.

The panty was exotic and sensual, soft, shiny feathers fanned out from between her legs up over her pelvis and around her hips. The rather skimpy garment was given body by the large and fluffy tail sticking out behind her. It started with an impetuous little rise on her tailbone before it bent down and flowed in ribbon of color down to her ankles. Because the stockings were attached to the inside of the panty, they looked like part of the garment. Sharon could not help but notice how tight they were, squeezing and forming her legs as they hugged her thighs. They were especially tight over her hips and rump, and she was delighted to see that they caused her buns to look tight and fit. They were also dark blue and shiny, each with a black line running up the back of her legs. The pumps were covered with even smaller darker little feathers rounding of the theme of the ensemble.

Sharon had another 20 minutes to go before she had to leave the hotel. She decided to walk around a bit and get used to the ensemble. Although tight and uncomfortable the shoes did not nearly demand as much attention as the shaft

in her anus. Try as she might she could not get used to the tight intrusive feeling up her rear. As she walked, she realized that she was waddling like a duck and she concentrated on walking decently. After a few rounds she finally managed to get the look right and she decided to take a rest. Before she could think she had plonked herself down on the bed. A small gasp escaped her lips as the dildo was pressed even deeper into her rear. Jumping up she instinctively tried to make a grab for the rod, only to be stopped by a large and bushy tail. Sighing in frustration she decided that she had to get it over and done with. Doing some final touch-ups to her makeup she grabbed her keys and left the room.

Sharon walked into the hallway and immediately wished she could flee back into the room. There were a lot of patrons about and she had immediately drawn everybody's attention. Feeling completely naked and vulnerable she blushed deeply and averted her eyes. She wasn't the only one wearing a costume but hers was by far the most exotic. Pulling the door closed behind her she stared at the floor while she walked down to the elevator. She could feel the stares of the people around her as they quietly whispered to each other. She had taken almost two dozen steps before she realized that she was waddling again.

Concentrating on walking properly she looked up and saw that she had reached the lift. Wishing she could melt into the stone she pressed the button and stood with her back to the passageway. She could hear people approaching behind her, but she refused to turn around. After what felt like ages the elevator arrived and she stepped in.

The elevator was almost full when she got in and she was forced to stand tight against the other people as they went down to the ground floor. An unnatural silence immediately descended over the passengers when she got in. She had never felt so humiliated and vulnerable as in that lift and she burst out the doors the moment they opened. She felt as if she was suffocating as she almost ran through the lobby and onto the street. Here she felt better as she mingled with the large, happy, and above all - exotic crowd.

THE SUIT - Chapter XIX

Sharon was not wearing a watch, but she felt certain that it would be close to 8 by now. That meant that he would be around here somewhere to check up on her. She tried to concentrate on the faces but other than the appreciative glances

nobody seemed obviously interested in her. The streets were packed with people, all of them in a happy party mood. She joined the crowd and tried to look relaxed and happy while every little movement wiggled the dildo in her ass. The crowds flowed around her like a happy, bouncing sea. Everybody was trying to out-do each other with their costumes. Glitter, feathers, straps and flowing ribbons of color dazzled her vision as patron after patron came dancing by her. In comparison with some of the exotic costumes around her she almost looked tame. A woman came bouncing past her, wearing only a G-string and a pony saddle on her back.

Suddenly the two nipple brushes came to life inside her suit. It had been so long since she had felt them that she almost fainted with surprise. She stood stock still and concentrated on breathing while the crowd flowed around her. After several seconds of frantic stimulation, the brushes slowed down to a slow, torturous reminder. They turned just fast enough to remind her that they were there but not so fast that they would hamper her movements. She stood around for a bit, gently swaying as she fought to gain control of her body.

Finally confident that she would survive she set off with the crowd, only to be stopped by a sharp and thrilling thrust from the butt plug. Somebody had accidentally stepped on her tail and the plug had wriggled as she yanked on the tail. She tugged her tail from under his feet and shot him a look that could melt metal. Holding her tail in her hand she walked with the crowd, all the while trying to keep her hip movements down to the minimum. She was slowly getting used to all the stimulation and after a while she even managed to walk normally again.

The crowd seemed to be aimlessly wandering through the streets, dragging her along. Crackers and fireworks were going off everywhere and the booze was flowing freely. Her jaw and stomach muscles were beginning to ache, and she forced herself to relax. Somebody passed her a bottle of champagne, and she took a long, hard gulp before sending it along.

The flow of the crowd took her into a large open square with a fountain in the middle. The square was packed, and she was jostled and bumped as she moved through the crowd. She slowly wandered around the fountain, looking for some clue of what she was to do next. Several men tried to dance with her as she walked past but she just smiled sweetly and passed on by. It took her almost half an hour to make the journey around the enormous square and the constant

motion was making her crazy. She walked over to one of the buildings circling the square and rested against the wall. Despite standing still she could not escape the brushes on her nipples. It took a lot of self control not to reach for her breasts and she firmly held her hands behind her back. She couldn't resist rubbing her foot up and down her leg and she sighed as a quick flutter went through her sex. She was intensely grateful for the padding inside her costume - without it her juices would be dripping down her leg.

Sharon suddenly got the eerie feeling she was being watched and she scanned the crowd. Her heart jumped as she spotted a tall figure in the crowd. He was standing stock still as the crowds flowed past him, his gaze not leaving hers for a moment. The stranger was dressed in a Zorro costume complete with a large hat, face mask and a heavy black cape. For several seconds nothing happened, and they just stood staring at each other. She could feel the blood rising to her face as he suddenly started walking towards her. Was this him? Was this the meeting she'd longed for?

His tall, muscular frame looked regal and proud as he made his way through the crowd. Everything seemed to slow down, and she started trembling as the stranger broke free of the crowd and made his way up to her. He gave a low, theatrical bow and took a step forward. Her whole body was trembling as he took her hand and bent down to kiss it.

"Madame. My name is Ronald." he said.

She tried to smile but she was so nervous it looked more like a grin.

"Sharon." was all she could manage.

"I saw you standing here all alone and I just had to come over. Would you mind some company?" He asked. His voice was low and strong with a slight French accent to it. She re-tried the smile and this time it came out a lot better.

"Not at all." She said and was grateful to hear that her voice wasn't squeaking too much. He moved to her side and also leaned against the building.

"The really is a lot of people here this year. It must be the biggest festival we've had to date." he said as he looked out over the crowd. "Are you from New Orleans?" she asked, trying to sound casual.

"Yes. Born and raised here. You?"

"No. I'm only down for a visit. I had to come see the Mardi Gras at least once in my life."

"Oh, it's your first time? With that costume on I thought you were a regular." His voice sounded genuinely surprised. Either this wasn't him or he was a bloody good actor.

"No, this is my first. I got the costume from a shop here in town."

"It's really flattering. You have the figure to go with it."

She smiled at the compliment and blushed.

"Are you here on you own?" he asked. She was now almost certain it wasn't him and she relaxed.

"Yes. I came down for a holiday." she said and smiled. He seemed so pleased at the news. It wouldn't hurt to flirt a little, would it?

He slid his body closer to hers and smiled back at her.

"I find it very hard to believe a beautiful woman like you are all on her own."

She blushed and looked down at her feet. His warm body was pressing up against hers and suddenly she was trembling again.

"May I ask how long you intend to stay?" he asked.

Now that was a good question. How could she tell him that she had no idea?

"Oh - only a day or two. I have to get back to work." she said.

"Ah. I see. What is it that you do?"

"I'm an accountant." she replied. "You?"

"I own a few small businesses around here. Mostly restaurants."

He took her hand and examined it, gently and sensually rubbing the skin between her fingers. Combined with the hard, foreign presence in her ass and the slow insistent rubbing of her nipples the treatment of her hands were devastating.

"You must be doing well tonight, the city's packed. Is it always this busy?" she managed to say with only a slight quivering to her voice. He had to bend over to her ear as a rowdy troop of revelers came dancing past them.

"Mardi Gras is a good time, yes." he replied to her question.

She couldn't believe how hot she was getting. All she wanted to do was to melt into his broad chest and feel his warm skin touch every inch of her body.

"You are a very beautiful woman." he whispered in her ear. She looked up into his dark eyes and smiled.

With a quick flourish he spread the cape and covered them both in a large black nest. His mouth found hers and she moaned softly as he kissed her. His hands roamed up and down her back, pressing her body into his. His hands happened to stroke her tail and immediately her legs turned to rubber.

When they came up for some air and she cradled her head on his chest. His arms were circling her body, holding her in his protective embrace. Without saying a word, they pretended to watch the carnival while she waited for the world to stop spinning.

As she lay against him, she realized how futile the whole situation was. After all, what could she do next? Invite him to her hotel room? Maybe agree to see him again. Neither was an option she could take. He had no idea that the hard barrier of her "costume" would separate them forever. Standing there, warm and protected in his arms she wanted to cry with frustration.

She felt his hands moving behind her back. Curious to see what he was up to she tried to look over her shoulder but the next moment his mouth found hers and again they kissed long and hard.

Through the haze of rushing blood and throbbing flesh her nose started twitching and a strange, sharp smell invaded her bliss. She pulled back from him and was about to mouth the question when her mouth and face was covered by a rag. Ronald had her head firmly grasped in his one hand while the other pressed the rag into her face. The rag was soaked in a strong, repugnant smell and she tried to scream. She struggled and lashed out at him, terror overcoming her almost immediately. The rag proved the perfect cover, and nobody could see the desperate situation she was in. She felt her body slip away and her struggles quickly became feeble, and her legs gave in. She was just about to sink into oblivion when the rag was quickly removed from her face. Her body was completely numb, and it felt as if her head was in a thick haze. Through the haze she heard the close voices and laughter of a crowd and the next moment his face was kissing hers. He held her firmly and pretended to kiss her while the nearby group moved past. She tried desperately to move but her whole body was still lame, and she couldn't rid herself of the debilitating fog that clouded her thinking. He lifted her limp body into his arms and disappeared around a corner of the building.

Sharon was bundled into the boot of a car and the lid firmly slammed down. She was slowly getting out of the haze and as her thoughts re-organized themselves her terror returned. As the car swayed and jostled her through the traffic, she slowly managed to regain control of her limbs. Her right arm was painfully pinned beneath her body and with a mighty effort she managed to pull it free. She lay in the pitch dark confine, her arms hugging her trembling body as the tears flowed down her cheeks. From the rumbling of the engine and the slow lazy rocking of the car she knew she was on some highway, rapidly being sped away from the city.

After a while she managed to bring her terror under control, and she tried to think about her situation. Could this man be her tormentor? Her instinct said no while her logic said yes. It made good sense for it to be him. Get her away from her hometown, alone and isolated where there would be no witnesses. Take her quickly and quietly, before anybody could suspect a thing. There was nobody in New Orleans that would file a missing person's report about her. No pesky cops

to start looking for her. Besides, how unlucky could one person get? It was unthinkable that she would be involved in two separate, unrelated abductions. It simply HAD to be him, nothing else made any sense. The way she was abducted bothered her though. Thus far everything she'd experienced had been hi-tech and carefully planned. The clumsy, almost fatal attack in the square felt like the work of an amateur. Why risk discovery? Why do it out in the open where everybody could see them? In fact, had the other patrons arrived a few seconds earlier he would have been caught out. As it was it had prevented him from drugging her completely.

She thought about her options and immediately dismissed the idea of surrender. Could the small crowd have given her a fighting chance? Did he know that she hadn't been completely disabled? It was likely that he thought her completely drugged. He had no way of knowing that his attempt had not been quite as successful as he'd thought. He probably expected her to be under for quite some time to come.

Sharon heard the tone of the car change and she realized they were nearing their destination. It was much sooner than she'd expected, and she realized they were still close, if not in, New Orleans. She desperately looked around for something to help her escape. The lid was firmly shut and no amount of pushing, and scratching would open it up. She heard the noise of the wheels change and realized that they were now driving on a gravel road. Wherever they were going they were rapidly getting there. The road was bumpy, and she was jostled and shaken around in the boot.

She suddenly remembered the wheel iron and she frantically tried to lift the spare wheel's lid before the car could reach its destination. Everything was happening so fast she could hardly get time to think. The next moment the car stopped, and she froze. With her heart throbbing in her throat, she heard the door bang as Ronald got out. His shoes made a crunching noise on the gravel as he came walking up the side of the car. She heard his key go into the lock of the boot and she held her breath. Her whole body was coiled for the rush. Like a stalking cat she lowered herself onto the floor and dug in with her heels.

THE SUIT - Chapter XX

The key turned and bright light came rushing in as the boot was opened. Sharon ignored the painful stab of light and sprung forwards. She kept her head down and hit the half-open lid with her shoulder and back. There was a loud groan as the outside edge of the boot hit Ronald in the midriff.

Sharon tried jumping out of the boot, but she'd forgotten the high heels and the fan on her back. She tumbled out of the car like a sack of potatoes and hit the ground on her side. Ronald was winded and stunned but by no means out. He was standing bent over, his arms circling his waist defensively as he tried to get his breath back. Sharon tried desperately to get to her feet, but her legs were still rubbery, and her high heels kept toppling over. Ronald was already taking a few shaky steps in her direction, as she crawled around the side of the car on her hands and feet. If she could get away from the bright lights surrounding the house, she might have a chance of getting away. She gave a giant shout of frustration and finally managed to get to her feet and start running.

She had hardly given three steps when her lips suddenly formed a large O, and her eyes grew as wide as saucers. Ronald had managed to grab hold of the very tip of her tail and the dildo had slammed into her anus like a jack-hammer. She almost fainted as erotic firecrackers of pain exploded up her spine and her legs folded beneath her. She sat crouched down on her haunches and waited for the world to stop spinning. A second or so later she managed to look around and she saw Ronald at the side of the car. He had her tail in one hand while the other pushed against the car for support. Even though he was still recovering from the blow his eyes were already livid with rage. Sharon panicked as she saw his eyes and grabbed at her tail. She tried to yank herself free, but he pulled back sharply and again the dildo caused havoc with her anus. In two short steps he was by her side, and he grabbed hold of her wrist. Bending her arm up her back he forced her to stand up and start walking towards the house. She was fighting him all the way and the tears rolled down her face as her heels tried desperately to dig in. With his right hand still holding her arm bent behind her back he pushed her along wordlessly. She tried to whirl around out of his grasp, but he suddenly grabbed hold of the base of her tail and instantly she was as tame as a lamb. Without any further incident she was marched off to the house.

Sharon was flung down on a large double bed in what she presumed was the master bedroom. She barely had time to turn over onto her back when he climbed onto the bed and sat down on top of her. His hands pinned her wrists down next to her head and for several seconds they just stared at each other.

"What? No screaming? No shouting? No telling me what the cops are going to do to me when they find out?" he said with an icy voice. She just looked away and refused to respond.

"Are you scared stiff or what?" he sounded surprised that she wouldn't talk. Still, she refused to say anything.

"Maybe you're not screaming because you don't want to be saved? Maybe you're liking this too much?" he said. She gave him a look that could strip the paper off the walls. Still puzzled he let go of her wrists and leaned back. She used the opportunity to rub the tears out of her eyes and rub her wrists where his rough hands had bruised them.

After several seconds during which she refused to even look at him, he finally climbed from the bed. He turned his back and started rummaging inside a cupboard. For a second, she considered making a break for the door but it would be hopeless, he was standing between her and the door. Moments later he found what he was looking for and he returned to her side. In his hand he held a coiled length of rope that was rolled up into a large knot. She gave a desperate little grunt and tried to fling herself out of his way, but he was right on top of her. In the blink of an eye, he was seated on her again and his hands were furiously coiling rope around her wrists. She struggled and twisted but with his weight on top of her she was firmly pinned down. In a few short seconds her hands were bound together, and he tied them to the top of the bed.

Sharon lay on her back and stared at the ceiling. Ronald was taking a shower and she was left to stare at the ceiling. After her wrists her ankles had also been bound and a several strips of tape had been slapped onto her mouth. She tested the restraints, but it was no use, she wasn't going anywhere. She looked the room over. It was pretty normal looking, just an average room in an average house. There were no signs of obvious opulence, but neither was the owner of the house poor. Just average. She tried looking up at her bound hands, but the fan was blocking her view. The rope was biting into her skin and already her

hands were becoming numb as the circulation was cut off. Her struggles were only making it worse, and she stopped. She was still wearing her Mardi Gras costume and the plug in her anus was making her very uncomfortable. She was lying in the short, stubby base of her tail and the pressure was forcing the dildo deeper into her aching rear. The big fan in her back was framing her face and it hindered her view to the sides.

She heard the shower being turned off and Ronald moving around in the bathroom. After several minutes he came out of the bathroom wearing only a towel wrapped around his waist. He sat down next to her and rested the palm of his hand on her stomach.

"Shall we see what Santa has brought me for Christmas?" he said and reached behind her head to remove the mask over her eyes. He pulled it over her head and placed it to one side. The broach on her nose had been becoming uncomfortable and she was grateful to be rid of it.

"Ooooh. Yes please! Thanks Santa." said Ronald, obviously delighted with his prize. He rubbed his finger over the bridge of her nose and smiled at her. Obviously, this was all a big game to him. This just didn't feel right. Was this him not? He wasn't acting like she'd expected he would.

"No let's see what the rest of you looks like shall we?" he said as he rubbed his palms up and down her flanks.

He rolled her over onto her stomach and inspected the broaches on her back. He started tugging at the fan, but it was firmly stuck in place. Why was he acting like this? It was as if he didn't know that the broach couldn't be removed. For several minutes he tried to get rid of the costume during which he regularly tugged and moved at her tail. Finally, he turned her back over and sat staring at her.

"How do you take this thing off?" he said in a low voice. Obviously he wasn't amused any more. He pulled the tape from her mouth and waited for her to answer. She was now certain this wasn't him and it made her heart freeze.

"Answer me bitch!" he shouted, slapping her viciously through the face. Immediately the tears started flowing and she cringed away from him. "You can't." she whispered. "It won't come off until four o'clock."

She'd hardly uttered the words when he slapped her again.

"Don't you ever tell me I can't! I'll do what I like. Is that clear? Do we understand each other?" he said in a strained, angry voice. She just nodded as the tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Now. One more time. How do I take the costume off?" he said. How could she answer him? She just nodded her head from side to side and tried to get further away from him.

"I don't know. I don't know." she whispered, waiting for the blow to fall. He just sat there with his mouth hanging open.

"You really can't take it off, can you?" he said, his voice filled with awe.

Again, she nodded no.

"Tell me what's going on here." he said.

"I can't - he'll kill me!" she pleaded. "I'm not supposed to tell anybody about it."

"Him? I thought you said you were alone." he replied, and she could hear that he was getting angry again.

"I was. I am. Please - you don't understand!" she said in a pleading voice. "THEN TELL ME for fucks sake!" he shouted.

"I can't! Please! he'll kill me I swear he'll kill me!" she sobbed, desperate for him to understand. Suddenly his hands were around her neck as he pulled her face and shoulders up towards him.

"Lady. Right now, who do you think you should be more afraid of?" he hissed between his clenched jaws.

Sharon lay sobbing into the crook of her arm. Her mouth was once again covered by tape, and she was still bound to the bed. Ronald was standing at the dresser, talking on the phone.

"Mark? This is Joe.

Yes, I know exactly what time it is but I needed to speak to you.

Hmm?

Yes, I'm still on leave.

No, the house is fine, everything's ship-shape.

Yeah - I got a slight problem down here. I decided to grab myself a little toy to play with...

Yeah, I know but it was a spur of the moment thing.

No.

No.

Mark I'm not an amateur you know, of course I was careful.

No, I'm not being hunted - I doubt anybody even know she'd gone.

Yeah.

No.

Yeah, you should see this one. Man, oh man!

Oh yes - you know those belts we sometimes put on the girls.

Yeah those. Well turns out she'd wearing something similar.

No.

No.

No not one of those either, I've never seen anything like it. It's really weird. It's a full body kind of model.

No, it's all one big unit.

Yeah - can you believe it? Just my luck. Can you ask the boys if they've ever come across anything like it?

Sure.

Sure.

No, not like that either.

No, it's smooth, no locks or knobs or anything.

Geesh Mark, that's why I'm phoning you.

No, she claims she simply woke up one morning and there it was, been wearing it ever since.

Yeah, I know but I believe her, by now she knows better than to fuck with me.

Well, try to imagine a speedo costume with a high neck.

Yeah - Its wacky.

I know.

Geesh don't you know it! Here I was looking forward to a nice night of gymnastics and I'm stuck with this.

No, she's seen my face, it's too late.

Fuck you Mark - I told you it was spur of the moment...

Yes, I'm worried about that as well but how would he find her?

No, I wasn't followed, what do you take me for?

Ok.

Ok.

Yeah thanks. Speak to you later?

Bye."

Ronald / Joe put the phone down and walked back to the bed.

"Two more hours to go and then we'll see, won't we?" he said as he looked on his watch. "You'd better not be fucking me around or I'll make your life a misery, ok?"

She could just nod.

"Now you said it came with a control box thingy?"

She nodded.

"Where is it? At the hotel?"

Again, she nodded.

"Hmmm. And you're supposed to wear that come hell or high water or else you get shocked?"

Nod.

"So why haven't you been shocked yet?"

She looked down at the costume and then at his watch.

"Hmmm. That makes sense. So, you think you'll be shocked if you don't plug it in after four?"

She shrugged - how should she know?

"Fuck this whole situation is screwed up." he said and sat down on the bed. His hands stroked the inside of her thigh as he looked at her body.

"It would be a crying shame to have you die on me before I've even tasted your fruits." he said as his hand played with the smooth skin next to her dome.

"You sure there's no way of getting rid of the suit? I got some tools in the garage you know."

She just sighed and nodded no.

"Damn. This is fucking frustrating. I guess I'll have to go fetch the bloody thing then."

He left the room for a moment and returned with a piece of paper and a pen. He sat down next to her and painfully ripped the tape from her mouth.

"What hotel?" he simply said, poised to write.

"The Holiday-Inn. Room 403."

"OK. I should be able to make it there and back in time. You need to potty or something before I go?"

She nodded again; her bladder was almost bursting. Besides, he might slip up and she'd get a chance to escape.

"Don't get any ideas. Any trouble and I'll beat you senseless, ok?" he said, reading her mind.

He rolled her over onto her stomach and sat down on her back. Using the rest of the rope he crisscrossed her chest with several loops of rope before tying it off. He bent over, and while using his weight to keep her subdued, untied her hands. Before she had time to react, he'd bent both arms behind her back and tied her wrists to the ropes. Her arms were pulled high up her back with her wrists crossed over. He used the rope from the bed to pin her arms to her side, completely immobilizing her arms and hands. Rising from the bed he untied her feet and helped her up. Using the rope that has been around her ankles he quickly made a leash and placed it over her head. He led her to the bathroom by the leash and helped her down onto the toilet. The tail was in the way, and he had to reach over and brush it aside for her.

"How do you piss through all of that?"

"I don't know. The suits got holes at the bottom, maybe the costume will have them as well." she replied, curious herself. If it didn't, she was going to make a right royal mess. She waited for Joe to give her some privacy, but he just stood there, firmly holding onto her leash.

She breathed deeply and tried her best to relax. With a start she realized that the brushes on her nipples had stopped, and she tried to remember when last she'd felt them. The distraction was enough to forget about the butt plug and suddenly the urine started flowing. She couldn't see it but she wasn't getting wet, so it seemed to be ok.

"Will you look at that!" said Joe. She gave him a questioning look.

"It's coming out of that panty you're wearing. Right in the middle, as if it wasn't even there." he said, awestruck.

She was soon done and he helped her up. He used some toilet paper to make sure she was dry and then led her back to the bedroom. He indicated for her to get back onto the bed and she lay down on her stomach. He gave her a firm push and she was forced to roll over onto her back.

He let go of the leash and walked down to her feet. She'd expected to be tied in the same way as she'd been before but this time, he spread her ankles wide, tying them to the corners of the bed. She didn't like having her legs spread open like that, it made her feel very vulnerable, but she thought better of complaining. He walked up to the head of the bed and tied her leash to the frame. She had very little slack, and any struggling would cause her to choke on the leash. Finally, he stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth and covered it with tape. She'd thought he was done but instead he sat down next to her and stroked her legs.

"You know. Whomever this bloke is, he knows how to make you look good." He found her tail sticking out from between her legs and he gave it a playful yank. She couldn't prevent a low grunt escaping and she refused to look into his eyes.

"Just look at this tail for example. It's the sexiest thing I've ever seen. His hand followed the tail as it went up between her legs and she moaned as his fingers explored. Despite her best effort her body betrayed her, and her cheeks clenched onto his fingers.

"Whoa! Seems like you're coming around." he said, delighted with her reaction. She blushed deeply and hid her face in the covers.

"Well." he said, giving her a sharp but friendly slap on her hip.

"Hopefully we'll be able to see to that need of yours soon.

For now however, I have to get going."

He stood up and left, closing the door behind him. A few moments later she heard the car rumbling in the driveway and then departing. It gave a loud growl and drove off into the night.

She was left alone in the dark, quiet house, her only companions her dreams and the slowly spreading heat of his palm-print on her hip.

THE SUIT - Chapter XXI

It was pitch dark and she couldn't see a thing, but she could hear them. They were out there, waiting for her. She didn't want to do this but now it was too late to change her mind. Suddenly the giant doors to the hanger were opened and the sunlight burst inside, blinding her. The elephant started moving forward and she instinctively covered herself. How could she have agreed to this? How had they managed to talk her into this? Her eyes were becoming used to the sunlight and she blushed as she realized just how many people there were. She inspected the giant birdcage but there was absolutely no way she could get out. The cage was mounted on the back of the elephant, and she was stuck inside. She had to hold onto the bars as the elephant rocked from side to side. Suddenly a booming voice started speaking over the PA system.

"And here she comes ladies and gentlemen. It is our pleasure to present to you the Carnival Queen!"

She blushed even redder and looked for a place to hide her face. The crowds had turned out in full force to see this spectacle and they were enjoying every moment of it. She sat down the crossbar in the cage, careful not to rest her weight on the tail of her costume.

"This lovely young lady has agreed to be auctioned in our charity auction! Can we have a hand for the lovely Sharon!"

The crowds burst out in cheers, and she gave a shy, tentative wave at the masses. She was feeling nauseous and weak from all the attention, and she just prayed it would be over soon.

"Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please!" Boomed the voice. "The winning bidder will win this lovely young lady to keep as his own, personal, love-slave forever!"

What? No! That wasn't right! She'd agreed to a single date with whoever won the highest bid! What was the idiot talking about?

"That's right ladies and gentlemen. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to legally own your very own love slave!"

She jumped up and pressed her body against the cold bars.

"No! No that's wrong! That's not what I agreed to!" she shouted but the crowd was so loud she couldn't make herself heard.

"Listen to me! That's not right! Let me out of here!"

Nobody could hear her. The band was playing, the crowds cheering and the crackers exploding. Her little voice stood no chance against such an onslaught of noise.

The elephant stopped in front of a platform, and she could see the announcer with the mike in his hand. They would have to let her down and then she would make herself heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Could everybody that's interested in taking part please step closer to the podium so that I can see you. Thank You, Thank You."

Suddenly the cage shook, and she thought the elephant had moved but as she looked up she saw that they had attached a hook to the top of the cage. Screaming and protesting she was hoisted higher into the air for everybody to inspect. With the elephant gone she had only a few thin bars to stand on and she

realized that the crowd could inspect every inch of her body. She had nowhere to hide, nowhere to turn to escape the upturned faces.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! The bidding will now start. Shall we begin at a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Two, I've got two, three, three, four, I've got four hundred thousand dollars."

This couldn't be happening! What were they doing!

"Six, six, seven, seven hundred thousand dollars! Eight! I have eight!" This was insane! Where were the cops!

"I have one million dollars! Ladies and gentlemen, I have One Million Dollars!"

She looked down at the crowd. How could they be doing this to her! "I have one million dollars. One million dollars from the man in the Zorro costume."

"NO!" she shouted as panic overtook her. "Not him! Don't let him win the bid! Please no!"

"Going once! Going Twice! No more bidders for this lovely lady? Come on ladies and gentlemen just look at her! Nobody? Anybody? Going three times! Last chance! No? SOLD!"

Sharon woke up from the noise of an approaching motorcar. She was stiff and uncomfortable and tried to stretch as best she could. Lying on her arms had made them numb and sore. A few minutes later Joe walked into the room carrying her suitcases.

"Hi honey - I'm home." he said and sat down next to her. As was now customary his hand immediately went to rest on her thigh.

"Things went well, I think I got all your things. How much time is left?" He said looking at his watch. "Hmm. Ten past four. It would seem I'm a bit late. I take it nothing's happened yet?"

She nodded no.

"Wasn't the costume supposed to come off by now?" he said, his voice lowering.

All she could do was shrug.

He reached behind her and tugged at the clasp on her back. It was still firmly stuck. He gave her look that clearly told of his displeasure. After several tense minutes he reached over and ripped the tape from her mouth.

"Well? What now?" he said, waiting for her to explain. "I swear I don't know. The letter said that I should wait for eight hours to pass before I went back to the hotel. That's all I know." she said, her voice pleading.

"I brought all the papers with me. Let's have a look, shall we?" He said and his voice warned that she'd better be telling the truth. He reached down and drew a bunch of papers from the side pocket of one of her suitcases. He started examining the documents.

"Hmm. Airline tickets. Hotel brochure. Ah .. Dear Sharon. Blah blah blah blah. Sharon Suiter huh? I take it that's not your real surname?"

She nodded no. He dropped the letter and examined the next one.

"Hmmm. This seems to be it." he said as he read.

"Not very chatty, is he?" he finally said and put the letter down.

Again, he tested the clasp, but it was to no avail.

"Maybe you're supposed to plug the control box in?" she suggested.

He searched her suitcase and found the box.

"This it?" he asked holding it for her to see.

She nodded

"Fascinating." he said as he examined the box. He plugged the box into the wall socket and held the triangle in his hand.

"Where's this supposed to go?" He said, still looking at the triangle.

"It plugs in at... oh. I forgot." She said, blushing.

"What?"

"The costume's in the way. It's supposed to plug into the bottom of the suit."

They both looked down at costume covering her hips.

"Any other brilliant ideas?" he said angrily.

She shrugged. He was not at all impressed.

"You could take me back to the hotel."

"Yeah. Right." he replied and stormed out of the room.

She could hear him banging doors and going on in what sounded like the kitchen. The ligaments in her arms and shoulders were complaining and she tried moving them to get the circulation going. The next moment she heard two faint clicks and she froze.

"Hey! HEY! I think it's open now!" she shouted at the door. Joe came storming back into the room and bent over her body. He pulled at the clasp and this time it opened.

"Well. Isn't that a coincidence." he said, looking at her suspiciously. "I leave the room for a second and the costume magically opens up."

"I swear I didn't do a thing. It just suddenly clicked open."

"Hmmm." he said, still suspicious. He pulled at the panty and that also opened. He quickly untied her collar and helped her to sit up. Too late she remembered the plug and all her weight bore down on her anus. Her spread legs made it even worse, and she moaned loudly.

"What's with you?' he asked as she flopped back down.

She blushed and looked away.

"What?" he said, his patience running out.

"The ughm. There's a uhm. The tail you see." she stuttered and blushed even redder.

He took the tail and jiggled it around, trying to discover what she was on about. She groaned and lifted her hips into the air, trying to get away from the torment. He was beginning to suspect the truth and again he jiggled her tail.

She moaned louder and tried to roll away, only to be stopped by her bound ankles.

"Please, please. Don't do that." she moaned, refusing to look into his grinning face.

"Well now. What have we here? Is there something you haven't told Sharon?" he said, very amused by his discovery. He jiggled again and she moaned even louder. "Please don't. Please."

For several more minutes he continued tormenting her, his eyes never leaving her body as she squirmed and rolled to get away from the plug. With a glint in his eyes, he suddenly stopped and reached over to her chest. He took hold of the ropes crossing over her chest and pulled her torso up towards himself. Sharon gave a loud, pained groan as her weight bore down on her rear and the plug pushed in deeper. She tried to push herself back, but Joe had a firm grip on her leash and he tied it off to the bed between her legs. She was forced to stay seated, or she'd choke against the leash. Happy with his handiwork Joe sat himself down behind her and proceeded to untie her hands. As soon as her hands were free, she pressed them down on the bed, trying to lift her weight off the plug. Her relief was short lived. Joe slipped the bra and choker combination from her shoulders, and she was forced to lift her hands so that her arms could pass through the holes. He used the opportunity to remove her gloves as well and they joined the mask in the corner. With her chest free of the costume, he took a moment to admire her body and the suit. He moved around to her front

and tied her wrists together in front of her body. Satisfied that her wrists were securely bound he untied the leash and allowed her flop back onto the bed.

Next, he released her ankles and he removed the shoes. She held onto the head of the bed as he took a firm hold of the panty and pulled it down towards her ankles. She released a grateful sigh of relief as the dildo was pulled from her with a wet popping sound. The stockings were still attached to the panty, and they peeled from her legs like dried paint. Finally free from the costume she lay still and enjoyed the freedom.

Joe was momentarily distracted as he inspected the plug, and she grabbed her chance. She was off the bed like a bat out of hell and heading straight for the door. She had little chance of making it, but she knew she had to try. As her hands reached for the doorknob she was suddenly and violently jerked back by the leash around her neck. Joe had immediately reacted and had managed to grab hold of the leash just in time. Sharon fell onto her back and started heaving to get the air back into her lungs. She was seeing stars from the whiplash and her whole body was limp as Joe picked her up and flung her back onto the bed. While she was recovering, he took the time to quickly wrap the ropes around her chest again. This time he lifted her arms over her head and bent her elbows back so that he could bind her wrists to the ropes between her shoulder blades. He pulled them so far back that her elbows were next to her ears and the ligaments in her chest were straining. Next, he quickly bound her ankles together and then onto the end of the bed. By the time Sharon had recovered she was completely powerless to offer any resistance. All she could do was blink and open her mouth as he quickly stuffed it with the rag and taped it shut. Finally, he tied the leash to the top of the bed and sat down. This time the leash was long, giving her lots of slack.

"Well now. Wasn't that exiting?" said Joe as he inspected his prize. Sharon refused to even look at him.

"Awww. Are we pouting? Are we giving me the cold shoulder?" His voice was mocking her.

She shot him a look that could curdle milk.

"Oooh. And here I thought we were going to be friends."

Suddenly his voice turned menacing. "You'd better make the most of our quality time together bitch. When we're done having fun, you're going to meet some of my associates. They're not nearly as nice as I am." The words made her blood freeze, and she closed her eyes in fear. They flew open again as she felt his hands on her hips. He pulled her body down until the leash was just beginning to tighten. He straddled her legs and tapped the inside of her thighs.

"Open sesame." he said, his voice playful again. For a second, she paused but the look he shot warned her off. Reluctantly she opened up, drawing her ankles up until they also reached the end of their tether. He sat down in the circle made by her legs and admired her body. His hands flowed over the smooth contours of the suit, carefully inspecting every inch of its smooth surface. He paid particular attention to the dome covering her sex and the three little holes. Sharon closed her eyes and tried to ignore what was going on, but it was impossible. The warm, intimate heat of his body pressing against her thighs and the sensual friction of his hands were making her insane. She caught her hands twitching and staining against the ropes and she had to clench her jaw to keep still. His hands moved away from the suit and onto her inner thighs and hips.

"You say you've been wearing this thing for almost a year?" he suddenly said, and her eyes flew open. "You must be really aching for a fuck by now!"

She blushed and looked the other way, trying her best to ignore his stroking hands. Suddenly he rolled to one side and flipped her over. This time he was seated next to her as he inspected her backside. "I can honestly say that you have the cutest butt I've seen in my life." he said as much for her benefit as for his own. Both his hands took a firm hold of her rear and squeezed them hard. The treatment sent the sparks flying and she pressed her face into the pillow in frustration. He gave her back the same thorough inspection he'd given her front, his hands and eyes covering every inch.

Finally, he'd seen enough, and he climbed off the bed.

"Well honey - It's been a long day. I think it's time to catch some shut-eye, don't you?" he said yawning. He pulled the bed covers out from under her and covered her body with it. Tucking a pillow under her head he made sure she was

comfortable and headed for the door. He was about to switch the light off when he suddenly remembered something. Returning to her side he quickly fixed the triangle in place and returned to the door. She'd hoped he'd leave her in peace but instead he switched the light off and returned to bed.

He quickly stripped in the dark and got into bed with her. She tried her best to ignore him but he slid over, turned her over so that she was facing him, and wrapped his limbs around her. Within a surprisingly short time his breathing became deep and relaxed, and she knew he was fast asleep. It took her much longer before exhaustion could suppress the hundreds of sensual signals coming from all over her body.

THE SUIT - Chapter XXII

Sharon woke up before Joe and lay staring at the ceiling for a while. The curtains were drawn so she couldn't see outside but she judged it to be well past noon already. During their slumber she and Joe had separated, and she was grateful that he was quietly snoring on his side of the bed. She twisted and turned both her wrists and ankles, but it was useless. There was absolutely no way she could free herself. Finally, she gave up and for a long time she just lay there, searching for a way out of her predicament. How could this be happening to her. How could one person be so unlucky? Not once, but twice! Surely the two incidents had to be related somehow. She just couldn't believe that something so dramatic could happen to one person twice. There had to be a connection but try as she might, she couldn't find it. One thing was for certain - Joe had not been the one to put the suit on her.

She thought about his words and his conversation on the telephone. He was not working alone. Some huge, powerful organization maybe? The thought made her shiver. One man she could handle. He could be reasoned with, pleaded with. With an organization she'd just be a number. Another body that needed to be processed. She thought of the horror stories she'd seen and heard in the papers. Modern-day slave traders, pandering flesh to the distant corners of the world. Mafia bosses that would pump her full of drugs and set her to work in some dirty little Mexican whorehouse. Chop shops where human beings were used as lab rats. The stories were endless and the more she thought about it the more despondent she became.

Her free-fall into black depression was stopped by a very urgent signal coming from her bowels. She was loath to wake Joe up, not only would it not be well received but her best chance of escape was when he was sleeping. Finally, she couldn't hold it anymore and she rolled over to his side. She kicked his legs and moaned as loudly as she could. At long last he started stirring and he rolled over on top of her.

"Mffff mmmhmmm mfmhmmm" she moaned into his face, tapping his head with her elbow. Finally, his eyes opened and he looked at her sleepily.

"Gmmfmmfmmhmmffm" she moaned, using her head to signal towards the bathroom.

"What is it Lassie? What is it girl? Is Timmy in the well again?" he asked. She groaned at his bad joke and once more signaled the bathroom. Finally, he dragged himself out of bed and untied her legs. By the time he got round to the leash she was already seated and ready to go.

This time she led him as they both stumbled into the bathroom. She shot him an accusing look as she waited for him to lower the seat before she could sit. She barely had time to blush at his inquisitive stare before her body let rip.

Sharon stood in front of the stove, frying some eggs. Joe was seated at the table, keeping a close watch on her activities. He'd bound her wrists by looping some rope around her waist, tying it off at the front and extending the ends to her wrists. Although she could only move her hands about a foot away from her body it was enough freedom to allow her to cook. She could easily untie the knots herself but there was no way that she could do it without him seeing her. Her ankles were kept bound by a short length of rope that forced her to take short jerky steps whenever she needed to move. Finally, there was a long leash from her neck to his hand that he never let go of, not even for a second. If she had any chance of escape, she needed to rid herself of the leash but with her hands bound to her waist she couldn't reach it. To make matters worse he'd taken a liking to her tail, and she was once again wearing the stockings, panty and high heels. The dildo was firmly back in place and her ass was still throbbing from the rough insertion she'd had to endure. Joe was unable to make the clasp lock

again, apparently it was on some timer or something. He'd solved the problem by taping the two ends shut with several lengths of tape.

She waddled over to the fridge and got some bacon, trying her best to ignore his persistent gaze. Despite the suit and panty, she felt completely naked and she just couldn't force herself to relax. His gaze was openly lustful, and it made her very uncomfortable.

What was he going to do when he finally realized that she wasn't to be had? Despite the evidence of his own eyes, he still thought he could penetrate the suit. She was very fearful of what he'd do when it finally dawned on him what he was up against.

As she fried the bacon she looked out of the window. They seemed to be on a small plot of land with the house set far back from the street. The place was deserted and there were no signs of life around them. A thick, high hedge and tall trees ringed the property. She doubted there would be any people around for miles.

The tape over her mouth was itching and without thinking she tried to scratch her chin. Her hand only made it as far as her breasts before the rope stopped it short. She sighed and had to be content with rubbing her chin against her shoulder.

The bacon was almost done, and she concentrated on finishing the task at hand. How wrong those frivolous stories in the books had been. In the stories the heroine lay bound on the bed while the man waltzed in with a tray full of food. Reality didn't work like that she now realized. He was a man and men wanted to be served. Why do all the work when you've got a slave to do it for you?

She loaded the food onto two plates and carefully carried the plates to the table. It was tricky keeping her balance with her feet tied and she took it slowly. She placed the edges of the plates on the table and pushed them onto the surface. She'd already set the knives and forks and she carefully sat down, trying to avoid direct pressure on her anus. Joe pulled his plate closer and gave it a good sniff.

"Ahhh. Thanks honey" he said, "It looks delicious."

Without ceremony he started digging in.

"Mffmfmmmgmm" she said after a while, pointing to the tape. He looked up for a second, gave her the sweetest smile in the world and continued his meal.

"Mgmmffffhmm?" she said again, pointing with even bigger gestures. Again, he just gave her a glance and continued his meal. The bastard knew exactly what she wanted; he was just not in the mood to grant it! She could feel the blood rising to her face and the hairs on the back of her neck stood on end. Suddenly he paused and looked at her. She had to wait for him to stop chewing before he would speak.

"There's some juice in the fridge. Get us some won't you?" he said and turned his attention back to the food.

"GMMFFMGRMMMMFMFM!" She said, her blood boiling. He stopped eating and gave her look that immediately made her shut up. With difficulty she rose from the seat and waddled over to the fridge. The juice was at the back, and it was a struggle to get to. Finally, she managed and she returned to the table. She was almost seated before she remembered the glasses and she rose to fetch them as well.

She stood staring at the cupboard, unclear what to do next. She'd managed to find the glasses by opening the cupboards with her nose. They were on one of the top shelves, higher than what her head was. For a moment she stood looking at Joe, but he was blatantly ignoring her. After several minutes of thinking she waddled over to the broom closet, retrieved a broom and waddled back to the cupboard. She carefully lifted the broom up and knocked some glasses over with the head. She sighed in relief when none broke and pulled the broom back, carefully watching if any would roll out. Next, she turned the broom over, lifted the handle up to the glass and carefully pushed the handle up until the glass was over the handle. She carried the upside-down glass back to the table and slowly lowered the broom until she could place the glass on the table. She repeated the tedious procedure and finally had two glasses ready and waiting. She opened the juice and poured him a glass. Finally, she sat down with a sigh and watched him eat. He casually looked up, spotted the juice, reached out and took a long, hard drink directly from the bottle.

Joe leaned back, burped loudly, and gave her a lazy smile. "Oh boy, that really hit the spot. Not bad my dear."

She ignored him and sat staring at the table. She was very thirsty, but she refused to give him the satisfaction of showing it. For quite a while they just sat there in silence. After what felt like an eternity Joe started flipping her leash up and down. At first, she thought he was only trying to irritate her but a firm pull told her that he wanted her to stand up. She carefully rose from the table and stood next to the chair, uncertain of what he wanted from her. He pulled on the leash and reeled her in until she was standing next to him. Without saying a word, he took her by the hips and lowered her to his lap. She tried to avoid sitting directly on the plug, but his hands guided her squarely onto his upper leg. She gave a quick grunt as her weight landed on the plug and Joe smiled at her, delighted by her discomfort. He swung her legs over so that she was seated sideways across his lap and held her firmly around the waist.

"So. Hungry?" he asked mockingly.

She just looked into the distance, refusing to react.

"No? Oh well then.." he said and started pushing her up.

"Mmmfnfngmm" she quickly said and looked at her plate.

"Oh, you've changed your mind?" he said, lowering her down again. He quickly removed the gag and pulled her plate closer.

"Can I please have some juice first?" she said, hating herself for being civil to him.

"Sure honey." He said as he reached for the glass she'd poured. She was unable to bring the glass to her mouth and he had to hold it for her. She drank greedily, ignoring the dribble of juice running down her chin and onto her breasts. He gave her a sweet smile and wiped her chin with his hand.

"Better?"

She nodded.

He started feeding her the food and even though it had gotten cold she wolfed it down. Whilst his right hand was feeding her the left hand slowly slid down her side, over her hip and in between her legs. She stoically ignored his hand and concentrated on the food. He slowly massaged the insides of her thighs but still she refused to respond.

She could feel his hand heading for her tail, and she tensed.

"What are you going to do with me?" she said, her mouth still full of food.

"Right now? I thought we'd see what we could do about that suit." He said. "It won't work, I've tried everything." She said and took another bite. His hand was still heading for her ass.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm pretty good with my hands you know." He said as he gave her tail a quick pull.

"Please don't." she objected.

"Don't what?" he said and gave her another jiggle.

"Don't do that. It hurts."

He gave her another wiggle.

"Please." She begged. He stopped tormenting her but left his hand on her tail.

"I meant when you're done with me. What's going to happen to me?"

"It's better if you don't think about that." He replied and looked away.

"So, you're going to kill me?"

"No, not unless I have to. I'm not a murderer."

"No. Just a kidnapper and a rapist." The words were out before she could think, and she immediately regretted saying them. He scowled at her pushed her to her feet.

"I suggest you start thinking before you speak. Where you're going a remark like that could cost you your tongue."

She started clearing the table while he lighted a cigarette. She wanted to ask him for one but after a moment's reflection thought better of it. For a while there was silence as she packed the dishes in the sink.

"Where am I going? What is going to happen to me?" she asked with her back turned to him.

"You'll see when you get there." He said.

"You're going to sell me, aren't you?" she said in such a soft voice it was hardly more than a whisper. For a while he didn't answer.

"A man's got to make a living." He said flatly.

"Why can't you just let me go? I'm no use to you at all." She said, turning around.

"You're a smart girl, you should know how these things work."

"I won't tell a soul, I promise." She begged. "Besides, all I've got is a description. There must be hundreds of people that look... "

"That's enough!" he interrupted her. He was on his feet and reaching for the tape.

"Please no. I'll be quiet, please..." she begged but he was not listening. He shoved he body up against the counter and stuffed the rag into her mouth. All she could do was wring her wrists inside their prisons while her mouth was taped shut.

Joe slowly led her through the house and into the garage. Outside dusk was falling and the house was growing dark. After she'd completed her chores, he'd pulled her elbows back and tied them together with rope. Her hands were now utterly useless as her elbows pulled her wrists back against her stomach. She'd tried a few more times to get him to remove the gag but the atmosphere had definitely soured. He walked her to the middle of the garage and made her stand still. Years ago somebody had installed a pulley into the roof and he positioned her until she was directly underneath it. He untied the ropes on her elbows and

her waist and re-tied her wrists together in front of her body. The pulley was lowered to just above her head and her wrists placed onto the hook. He pulled the pulley back up until her ankles were just beginning to lift out of her shoes. He anchored the pulley's chain to a convenient hook on one of the walls and walked a few times around her. He was obviously in no mood for chitchat, and she hung her head, dejected and depressed. He was about to find out just what a hard nut the suit was to crack.

THE SUIT - Chapter XXIII

Joe sat on the garage floor with his back leaning against the wall. Between his legs lay a side grinder, its blade ruined. His body was covered in sweat, and he'd taken his shirt off.

"Fuck me." Was all he could say.

Sharon twisted her arms and tried to alleviate the stress in her shoulders by standing on her toes. She looked down at the suit and back up to Joe with a faint smile on her lips. He caught her look, snarled, and fled back into the house. He left behind not only the ruined side grinder but also a hacksaw, a heavy iron file and an assortment of smaller tools.

Sharon looked up the hook. If she could hook her legs over the crossbeam, she could hang upside down and unhook herself from the pulley. She tried lifting her legs, but the suit wasn't allowing her waist to bend and she could only lift them as high as her waist. She tried it again, but it was useless, the suit simply wouldn't allow her to bend far enough. Next, she tried swinging back and forth. If she could swing far enough, she might be able to hook a leg over one of the other crossbeams. She was just beginning to come into range of the beam when Joe walked back into the garage.

He was still angry because of his failure and seeing her swinging made him turn absolutely livid. Her rope leash was lying on the bench, and he grabbed it on his way over. He was already swinging before he'd even reached her. "You fucking BITCH!" he shouted as the coiled rope hit her ass with a loud whack. The tail did little to block his fury and she arched her back as the rope made contact.

"What the fuck do you think you're up to!" Whack! Whack!

"Do you think you can fuck with me?" Whack!

The rope burnt across her rear like fire and instantly her eyes filled with tears.

"Fuck you! FUCK YOU!" he shouted as the blows kept on raining down. She coiled and twisted, trying her best to get out of the way of the whistling rope.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

She tried screaming through the gag but all that came out was a soft nasal mew.

"I'll show you who's the boss! Its time you learnt who's in charge here!"

Whack!

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The blows kept on raining down until he was too tired to hit her anymore. Finally, he stumbled back to the bench and leaned against it for support, his chest heaving. Sharon hung completely limp from the hook, her body too tired to struggle any further. Her upper legs and back were burning like fire and she'd almost bitten right through the rag. Her sides were heaving as her lungs struggled to get air past the snot and tears in her nose. Her whole body was trembling, and the sweat glistened on her skin.

Joe had calmed down and he walked back to her, but he refused to look into her eyes. He inspected her rear and she trembled as his palms moved over the painful welts.

"I think it's time we both started taking the situation a bit more seriously." He said quietly and took hold of her feet. He tied the leash around her ankles and pulled her sideways until she was hanging at a steep angle towards the wall. He tied the other end of the leash to the hook on the wall and made sure she was secure. He left her hanging like that and a few minutes later she heard his car leaving. She tried struggling a bit but with her feet tied there was nothing she could do.

Sharon had no idea of time and it felt like hours before she heard the car return. Her arms and hands had gone dead from the constant pull, but her backside was

still throbbing loudly from the punishment. She tried lifting her head but the sharp pain shooting through her shoulders was too much to bear. As Joe parked the car and entered the house all she could do was wait. He popped his head into the garage to make sure she was still around and disappeared again. She could hear him moving about but she had no idea what he was up to. After several agonizing minutes he returned, dragging a chain after him. He dropped the chain at her feet and walked over to the hook on the wall. He untied the rope from her ankles, and she swung down, mewling loudly from the pain caused by the movement. In her struggles she'd lost her shoes and now her toes could just touch the floor. Joe stood behind her and he gave her backside a thorough inspection. Her skin burnt like fire as his hands traveled over her tender flesh and she shuddered in pain.

Joe pulled the tape from the panty and pulled it down to the floor. As the tight garment scraped over her hips and buns, she arched her back and screamed into the gag. He placed the panty in the corner and turned his attention back to her. Her eyes had filled with fresh tears, and she could feel them running down her cheeks and onto the tape over her mouth. Joe looped the chain around her neck and locked it with a heavy padlock. She was now anchored to whatever object Joe had chosen as a base for the chain and she could feel by the lock's weight that escape was not going to be an option. He started lowering her to the floor, but her legs simply couldn't support her weight.

When she'd sunk down onto her knees, he stopped the pulley and walked back to her side. She moaned in anguish as the blood started pumping back into her arms and hands. He gently lifted her into his arms and carried her back to the bedroom, careful to avoid touching her backside.

Joe lay her down on her stomach and tied her hands to the bed. He reached down next to the bed where he'd left a shopping bag. From the bag he produced a tube of salve that he inspected for a moment.

"I got this from the pharmacy, I hope it does the trick." He said and it almost sounded as if he was apologizing. She lay her head on the pillow and refused to even acknowledge his existence. Joe took some of the salve and rubbed it between his hands. She had to close her eyes and bite down onto the gag as his hands started rubbing the salve into her sensitive skin.

After a few seconds her skin started to numb, and she could relax again. Her body was still aching in a thousand places but at least the pain on her backside was quickly abating. Joe kept his massage slow and rhythmic and soon she was becoming drowsy.

Joe stood up from the bed and looked down at her.

"Better?" he asked but she refused to acknowledge the question.

He just shrugged and went into the bathroom. She heard him start the shower and a moment later he returned. He untied her wrists from the bed but kept them tied together. Lifting her into his arms he carried her limp body into the bathroom, setting her down next to the shower. Her legs were still weak, and she leaned against the cold tiles for support.

Testing the water's temperature with his hand he guided her into the cubicle. She closed her eyes and stood still as the warm water poured over her body. The shower was soothing and for a precious few seconds she could forget the situation she was in.

She felt Joe's hand on her shoulder and her eyes grew wide as she discovered that he'd stripped naked. He pushed her deeper into the cubicle and joined her under the rushing water. She tried to avoid looking at him, but her eyes kept on returning to his naked body. Evidently, he worked out regularly because his body was fit and trim. As he moved his well-defined muscles rippled and moved under his tanned skin. She quickly glanced at his groin and her breath caught in her throat as she discovered his rock-hard penis standing to attention. Clearly Joe was very excited to see her and she blushed a bright red.

Sharon closed her eyes and stoically tried to ignore his presence, but her nipples were already aching inside their prisons. She turned away from him and tried to think of something else but the next moment his hands started rubbing her shoulders with soap. He gently washed her neck and shoulders, his hands gliding over her skin in slow, smooth circles. He turned her around and started removing the gag, careful not to rip it off like he usually did. Her body was turning traitor again and she silently cursed the dull aching in her sex.

Joe removed the gag and gently kissed the corners of her mouth. She rubbed her tongue against her teeth to get rid of the foul taste but did not respond to his kisses. Instead, she turned her back on him and tried her best to ignore him.

Joe squeezed some shampoo into the palm of his hand and started washing her hair. The slow, sensuous massaging of her scalp was delicious, and Sharon sighed deeply as she closed her eyes. Joe's strong, gentle fingers had a hypnotic effect, and she could feel the tension flowing out of her body. Again, she sighed deeply and her wrists slowly twisted inside the tight wet confines of the ropes. Joe gently pulled her back and guided her head in under the shower, rinsing the soap away. She could feel his hard member touching her back and a quick shudder unexpectedly coursed through her body.

She was becoming acutely aware of all the little sensations around her, everything from the aching in her nipples to the heavy lock hanging from her neck. It was as if her body had woken up from a long slumber and every inch was screaming for attention.

When he'd done with her hair Joe again retrieved the soap and continued down her back. His hands slowly rubbed over her spine and under her arms, down her sides and into the small of her back. She could feel every movement of his palms over the surface of the suit and unexpectedly she felt confined and uncomfortable in its restrictive grip. Suddenly the waist was uncomfortably tight, the collar around her neck too small. As she breathed her ribs strained against the unyielding gauze and the dome between her legs felt large and bulky. The wire through her butt seemed to have become shorter and was biting into her flesh.

Joe slowly worked his way down and he spent a lot of time washing her hips and backside. He pressed his fingers into her crack, and she almost lost control, arching her back and gasping loudly. Without realizing it she leaned forward and spread her legs slightly, pressing her hands against the wall for support. Joe accepted the invitation, and his fingers spent a lot of time roaming through her crack, between her legs and around the dome. He pushed on her shoulders, and she bent further forwards, groaning as the wire bit even deeper. Joe's fingers tried to breach the suits defenses and she growled like a cat as his fingers briefly

managed to penetrate under the dome's tight seal. Although he'd failed to reach her aching sex his fingers had managed to touch a long-forgotten section of skin.

She pushed her backside into his hands, lowering her back even further and spreading her legs as wide as the small cubicle would allow. She was losing all control over herself and as his fingers poked and prodded her defenses a slow wave of sexual energy started building in the pit of her stomach. His fingers briefly managed to reach an intimate, forgotten section of skin and she started shaking violently. Joe stepped up to her backside and held her around the waist as he squeezed his cock tightly against her ass. His cock was pressed into the cleavage of her backside, and she slowly rubbed her ass up and down against his hard flesh. The sensation of his balls tickling the insides of her thighs was the final spark and suddenly she could feel the orgasm building from deep inside her. Her quivering sex gripped the rod inside her with a ferocity that would have been painful had it been flesh and a low, animal wail slowly built from the depths of her lungs. Slowly their bodies rocked in unison as the throws of their climax grew louder and more violent. Sharon had lost all control over her faculties and as the orgasm burst forth, she had no idea who or where she was. All she knew, all she felt was the powerful wave after wave of intense pleasure racking her body and sending her mind into oblivion.

They sat on the floor of the small cubicle; their limbs intertwined like the vines of a creeper. They were both breathing deeply from the exertion and resting their heads back against the walls. Her eyes followed the chain as it ran over her arm onto her lap, over her thigh and out under the shower curtain.

She knew she should feel angry, violated, scared. She should be trying to scratch Joe's eyes out, not sitting here under the warm water staring at his chest. Where had the rage gone? She had felt rage when he'd beat her. Every lash of that rope had her mind reeling in fear and rage and frustration. What had become of those emotions? She looked down at her bound wrists and picked at the coils with the nail of her thumb. Maybe she was too exhausted for emotions. Maybe the roller coaster of the last few hours had her too disorientated to think clearly.

And why was her body betraying her so? She was feeling pain and discomfort and aches and strains, but most of all she was feeling desire. Desire to feel his hands gliding over every curve of her body. Desire to feel him once more discover that one secret, intimate spot she'd not even known existed. She hated

this man, there was no doubt about that. She wasn't falling for his wry cynical charm. He meant to do her harm and she knew it. She just wished her mind could convince her body that he was an evil danger.

She closed her eyes and tried to think clearly but her thoughts were ambushed by the sensations coming from her body. Her nipples had that pleasant dull ache emitting from them as they stood ready and waiting to attention. Her sex was wet and slick inside, hugging the familiar dildo in its warm intimate heat. The butterflies were fluttering inside her stomach, reminding her of exited breathless prom nights under the stars.

The water was getting cold, and Joe stood up to close the tap. He helped her up and they both exited the shower.

"That was ... interesting" he said.

He toweled himself dry while she had to stand waiting for him to finish. Evidently now that he'd satisfied his desire there was no longer any need for chivalry. By the time he'd done she was shivering and her body covered with goose bumps. He handed her the wet towel and sat down on the toilet, watching her intently. She couldn't help blushing at his apparent indifference about being naked. He sat there as if it was the most normal thing in the world, his limp little penis hanging between his thighs.

Drying herself with bound hands wasn't working and she looked at him pleadingly.

"Can't you untie my hands? I'm not going anywhere with this thing around my neck." She asked.

"No. I like seeing you like that, its ... appealing."

She continued trying to dry herself, but she was making little progress.

"I need my hair dryer." She said as she started for the door "It's the only way of getting completely dry."

He caught her around the waist and pulled her onto his lap.

"Let me have a go at it." He said as he took the towel from her hands. He started by drying her hair and all she could do was sit and wait for him to finish. His hands weren't helping her state of mind one little bit and she ached with desire. No matter how much she cursed herself her body had other ideas. Finally, he had her as dry as she was going to get with only a towel, and he made her stand up.

He led her into the bedroom and for the first time she noticed the chain winding from under the bed, over the floor and out the door. Evidently, he'd anchored her to the bed, and she could go only as far from the bedroom as what the chain was long. He made her stand next to the bed and quickly bound her wrists tightly to her waist. He told her to lie down, and she complied, feeling too drained and tried to do anything else. He walked back to the bathroom, and she couldn't resist watching his tight buns moved away from her. He came back carrying the rag for her mouth and she immediately started complaining.

"No please. That thing's filthy by now." She begged, already trying to roll away. "Please, I'll be quiet. Please. At least get something clean that thing tastes like mff mgmgn."

With her hands bound she was no match for him, and he quickly silenced her. She glared at him with anger but he seemed little concerned with her problems. He left her lying on the bed while he walked out of the room. For a while she lay twisting her wrists in their prisons, thoughts of revenge going through her mind. He returned a few moments later and switched the light off as he came walking into the room.

"Mffmgmmfm!" she said.

"Be quiet." He said as he got into bed.

"Mfgmfhmmhmm!" she said again.

"I said settle down!" he said.

"MFGMGMFFFFM!!!" she said.

"Dammit I said ... oh fuck!" he said as he got up again. He quickly applied the triangle to the suit and returned to bed. He wrapped his limbs around her and a few minutes later he was fast asleep.

Chapter XXIV

Sharon was just about to slip into that dreamy, carefree world of sleep when she was suddenly awakened by the sound of breaking glass. Joe had also heard the glass and as quick as a flash he was sitting upright in the bed, his whole body tensed and ready for action. Sharon struggled to sit up as well but Joe pushed her back down, signaling her to be quiet by pressing his finger on his lips. With the rag still in her mouth that was a command she found easy to obey. Joe quietly slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the door. For several seconds he stood quietly by the door, listening for any further noises. When nothing happened, he quietly slipped out of the door and into the dark house. Sharon lay staring at the faint moonlight filtering through the curtains. Her eyes were as wide as saucers and her heart was beating in her throat. Without even thinking about it her hands were quietly twisting inside their rope prisons. Never had she felt so vulnerable. With her hands bound and her body anchored to the bed she was at the complete mercy of fate and whatever surprises it had in store for her.

For an eternity there was complete silence in the house. She craned her neck and stared at the door in morbid fascination, not daring to move a muscle. Suddenly two bright flashes came from the door as shots rang out. The enormous sound reverberated through the house, and she screamed hard into the gag in shock. Without even thinking she rolled away from the sound and right off the bed, hitting the floor with a stunning blow. Still woozy with fear and shock she lay on her stomach next to the bed, her chest working furiously to draw much needed oxygen into her lungs. The room started spinning and a part of her realized that she was hyperventilating. She lay her forehead down on the carpet and tried her best to regulate her breathing.

As she lay on the floor, she tried to imagine what was going on. Her ears were still ringing from the loud bark of the gunshots and were of no use to her. She tried looking under the bed to the door, but the bedspread was in her way and she couldn't see a thing. Her nose twitched as she registered a familiar but unpleasant odor and with a disgusted groan, she realized she'd pissed herself. Too afraid to move she lay still in the puddle of urine and tried to figure out what

to do next. Joe hadn't had a pistol with him when he left and she had to assume it was an intruder that had fired the shots. Who could it be? Could it be Him? Her heart started to flutter as the thought raced through her mind. Surely it had to be Him? He'd gone to a lot of trouble to make her his, didn't it make sense for him to want to claim her back? Yes, but what if it wasn't him? What if it was just some common burglar? Some big, evil, burly man that would find her bound and powerless... . Or could be one of Joe's 'associates'? Surely a man in his business would have a lot of enemies? No! It had to be Him! It had to be! How could it be Him? She didn't even know where she was - how would ... Suddenly her ears picked up the noise of somebody quietly creeping into the room. Instantly her body tensed, and she grew cold with dread. She tried to be as quiet as possible, but she swore the whole world could hear her heart thumping in her chest. Maybe he won't see me! The noise quietly moved to the other side of the bed and stood still. She tried to hide herself behind the bed and quietly drew her legs up to hide them away. She was lying on her side and her elbow was painfully squeezed under the weight of her body. She lay staring up at the rim of the bed, dreading the sight of a stranger's head popping over the side at any moment. Her elbow was really aching as she wished she could roll over to relieve the strain, but she dared not move with him so close to her. After another eternity she heard him turn around and walk back to the door. You're losing him! He's getting away! Her mind kept screaming but she couldn't bring herself to respond. She felt like a deer caught in the glare of the headlamps, too stunned and scared to move.

As the footsteps quietly left the room, she rolled over onto her side to get her weight off her elbow. She almost fainted in shock as the chain clinked loudly with her movements. Normally it would have been little more than a quiet tinkling but in the quiet, charged atmosphere of the night it sounded like the bells of St. Peter's cathedral. She screamed into the gag as she heard the footsteps rushing back and her survival instincts took over. Her mind wasn't even thinking as she quickly burrowed in under the bed, the only hiding place she could find on such short notice. By the time the intruder reached her side of the bed she had crawled all the way into the narrow space and was completely hidden from view. She couldn't see behind her, but she could feel him standing there. Suddenly she heard a motion behind her, and a strong hand gripped firmly around her ankle. She screamed and she started kicking with her other foot. Fighting like a wildcat

she kicked and screamed as her body was slowly dragged out from under the bed.

She was pulled out into the open and her legs dropped. Turning onto her back she stared up at her assailant, her mind almost frozen with fear. It was definitely a man, but that was about all she could discover. From head to toe he was dressed in black, and his face was covered by a ski mask. From her perspective on the ground, he seemed to be a giant and his size made her even more afraid. He held his arms up in a gesture of peace and gave her time to calm down. After several minutes of staring at each other he slowly lowered his hands and stepped closer to her. She panicked and her foot lashed out, hitting him squarely on the groin. He groaned loudly and toppled over like a tall tree, clutching his privates in pain. With difficulty she scrambled to her feet and made a rush for the door, the panic and fear driving her instinct to flee. She had made it almost all the way down the passage before the chain decided she'd gone far enough and stopped her in her tracks. Her head and neck were forced to make a sudden stop as the rest of her body continued its motion, her feet literally running themselves out from under her body. She just had time to register a blinding pain from her throat before her body fell backwards and her head hit the floor with a loud crack. Her mind was trying to tell her that she wasn't getting any oxygen through her crushed throat, but a warm, dark cloud overtook her senses and she slipped into oblivion.

Sharon slowly drifted up to the light. As she got closer, she began to register pain and her mind paused. She didn't want to go to the light - it meant pain and fear and discomfort. For a long while she just hovered there, not conscious but not asleep either. Something was urging her to wake up, but her mind resisted, it was warm and peaceful down here. The impulse was too great and slowly she opened her eyes. "Ughgnn!" said her body to her mind. It felt as if every part of her body was throbbing with pain, not the least of which the spot at the back of her head. She closed her eyes again. "What happened?" Her mind asked. "How should I know? That's your department" Replied her body. "Oh, and by the way - you need to find a toilet, now!" Suddenly her memory kicked in and she sat up in bed, her eyes wide with fear. "That was a mistake!" said her body as the blackness folded over her.

"Shall we try that again?" said her mind a while later. "No need to." Replied the body "It's been taken care of." "But I thought we needed to find a toilet." Said

her mind. "As I said - it's been taken care of." Said her body. Her mind wrinkled her nose and made a face.

A while later her body spoke again. "Hey - somebody's shaking our arm." "Tell them to go away - we don't want any." Said her mind, giggling to herself. Body didn't get it. "It might be important." It replied. "It would mean waking up you know." Her body thought this over for a while - waking up didn't sound like such a good idea. "Yeah - but we need to roll over anyway, our back's gone numb." "Oh alright" said her mind with a resigned look on it's face.

Sharon's eyelids fluttered a few times as she slowly woke up. She was lying on her back in a large canopy bed, the crisp clean linen tucked in under her body. The bed was in a large room with plush carpeting and expensive furniture. Bright morning sunlight was streaming through the windows. The whole room was artfully decorated in soft pastel colors, everything from the lush carpet to the expensive wallpaper was color coordinated to create a pleasant flowing effect. The room smelled of new linen and old varnished wood. Sitting in a chair next to her was a man, a friendly smile on his face. Her breath caught in her throat as she recognized the stranger from the nightclub, and she almost fainted again. He reached out to a small table next to him and carefully brought a bowl of soup to her side. "Hungry?" he asked, the smile still on his face.

Chapter XXV

Sharon was way too shocked to say anything comprehensible. Instead, she just lay there blinking her eyes while her mind did summersaults in an attempt to come to grips with this new surprise. This is it! I'm finally here! Oh God - what's going to happen to me? How did I get here? Where is here? What is his name? He won't hurt me, will he? Can I trust him? What's he like? Will he take the suit off? The last thought thundered through her head like a thunderbolt, yanking her back to reality. Ignoring the bowl of soup, she quickly lifted the covers and peeked down at her breasts.

With a disappointed groan she dropped the covers back onto her shiny, hard breasts. She looked back down at the bowl and shook her head, the groan had reminded her that swallowing would be a painful ordeal. As she tried to sit up she discovered her ankles had been bound together by something hard and heavy, probably iron manacles of some kind. She was forced to use both legs at

the same time to push herself upright. He helped her by positioning some pillows behind her back and she settled down.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, sitting down again. She gently touched to aching spot at the back of her head and discovered that her head was covered with a bandage. "That was quite a knock you took. I'm surprised you didn't crack your skull." Instead of answering she just looked him over. He was definitely the man from the club that has disappeared before she could confront him. He was still as tall as she'd remembered with big hands and feet. His arms and shoulders were broad and powerful, tapering down to a pleasantly thin waist and hips. His skin had a healthy tan and his jet-black hair looked shiny and clean. He had a handsome face with a strong nose and prominent, square chin.

As he moved his body rippled and flowed with a supple, confident grace that she suspected came from years of dancing or martial arts. Everything about him spoke of wealth and confidence and power. He was exactly the kind of man she'd imagine in her dreams. The only thing that she didn't like was his eyes. His eyes were steel gray and hard. There was something disconcerting about the way his eyes seemed to glare into her very soul without giving anything back. The smile on his face didn't seem to reach his eyes and she felt a quick shudder go up her back. His eyes suggested dark secrets and deep, dangerous thoughts. He was the kind of man you could sleep next to for years and still you would know nothing about him.

It took a few tries before she could get her voice to work. As it was her voice sounded weak and scratchy. "Where am I?" she asked. "At my place." He said, ducking the question. Obviously, he didn't want to go into details. She tried a different approach. "And you are?" "My name is David." "You made the suit didn't you?" He nodded yes. "Why?" she asked. "Now is not the time to discuss it." He said, rising out of the chair. "Please make yourself comfortable. I'll be back to look in on you a little later." "Where are you going?" she asked, the panic rising in her voice. He ignored her and headed for the door. "Why did you do this to me! Who are you? What do you want!" she cried as he walked out. With a faint click the door closed behind him and once again she was alone. For a long while she sat staring at the door, the thoughts and visions racing through her head.

After a while the dam finally broke, and she started sobbing into her arms. All the fear and stress of the last couple of days came flooding out in a torrent of emotion and her body shook as the sobs racked her body.

After a long crying session, she felt much better and refreshed. Her cheeks were streaked with her tears, and she wiped her eyes with the back of her arm. She decided she felt strong enough to get out of bed, so she pulled the covers to one side and swung her legs over the side. The first thing she noticed was the thin plastic pipe running from between her legs down the side of the bed. She peeked under the bed and discovered that the pipe went into the top of a glass bottle. The bottle was filled with a golden liquid, and she realized it was her urine. The pipe was fixed to her crotch with a small rubber plug, and she pulled it out easily. Wrinkling her nose in disgust she dropped the pipe next to the bottle and focused her attention on her ankles.

As she'd suspected they were held in the firm embrace of a set of shiny, sturdy manacles. The manacles were connected to each other by a single chain link, allowing her very little movement. The sight of the shiny, smooth manacles had the unexpected effect of making her horny. Sharon sighed at herself; it seems even in the darkest, most desperate situations couldn't suppress her body's kinky instinct to come to the fore. Fastidiously ignoring her body's erotic demands for attention she slowly rose to her feet and stood next to the bed. The combined effect of the bump on her head and her bound ankles made her sway alarmingly and she held onto one of the bed's posts for support.

After regaining enough of her composure and courage she took a small, tentative hop away from the bed. She immediately regretted it as her head started throbbing furiously from the slight movement. She waited for the pounding and nausea to abate before she continued. Rather than trying to hop she opted for a slow shuffle in the direction she wanted to go. She had to concentrate hard on keeping her balance and by the time she'd reached the window she was sweating profusely, and her head was pounding like a sledgehammer. She rested by sitting down on the windowsill and examined her surroundings. The house was built in the modern style, and she noticed the painted metal pipes and iron beams supporting the roof over her head. Even though the room had been artfully done in soft colors, the classical furniture seemed slightly out of place in the modern setting they were standing in.

The room, and she suspected the rest of the house, had the strong, masculine feel of its owner. She looked out of the window and was surprised to discover that she was in a second story room. Her mind made a slight adjustment and she realized that the house had to be even bigger than what she'd imagined. There was a large lawn with a pool and clubhouse in one corner. A tall white wall that separated it from a lush green valley ringed the property.

Sharon lay on the bed, staring at its canopy. There wasn't any clock in the room and Joe had made off with her wristwatch, so she had no idea what time it was. She felt certain that hours must've passed since David had left her alone and she was very bored and frustrated. She'd already inspected every nook and cranny of her quarters and there was nothing left for her to do.

As she'd suspected her room was locked and the only place she could go was into her on-suite bathroom. She'd already taken a bath so there was nothing interesting for her there either. Her room had several closets and even a dressing table but there were no clothes, just some make-up. She was still 'naked' and to calm her frayed nerves she'd wrapped a large fluffy towel around her body. She rubbed her throat and winced as her tender skin complained. She'd discovered a large, swollen ring around her neck where the chain had bitten into her flesh and her neck and throat still felt tender. While bathing she'd removed the bandage from her head and inspected the wound. The skin was broken, and she had an ugly bump but she'd survive. She didn't have any clean dressing, so she'd decided to let the wound air out.

For the thousandth time that day she took a quick glance at the door. This wasn't quite what she'd envisioned their meeting would be like. In her dreams she was usually bound and captive, but never in a thousand years would she have imagined him leaving her alone for hours on end. Wasn't he interested in his prize? Didn't he want to play with his possession? Had she disappointed him in some way? Sharon was no longer startled by these thoughts. The one thing that the suit has taught her was to be honest with herself. There was no use in denying her feelings. Yes, she was afraid. Yes, she was angry. Yes, he had no right. And yet... Sharon got an enormous fright as the door opened and David entered. She blushed a crimson red and looked the other way - it was almost as if he'd read her mind.

Even though she had the towel wrapped around her she still felt too naked for comfort, and she used the bedspread to cover herself. David grinned at her actions but didn't do anything to stop her. He was carrying a tray with food and set it down on a small table at the foot of the bed. "I trust your quarters are satisfactory?" he asked, settling himself down in the usual chair. She nodded in reply. "Anything you need?" he asked. "Some clothes would be nice." She replied, still refusing to look him in the face. "Certainly. Arrangements have already been made." He replied. "Anything else?" She looked down at her bound ankles. They have been a bloody hindrance the whole day but as she sat staring at their glistening metallic shine... She shook her head no. "Very well. Then I suggest we have lunch. After that you and I had better have a long chat." He said and started dishing up the food.

Chapter XXVI

Sharon bit into the ripe kiwi fruit and its tangy taste filled her mouth. She'd never had kiwi fruit before, and it was a novel experience. Her plate was heaped with fresh fruits, a few types of cheese and several slices of cold meats. David sat back and started eating from his own plate. "What is it that you do?" asked Sharon between bites. "I'm an architect with my own business." He replied. "Did you design this house?" she asked, already knowing the answer. As she'd expected he nodded. For a while there was an awkward silence as she thought of something to say. She had a million questions she wanted to ask but she was afraid he'd storm out again.

"Tell me about the Mardi Gras. How did he get you?" he asked, solving the problem for her. She told him the whole story while he listened intently, nodding, and chewing as the events unfolded. By the time she'd done with her story the food was gone as well. After taking her plate he settled down into the chair and sat staring at her for a while. His earnest appraisal of her made her uncomfortable and she drew the covers closer to her body.

"Has the suit been giving you any problems? Is it comfortable?" He suddenly said, catching her off guard. What could she say? That it was making her nuts? That she longed to have it removed? That it made her so horny she could cry? She simply nodded. "How long did it take to get used to it?" he asked. She thought about the question for a moment. "I'm still not used to it." She replied. "There isn't a day that goes by that I'm not reminded of it." "Good." He said, "That's

what I've been hoping for." The casual, almost flippant way he replied surprised and angered her. She could feel the blood rising to her cheeks. "Why? Why did you do this? What have I ever done to you!"

Instead of answering her he turned in his seat and stared at the view outside the window. For a while there was silence as he sat there, calmly staring at a scene he must've seen a thousand times before. "Have you ever seen a wild stallion?" he suddenly said. Once again, her mind had to do some gymnastics to keep up. How did they get from the suit to horses? "Yes." she finally replied. She could still remember the trip to her uncle's farm. He had a whole herd of wild pony's roaming the mountains where his farm ended. Sometimes they'd spot the herd grazing on the slopes.

"A wild stallion is one of the most beautiful creatures in the world. It's powerful yet graceful. When you see them run you can't help but be amazed at their speed and strength. Seeing a proud stallion makes you want to be near it, feel it, control it." He turned back to her and stared directly into her eyes. "The first time I ever saw a wild stallion I just knew I had to have it. I wanted to own its beauty. I wanted to control its strength. Every part of me wanted to be with that horse." What was he saying? She didn't understand this conversation at all. Was he saying she was like a wild stallion? "I never got the chance to own that horse. I'd not yet made any money and besides, it wasn't for sale."

Again, there was silence as he reminisced about his lost love. "Then, years later, I again found a wild stallion. It was even more beautiful than the first. This time I vowed he'd be mine. As fortune would have it, he was for sale and I quickly bought him before somebody else could steal him away. To me it was very important he'd be mine and mine alone. He'd never been ridden, and I swore he'd never feel anybody on his back but me." He smiled fondly as he leaned back and closed his eyes. "I still remember bringing him home. He was so wild! So magnificent! I wanted to climb onto his back there and then, but he'd have killed me in the blink of an eye." "I set out to find the best trainer money could buy. He was going to break that horse for me, but there was one condition, he could do as he pleased with the horse, but he could not ride it.

To this day that horse had never been ridden by anyone but me." Sharon lay down on her side with her head on her hand. She didn't know where this was going but she wasn't about to stop his story. "Have you ever seen a horse being

broke?" he asked. "It's a brutal, barbaric process. The horse is mishandled and mistreated for days on end. The only way to break him is to break his spirit. You must make him fear and respect you, you have to convince him that you are his lord and master. It was then that I realized that most horses are tame because they are afraid. They are afraid of going through the same treatment again, so they obey." He sighed. "Finally, the day came that I could ride him. He'd put up a valiant struggle but, in the end, there could be only one outcome to his saga. The trainer was still a bit nervous, but I was determined it would be that day.

I carefully calmed him down before I slowly climbed onto his back." David laughed softly to himself. "I don't know who was the most nervous, me or the horse. For minutes I just sat there on his back while his body quietly trembled between my legs. Finally, I took a deep breath and started guiding him in small circles around the pen." "I was ecstatic! I had finally achieved my goal. He was mine! For almost an hour we continued getting to know each other as I put him through his paces. It was the most magnificent hour I have ever experienced in my life."

Once again there was silence as David sat there thinking. When he finally spoke again, he sounded somber and disappointed. "When I finally dismounted, I went and stood next to the trainer. He was extremely pleased with his achievement but suddenly I felt cheated. The stallion looked the same, but something had been lost. It wasn't the same animal I had seen running wild in the fields." "I paid the man his money and he left. I have ridden that stallion a lot since then and he was everything you could hope for. Spirited, fast, brave, and yet..." "I had robbed him of the quality I had most admired, his wildness. I had turned that magnificent creature into just another horse, little better than the thousands of other horses around the world. I had been so determined to own him that I had killed the very quality I had sought from him."

For a long while there was silence as Sharon thought over his story and David replayed the scenes in his mind. "Is that why you built the suit? So that nobody could own me but you?" she finally asked. "That's one reason yes." He replied. "But I wasn't a virgin. Why choose me? It sounds as if you are very concerned with being the first." He smiled at her comment. "Do you know how difficult it is to find a virgin? In our modern society it's almost impossible. Besides, I had no way of knowing until I actually had you and by then it was too late to turn back."

Sharon blushed deeply as she imagined him inspecting her privates. "Where you disappointed to discover that I wasn't a virgin?" she asked quietly. "Not in the least. I hadn't expected you to be a virgin and besides, the way the suit is built would have meant your virginity would have been a problem." She remembered the thin dildo in her sex, and she became even redder. "When are you going to release me?" she asked, her voice throaty and low. "When the time is right." He said, rising from his chair. "Where are you going?" she asked, the panic rising. "There are so many things we still need to talk about." "Don't worry, I'll be back in a second, I just need to fetch something." He said as he left the room.

Sharon lay back and tried to understand his story. So, he liked horses. And he liked them wild. What did that have to do with her? The only thing she'd learnt was that he was extremely possessive about his property, but she'd known that already. Before she could continue her line of thought he returned. He was carrying a parcel under his arm and pulling a cable behind him. The cable was attached to a large drum that probably housed several more yard of the same cable.

The whole drum hung from a strange device that rode on the pipes under the roof. "This is a guider." He explained. "It runs on these pipes throughout the house, almost like a cable cart." As he let the cable go it drew back into the drum. She nodded; she'd suspected that the moment he'd pulled it into the room. "At the other end of this cable goes this harness." He said, holding a jumble of black straps and silver buckles for her to examine. "The door will only open once you have the harness in place and you are attached to the cable. Once you leave the room the harness will stay locked until you return, and you close the door behind you."

Sharon nodded again. This was almost surreal; he was explaining a complicated bondage device to her as casually as if it was the radio. And she was being turned on by it. He put the harness down on the bed and walked to the closet. "Every morning you will find the day's clothes in this closet. You are to wear only what is presented to you in the morning or whatever else I supply during the day. Wear everything, clothes jewelry and whatever else I supply. Don't leave anything behind. Once you are finished for the day you must throw the clothes down this chute." He showed her a sliding door at the back of the closet that opened to reveal a dark hole. "You will find some cosmetics, a hairbrush, a toothbrush and some creams in the bathroom. Please let me know if you need anything else." He

turned to the door and prepared to leave. "Please get ready and then come down to the main dining room. I will see to your wound down there." He said and stepped out of the room.

A moment after David closed the door behind him there was a faint click from Sharon's ankles. She pulled at the manacles and discovered that they could be opened. Removing them from her legs she absentmindedly rubbed her skin as she sat thinking. What in heaven's name was going on? This was the second time he'd left her alone without even so much as a accidental brush against her arm. Did this man have no feelings at all? Wasn't he even a little bit attracted to her? His mere presence was making her all hot and flustered and yet he seemed to be as cool as a cucumber! She had not had a single indication that he was interested in her, for heaven's sake he hadn't even stolen a glimpse at her breasts.

She stood up and walked over to the mirror. Her whole body was screaming for attention, and it felt like the first day that she'd discovered the suit. It was as if the months hadn't yet passed, and she had was again just getting used to the hundreds of little sensations her body was experiencing. She rubbed her hands up and down her sides and shoulders, marveling at the slick, smooth sensation of polished metal under her hands.

She struck a modeling pose, hands behind her back, her thumbs interlocked, with her hips thrust forwards and slightly cocked to the side. She inspected herself but could find nothing wrong. Despite the ugly marks around her throat her neck was long and elegant, her shoulders strong but feminine. Her breasts looked firm and inviting, even if they were a bit artificial. Her waist was narrow and sleek, it's smooth, firm surface just begging to be circled in his broad arms. Her hips were strong and firm and made her legs look twice as long as they really were.

The pose made her push her crotch out invitingly and she had to concentrate not to touch herself. Her upper thighs and stomach made a lovely hollow bowl in which her dome lay proudly waiting to be taken. She loved the erotic metal glint of her sex as the light played over its curved surface. The metal bent down and into the intimate folds of flesh where her legs met her crotch. She looked alluring, dazzling, delectable! How the hell did he manage to keep his hands off her? Finally, her self-control broke, and she reached out to her sex with both hands, her fingers probing and searching for a entrance that her mind knew didn't exists. Within minutes she was breathing hard, and her face was flustered

with exertion, but she had reached the level where she could simply not go higher. Despite the throbbing burning in her sex and the agonizing ache of her nipples she could not bring herself anywhere near a climax.

Sharon walked over to the bed and got the harness. Her whole body was slick and sweaty with the exertion, and she couldn't help but notice how her wet skin slipped and slid inside its prison as she moved. She held the harness at arm's length, inspecting its confusing jumble of straps and links. Satisfied that she had it figured out she started the process of putting it on. The harness started with a broad collar around her neck. It was so broad it almost qualified to be a posture collar, but it was soft and pliable so that she could move her head from side to side. There was no lock that kept the collar in place, instead the ends clicked into each other, just like almost every other piece of bondage equipment he had made her wear. For some reason he seemed to dislike the sight of bulky locks hanging from her body. There were four straps hanging from the collar. One going down her breastbone, one on either side of her breasts and one down her spine. The straps followed the contours of her body as they made their way down to her waist where they linked onto a broad, stiff waist belt.

There was a strip running just below her breasts around her chest. Wherever the straps crossed they were linked by large, round metal hoops that held them in place. From the belt around her waist three straps ran down to her crotch, one down the center and one from either hip. These ran into her crotch, through her fork and up her backside, splitting apart as soon as they emerged from her between her legs. The two side straps ran up over her cheeks to join the belt at almost the same spot they had departed while the center strap ran straight up her crack to the belt. At the back the strap over her spine hung down to a large ring situated right between her shoulder blades. The horizontal strap around her chest terminated at the ring between her shoulder blades. A short strap ran from the ring, down her spine to the belt around her waist.

The belt locked at the back with a large metal clasp that also just clicked together. As she had expected, the harness fit snugly over her suit with no give at all. David had also left her a light-yellow sundress and some sandals. She pulled it over her head and tied the thin cord around her waist. The dress was nice and light and made her feel cool in the afternoon heat. She slid her feet into the sandals and walked over to the bathroom, trying her best to ignore the insistent

pressure between her thighs. She added some light makeup and ran a brush through her hair, careful to avoid the tender spot at the back of her head.

Satisfied that she was presentable she returned to the bedroom and pulled the cable from the guider. It was spring-loaded and although it unwound easily there was a constant pull as the cable tried to roll itself back into the guider. She pulled the cable to the mirror and the guider followed her with a soft, oily sound as it rode on the pipe. Sharon turned her back to the mirror and inspected herself over her shoulder. There was no denying that the faint contours of the harness under the dress was doing some wonderful things to her blood pressure, and she swallowed hard as she tried to ignore the erotic sight. She found the small hole in the back of the dress and used her fingers to position the hole over the clasp of the harness. The cable terminated in a small iron tip that clipped into the belt. She pushed the tip into the belt and a small shudder went through her body as it joined with a faint click. Less than a second later the door clicked as the electronic lock disengaged. Sharon released the cable and was slightly startled as it pulled at her harness. The cable wanted to return to the guider and its tension was transmitted to the harness as the drum rolled in the slack. The result was that the belt and particularly the straps over her cheeks kept on reminding her of the faint vertical pull of the cable. Sharon set off for the door, stoically ignoring the rubbing between her legs and the ever-present tension of the cable.

As she exited the door she was confronted with the breathtaking sight of the house's interior. She was standing on the 2nd story walkway that looked out onto a large, open entrance hall. The house was curved around the central hall in the shape of a half moon. A cool, artfully decorated fishpond with exotic plants and flowing water made up the centerpiece, and the roof was capped by a high glass ceiling. On the opposite side of the walkway an enormous wall of stain glass windows completed the circle, closing the house around the hall. The floor around the fishpond was laid in dark-brown tiles and the walls were colored in a soft cream finish that made the hall seem cool and inviting. To the left and right of her were several closed doors that led to other rooms, all easily accessible from the walkway. Above her head the pipe and iron bridgework continued and had she not known of their secondary function she would not even have noticed it. Still a bit shaken by the size and opulence of the house she set off to the stairs that would take her down to the first floor. As she walked down the passage the guider followed her like an obedient little dog. As she started down the stairway the guider suddenly came zooming over her head and she made a grab for the

wire. Gravity had taken hold of it and now she was following it, rather than pulling it as she had done on level ground. When she reached the 1st floor, she had to guide the guider onto the right rail. At several places the pipe rails would split or cross and unless she and the guider was going along the same route, she'd soon be forced to turn around correct her mistake. With a slight pull on the cable, she convinced the guider that she wanted to walk onto the first floor and they both set off, the guider once again following her.

The first floor was clearly the dining and socializing area. This whole level was designed to be open-plan and the one room flowed seamlessly into the next. The front area, closest to the stairs was clearly the dining room with an enormous table and soft, expensive carpeting. A few paintings and some soft lighting gave it a friendly, inviting atmosphere. Floor to ceiling windows gave an exquisite view of the valley and made the room feel even bigger. Next to the dining room was the kitchen. It had no walls around it and made up an integral part of the whole, instead it was separated from the dining are by two counters that served as working surfaces.

An enormous industrial stove and grill stood in the center of its tiled floor, brass pots and pans hanging from the ceiling all around the extractor fan. Two doors led off from the kitchen, one a metal door that she guessed was a walk-in fridge and another that she looked like the swinging doors in a restaurant. She guessed that would lead to the washing and area. On the opposite side from the kitchen, situated more towards the windows was impressive bar. It was made from old, dark wood and a riot of bottles and mugs stood against the wall. This was the kind of bar that was designed to suit even the fussiest of high-society visitors.

Deeper into this level was a combination pool hall and dance floor. Sharon couldn't see the hi-fi set but she had a feeling it would be the best money could buy. There were even some disco lights installed in the ceiling. The two pool tables had their own lighting and there was even a full-sized snooker table standing off to one side. The obligatory dartboard was mounted on a wall, a few darts left forgotten in its surface.

David was waiting for her at the dining table, and he stood up as she entered, holding a chair for her to sit down. "This is quite a place." she said, "You must be doing well." "I do ok." He said as she sat down. As her body lowered down to the seat the cable unwound a little from the guider. She just couldn't get used to the

harness constantly pulling at her and she fidgeted for a moment in her chair. There was a small medical kit neatly spread out on the table in front of him. "I hope you know what you're doing." She said with a nervous laugh. "Don't worry, I've done this before." He said as he pushed her head and shoulders forwards. "Oh? Don't tell me you're a doctor as well as an architect?" she said, her hair hanging down beside her face.

"No." he said with a soft chuckle as his hands gently started moving her hair out of the way, "I was a medical corpsman in the Marines. I know a few of the basics but that's it." She winced as he applied some disinfectant and started to clean the wound with a cotton ball. He worked quickly and in silence, cleaning and dressing the wound with practiced skill. Sharon closed her eyes and concentrated on his hands and body moving gently so close to her own. Occasionally he'd brush up against her with his body and she'd breathe deeply to catch a whiff of his after-shave.

"So, doc. Will I live?" she asked as he finished up and started packing the kit away. "Sure, the skin is already starting to heal and the swelling's gone down." he replied. He left the kit on the table and walked over to the big windows overlooking the valley. She joined him a short while later and they stood side by side as they watched the sun slowly sinking towards the horizon. "When are you going to release me?" she finally asked in a quiet but calm voice.

"Probably next weekend" he said after a long pause. "That will allow you to get back to work before your leave runs out." It wasn't the answer she was looking for. She turned towards him and looked up into his face. "No. I meant when are you going to take the suit off?" "When the time is right." He said, still staring out of the window. At least he hadn't run off again. "And when will that be?" she asked. "I don't know." He said quietly.

Suddenly her patience was at an end, and she grew angry. What was wrong with the man! Couldn't he see how ready she was? She walked around to his front and crossed her arms in front of her chest. "What is it with you? What is going on? Can't you see me or what? Am I such a big disappointment?" his eyes showed surprise as she spoke, but he didn't interrupt. "You have me! I'm here! You have succeeded dammit! You can do with me what you want! How can I stop you?" she said, her chest rising and falling with anger. "Sharon. Despite everything I have done I am not a rapist." He said quietly, looking her straight in

the eyes. She couldn't help thinking of the hard dildo sitting inside of her. Technically he might not be a rapist but for almost a year he had been 'doing' it to her every second of her life. She walked up to his chest and stood as close as she could without actually touching him, her eyes never leaving his gaze. "Who said it would be rape?" she replied.

David finally pulled back, and they both took deep, rasping breaths. That was the longest, hardest kiss she'd ever experienced in her life. The sun was finally setting behind the horizon and the house's automated lights kicked in. Despite their clothes, the harness and the hard suit separating their bodies she could feel his heart beating fiercely in his chest. With his left hand still holding her around the waist his right hand searched for something in his pocket. She tried to see what he was up to, but his hand held the object at her back and she had no idea what was going on.

She was just about to ask him when her whole body was suddenly lifted about ten inches off the floor. "Hey! What the... " she said as he stepped back and left her hanging on the cable. Her body slanted over forwards, and she flailed around with her limbs, trying to grab hold of something. "Hey! Let me down! What are you doing?" she asked as she tried to find her equilibrium. She was almost hanging horizontally, her hands and feet searching desperately for something to touch. He just smiled and turned away from her, typing something into the remote control he was holding in his hands. Suddenly the guider started moving with a soft whine and she was carried off towards the stairs. She cried and complained, threatened, and begged all to no avail, David was acting deaf all of a sudden. Moaning and complaining she was powerless to resist as he stood watching her exit the room, a pool queue held calmly in his hands. As she floated towards the stairs the last thing, she heard was the loud click as he started his game.

Sharon was slowly and gently being carried down the stairs to the ground floor. Her whole body was turning in slow, lazy circles as she struggled. She'd stopped complaining as it wasn't doing her any good anyway. On a few occasions she had managed to touch a wall or grab onto the banister of the stairs, but the guider was much stronger than she was and she couldn't hold on. She had to admit that despite her fear this was a very erotic ride. Besides the obvious pressure on her fork and the tight grip on her buttocks the sensation of helplessness made her whole body tremble with lust. Her blood pressure, already high from the

harness's constant pressure on her thighs, had shot through the roof when they had kissed. The ride and its effects on her imagination were ensuring that there was no chance of her blood pressure coming down again. Every inch of her body was trembling and quivering in nervous anticipation. Her nipples felt like they covered almost all her chest, their constant and insistent aching driving her wild. Her sex was a boiling, throbbing cauldron of lust. Occasionally and quite uncontrollably a hard, furious spasm of contractions would go through her loins as her body tried desperately to milk the dildo.

Sharon had almost no control over her hands as they roamed over her body, coating her skin and the suit with a thin layer of sweat. The fear and trepidation were still there, but it was slowly being overpowered by a wall of pure lust. In a daze of sweet agony, she barely noticed the passing spectacle that was the ground floor. She hardly noticed the fountain in the entrance hall as she slowly drifted past it. Nor did she even blink as she rolled over the large indoor swimming pool. The games room with its neon lights and flashing screens distracted her for a second but was also soon forgotten. It was only when the guider started moving towards a blank wall at the end of a short passageway that she started taking notice. She was almost on top of the wall before it suddenly split down the middle and the two sections moved out of the way with a soft, pneumatic sigh. Beyond the doors lay a dark, mysterious passageway that curved sharply to the left as it descended into the dark earth. As she entered the dark hole the doors behind her closed again, shutting out the light.

Sharon's breath came out hard and rough as she slowly descended the passageway. She couldn't see a thing, but she could touch the rough sides of the passage, her fingers rubbing over rough, cold rock. Although by no means gone her lust had quickly been overpowered by a new sense of fear and suspense. Visions of mad scientists and weird experiments kept on running through her head. The tunnel seemed to go on forever. Her mind began playing tricks on her, was she still going down? How long had she been in the dark? Was she going in circles? Sharon gave a quick whelp as the darkness suddenly split open in front of her and light came streaming in. As with the doors she'd entered with the tunnel had split to allow her passage into an enormous room.

The place looked like something out of a fairytale. At some stage the room had been a normal cave with stalagmites hanging from the ceilings and glittering crystal in the walls. Although most of the cave was still raw and untouched there

had been some substantial changes made. For one the floor was now level and covered with a luxurious red carpet. Hundreds of hidden, colored lights had been placed at strategic positions, bathing the room in soft, eerie light. Several torches were mounted on the walls, their soft flames adding to the fairytale atmosphere. There were several pieces of furniture in the room, all chosen to add to the atmosphere. In the center of the room stood a gigantic four poster bed. It was the biggest bed she'd ever seen, easily twice as large as the one that stood in her room. Next to the bed was a large bookshelf with old, mysterious books covering every inch.

On the other side of the bed stood a big old cabinet with several drawers and doors. There was a huge oak desk, its surface cluttered with odds and ends, an old and scuffed poker table with a few heavy leather chairs around it and an enormous hearth with the obligatory bear rug lying in front of it. The room had been created and decorated to convey a very definite atmosphere. Deft little accessories had been added to enhance the whole experience, like the old, faded maps hanging from the walls. Or the heavy oak trunk standing at the foot of the bed. Sharon couldn't help but giggle as she even spotted two skulls on the bookcase, acting as stops.

Her soft giggle turned to loud shriek as her feet suddenly touched the ground. She had been so busy looking around she hadn't even noticed that the guider had let her down again. She took a few tentative steps into the room and realized that the guider wasn't following. Instead, she was given a measure of freedom by the cable rolling out of the drum, allowing her the movement to explore. She slowly walked into the room, her head swiveling back and forth like that of a kid in a candy store. She didn't know whether to be fascinated or terrified. This was either the humorous playroom of somebody with a healthy sense of adventure, or it was the weird creation of a mind gone round the bend. She tentatively sat down on the bed, her mind trying to make sense of her unexpected surroundings.

She hardly had time to settle down when the doors suddenly opened with a soft sigh. David came striding into the room and headed over to the cabinet. "Please remove your clothes and lay down on the bed" he said, hardly giving her a glance. He sounded like a doctor walking in on a patient, all business and efficiency. She wasn't about to bare herself in front of a stranger, not even if he had seen her naked before. Instead, she sat and watched him go through the

cabinet's drawers. "What is this place?" she asked instead "It's weird." "Before I built the house there was this underground cave here." He replied over his shoulder. "I discovered it when we did the seismic tests for the house's foundations." "Why the gothic décor?" she asked, looking around. "Most of the stuff here has some sentimental value from when I grew up." He said. "Later on, I added some pieces to create more of an atmosphere."

He turned around and faced her. In his hands was a collection of leather cuffs and chains. "Why are you still dressed?" he asked. "I can't just. I mean I hardly." she stammered; her eyes riveted on the cuffs. "What are you going to do?" she finally managed. She didn't know if she liked the direction things were going. David just sighed and pulled the remote from his pocket. She was starting to like that little black box less and less. He pressed some buttons, and she gave a little whelp as the suit gave her a quick, light shock. "No!" she cried. Things were going very wrong, very quickly. "Don't do that please!" She jumped from the bed and ran to the door, but they wouldn't open. While she was banging her fists against them when she was shocked again. "Please no. Please I can't." she begged but David's eyes had turned hard and impassive.

The third shock came as she stood with her back to the door, the tears streaming down her face. "Ok, ok" she said, holding her hand out in a gesture for him to stop. "I'll do it, just make it stop." David lowered the control and stood with his hands on his hips, waiting for her. She walked back to the bed, wiping her eyes with the back of her arm. She was very afraid and very angry at the same time. She stood at the bed and stepped out of the sandals. Turning her back to David she fumbled with the dress's cord before lifting the dress over her head. With the cable still in place she had to let it hang from the clasp in the small of her back. She folded her arms around her body in the classic defensive posture. With her back still turned to him she climbed onto the bed and her skin burned with shame. The dress hanging from her backside reminded her of the tail at the Mardi Gras and she started sobbing as the bad memories came flooding back. She swore she could feel his cold eyes roaming all over her back and she quickly lay down on her stomach, trying to cover as much as she could with the dress.

Sharon lay on her stomach, quietly sobbing into a pillow. Her wrists were bound together and onto the bed above her head, her ankles together and onto the bottom of the bed. Despite being stretched out full length none of her limbs

hung over the side, the bid was just that big. David had gagged her with a big leather gag that held a huge chunk of rubber in her mouth. All she could do was sob and quietly whimper to herself. For a short while she had felt safe and welcome. After her ordeal with Joe, she had actually looked forward to meeting David. She had felt welcomed in his house, even if it was in bondage. She had imagined they could be friends, lovers. Instead, her life had once again thrown her a cruel curveball. Instead of being saved by a knight in white armor she had been abducted by a madman.

She shuddered as she remembered his cold, hard eyes staring straight at her while he pushed the little button. There was no imagining what somebody with such eyes could do. She groaned as she felt David sat down next to her. She wished she were back home, safe and sound from this nightmare. Why did her life have to be this way? Was she ever going to see her home again? David released the cable from her back, and it shot back to the drum with a loud whining sound. She tensed as he removed the dress and let it drop next to the bed. For a while he let his hands roam over her skin, pulling and rubbing the harness whenever his hands moved over it.

Finally, he released the harness with a faint click and he slowly pulled the jumble of straps from her body. Sharon closed her eyes and tried to imagine being somewhere else but it was useless. David's hands lowly and sensuously massaged her skin where the harness had left its marks. Sharon hated every moment of it. It was causing a fierce internal struggle with pride, fear, lust, and anger all pulling in different directions. Her pride was shouting at her not to respond, not to give him the satisfaction of knowing he was having an effect. This man had treated her like his object, like his own little toy that he could use and abuse as he liked. Her fear was shouting at her to get out. To struggle and scream and scratch at his face.

She had no idea whether what his intentions were. For all she knew he could be going through some gruesome murder ritual. Her lust was telling her how good it felt. How her skin adored the sensation of his hands moving over her backside. How her nipples were aching to feel him squeeze them. How her sex was swelling and sweating, just aching to feel him inside her. How could she ignore her lips? They longed for her to roll over and kiss him like they had done in the dining room. Her anger was reminding her how he'd betrayed her. How could she trust him? The one moment he was holding her in his warm embrace, the

next he was shocking her. He was the man that kept her in agony for almost a year. He was the man that had denied her access to even her own body.

Suddenly David rose from the bed and walked away. The move was so unexpected all she could for a moment was to blink in surprise. She tried to see what he was up to, but her hair and shoulders blocked her sight and she had no idea where he was. A few seconds later he returned and she felt him seat himself by her side. Fear was kicking up a real fuss. What was he doing now? What was going to happen? David took her around the waist and rolled her over onto her back.

She complained and struggled a bit, but she had no choice in the matter and she calmed down again. She watched suspiciously as he moved down to her ankles and untied them from each other. She moaned and kicked as he first tied the one ankle and then the other to the corners of the bed, splitting her wide open. She didn't like the enforced pose, it made her feel vulnerable and she tried desperately to roll away, but it was impossible. Trembling with rage and shame she could just glare as he slowly rode his fingers up and down her fork, the friction driving her insane. After tormenting her for several minutes he finally stopped and sat down between her thighs, his warm legs pressing down on hers. He watched her closely as he slowly rode his hands up her stomach, over her sides and onto her breasts.

It took a monumental effort, but she managed to keep control of herself, not flinching or even moaning once. David climbed off her and walked away to his desk. Sharon sighed deeply in relief and allowed herself the luxury of struggling against her bonds. His hands had almost driven her insane and as soon as his back was turned, she squirmed and twisted her body in impotent lust. Her whole body was on fire and while David was preoccupied with his desk, she tried desperately to touch herself. Even the slightest touch would have sufficed but her bonds prevented her from even rubbing her thighs together. Like a man with an unreachable itch, she fidgeted and twitched against her chains. David turned back to her, and she immediately froze. She had no intention of letting him know how much of an effect he has had on her body.

David returned and again seated himself between her thighs. He was carrying a small tool and her eyes grew wide in fear as the evil glint shone from its sharp points. The tool looked like something a dentist would use and she felt a cold

chill of fear running down her back. It was a short metal rod with a straight point at the one side and a hooked point at the other. The middle of the rod was rough for an easy grip, but the two points were razor sharp and thin. He took the tool in his right hand and lowered it to her body, sending panic signals all through her body. She bucked like a wild bronco and started twisting and turning her whole body in an attempt to escape the evil tool. David tried to hold her down with his arms, but her adrenaline was pumping, and he couldn't hold her still.

In the end he was forced to seat himself on her stomach, his full weight on her rapidly tiring body. David started scratching at the surface of the suit with the tool and all Sharon could do was to struggle feebly. She had nothing left and could do little more than twist her wrists and shake her head from side to side. It was only after several minutes of panic induced struggling that it dawned on her that she wasn't being hurt. She calmed down enough to watch David's work and she was enormously surprised to discover that he was scratching a groove in the suit's surface.

How could he be scratching a groove? She wondered. She'd tried everything humanly possible to make a dent in that suit and she could hardly even make a scratch. She watched in total fascination as David scratched a long, curved groove down the side of her right breast. As he worked little shiny specs off suit would gather and every now and then he'd blow them away. It was almost... Sharon blinked with surprise as it suddenly dawned on her. David wasn't actually making a groove in the suit, it had always been there! All he was doing was to slowly remove a hard but thin layer of paint from the surface. The suit obviously had a seam there, hidden by a layer of hard paint.

David blew the last of the dust away and stretched his back. For the last forty-five minutes he had been bent over forwards, slowly working his way around her breasts. Sharon woke from the sleepy daze she'd been in and looked up at David. For more than an hour he hadn't spoken a word and as he sat back, he gave her a quick smile but that was it. To her surprise and consternation, he climbed off the bed and left the room, leaving her still firmly bound. Her fear had long since vanished and she inspected her breasts in anxious fascination. From just below her collarbone the groove ran in the direction of her shoulder. Once past her breast it suddenly curved down and followed her chest to just below her armpit. From her armpit it ran down her flank to just below her breast. It curved back in, following the contour below her breasts, and lifted slightly as it reached her

chest bone between her breasts. From there it dipped down again, under the other breast, up her side, over her chest and back to her collarbone. It formed one large, solid section that she hoped and prayed could be removed. The prospect of seeing that hard surface lifted off her breasts made her giddy and she slowly twisted in frustrated impatience. Where the hell was he? She lay back and stared at the bed's canopy. She had waited a year for this, surely, she could wait a few more minutes. Her nipples didn't agree with that reasoning but there was nothing they could do about it.

David returned a short while later, carrying a tray with two glasses and a jug of lemonade. He placed the tray on the bedside table and poured a glass of lemonade. The sight of the lemonade reminded her of how thirsty she was, and she prayed he wouldn't torment her like Joe had done. "Not a word - understood?" he said, raising his finger into the air like a teacher. She nodded and he quickly removed the gag. She didn't speak but she had to flex her jaw muscles, trying to get some life back into them. David slowly fed her some of the lemonade and before she could object, he put the gag back on. He finished his own lemonade and she trembled as she imagined what was to come next. To her utter disappointment he climbed back on top of her but this time he faced the other way. He bent down and this time she could feel him scratching at a second groove running over her sex. She sighed and closed her eyes, her body trembling at every erotic scratch he made between her legs.

Sharon was going out of her mind. David was unknowingly driving her completely insane, and she couldn't even tell him. For the last thirty minutes he had been constantly and incessantly scratching at the groove between her legs, every little movement driving her a little closer to insanity. Occasionally his arms would tickle her inner thigh, or he would rest a warm hand on her hip. It was too much to take. Didn't he realize he was teasing her beyond her capacity? She had been trying to move and wriggle and somehow draw his attention, but he had simply ignored her.

For heaven's sake she had to be leaking juices all over his bed, couldn't he see that? She wasn't going to make it. Any moment now she was going to turn into a giggling, slobbering maniac, if she hadn't already. Finally, David sat back up and cleared the last specs with his fingers. He climbed off her stomach and sat down next to her. She tried to see what he had done but her breasts were in the way. David picked up the remote control and looked her in the eye. Why was she

suddenly so afraid? Isn't this what she had been longing for? Why was there this pit in the middle of her stomach? Nervously she twisted her wrists in their prison. David pushed a whole sequence of numbers into the control and suddenly her suit clicked faintly. Sharon lay there with her eyes wide, her whole body trembling. David bent over, and using the tool for leverage, slowly lifted the plate from her breasts. For the first time since waking up that fateful morning she was able to look down and see her own flesh and blood.

Chapter XXVII

There was a whole bunch of wires that connected the plate to the main part of the suit. David had to carefully disconnect each wire before he could put the plate to one side. In the meantime, Sharon inspected her breasts. They were very pale, and she could see the faint blue lines of the veins ran just below the skin. The air in the large cavern wasn't particularly cold but she swore she could feel a cold breeze flowing over her breasts, making her nipples stand erect. David lifted the plate away and set it on the table, his eyes never leaving her aroused nipples.

Teasing her he bent down and blew his hot breath over her nipples. Sharon groaned loudly through the gag and arched her back as fireworks exploded in her chest. David slowly licked her left nipple with his tongue and she almost fainted, his tongue felt like red-hot sandpaper. He took her nipple into his mouth, sucking and licking her aching, hard flesh. Within seconds she was rushing towards an orgasm as her mind was overpowered by sensual stimulation. Just before she reached her climax David placed his other hand over her right breasts and started teasing her. It was as if her whole body was two large nipples, every inch of it covered by aching, quivering skin. The mother of all orgasms took hold of her body and every muscle in her body tensed as the one spasm after the other flowed through her. Sharon lost all sense of time and place, her conscious mind blown away by the primal animal that had been longing for this moment. She rode the wave like a leaf caught up in a typhoon, her body wriggling and twisting as the sensation flowed over her.

Sharon's mind slowly drifted back to her body as a feather would gently return to the earth. How much time had passed? Had she lost consciousness? Was that one big orgasm or had she come several times in a row? Her eyes fluttered open, and she lay staring up at the canopy of the bed. David was sitting at her side, a faint smile playing over his lips. Her whole body was on fire, her skin drenched

with sweat. She could feel her hair plastered to her scalp, the droplets rolling down her breasts. "That was quite a display," said David. "I thought you were going to break my bed." She just dropped her head back down to the pillow and rolled her eyes. David turned his attention to her crotch and slowly began removing the dome over her sex. Once again, she groaned and her muscles gripped the thin dildo as it started moving. "Hey, relax. I can't get this out if you don't let go." Said David with a smile.

She tried her best to relax but every time the dildo moved her muscles would spontaneously grab it in a vice-like grip. Rather than trying to rip the object from her body David changed his tactic. He started pushing and pulling the dildo in and out of her body. Sharon's body began copying the slow rhythmic movements, her hips thrusting and swaying with the same smooth rhythm. The sensation of the ribbed dildo rubbing against her walls was delicious and within moments she was on her way to another orgasm. Suddenly, with one fluid motion, David pulled the Dildo and it's covering plate out of her. Sharon released a low growl as the dildo left her empty and aching for more. She raised her hips in an attempt to make contact, but David held it out of the way and she was left panting.

The dome also had several wires attached and David started removing it. Sharon craned her neck to try and see but the position was awkward, and she couldn't make out what was happening. She did however notice that there were two pipes running into her body and she shivered at the thought of what they might be for. She'd thought she'd be used to not being master of her own body, but the sight of the pipes and wires made her feel even more vulnerable. Even the most intimate parts of her anatomy belonged to him, his wires and pipes invading her flesh as if they had every right to be there.

David fiddled with one of the pipes and she felt it wiggle inside her, so deep she feared the tip might be all the way up to her navel. It was a weird and uncomfortable sensation as he slowly pulled the pipe out, its long black body coming and coming and coming out of her. Finally, the tip emerged and David turned to the other. The pipe was her catheter and she had expected him to remove it as well but instead he started twisting the pipe. It was then that she discovered that the catheter was made up of two sections, one coming from her bladder to just before her urinary opening. The pipe terminated in a small plug that was just a bit bigger than her body's natural canal and it was therefore held in place by the tension. The second pipe wound into the plug from the other side,

making it one long pipe that ran out of her body and onto the dome. David had no intention of removing the catheter, he just removed the second segment so that there wouldn't be any loose pipes in her vagina.

David placed the wet, slick dome to one side and gave Sharon another of his mischievous smiles. "I'm surprised it's not rusted away on the inside." He said, nodding towards the dome. All she could do was blush. He gently and softly slid his finger over the outside of her sex, the slick, wet friction making her squirm and wriggle on the bed. David teased her a little more, his finger flowing over the outside of her skin. When his finger at last touched her clit, she almost exploded, the sensation flowing from her crotch in waves of pleasure. Before she even had time to realize what was happening, she was right in the middle of another orgasm. Once again, her mind left her as she wiggled and squirmed, twisted and turned. David kept up the treatment and the one spasm after the other rode over her body. Finally, he allowed her to come down to earth by leaving her alone. He watched as she closed her eyes and stretched out luxuriously on the bed. David sat there in silence, his eyes roaming over her body as he waited for her to recover.

Sharon was utterly exhausted. The emotional and physical strain on her had taken its toll and she was running on empty. The last hour had been a tornado of fear, anger, lust, and elation. Never in her life had she gone through so many emotions in such a short time, her mind reeling as the one discovery followed upon the next. Never had she felt such pleasure, such release. Her body was still tingling from the aftermath and already she was longing for more as the sensation slowly faded into memory.

After a while she regained enough of her senses to remember David. He was still seated next to her watching her closely. It was so strange, him sitting there, watching her with devoted attention while she lay before him in all her naked glory. And yet he'd made no move to please himself. How could he resist touching her? Why wasn't he making his move? Was there something wrong with her? Was she a disappointment to him? It was her breasts! He didn't like her breasts. They were all white and pale and ugly. And now with the plate gone they were small as well.

Sharon felt the desperation rise from her stomach. She was a disappointment to him. He didn't want her anymore. He couldn't bring himself to... David sighed

deeply. "There isn't a place in this world I'd rather be right now." "You look so beautiful, so perfect. I wish I could make this moment last forever. You have no idea how long I've waited for this." His voice sounded soulful and exited at the same time. He reached out and let his fingers play across her inner thigh.

David got up from the bed and quickly removed his clothes, his hard member waving at her in salute. His body was hard and tanned and her breath caught in her throat as she watched the muscles on his back ripple and flow. He reached for the remote and, pressing a few buttons on it, dimmed the lights to a low, romantic glow. Putting the remote away he turned his attention back to her. He quickly removed the gag, kissing her passionately the moment it was out of the way. Next, he untied her ankles and wrists from the bed, allowing her complete freedom. As soon as her hands were free, she reached up and pulled him on top of her, her hands roaming over his back and sides as they kissed.

David carefully slid inside her and she arched her back in pleasure as the warm flesh entered her most intimate space. After all those months of having to be satisfied by a thin, silent dildo his penis felt as large as a baseball bat. She couldn't believe how full she felt, how his member pushed tightly against her walls, filling her completely. Her body, still tired from the previous orgasms, started to slowly rock in unison with his.

They both came quickly and violently, their bodies jerking and quivering as the passion overtook them. When it was done David slumped down on top of her, his breathing ragged and tired. Slowly he rolled over to her side and lay staring at the bed's canopy. Sharon watched him intently as he lay there, recovering from the experience. He's breathing was rapidly returning to normal and she couldn't help but admire the way his muscular chest rose and fell as he quickly recovered.

David turned his head towards her and for a while their eyes were locked onto each other. His gaze was steady and almost invasive in its intensity. After a couple of seconds, she blushed and looked away, she just couldn't hold his gaze for so long. David rolled on his side and drew her body into his. He snuggled up to her back, his hot breath blowing in her neck while his arm circled her waist protectively. Thus, they lay for a long while, their bodies keeping each other warm.

Sharon and David sat quietly on the house's balcony, watching the moon and the stars. It was a glorious sight to behold as the sky glittered and shimmered with light. Soft music floated out from the living room and a lasagna was browning in the kitchen's oven. She was seated beside David, his left arm holding her tightly in a loving embrace while she snuggled up to his side. Her body was once again wrapped into the harness but the suit's fittings had been left off. David had provided her with a tracksuit to wear and although she'd accepted gratefully at the time, she was now starting to regret it. The rough fabric seemed to be scratching at her sensitive flesh like sandpaper.

Her nipples would rub against the fabric with every breath she took, and it was driving her nuts. The harness's three straps were squeezed hard against her sex, the sensitive flesh not used to the constant friction. David had gently but firmly told her not to touch herself and like an itch she was unable to scratch the command was becoming more and more difficult to obey. "Does the rest of the suit also come off or am I destined to spend the rest of my life in it?" she asked, hoping conversation would distract her. David just nodded yes. Now what did that mean? Yes, she would spend the rest of her days in the suit or yes it could be removed? "Uhhmm.." she said.

"It does come off." He replied and she realized he'd been teasing her. "So why didn't... " she asked but was interrupted as he turned to her. "Because it would hurt like hell. You have been wearing a corset for the last year, its sides re-shaping your ribs and its tension keeping your back straight. It can't just be removed in one go; you will have to be weaned off it." She hadn't thought of that. "Besides, I like the way you look in it. It's sexy." He continued. She nodded in agreement; it was definitely a sexy garment. She'd known that from the first time she'd seen it in her mirror at home.

For a while she sat in silence, but her nipples were furious at being ignored. "Why me?" she said suddenly, deciding this was as good a time as any to breach the issue. David sighed and she realized he'd been expecting the question. "I suppose you could call it fate. Or destiny. Or maybe just chance." He replied.

"So you just plucked the first stranger off the street and put her in a suit?" His eyebrows raised and he looked hard into her eyes. "Of course not... " Clearly he was a little insulted that she would think him so careless. "So how then? We have never met before, how did you decide it would be me? How did you know I

would be suited to this? Or is it just dumb luck that I turned out to be uhm ... kinky?" "Nothing about you had anything to do with luck. I searched long and hard for you, spending months to make sure you were the one." "There is no way you could have known, hell I haven't even told my best friend." "Just because you haven't told Anette doesn't mean you'd hidden it completely." He said with a wry smile. "You left clues everywhere, it was just up to someone to find it."

"I have been watching you on the net for months. You weren't a complete sex slave like a lot of the women out there, and that's what I was looking for. I deliberately set out to find someone that didn't quite know herself. You were still struggling with your own identity, fascinated by the 'scene' but too proud to admit that it turned you on. That's what I wanted. I needed a possession that didn't want to be possessed. At least not on the surface."

She balked at his insinuation. "How dare you! How could you know what I liked or disliked? How can you claim to know me better than I do myself!" The mere suggestion that her life was such an open book made her scared and angry. He smiled a wry, cynical smile. "You thought you were safe. The net is big and anonymous, and nobody knows what you're doing. The first time I came across your tracks I knew you were exactly what I was looking for. Remember those 'toys' you bought over the net? I bet they were your first ever purchase in that medium." "How? How did you? They swore..." she stammered.

"They told you it'd be anonymous, didn't they?" he chuckled softly to himself. "If hackers can break into the Pentagon, how difficult do you think it is to break into some dinky little server in Maine? It took me all of forty minutes to break through to the heart of their machines. That's where I first came across you. Two little eggs and a set of handcuffs. Small, shy purchases made by somebody that was still not convinced she was on the right track. When you typed in your credit card number, did your nipples swell? When you gave them the delivery address, did you play with yourself?"

She blushed and refused to look at him. He wasn't quite right but it was close enough to make no difference. "At that stage you were still just a name amongst thousands, all anonymous little numbers and letters that I had stolen from hundreds of databases. At first, I cut everybody that lived more than a hundred miles away. That took away a lot of names, but I was still left with thousands. Then I cut all the names that I suspected could be married or males themselves.

All the people that ordered men's garments or equipment that a male would use. That cut away another enormous chunk. It seems single people don't play as much as married couples do." "I also cut out everybody that went in for the heavy stuff. I wasn't interested in somebody that knew how to use a whip or posture collar. My interests lay strictly with the 'virgins'. Despite my best efforts that still left me with a list of eight hundred names. Quite a few names to go through don't you think? My next step was to put real names to the addresses." "Most people think that nicknames make them safe but that's not true. Any piece of real information, and your cover's blown.

I could probably have used the credit card numbers but that would have been a hassle. Instead, I used the telephone directory. Did you know you could trace somebody's telephone number based on his or her address? Even if you didn't know their names? Of course, when you request the telephone number, they supply you with the name as well. How convenient." "Then I hit a lucky break. I had an address; I had a credit card number, and I had a name. All I now needed was a face.

Very few people ever post photos of themselves, but I'd hope to put a few faces to the names by scanning homepages. People always seem to stick a photo of themselves on their homepage. It worked of course and I was close, but I still hadn't found exactly what I was looking for. Then I suddenly came across you." "But, but.. "she started saying. "Yes I know" he interrupted. "You don't have a homepage. But there is still a photo of you out there." He smiled at her for a moment, keeping her in suspense. "The people you have to thank for your predicament is at your office. They were kind enough to post a delightful, high res. full color photo of you on their corporate page." Sharon ground her teeth in anger and frustration. She hadn't even known her office had a web page. David stood up and started towards the kitchen. Sharon ignored the soft groaning of the guider as she followed.

"I now had a candidate." He continued as he took the Lasagna out of the oven. "All it took was a few months patient observation and I was finally convinced that you'd be the one. Once I knew who you were I checked you out carefully. I followed you as you entered the chat rooms. I browsed with you as you looked at the porn. I read the newsgroups right over your shoulder and you never knew I was there. It all sounds unlikely but it's easy, I just had to make sure I got your address when you logged on. If you hadn't used the proxy server, I might never

have been able to pull it off, but since you did it was quite easy." Sharon's mind reeled with the implications. Everything she'd thought she knew about the Internet had been blown out of the water. And what the hell was a proxy server? Slowly she sat down at the table, too shocked to register what she was doing. "That still didn't give you the right..." she started but he was already waiting for her. "No, it didn't. First, I had to test the waters. So, I designed the suit and I put it on you. It sounds so simple but believe me, it was a big step for me.

I hadn't set out to do it this way but what started out as a curiosity quickly grew into an obsession. By the time I discovered your photo I knew that just knowing about you wouldn't be enough. The suit evolved as a plan, an answer to a problem I had. How could I make you mine while still keeping my anonymity in case it didn't work out? What if I met you and you weren't submissive at all? So, I made the suit and put you in it. From the moment your lovely body was enclosed in its smooth surface your every movement, your every reaction was observed."

He dished up and handed her a plate. "You were right in thinking your flat has cameras, in fact it's riddled with them. I must admit I became quite nervous that one time you tried to find them." "But that's not all." He said around taking bites out of the lasagna. "The suit itself told me everything I needed to know. I knew exactly how fast your heart was beating, how warm your skin was. I could tell how aroused your nipples were, how swollen your sex. Even when I couldn't see you, I knew if you were standing or sitting. Whether you were nervous, relaxed, tense or horny, your body told me everything.

And do you know what I found? I found that you were almost always horny. Remember that first morning when you stood in front of the mirror? Despite your crying and screaming your body was on fire. You were extremely aroused, even if you didn't know it yourself. And the irony is it hardly got better. Even months later your nipples would still spontaneously rise every time you walked past your mirror."

Sharon covered her eyes with her hands and sighed in frustration. Her whole life, her most intimate secrets, and he knew it all. He knew more about her than she did herself. "But there was one final test." He said. "I knew you found the suit arousing. I knew from your expeditions onto the net that you were kinky and submissive. I also knew that you responded well to orders and instructions. Hell, every time I sent you a package the sensors almost jumped off the scales. What I

didn't know was if you were a dyke." Her mouth fell open as she stared at him. How the hell could he think that! "Almost all the pictures you fancied was of women. Almost all the people you chatted to on the net were also women. Heck, whenever Annette came to within ten yards of you, your nipples would rise. I couldn't decide if you fancied her or if it was the prospect of discovery that got you so worked up. That's why I took so long to make contact. For months I struggled with the problem of your sexual orientation. It was a problem I just couldn't seem to crack." "It was then that I decided to send you to the Mardi Gras.

I deliberately didn't instruct you to dance with anybody the way I had for the club. The idea was to watch you and to note who you were drawn to. The Mardi Gras was meant to make up my mind." "But then Joe stepped in the way." She said, a cold shudder going down her back as she re-lived the past. "Yeah." He said, shaking his head in bemusement. "Women! Turn your back for a split second and they vanish without a trace." "But that still doesn't give you the right." She said, bringing the conversation back on track. "Just because I'm kinky doesn't mean you can make me your slave. My body isn't the whole of me, I have a mind too."

"I agree completely." he said, crossing his arms. "But your actions speak louder than your words. For almost a year you walked free, you could have gone to the police at any time you wanted too. You made one feeble attempt to free yourself and thereafter you resigned yourself to your fate. Had you truly wanted to be free you would have found a way." "But I was scared shitless!" she complained. "I even went so far as to go down to the police station once, but I couldn't take the risk. You would have killed me!"

"Oh, I know you were afraid but you weren't scared shitless. That night you stood outside the precinct you didn't go in because deep down you didn't want to. You might be able to lie to yourself, but your body can't lie to me." "So you're making me a sex slave whether I want it or not." She retorted. "I don't want a sex slave." He replied to her utter consternation. "Sex slaves are boring. Either they have no spirit, or it's soon broken. If that's what I wanted, I would have gotten me a whore. They're less hassles and usually more fun. I'm not interested in a woman that would want to obey my every command. There's just so many times you can tell her to scrub the floor before it becomes boring."

"But I thought you said I was your possession?" she said, completely lost. "Yes." He said. "And I meant it. But there's a difference between a slave and a possession. A sex slave implies obedience, loyalty, a desire to please. I'm not looking for that. If I want you to do something I'll make you do it, whether you want to or not." "You're making this too complicated." She said. "I don't understand the difference." He sighed a impatient sigh.

"Do you remember what I told you about the stallion?" She nodded. "It's a lot like that. I want you to be rebellious. I want you to try and escape. You could almost say I relish the battle of wills. I want you to be you, proud, rebellious Sharon. I want you to go to bed with me when you feel like it, fight me when you don't. It's as if I'm breaking you in, but I never want you to be broken. This way I can let you go, let you return to your normal life, and I'll know that the next time I bring you here you'll still be your own person." She nodded, that made a weird kind of sense.

"But that sounds like a normal relationship between consenting adults. Why all the rigmarole with the suit?" she asked. "Because I have this need to own you. And, as I explained, I also needed to know if you're the one. At the end, no matter how angry you get, no matter how afraid I make you, I still need to know that a deep, dark part of you is enjoying it. Now, after all this time of watching and waiting, I am finally certain of that."

Chapter XXVIII

With difficulty Sharon rolled onto her other side and sighed into the gag. She was so horny she could burst and there was nothing she could do about it. Her body was wrapped in a strange rope harness, the strands and knots crisscrossing her torso like a spider's web. Last night, after another bout of raunchy lovemaking, David had proceeded to tie her up like this, explaining that it was a Japanese Karada, an ancient form of rope bondage.

Her wrists were bound tightly behind her back, drawn up as far as her straining ligaments would allow. Her ankles were bound to her upper thighs and pulled so tight she could feel the heels of her feet against her butt. But by far the worst was the knotted rope running through her crotch. Every movement, every little struggle made the knots shift against her clit and she'd not slept a wink the whole night. Despite the constant friction on her clit, she just couldn't get

enough movement to orgasm. For the whole night she'd been held in a constant and frustrating state of arousal. At first, she'd struggled and twisted admirably, trying her best to either expel the rope or to make it move. After a while her body had become so exhausted, she could do nothing but lay still, her crotch on fire. It was so infuriating to finally have access to her own body and then not be allowed to do anything about it. The injustice of it rankled and she wanted to murder David.

The cause of her discomfort came waltzing into her room with a broad smile on his face. "Hi sexy - have a good night?" he said cheerfully. She could scratch his eyes out. He rolled her onto her back and slowly rubbed the palm of his hand over her crotch. "Hmmm." He said appreciatively. "I see you have been enjoying the effects of the Karada." Referring to the slick, wet surface of the rope. Sharon growled loudly and her stomach muscles twitched. His other hand slowly slid over her body and onto her right breast, his fingers twisting and teasing her nipple.

Sharon was both in heaven and in hell at the same time. Her muscles were aching, her ligaments straining from the night's abuse. Her body wanted to participate in the delicious torment, her hands trying in vain to snake their way to the front. Her breathing was hard and labored as the sensation flooded through her system. She arched her back, trying to squeeze every ounce of possible friction out of his hand. She desperately wanted him inside her, to feel her clit rubbed and her passage forced open. But her mind was reeling with anger and disgust.

How could she allow herself to be so easily manipulated? How could she surrender herself so quickly to his manipulation? Where was her pride? What had become of her dignity? His finger found a way into her sex and all these questions were washed away as a wave after wave of pleasure flowed through her. David stroked and tickled her clit, sending her mind into space. She moaned loudly in desperation as he withdrew his hand, but he was just undoing some of the ropes. As soon as he'd cleared a passage for himself, he was on top of her, his hard member penetrating her. It was a matter of seconds before she screamed into the gag in passion, his throbbing member driving her insane. Together they climaxed in a fury of sounds and movement and they both went limp, exhausted by the brief but intense activity.

Sharon closed her eyes and let the warm water flow over her body. David followed her into the shower, and they stood side by side, the hot steam engulfing their bodies. Although her legs had been released her body and arms were still firmly bound by the Karada. David had re-fastened the knotted rope through her crotch and she tried desperately to ignore its continual stimulation. With his naked body moving so close next to hers it was an impossible task and her whole being longed for some attention.

She ground her teeth against the rubber gag in frustration, she couldn't even complain about the treatment. Not that she thought it would make any difference, David knew exactly what the knots were doing to her. Guiding her by the shoulders David turned her around and started washing her hair. His strong but gentle hands massaged her scalp and soon she was going limp and relaxed as she enjoyed the treatment. David rinsed her hair and started washing her body. It felt so strange, the slick soap gliding over the coarse hemp rope and the slick surface of the suit. His hands invaded every part of her body as he washed and scrubbed her from head to toe, playing behind her ears, tickling her under her arms, rubbing firmly over her nipples. His hands glided over her crotch, rubbed her thighs, invaded her butt-crack. By the time he'd finished with the backs of her legs and was washing her feet her body was back up to its former state of arousal.

David led her from the shower and wrapped her body in a large fluffy towel. He quickly toweled the worst of the moisture from her hair and body and then he removed the gag. She was still flexing her jaws in relief when he stepped closer, circled her body in his arms and gave her a hard, long kiss. He drew back and as she stood waiting in the middle of the bathroom, he quickly toweled himself dry and put his clothes back on. Despite regaining the power of speech, she couldn't think of anything to say and she remained quiet. With the towel still hanging over her shoulders he took hold of the ropes between her shoulder blades and guided her to the hand basin. He carefully brushed her teeth before helping her to rinse. Their tasks done in the bathroom he guided her back into the bedroom. David made her sit down at the dressing table and pulled a blow dryer from one of the drawers. Before turning his attention to her hair, he quickly used the blow dryer to dry the small patches of skin that was still covered by the suit.

He retrieved a soft hairbrush from the drawer and started drying her hair, the towel lying around her feet. Once again, she closed her eyes and as the hypnotic

brush flowed over her scalp she traveled back to her youth when her mother would do the same, her voice singing softly as she took care of her little girl. By the time he'd done with the brush she was in a sleepy, almost hypnotic state of relaxation. With a soft sigh of regret her eyes fluttered open and she returned to the present.

David turned her around and to her surprise started applying a light layer of makeup. She'd never met a man that knew how to apply makeup and as he gave her a light lip gloss, she couldn't help but wonder where he'd learned to do it. Finally, he drew back and inspected her face with a critical eye. She turned towards the mirror and looked at his handiwork. He'd applied a very light layer of makeup, a little eye-shadow here, a light blush there. It looked very professional.

"Where did you learn to do that?" she asked. "Practice." he answered in his usual enigmatic way. David helped her up and guided her to the center of the room. Telling her to stay in place he turned away and retrieved some clothes from the cupboards. Sharon had no idea how the clothes had so mysteriously appeared in the cupboards, the last time she'd looked they had all been empty. David returned with a few garments and dropped them on the bed. "Can you please untie my hands," she said, fidgeting to make her point "My arms are getting sore." "Not yet." He said after a brief inspection. "When then?" she pleaded. "I've spent the whole night like this." "Don't nag." He replied, "It'll only make me postpone your release." He was tying a very stringy black bikini top onto her chest. The two small patches of fabric hardly covered half of her breasts.

"I don't understand why you need to keep me tied up like this. You know I can't leave the room without you." She retorted, her voice sounding sulky. The sharp slap to her rump was completely unexpected and she shrieked in shock. Her mouth hung open in surprise and her blood rose to her face as the anger built up inside her. Rather than wither in her ferocious gaze David acted as if nothing had happened and he turned to the bed to retrieve the bikini bottom. Sharon almost threw a tantrum there and then but luckily, she managed to keep herself under control. In a complete and rather chilly silence she stood patiently and waited as David fastened the g-string bikini bottom onto her hips. Using her shoulders as leverage he turned her around a few times as he inspected her ensemble. He seemed to be totally impervious to her icy cold anger and that infuriated her even more.

Finally, he tied a long piece of rope to the karada where it crossed over her belly button. He tied the other end of the rope around his waist and despite her anger Sharon couldn't help but notice the symbolism as their bodies were linked by a length of rope. David led the way to the door, and exited. A few moments later a very hard pull on the rope told her that her act of defiance wasn't appreciated, and she had little choice but to follow.

Sharon sat next to the pool and sighed. She was bored and horny at the same time, a rather confusing state to be in. David had first fed her a nice fruity breakfast before he finally relented and untied her arms. However, he still had her bound in the karada and he'd used the leash to guide her down to the pool. They have been spending the greater part of the morning there while he sat on a deck chair with a book, and she amused herself in the pool. She probably could have untied herself and made a break for it, after all, the only thing keeping her there was a couple of knotted ropes.

However, even if she could rid herself of the karada without him noticing she doubted she could out-run David and besides, he'd just force her to come back by using the remnants of the suit to control her. Instead, she spent the morning floating around in the water, using every opportunity to play with herself. Once she'd come very close to an orgasm but David had given her a look that immediately made her stop and reconsider. His eyes had been hard as nails, and she had no doubt that a line had been drawn in the sand.

Despite her efforts to be secretive about what she was doing David had known exactly what was going on. She'd known that he didn't approve but he had made no effort to stop her. Only when she approached orgasm did he make a move and she had instantly realized that she was approaching the boundaries of what he would allow. After that incident she'd spent the rest of the morning in frustration as she hovered between the arousal caused by the rope and her almost overwhelming desire to climax.

Sharon felt a firm tug on her leash, and she woke from her dreamy gaze out over the valley. David was still seated in his deck chair, but he'd put the book down and was devoting his attention to her. Again, he pulled on the leash and she slowly got up, wondering what it was he wanted. As she allowed herself to be reeled in, he rose from his lying position until he was seated upright in the chair. As she reached his side, he pulled her down onto his lap and gave her a hard,

long kiss. A part of her wanted to rebel, to ignore his advances and make him understand how insulted she'd been at the slap, but as soon as their lips met, she caved in. Her resolve was blown away by the morning's long frustration and the sensation of his arms circling around her body. Instead, she melted into him, moaning softly as his warm lips and probing tongue drove her to new heights.

She could feel his hands untying the bikini bottom and the ropes running through her crotch. She returned the favor by untying the knot in the front of his swimming trunks. They rolled over onto the deck chair and still kissing, started probing each other's bodies. Sharon growled loudly as his hands slipped in under her bikini top, cupping her breasts and squeezing her nipples. They removed the last of the clothes in their way and she helped him guide his member inside her. As they slowly rocked in unison she felt a momentary thrill at making love out in the open but shortly afterwards her mind left her.

Sharon took the boiling noodles off the stove and drained the water into the sink. David was seated at the dining room table pretending to read his book, but she could feel his eyes on the back of her neck. Evidently, he didn't trust her with so many knives within her grasp and he was keeping a close watch on her activities. She had actually considered using them but somehow, she got the feeling that she was being tested. She was in no mood to make a rash move only to be thwarted and then punished for her actions. Besides, she still had the afterglow of their lovemaking by the pool and she was in a contented, relaxed mood.

Being assigned the task of making lunch was keeping her hands occupied and it helped to shift her attention from the karada's knotted ropes that he'd refastened into her crotch. Shortly after withdrawing from her, he'd re-fastened the karada and told her to put on her bikini. The rope keeping them attached to each other had not been removed and as she worked in the kitchen she would occasionally find herself snared by its strands twisting around her ankles. She added some sliced salami and diced sausages to the pasta and added a rich creamy sauce over the top. While she waited for the pasta to cool a bit, she set the table for lunch.

"Tell me how you managed to take me out of the house." She said as she placed the pasta on the table. "I can't remember a thing of what happened that day." David smiled to himself as she handed him a plate. "What was the last thing you

remember?" he said cryptically and started digging in. "Well, it's so long ago, but I do remember coming home, switching on the TV, and starting with dinner. After dinner I undressed and took a long bath. The next thing I remember is waking up and feeling as sick as a dog while wearing my new metal companion." He nodded, obviously this wasn't news to him. "What you don't know was that I'd been at your house several times before that. I had to install the cameras so that I could keep an eye on you. I did that long before I even thought of the suit, at that stage I just wanted to know more about you."

She couldn't say that she was happy about the invasion but after all that had happened it was just another fact that was beyond her control. "Then, when I had finally perfected the suit and made my plans, I had to find a way of keeping you under. I had no intention of assaulting or confronting you in the flat, that would have been messy and potentially dangerous for both of us. Instead, I studied your routine, watching and waiting for a clue as to how I could get hold of you."

"I couldn't give you drugs because it is both dangerous, and contrary to popular belief, very difficult to hide. In the real world of espionage and criminals such drugs are usually given with liquor since that's the only way to hide the taste. I had to find a safe, easy way of getting you asleep without you knowing what was happening." His face beamed with a self-satisfied smile. "When I eventually found the method, it was so simple I burst out laughing."

You see, I soon discovered that you liked to take long, luxurious baths as you returned from the office. I suppose you found it relaxing. All I did was add a little 'spice' to your bubble bath liquid. The drug is a complicated concoction of chemicals that slowly turns to vapor when it is released into water. There is a smell but with the strong scent of pine needles coming off your bubble bath you never even noticed. You were asleep in a matter of minutes after getting into the bath."

Sharon sighed deeply and with resignation. It seemed that her fate had been sealed from the moment he'd discovered her photo and nothing she could or would have done would have made the slightest bit of difference. "And after that? What did you do that stole more than two days out of my life?" "Well," he said as he finished the last of the food. "For one I had to remove every hair from your body. That was quite a task and I'm quite proud of the job I did." She

nodded confirmation, after all this time her armpits, legs and sex were still as bare as a newborn baby's bottom. "Then there was the whole issue of building and refining the suit around your body. I could do some things beforehand but for most of it I needed your body and that meant doing everything in one hard push. I have to tell you I didn't get a wink's sleep that whole weekend."

"And the large breasts?" she asked as she removed the cutlery from the table. She'd tried to sound casual about the question but for her it was a painful and sensitive issue. Rather than wait for his answer she turned around and busied herself with the dishes. After several minutes of silence, she finally couldn't stand it anymore and she turned around to face him. His chin was resting in his hands, and he was staring her directly in the face. He waited patiently until she plucked up the courage to look him in the eye. Only when he had her gaze locked into his did he finally answer. "I know you are ashamed of your breasts. I know you think them small. But I'm telling you, and I'm completely honest, that they are perfect."

She blushed and looked down at her feet. It was the first time she'd spoken to anyone about her insecurity and his answer made her heart sing. She couldn't help but smile as the tears formed in the corners of her eyes. "They are the perfect size and have the ideal shape. You should be proud of them, not ashamed and insecure." The compliment made her lightheaded and she felt the relief flood through her body. "I have never, in all my life, seen a shapelier set of hooters." He said with a broad, infectious smile. She giggled and turned back to the dishes, her body trembling as the relief flushed over her. Instead, she was pulled around as he reeled her in with the leash. He had also risen and as she reached him, he cupped her face in his hands. "Do you believe me?" he asked and when she nodded yes, he tenderly kissed her forehead and her eyes. With a ferocious passion she grabbed onto his body and kissed him hard on the mouth.

After several minutes of hard kissing, he bent down and lifted her body into his arms. She clung to his neck as he carried her to the bedroom, her heart pounding away in her chest. Something was still bothering her, but it was only when he lay her down on the bed that she could finally manage to ask the question. "I believe you, honestly I do," she said breathlessly as his hands roamed over her burning flesh. "But I still don't understand. Why the large breasts on the suit?" By the time he answered her she could almost not hear his voice, her heart's pounding was almost drowning out everything. Yet she managed to make out the words

and as he entered her, she had to admit it made sense. After all, where else could he have put the suit's batteries?

Chapter XXIX

Sharon slowly came to life, and she stretched out with a happy, satisfied yawn. For the first time since she'd discovered the suit that she had a good night's rest without any appliances invading her body, no cuffs binding her limbs, no little cables plugged into the wall, nothing. Yes - she was still wearing the skeleton suit but without the strategic domes in the way that hardly counted. With a happy sigh she cupped her breasts and teased them until they were rock hard and aching.

They were still tender from the previous night's masturbation, but she didn't care, this was too good an opportunity to pass up. Her pussy quivered invitingly, and she allowed herself the unbelievable luxury of playing with her clit. She took it slow and steady, for once dictating her own pace rather than being dictated to.

Sharon giggled to herself, how many times had she masturbated in the last twelve hours? She had no idea; she'd lost count sometime during the night. Her appetite had been insatiable, and she'd finally slipped off to dreamland with her palms lying on top of her breasts, exhaustion demanding that she give her body a chance to recover. Slowly her hands roamed her flesh, tickling here, pulling, and pinching there. Her torso slowly started squirming on the bed as she twisted and turned in the throes of her passion.

She slowly started to climb the hill, her body and instinct taking over from her conscious mind. Just as she was about to reach orgasm the door opened, and David came walking into the room. Too far gone to stop herself she rolled away but continued with her stimulation, her face blood red from shame. With a hard shudder she finally came, the electrifying shock waves running up and down her spine. When it was done, she lay with her back to him, waiting for some kind of remark. Her breath caught in her throat as she felt his hand on her ankle and she turned around to watch him sit down.

For a while he sat next to her, his hand resting quietly on her leg. He was looking down at the floor and seemed to be in deep thought. After several minutes of anxiously waiting Sharon finally drew her leg back from his grasp and sat upright

in the bed. Despite the many times he'd seen her naked she still felt the need to draw the covers over her body. David seemed not to notice; his gaze still firmly stuck to the floor. It was obvious something was bothering him, and she wasn't sure if it had anything to do with him catching her in the act. After several more minutes during which nothing happened, she finally grew bored and stood up from the bed. With a final glance she entered the bathroom and started her daily cleansing ritual.

Sharon emerged from the bathroom to discover that David had left the room. She couldn't understand what was up with him, it seemed as if he had something on his mind, but he couldn't bring himself to say it. Whatever it was she wasn't going to push the issue, thus far he'd done whatever he felt like doing anyway.

Her bed had been made and several articles of clothing had been laid out upon it. While still toweling her hair she walked to the bed and quickly looked each item over. There was a strange leather garment that looked like a combination body suit and corset. It was made entirely from dark brown leather that looked heavy and hard. The garment was sleeveless but had a high, narrow neckline that could be closed with a buckle at the front. From her neck down it would cover her entire torso and it seemed to be cut along the same lines as the metal suit.

Besides the buckle around the collar there were another twelve horizontal leather straps that each had to be closed with a big brass buckle. The straps ran down the front of the garment and became progressively narrower so that it created a V effect down the front of her body. The V reached all the way from her shoulders down to her belly button. The sides of the garment were layered and seemed to be ribbed in the same manner a corset would be. There was also a long, flowing leather skirt, tanned the same dark brown as the top. It would fasten around her waist with a big brass buckle at the front.

From the cut she could see that the skirt would be very tight around her waist and buttocks but would flare out once it reached her thighs. From the length she guessed it would hang down all the way to the floor. There was also a set of matching leather boots, so long that she immediately knew they would come up all the way to her thighs. The heels were extremely long, and the toes pointed. The boots looked like they would be torture to wear, and she didn't relish the thought of putting them on. A set of black stockings accompanied the boots. Also on the bed was a strange white bodysuit. Its torso was sheer and looked like

expensive lingerie, but its full-length sleeves were made from puffy linen. The garment was accessed from the bottom and closed with small metal hooks between her legs. Finally, there was a simple cotton G-string and some golden ear rings. Sharon finished with her hair and returned to the bed. Starting with the G-string she slowly got dressed, thorough inspecting each garment before she put it on.

The panty was quite ordinary and because she was used to the wire through her crack she was used to it. After the panty she put on the bodysuit. There was nothing sinister about the garment but as she adjusted and smoothed it down, she wondered why the sleeves were so much at odds with the rest of the suit. They weren't sheer at all and looked more like the normal puffy sleeves of a linen shirt.

Following the suit, she put on the two stockings. They were the silicone kind that stuck to her upper thighs and didn't need a garter belt. She loved the feel and the look of a nice pair of stockings. Sliding her hands up and down her legs she smoothed them out until they were perfectly even and smooth. They made her legs look gorgeous and she felt like a million bucks.

She got off from the bed and made a few turns in front of the mirror. The white suit and black stockings made a startling contrast as she posed for herself in the mirror. Ignoring the aching in her breasts she returned to the bed and inspected the leather suit. As she'd suspected it was stiff and heavy, its polished leather sides hard with the ribbing inside. Although the garment looked new, she could well imagine it being worn by somebody deep in the Middle Ages.

She loosened all the buckles and shoved her hands inside. David's garments always held some little unexpected surprise, and she was pleased but puzzled to discover that this outfit was the exception to the rule. There were no dildos, no ribbing, nothing that could drive her crazy with desire while she wore the garment.

With a resigned sigh she climbed into the garment and pulled it up. It was a bit of a struggle to pull the narrow waist over her hips but once she was past that point it went easy. The garment was snug and obviously custom made, but with her already clinched waist she hardly noticed the snug fit. She started fastening the buckles and wasn't in the least bit surprised to notice that each strap had only

one hole in it, dictating how tight it had to be pulled. It was a bit of a struggle pulling against the straps, but she managed without too much swearing and cursing. The garment was particularly tight over her naked breasts, and she twisted and turned her body to get everything settled in place. Unlike the domes she'd been wearing, the pressure was directly onto her nipples and she was acutely aware of how tight her breasts were being held. She finished by closing the collar around her neck and walking back to the mirror.

The sight in the mirror reminded her of those red breasted toy soldiers you see in the shops and on the movies. A thick and stiff layer of leather straps crossed her chest from her throat down to her stomach. The body suit's puffy sleeves made it look as if she was wearing a shirt underneath, the dazzling white fabric in stark contrast with the dark leather of the corset. The tight straps over her chest and the shine from the polished brass soon had her going. The faint smell of leather reminded her of her own toys and her hands roamed over her body as she daydreamt about her previous adventures.

With a deep sigh and a shudder, she forced herself back to reality and she returned to the bed. The boots took a lot of struggling to put on and when she was finally able to zip them up, she felt as if she was standing on stilts. If it weren't for the stiff ankles she would certainly have toppled over, as it was, she moved around slowly and unsteadily. The pointed shoes were torture on her toes and the stiff leather resisted her as she tried to bend her legs.

Everything about the boots was uncomfortable and she seriously considered taking them off. The only thing that prevented her was the reflection in the mirror. She looked spectacular. The boots formed and held her legs, the high heels making her look even taller than what she really was. She looked like something out of a fashion catalog, the boots and corset combining to create a dazzling effect. The lacy band of the stockings stuck out above the edge of the boots, giving her image a feminine touch.

After another long session of admiring herself, she finally returned to the bed and retrieved the skirt. It was much lighter and supple than it looked, and she loved the cool feeling as she stroked her hand over the surface. Stepping into the skirt was a problem because she couldn't bend her legs enough to bend down. In the end she settled for sitting on the bed and laboriously pulling the skirt up her stiff legs. Holding on to the skirt she stood up and pulled it up to her hips. The

skirt was much tighter over her hips and buns than she'd anticipated, and she couldn't get used to the strange sensation as the it held her in its firm embrace. It wasn't unpleasant, just weird. It was much tighter than any other garment she'd ever worn, and she decided she liked the feeling. Surprisingly walking wasn't made any harder by the skirt and after walking around the room a bit she began feeling confident that she could stay upright in her new boots.

Sharon did her hair up, applied a light layer of makeup and put the jewelry on. It was a simple but elegant set of earrings and three thin bracelets, all made from gold. Finally, ready, she walked up to the mirror and looked herself over one last time. She looked pretty 'normal'. With the leather skirt and corset on she looked like some English duke's daughter on her way to the stables for an afternoon of fox hunting. Smiling to herself she gave a final turn and headed for the door.

Sharon slowly walked into the main living room of the house. The guider was once more following her like an obedient lap dog, it's oiled gears wooshing softly behind her. She'd only remembered the guider when she'd tried to open the door and it had refused. It had been fitted with a simple waist belt that locked automatically as soon as she'd put it on. Once the belt had been put on the door had unlocked and she'd been free to leave the room. David was standing in the kitchen frying some eggs and bacon.

The table had already been set and her mouth watered as she spotted the fruit and cereal laid out on it. David glanced around for a moment and then did a double take. She couldn't help but smile as he turned around completely and gave her outfit a good hard examination. "Morning." She said, blushing deeply as she remembered their meeting that morning. "You look spectacular" he said as he walked up to her. He held her in a firm embrace as he gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "I'd known that outfit would suit you, just not how well." He continued as he stepped back. A little shaken by the warm greeting she just nodded and walked to the table.

David held the chair for her, and she slowly sat down. "Help yourself to some cereal, the eggs will be done in a moment." He said as he returned to the stove. Sharon was encouraged by the friendly atmosphere and slightly puzzled as to what had changed his mood. As she added some milk to her cereal, she decided to take advantage of the situation. "We need to talk." She said, carefully watching his reaction. David was standing with his back turned to her and she

could see his shoulders stiffen. After several seconds during which he kept his back turned and his hands busy with the eggs he nodded. "Yes, I suppose we do." He replied, turning around with a plate of eggs. "My leave is almost over. Did you intend letting me go back to work or am I now a permanent fixture in your house?" David carried the food to the table and seated himself opposite her. "If you had a choice, what would you choose?" he asked. Her mouth opened to answer but then her brain kicked in and she closed it again.

What did she want? Certainly not to be somebody's sex slave. But did she want to go back to her old life? Her shitty job and her small apartment? Her boring old life where the most exciting prospect was the choosing of her wedding gown? She was rapidly growing too old for adventure, hell, she'd already given up on going to Europe some day. Could she give up the adrenaline rush she'd been living on the last few months? Every time she'd glimpsed the suit in the mirror her heart would jump, her breath would catch in her throat. Yes, it's had been frustrating, and scary, and humiliating. But it had also been exiting beyond her wildest dreams.

She'd done things she'd never have imagined, let alone consider doing. She looked up at David as he poured himself some cereal. Would leaving him be forever? That she'd never see him again? For some strange reason she would miss him. He'd been her constant companion for close on a year, watching over her, caring for her, protecting her. Could she simply let it all go? "Are you saying I have a choice?" she asked, and her pulse raced as she waited for the answer. "We always have choices." He replied cryptically through a mouth full of cereal. "Even when it doesn't seem like we do." "What does that mean? That you'll let me go completely free? Allow me to go back to my old life?" "Maybe." He said, frustrating her no end. "And risk me going to the police? Risk everything you have worked for." She said skeptically. "Would you go to them?" he said, looking her in the eye. "Maybe." She said, playing his game right back at him.

"But what is it that you want?" she said, throwing the ball back in his court. He had to think about it for a while before answering. "I want you to stay." He said. "I have grown... fond of you. I want you to be my companion and playmate and lover. But I want you here on your own free will. I have told you before, I don't want or need a slave. I don't want to control your every breath, own your every thought. I want you to have your own life, to retain control of your own affairs." He shifted to his other side and hooked his arm over the back of the chair. "But

at the same time, I want to have the final say. I want to own your chastity, your movements, your choice in clothes. I want to keep you on a very long, very flexible, but ultimately unbreakable leash. I want to know that even though you make your own decisions that I can always over-ride them." She nodded and looked down. In many ways he was still an enigma but this she'd already figured out for herself. "David, you are asking me to become a toy." She said earnestly. "You are asking me to willingly give my mind and body over to you and I just don't think I can do that. What kind of life would I lead if you held all the cards? How could I live with myself knowing I'm just another one of your precious pets?"

"I know." He said. "But it won't be like that. For the last year I've been getting to know you. I have lived with you, watched you, listened to you. As I've told you before, I never intended to take it this far. Each step just followed upon the next. But over the months something happened. I had gone from mere curiosity to..." He looked down and for the first time since she'd met him, he looked uncertain. For a while they sat in silence as she waited for him to continue. Without any warning he stood up and walked away from her. "I'll start the process tonight." He said over his shoulder. "By Monday you'll be rid of the suit."

Sharon stood with her back turned to her car, the engine ticking quietly as it cooled down. In front of her rose the colossal building where she worked. People were pouring into the lobby like ants returning from a foray, each too concerned with their own little lives to even give her a second glance. Did they even know of the other world out there? That world where money and power and the struggle to win had absolutely no meaning?

What did these so-called power brokers know about real power? How would they react to somebody like David? What would they say if they heard about the life she'd led? She looked up to the twenty-third floor. Had she made the right decision? Was she going to regret it for the rest of her life? What if it had been the biggest mistake she'd ever made? She thought back to the moment she and David had said goodbye. They had embraced, kissed, and then so quietly she had almost missed it he'd whispered in her ear "I love you." Squaring her shoulders she took hold of her briefcase and slowly started walking towards the big revolving doors. The briefcase was light, after all it contained only one envelope. In the envelope was a letter to her boss, her resignation typed in one brief formal paragraph. The decision to resign had been easy for her, no matter what had

happened over the last couple of months she knew things would never have worked out with her boss.

David and his suit had just proven her point for her that's all. It was time to make a change, to grab hold of her destiny with both hands and do what she wanted to do, rather than what life expected of her. As she entered the revolving door she stumbled for a moment and her eyes glazed over. The brushes had unexpectedly come to life, and it took her a second before she could regain control of herself. She'd begged David not to replace the domes and other accessories, but he'd been unflinching. She'd almost backed out of her decision, but the pact had been made, all bets were now off. She smiled to quietly to herself in the lift, she had to be mad! What the hell was she getting herself into? After their conversation over breakfast everything had gone wrong. David had returned to his cool, controlled self. She couldn't seem to breach the walls and she'd truly though it was over. She'd return to her old life and her adventure would all be a dim memory. It was only that night that she'd finally been able to face herself with the truth.

David had led her down to his secret room and had tied her too the bed. She'd not resisted, after all he was going to free her, not do her harm. But as he'd bound the leather cuffs to her wrists and ankles things had slowly started to change. A strange nervous pit had formed in her stomach and as he'd led her to the center of the room. He'd raised her hands above her head and bound them to a chain hanging from the ceiling. Tenderly and with great reverence he'd started undressing her, his gaze riding over her curves like the caress of the wind.

If David was calm and reserved, she was exactly the opposite. The pit in her stomach was getting worse and she somehow couldn't stand still, stepping around as much as the chain on her wrists allowed. By the time she'd been stripped she'd developed a strange shiver as if the room was freezing. She'd tried to convince herself it was the excitement of being set free that had her going but that excuse just didn't wash. David had released her hands and had carried her to the bed. It was only when he'd gurgled something to her that she'd realized how tight she was holding on to him. He'd tenderly lowered her onto the bed and within moments she was bound spread-eagle on the bed. Lying on the bed with a pillow under her head she'd watched him come and go. David had collected all the tools necessary to begin the process and had placed them on the table next

to her head. As she'd watched him move, she'd suddenly realized how dry her mouth felt.

David had turned his back while he inspected the tools and she'd stared at him as if she'd never seen him before. Once more she'd tried to imagine life without him and for some reason her reaction had been even worse than that morning. Had he drugged her or what? Why was she so confused? Maybe he'd slipped something into the glass of wine they'd had that evening before they came down.

She tore her gaze away from his back and looked up at her bound wrist. What was going on with her? Here she was bound on a bed and it was his doing! For God's sake think of all the things he'd done to her! Think of the humiliation and fear she'd had to endure. David turned back to her, and she watched as he held a strange implement in his hand. It was a weird contraption made of steel rods and straps. He lowered the thing to her torso, and she'd squirmed nervously as he'd fastened it to her chest. From what she could gather its purpose was to stretch the suit open, the rods using the leverage of her chest to open it up like a ripe orange. David picked up the control and sat looking at her for a while. She couldn't breathe as their eyes locked onto each other and he stared deep into her soul.

After several seconds he bowed his head and typed a long sequence of numbers into the control. His finger hovered over the last key, and he looked back up to her again. For another eternity they watched each other and then he set the control to one side. Moving around the contraption he came to stand next to her and lowered his mouth to hers. Their lips touched and she almost melted as they had the longest, tenderest kiss she'd ever experienced in her life. With a final sigh he withdrew from her and returned to the foot of the bed. Picking up the control he paused for a moment and then he pressed the button. "No wait." She said. "I need to think."

Sharon walked down the passage to her boss's door. The brushes were still doing their thing and she cursed David as he sat in his big house, his eyes roaming over the monitors that told him everything about her life. He had no intention of making this easier for her it seemed. Didn't he realize how difficult this was for her? Did he think abandoning her old life was a synch? As she stood with her

hand on the door doubt once more assailed her. Had she made the right decision? Was she going to regret it? What did her future hold in store?

David had not been willing to answer any of her many questions and doubts, replying to all her queries with a "Wait and see." Was she going to move in with him? Wait and see. Was she going to keep working? Wait and see? How much longer was she going to have to wear the suit? Wait and see. She closed her eyes and tried to think clearly but the damn brushes was too distracting.

Rather than fighting it she decided to give in. For the first time she allowed herself to enjoy the sensation, to feel it without fear or shame. She surrendered to the sensation and ignored the rest of the world. So, what if someone saw her? So, what if she was discovered? She refused to read anything into the stimulation, to try and analyze its meaning. For quite a few minutes she stood there, just concentrating on the sensation flowing through her breasts. And as she opened her eyes, she suddenly realized that the world had changed. In one brief moment everything had a different meaning, a different purpose. She looked down at her breasts and then out the window at the end of the passage. "I love you too." She whispered to the distant hills and pushed the door open.

The End.