

Trapping Rats

Chapter 1

The apartment was perfect! It was a nice upgraded one-bedroom place in an older neighborhood near the Concord BART (Bay Area Transit System) stop. It made for an easy commute into the city. She could enjoy the fun and excitement of San Francisco without the super high cost housing. In fact, this place was a great deal, under \$1,000, which was next to impossible to find in the local market.

The land lady was an ancient woman. She was easily 85, if not older. She explained that she had owned these units, five of them, since just after the Korean War. Her husband had bought it when they returned from Korea. He had fought and served as a member of the occupation for two more years, meeting Sim Lee, his future bride in the process.

The fact that Suzy was also Asian descent may have given her the edge as a future tenant. Sim Lee finished showing Suzy the place. "So, sweetie, are you interested?"

"Oh, yes very much. It's perfect."

"Then if you can complete an application for the credit check, I will let you know in a couple of days."

Suzy completed the paperwork, provided a security deposit and an application fee and took the feeble hand offered to seal the deal. On the third day, her smart phone rang and upon answering the call, Sim Lee spoke to her, letting her know the apartment was hers.

Suzy remembered that day six months ago as she stood at the top of the stairs of the basement. She had provided a first month and last month rent as was typical for the area when she moved into the furnished apartment. The check for the rent was cashed a few days later when she checked her account. She busied herself with work and took little notice of the neighborhood around her. It seemed a typical working-class area. She always focused on her walk to and from the BART and taking an Uber for groceries or the occasional dinner out.

Toward the end of the first month, Sim Lee approached her with a proposition. It started out innocently enough.

Sim Lee asked, "I think we have rats in the basement. I've heard strange squeaking sounds the last few nights. I can't afford an exterminator, but I'll cut \$200 a month off your rent if you will set traps I have each week. Of course, any catches you have to dispose of in the dumpster too."

Suzy was taken a bit aback, but she knew that she had a good thing with the apartment and taking off an extra \$200 made it a steal! Besides how many rats could there be?

"Okay, I'll help you out Sim Lee", Suzy said.

And that's how Suzy became the complex rat trapper. Now it was almost five months later and even though Suzy had been faithfully setting traps, there were never any rats the next day. But after the chat with Sim Lee on the rats, she had heard muffled rattling sounds on occasion coming from the basement. She was sure there was something down there and had searched the concrete space a few times trying to find the source of the sounds. The back room of the basement had several sets of metal shelves - those ones about eight feet long with three or four shelves that could have stuff stacked almost to the ceiling which they were - cardboard boxes, taped shut and with neatly written descriptions of contents - books, china, winter clothes, shoes, etc. Once she thought she heard something behind the unit on the far left. But since the shelves were firmly attached to the wall (earthquake remediation measure) she didn't pursue the thread and investigate further.

She stood at the top of the stairs and prepared to descend into the basement for about the thirtieth time. Fact was she had lost count, but she held the three traps in her hand and started down the stairs.

This weekly task was pretty tiresome, but she had that rent break to think about and the last two months, Sim Lee hadn't even cashed the rent checks. Maybe she was getting forgetful (nice way to say it) in her old age.

Today I'll set these things in new locations, she thought. I know there's something here. I heard the sounds again last week.

She reached the bottom of the steps and turned on the lights.

Everything seemed normal and she began to work at setting the traps.

"This time I'm catching you," she mumbled to no one in particular. "Where do you little bastards hide? I've got this nice piece of cheese and rotten meat for you to eat all you have to do is go through the open door of these metal boxes."

She busied herself in the bare front room preparing the traps. It was then that there came a huge crash from the second room in the basement, the room with the shelves.

"What the hell?" She walked quickly to the doorway into the other room and switched on the lights. The boxes from one of the shelves were on the floor, not all of them but enough to reveal the wall behind. A heavy steel door with a small peephole was behind the shelving.

Suzy went to the offending shelf unit and saw the earthquake wires were still attached but she knew where the tool box was and quickly found wire cutters. Clipping the wires holding the shelves against the wall took no time and she dragged the shelves away from the wall. The screeching sound of the metal on the floor made her cringe. She waited and listened for anyone coming to investigate the crash/screech. Nothing.

The door was very heavy looking, much like a hatch on a ship. It had a very old looking keyhole. She remembered the strange key attached to her apartment keyring when she moved in. Sim Lee had said the key was for an old lock and had some sentimental value and she hoped Suzy would hold onto it as she was getting forgetful and afraid, she might lose it.

Suzy sort of poo poed the old lady but didn't have the heart to refuse her. The key was still on her keyring. It had come in handy as an improvised screwdriver and was a kind of conversation piece because of its odd shape and mysterious origins. The keyhole in the door looked like a match.

She put the key into the hole and turned it. She was rewarded with the grinding of tumblers inside the door. She lifted the latch and pulled the door open.

The cell, for lack of a better name, was lit from the rear wall. It was about six feet square. The concrete walls were bare and smooth with no paint or decoration.

The most striking feature of the cell was the black shape of a woman in some sort of bondage suit - well, not a woman but a suit suspended by chains attached to the crown of the reinforced headpiece and shoulders. Chains hung loosely from the upper abdomen, the hips, and the knees. Numerous wide rubber straps were cinched about the entire body of the suit. There was an attached face piece strapped to the heavy hood with two long tubes from the mouth and nose area to the back wall of the cell. Additional tubes passed out of the front and rear of the crotch, lining up with the anal area and at the point above the mons where the urethra would be located.

The legs of the suit had thick rubber ballet boots attached and more straps designed to hold the legs tightly together. The attached chains would make any extreme movement impossible for the person in the suit. The straps and various attachments would create a virtually escape proof prison of tight and heavy rubber.

Suzy moved closer. She lightly touched the rubber encased head on the suit. The thick rubber covered everything. A person in this suit would have no sight; no hearing; the nose didn't appear to have any opening; only the long tubes from the mouth and nose to the wall provided any connection to the outside. What was beyond that wall the tube passed through?

Suzy pushed at the suit and saw it was empty, a toy, no a fantastically elaborate device of extreme bondage waiting for a victim.

Oh my, someone locked in this suit, strapped and chained would be hopelessly trapped. Someone put inside this suit would have no chance of escape. 100 percent escape proof, TRAPPED! Her thoughts went wild at the idea of being in the suit.

Her wild thoughts ran on, No doubt about it. I'd have my boyfriend lock me in this NOW, if only he were here, if only I had the courage to show it to him, if only I had a boyfriend... She realized the suit threatened to overwhelm her reasoning. The thought of being inside it pushed everything from her mind, leaving only carnal desire to know this suit.

She touched the cool rubber exterior of the suit. No harm in taking a closer look. Get a better feeling of how it works and get a better idea on how to tighten the

straps and bonds so when I do have someone to help me, I can try it out, climb inside it and discover its hidden secrets.

Trapped inside the suit, no hope of escape, sealed completely in tight hot rubber, feeling nothing but the suit on my entire body; no senses but the tight hug of rubber; so scary to be sealed in the squeezing claustrophobic darkness; humiliating, helpless, so exciting! What am I thinking?

No harm in looking inside. I'll open all of these thick and sturdy buckles, pull down the zipper to the waist and check out the inside.

Her hands trembled as she fumbled with the strap buckles. Her pulse quickened. Her breathing became short. She felt her pussy getting damp!

What's gotten into me! The rubber, the bonds, the raw rubber aroma is such a turn on. The suit is beckoning me to try but I don't dare. It is calling silently to embrace its victim. Was it made for someone in particular? Someone was very rich and kinky to make this suit.

She studied the suit more closely. Still the deep interior held unseen mysteries that her aroused state wanted to discover. The suit did appear to be very close to her size. Whoever owned it must have been very fit. Maybe some sort of escape artist, a regular woman Houdini. The suit would thrill audiences with its body-hugging eroticism. Perhaps it was the finale of the show, like Houdini's water escape - but that killed him.

The suit hung on its chains. Without realizing it, all the buckles and straps were hanging from the suit. When had she opened all of them?

The heavy face piece was loose from the hood and hanging from two of its five straps. Had she pulled it off the hood?

She held the face piece in her hand and examined it. A rather large and hollow gag matched with the mouth opening. A soft rubber nose cup was above the gag. The smaller of the two corrugated rubber hoses passed through the front of the mask and fit to a small metal ring on the tip of the nose cup. Below the tube was a small one-way rubber valve disk like the ones found on gas masks. It was the exhaust port and would easily open on an exhale but remain closed on inhaling. This feature assured all air would be provided by the rubber hose. A second

corrugated hose attached at the mouth opening and gag. Both hoses hung with some slack from the face piece to the back wall. At the wall they passed through rubber grommets in the wall to some unknown room. How would it feel having that filling my mouth and breathing air from that mask clamped tightly to my face? Where do those hoses go?

This was getting too crazy! Now she saw a control box on the right wall at shoulder level. The box has a red and a green button. She pushed the red button and the three chains attached to the shoulders and head hood slowly dropped the suit toward the ground. The chains attached to the bottom parts of the suit didn't move. She stopped the hoist when she felt the top part was loose enough to open and climb into the lower part. She slowly started pulling off her clothes. Something in the back of her mind had told her that she had to be naked to climb into the suit. What am I doing, what am I doing?

The suit called its Siren Song. She began to remove her clothes. All right kinky fetish suit, let's see what you're made of! Let's see if you can hold me in your eternal grasp! I'm up to the challenge! We'll see who the better is.

Now she spoke to the suit, "Here are the rules. I'll get in you. I'll close every buckle and strap I can. I find out your secrets. I'll then conquer you, escaping your embrace!"

Good grief. I'm losing it, talking to a rubber suit! She thought.

"Don't worry. I won't cheat, no sharp objects, no knife, no scissors; just my wits and my own hands once everything is strapped closed."

Suzy stood naked before the suit. Her splendidly taut and fit body so lithe and alive waited for the command to climb the chain and dropping into the suit opening.

She grabbed hold of the chain and started pulling herself up the outside of the suit. Her hours in the gym and her rock-climbing hobby helped make the task of climbing up the suit easy. She got above the waist of the suit with its upper part spread like a flower petal open for pollination, so inviting, so fertile.

It's as much a challenge just getting into the suit as it will be getting out. Certainly, getting out will be easy once I understand the secrets revealed as I get in. The

designer might have been very kinky, but I'll bet she (it had to be a she to design this) didn't think of everything. I'll find the secret.

She swung her legs into the dark opening one at a time. Her left and right legs each slid slowly into the lower half of the suit. The suit interior was covered in a slippery gel which eased the task of dropping into the suit. Soon she was at the tight and thick waistline. Her hips were too wide to slide past the narrow waist. She felt her feet hanging inside the legs. She felt cheated, stuck at the edge of desire and unable to proceed.

Maybe I need to wiggle my hips a little; work them side to side while pulling at the opening. Suzy, the greatest escape artist of all, working her way into the ultimate escape device. Move aside strait jackets! This is total encasement in tight unforgiving rubber!

She pushed from above. She wiggled her butt. Her small perky tits bounced a little with her exertions.

I am putting on one hell of an erotic show with no one to watch. My legs are brushing something down there. What are those?

Then slowly like the beginning of a landslide her hips slid past the narrow waist and she almost thumped into the lower half of the suit. The first surprise of the interior was two phalluses penetrating her tender insides. Her feet slid into the severe angles of the attached ballet boots. Her distraction of the two intruding toys and her now hurting feet hid the insertion of a smooth narrow catheter tube into her urethra. The first indication of this insertion was the feel of a little pressure as a small anchoring balloon inflated and her involuntary evacuation of her bladder. Damn, I peed in the suit. But I feel no wet. There must be a catheter inside me. These surprises keep coming and why the need for a cath?

But her doubts quickly dissolved before the attack on her most private recesses. She wiggled and shifted as her lower body settled into the tight rubber grip of the suit. She passed her hands along the lower half and lifted the folds of the upper body.

I'm in! Well halfway at least. WOW, didn't expect that. She wiggled the dildo and a butt plug into position. She was truly filled by the two intruders and she wiggled

with aroused pleasure from the surprise. As she wiggled the two toys began to vibrate! The surprises never end! She thought.

Got to get a handle on this distraction. This could upset my entire plan if I don't get myself under control. The designer of this suit is most DEFINITELY a woman.

She set about closing the numerous straps attached to the legs of the suit. She bent far down and tugged fed the ankle strap through its mated buckle. She pulled it tight. No cheating her ankles were pressed tightly together. She worked her way up each strap. The lower calf, just below the knee, just above the knee, mid-thigh and finally the upper thigh just under her cleft. The tight straps caused her legs to be clamped together as one as effectively as one of those leg sheaths she had seen in a San Fran fetish store. Her trapped legs pushed the plugs deeper into her body.

God, those things feel soooooo good. I wiggle and writhe for an unseen crowd. I'm melting into the suit, surrendering to its wonderful bliss. Enough of this. Somehow the suit is interactive. The hotter and more I struggle the more the toys vibrate and distract. I could cum right now but I must wait until I finish. Concentrate, Suzy, breathe slowly and deliberately. Think of the goal. Careful what you wish for.

Chapter 2

She had to finish donning the suit.

Slow, graceful movements. Don't move too much. Keep the suit under control. Be as graceful as a ballet dancer - odd to think that with those severe boots on my feet - the audience is still with anticipation, not a sound from the room.

Suzy slowly pushed her right arm into the sleeve opening at the shoulder. She slowly pushed her hand and arm down the long rubber tube. Her fingers found the attached glove and she easily lined up her fingers and pushed past the tight wrist. The gel inside eased the slide as her hand slid into place. She used her other hand to adjust the fit as the rubber glove and arm warmed to her skin and molded into a clinging second skin.

Ah! That's just one arm sealed in rubber and the feeling is sooooo erotic! The tight-fitting massage of the rubber thrills me. My deepest primitive desires bubble to the surface of a dark lake.

She fed her left arm into its sleeve. As before her hand pushed past a thick wristband and settled into the glove. The cool rubber warmed and molded as before, and the electric thrill of the material again tore down any doubt.

I AM in control. I can stop any time I want.

Her gloved fingers fumbled with the front zip of the suit and she pulled it closed. Her tiny breasts slid into the cups, cups that held her perfectly, and here was another surprise, her swelling nipples pushed past little rings with tiny needles. These little devils pricked her tender nipples and try as she might, they worked slowly into her skin. The pain was minor but consistent and it aroused.

Geeze! How do those things retract? Maybe some release device on the suit. I don't see anything obvious. But I bet when my swollen nipples go back to normal, the needles ease right out. Yes, that's part of the challenge. Mind over matter. An escape means defeating the arousal mechanisms of the suit. How deviously delicious! Time to buckle the front straps of the built-in corset.

Seven stainless steel buckles needed to be closed from the waist to just under her bust. The buckles combined with the thicker rubber to form a tight built-in corset of thick rubber from the hips to the bust. She pulled each buckle strap tight and felt the increasing hug of the suit. Again she wanted to just surrender to the feel. The wonderful suit encased her from the neck to her feet. Each little movement sent a shudder of delight through her very being, touching some deep need for lust.

This is most definitely one serious bondage session. I've been on the edge of a massive explosion since my feet touched the bottom of those boots. It's taking all of my will to control myself. It is so easy to just surrender to the erotic bliss promised. But that is admitting defeat to cum before finding out the full capability and bondage of this suit.

She pulled the attached hood over her head. She felt the hard-top piece that held the suspension chain. The hood had wide eye openings and an open nose and mouth. It had thickened lobes over her ears and soft pliable rubber insidiously

pushed into the ear canals. These built-in ear protectors completely cut off sounds. Now she heard her breathing from inside. She heard her blood coursing through her aroused body. The suit was drawing her into herself as it became one with her physical person and slowly one with her mind.

My gosh. Each additional step is drawing me deeper into this black pool. Its depths unknown. When do I reach the bottom? Only when you are completely finished with the suiting up. Only when you give yourself totally and with no reservation to the suit. Only.....

She buckled the wide posture collar hanging from her neck. The collar completed the seal between the hood and her shoulders. It covered the zipper tongue and any sign of the zipper was behind the collar and the corset straps. There was no visible means of entry. The one zipper was hidden behind the outer bondage pieces. The suit looked as if it was poured onto her. The suit swallowed her whole into its dark interior to reveal its hidden carnal secrets in time.

This IS really getting serious! I try to move and find little or no forgiveness from the thick rubber and multiple straps. But I have gotten in here all by myself. Certainly, anything I can put on I can take off. How can I see to finish any necessary adjustments now that I can't look down? If there was only a mirror. But no mirror here. The door looks to have a polished steel surface. If I can only reach it and pull it closed, I'll be able to see what else needs to be done.

She reached out from her perch just almost touching the door handle. She tried a second time...almost there...she reached a third time lifting slightly and feeling the inner toys stirring in response. Not now, suit. Concentrate, almost got it and...got it!

Suzy pulled the door closed with a resounding thump of finality. The view of her suspended, rubber-covered form was breathtaking! She ran her hands over the suit slowly, feeling every touch, shivering even as the suit warmed her and she felt hot sweat beginning to lubricate her skin allowing the suit to slide even more erotically over every inch of her body.

You are a bondage goddess! My surrender is power. The suit exudes power throughout my sealed body. I draw sexual strength from this suit. The suit lives and takes on a personality that only I can fathom. Those sleeves at my waist must

be for my arms, a way to immobilize them to my side and those little mittens attached at the hips will easily take my hands. But before I test out those restraints I must finish with the hood and face piece. I can easily see how the strap network of the front piece fits to the hood and completes a complete sealing in rubber.

She reached for the hoist control and pushed the green button. The system wound up the three chains until they just held her with toes just touching the floor. She felt the tension of the suspension and the suit shifted even more snugly about her body.

And I thought there could be nothing else added! I'm weightless inside the suit. All feeling of touch is an oneness with the suit. The constant pressure almost fades to nothing. I feel no changes but the massaging fingers of the suit wander over me and fill me with such joy!

Time for the face piece.

The face piece looked much like a pilot's oxygen mask with the added feature of eye covering rubber above the nose cup. Two straps were still attached to the hood. The remaining three straps were dangling, waiting to be pushed into the proper clip points on the hood.

Okay, I can do this by feel. I know where everything is. Even blinded I can finish this task. I can finish the extreme bondage. I can achieve my goal to discover the very essence of this suit. I can reach the nirvana inside and reach a final epic plateaus of desire...sensual, sexual bliss total surrender of body, mind and soul to the suit. Then I will come to my senses and put aside the desire to work myself out of it. But I must know all of its secrets before I escape it!

Suzy pushed the gag into her mouth. It filled her mouth, cutting off her ability to make sounds above soft grunts or groans.

No one will hear my struggles in the suit. But there's no one to hear them anyway.

She reached for the crown strap and clipped it in place. She pulled the lower chin strap to the hood and found the clip recess. Finally the last strap slid with a snip into its place. She tugged the strap ends through the buckle slides and pulled the

thing tightly to her face. The last small gap of light faded as the face piece sealed to the hood. She drew her first breath through the mask.

Here! Done! Completely sealed in rubber! Ahhhhhh, I feel so wonderfully calm. I feel a warm glow building within me. My stomach is churning with desire. I know I'm breathing but the air must be heated somehow since I don't feel any of the normal cool air in my nose and the odor, a strong sweet odor of raw rubber! Oh, this is so amazing. I imagine I must be turning into rubber inside and out, I feel and smell rubber. I see and hear nothing. I taste the rubber from my breath. I'm incredibly hot.

I stroke caress the slippery rubber skin and the suit seems to respond with massaging fingers on my skin. I wiggle and strain within the confines of suit and chains. Each movement has a response. The suit is a living extension of me or maybe I'm bonding into a hybrid living being of flesh and rubber. I explore every crevasse, every strap and buckle I can reach, oh my sensitive breasts respond willingly to the pulsing shocks my touch invokes.

But enough exploration. There is one last thing to do. Time to immobilize the arms.

No, Suzy, NOOOOO. You are still in control, able to escape...

FUCK! The sleeves and mitts are there for a purpose!

NO, don't do it, NO.

Logic be damned! They are there to use.

No, you don't know what happens once you put your hands.....

Fuck, fuck, FUCK!! I have to do this. It completes the bondage, the oneness with the suit!

Noooo.....

I'll just shove my hands in and end of argument. That's it put hands and arms through the sleeves at the waist. Then I'll feel for the cuffs of those mitts...ahhh, got them. Push the right hand in. I feel the slick gel on my hand. Just fold my palm and fingers together and push the hands past the wrist seal. That's it, almost.

The hand passed the restriction point and she balled her fist in the mitt.

Slide in the left hand. Easy. Easy. There's the wrist point, fold the hand and it's in! The deed is done. My bondage is complete. End of argument! Now time to see what happens next!

The vibrators fire up. As if some pre-programmed system launched with the seating of the hands, her ass was suddenly filled with warm liquid. The forced enema was another surprise. She felt the pressure of the fluid as her rubber encased belly could not stretch to accommodate the fluid.

Surprises never cease! Gawd, that is so erotic! The pressure pushes the front vibe against my insides and now the thing is building in intensity! My surrender is so complete. I feel my arousal and see the abyss of complete sexual fulfillment at my feet.

The enema flushed and the vibrations stopped.

Oh gawd! Tease me then deny me! How evil can this get? Now that enema is starting again. And the vibrations from both toys are attacking me, thrilling me, arousing me, surrender. I must surrender! Now my nipples are tingling, a slight burning...low level electricity through those needles? And each small move in the encasement amplified through the rubber massage, slipping and sliding only a few millimeters in the suit yet the feel is so incredibly erotic!

Every little movement, every little struggle brings an erotic response from the suit! The toys thrust and vibrate. My skin tingles with hot desire. My mind is totally lost in a black whirlpool. I'm trapped in this incredible journey of lust. Must think. Something in the back of my mind. Something hidden from me. Strain to see what I'm missing. The enema...yes so obvious and simple. Whatever can fill and flush can also remove waste. I'm cathetered. I'm can be cleaned out regularly. It's no stretch to guess water and food, in liquid form, can be fed through the hose attached to the gag. I can remain secure in this bondage for a very, VERY long time!

This first revelation of her situation sent a massive shudder through her being.

Getting so hot. Melting inside the suit. Bonding with the suit. No sense of time. Only unbridled lust. Only impassioned need to reach sexual fulfillment. Total disregard to any potential danger. So easy to get into the suit, why won't getting

out be just as easy? Fear...YES...but an erotic need...desire...wanton lust. No tomorrow. No next hour or minute. Only NOW...the present!

Slowly the reality of the permanence of her plight dawned.

Ecstasy and fear. Fear and ecstasy. Interchangeable emotions. A complex mosaic of conflicting emotion spilling from my core and washing over me. I feel a deep and hidden masochism awakening in me. The entrapment in the suit is the source! I'm a powder keg of desire wanting only a spark to ignite my lust.

She squirms within the confines of the suit. She feels the pulsating dildo in her most sensitive womanhood. The plug inside her rear shoots hot water inside.

Shit!

A muffled grunt heard only within the confines of the cell. She squirmed in a futile attempt to rid her body of the offensive object. It is a pointless effort as cold, near freezing, water replaces the hot flush.

"Arrrg," she moans.

She strained at the chains. They rattled as she attempts to pull free but steel is stronger than flesh. Rubber tougher than muscle. She was soon panting from the struggle...the arousal...the futility. She sagged in despair within the bondage.

Someone find me. Someone save me.

The suit suddenly began massaging her entire body. Little pricks of erotic pain pricked at her swollen nipples. The plugs vibrated with strong purpose inside her body. The hopelessness faded as the suit drove her to higher plateaus of carnal desire. She thrusts as best she can in the suit. The approaching surge to orgasm was just out of reach.

Okay suit, don't quit on me now. No more tricks. I'm just about Jell-O as it is. Come on suit. I feel the wave rolling closer, oh so close now! Gawd take me to nirvana! Drown me in lust. My body is contracting now. I am wavering on the edge, so close, so close...

She pulled hard on the chains. They rattle and strain as the titanic explosion erupts from her depths and blasts out from her overheated sex! She squeezed the

vibrating monster and sucked it deep inside her as total ecstasy and surrender carried her into thrashing oblivion.

Minutes later or maybe hours, she regained consciousness.

Why is it dark? What is the tight clinging over my entire body? Why can't I move? A dream....I'm dreaming. No a nightmare...a beautifully exquisite nightmare. But it is reality. Time to get out of the suit. Pull the hands out of the mitts. Come on, they slid in so easily. Just twist the arms a little...break the seal between the rubber. I am pulling with all my might and they didn't budge even a fraction of an inch. I am exhausted. I suck that rubbery air in rapid gasps. I'm stuck!

She sagged again as she worked her mind, retracing the events that put her in this spot. It was then a nasty tasting fluid began filling her throat. She was forced to swallow the stuff or choke. The taste seemed familiar but definitely a sweetly, sour, almost rancid taste. A moment later she realized that the stuff tasted exactly like industrial rubber sheets might taste if chewed!

I could be locked in this suit for a very, VERY long time.

This thought brought on a new surge of arousal.

I surrender.

Epilogue

Four months later a young woman is talking to her best friend on the phone.

"Oh, yes. It's a very nice apartment, fully furnished and so reasonable. The odd thing is the furnishings are more than normal. I mean the previous tenant must have left in one big hurry. I mean, like, all her stuff is still here.

"I don't mind so much. Some of her clothes are quite nice and we are close enough in size that I can wear lots of the stuff.

"The land lady is really old. She's forgetful too. But she offered me a break on rent if I help her out by setting rat traps in the basement. I mean it seems easy enough and she said she'll cut the rent by \$200.

"I'm not so sure I'll do it yet. I mean the basement gives me the creeps. Sometimes when it's really quiet I hear things...I mean sounds like distant chains rattling and an occasional groan of despair? Or maybe something else, I just don't know.

"The sound seems to come from behind some shelves stacked with old stuff in boxes.

"Like, uh, no way am I looking behind them...the sounds are just too weird, too creepy."