



Seedy Bar Hook-up

It was a bit of a dive to put it mildly, low lights cheap drinks. A sticky floor, there was not exactly a stellar décor. Sandy was having a drink and she happened to be dressed up for the occasion. She was not expecting a girl in a little black dress to be the one to muster up the courage, to walk over and hit on her. She knew that she was intimidating, a body builder over six feet tall quite a bit over six foot. Guys found it difficult to approach her some times, but this was different. This woman's confidence was infectious. Even in her heels the girl, she corrected herself ... the woman was tiny. She sauntered over and hugged Sandy like an old friend, she was very forward.

“Hi honey, My names Nova ... what's yours”?

“It's ... err ... Sandy”. She stumbled over her own name and hoped that she wasn't blushing. Nova held her hand up as if she was measuring the height difference between them.

She looked impressed as she sized her target up,

“Wow, your one tall gal! Why don't I buy you a drink, it's not so often that we see a girl over six feet tall in flats around here. Especially not with such a lovely figure”. This time Sandy blushed and smiled. She tried to wipe the smile off her face as Nova gripped her elbow and started to lead her over to the bar. She was tempted to shake her off, but something made her susceptible to her charms.

“Your confident, aren't you? You often approach strange muscular women in bars”?

She had a nervous tone to her voice, even with their height difference she felt that there was something about Nova that made her feel a little wary, yet also excited and intrigued her.

“Well yes, I guess I am a bit forward”. Sandy could feel the room shift, it seemed to be growing hotter. She ran her hand over her forehead, she was nervous.

“Sorry ... but ... not ... your type ... I am strait ... so ... no deal”! She tried to reject her but Nova just didn't accept that outcome, she had her sights set on Sandy, her fingertips ran over her side.

“You say that your straight, but I bet your curious”? Sandy blushed and looked embarrassed.

Sandy paused thinking for a moment about the woman in front of her. Her voice sounded less certain, her own heart beat seemed to be running faster.

“I am ... definitely not curious. Err ... thanks anyway”. Nova guided her to the bar.

“Yes, of course I am a lesbian ... we could have some fun together”. Her hand was resting on Sandy's butt. When Sandy noticed it and blushed Nova was in no hurry to remove it.

“Err ... I don't think so, not tonight”! She reached out to push Nova away but she didn't get far.

“You never know ... until you try”. She winked looking up at Sandy, she pinched her ass making her target gasp. Her hand started to stroke Sandy's bottom for a moment. Sandy tried to say something, but the words didn't seem to get past her lips. Nova patted her on the bottom and moved her hand.

“Your still talking to me, letting me get so close to you. You must be a little curious”.

She had both of Sandy's hands in hers. Sandy was finding her breath caught in her throat, it was rather hard to say no to this poised woman.

Suddenly her hands darted up and uninvited squeezed Sandy's large breasts very forcefully. Her mouth made an O and she gasped in surprise and indignation ... she was left speechless by the diminutive but assertive woman. She just looked up at her and grinned very pleased with herself.

“So, they are all natural, I was wondering. How interesting ... I thought so, truly lovely”. The petite lesbian smiled and got closer. She reached up and pulled the stunned Sandy towards her. She was on her tip toes whispering in Sandy's ear in a seductive tone,

“What are your darkest fantasies”? Nervously taken aback Sandy whispered in her ear. She was

surprised what she was blurting out to a complete stranger. The woman grinned even wider and stroked her chin, a hand on her waist.

“I have to ask ... have you ever gone through with them?”

Sandy looked a little shy, she blushed then slowly shook her head. The assertive little lesbian patted her on the butt. Her voice was a little louder but she was still whispering.

“So, you have never tried bondage or anal sex, you’re not adventurous? How sad for you, I could show you some new experiences. If you wanted to try something kinky”. Sandy blushed and let herself be pulled forwards so that she was bending down. The little lesbian planted a kiss on her lips and then held a hand tightly over her jaw, licking along Sandy's earlobe.

“You would look really cute gagged. The tighter the better. If you were gagged properly you couldn't say no and I could force you to experience all your fantasies”.

Sandy blushed and looked a little worried and she felt her heart flutter and her pupils dilate. She didn't know what to do and the conflicting impulses played across her face. The little lesbian reassured her keeping a grip on her wrists.

“Don't you worry at all. I am at least a foot shorter than you. Your big and strong what could I possibly do to you. If you didn't want to let me take advantage of you now is your last chance, now have a drink”. Sandy didn't notice a little colourless drop of something added to her drink. She was too distracted by various ideas running through her head.

Sandy started to slowly sway backwards and forwards, whatever was in the drink had taken full effect and her reasoning facilities were pretty much mush for the moment. Nova went to hug her feeling her breasts. Sandy tried and failed to push her away, not that she particularly wanted to.

“You're not doing so well, I have something in my purse to help you”. Nova was moving around her and suddenly her arms were pulled back. Sandy realised that her elbows were meeting and her jacket was pulled over her shoulders covering up her arms.

She was vaguely aware of being led out the door, and she could barely stay upright. The room was lurching backwards and forwards. The little lesbian Dom patted her on the shoulder, then ran her hand up her thigh.

“There your much more co-operative with those hinged handcuffs locked on behind your back elbows and wrist”.

Sandy tried to object, she pulled against the cuffs. They bit into her limbs hard, preventing any movement, they had been applied so tight. She tried to protest, her mouth opened. She didn't really want to go with Nova after all, well maybe she did - maybe she wanted to be subjected to every lewd fantasy she had. But her words were slurred beyond being recognisable. As well as that her arms were firmly trapped behind her back, her strength useless her legs barely responding. Her eyes darted around and no one in the bar seemed to notice or care. Nova twisted her nipple, and stroked her face, she felt her body respond with a blush of arousal.

“Don't be silly, no one is going to interrupt us”. She slapped Sandy hard on the ass and pushed her forcefully forwards, Sandy could barely say upright let alone reason or resist.

Sandy lurched backwards and forwards almost pitching over, each step was a struggle. She was almost going to hit the tarmac that made up the car park, without her captors intercession she would have crumbled into a ball.

“Well let me help you to my car, in the trunk you go ... your now the trunk drunk”. Before she was able to think or comment something punishingly large was shoved in her mouth and buckled in place. She must have blacked out completely as when she woke up she was being pulled out of the trunk. The taste of rubber in her mouth was accompanied by an ache in her jaw. She tried to vocalise some protest, despite her body's arousal. But the muffling orb in her mouth was far too

large, the straps far too tight to allow any meaningful commentary.

“Come on honey this is my place, let’s get you upstairs”. Before she knew it, she was staggering over the threshold and the door was being locked behind her. The tall woman barely realised where she was going. She staggered into a luxurious satin bedroom and collapsed down onto a large mattress. She felt the prick of a needle in her side and she went limp, her senses becoming even more dull.

“Now let me just take your clothes off and get you all snug for bed”. Sandy was far too weak to resist as her clothes were pulled away. One moment she tried to cover up, nothing happened her body refused to respond. Then it slowly dawned on her that her hands were still tightly secured behind her back. She just seemed to pass out, completely giving up the fight.

Sandy woke up, a hand stroked her face. She realised that she was naked. The cuffs and the gag from earlier had gone. Her body ached she could feel where the cuffs had clamped down on her limbs and where the gag had tried to unhinge her jaw. The two of them had done something together that night, her body still felt limp, thought there was a dull ache from her breasts that caused her body to flush. She felt her jaw pushed open and a hand forcefully shoved fabric into her oral cavity between her lips. She tried to push it out with her tongue only to have more shoved in.

“You’re making a bit too much noise snoring. Let’s just shove your panties in your mouth with your pantyhose, my panties a couple of my gym socks and a wash cloth. Now a turn of black tape should hold that lot in place nice and tight”.

Her jaw felt impossibly full, she couldn't spit out whatever was lodged in there. Sandy could barely understand her captors words. Slowly her fingers moved towards her jaw. Only for her hands to be pulled firmly behind her back, she had no strength left in them.

“Let me just tape your fingers together so you can’t fidget. I am sure taping them up to the second knuckle will be enough for now”. She felt something wrapped around her hands again and again and they remained trapped behind her back. Sandy started to realise just how strongly she was drugged. Her head was spinning she could feel a bit dampness between her legs and a certain strange twinge from her nipples.

Her captor was not quite happy as her prisoner continued to squirm against the tape. Sandy found more reinforcement added to her bonds. There was a knee under her stomach and she was raised off the bed, only to have tape passed around her waist. She tried to beg into her gag but it was too large.

“Ok let’s tape your wrists together some more and then tape them to your waist. Let’s just make sure you can’t roll off the bed and tuck your ankles up against your thighs and tape them together”. She felt her legs bent back, more fidgeting and they were kept in place, Nova was being thorough.

“There you go a nice tight frog tie, sleep tight”. She felt the little lesbian spooning her, cupping her breasts as she started to drift off back to sleep. Sandy could feel a certain heat in her body as the medication send her back to slumber land.

Sandy woke up with a start, the drugs had eventually started to work their way out of her system at last. Her head hurt like hell, her mouth was full of foul tasting fabric. She tried to move and swiftly realised that she was naked taped tightly in place. Her bottom stung like it had been spanked and her nipples were also expressing some amount of distress. She could feel a dampness between her legs that made her blush around the gag. She screamed in terror into her gag and pulled against her tight bonds like a mad woman. The little Domme sleeping beside her instantly opened her eyes, she was not happy!

“Oh, you woke me up again ... naughty! Let me just calm you down with this plastic bag over your neck and a turn of tape. There you go that will soon calm you down real nice. I guess the drugs finally wore off”. Suddenly Sandy felt the plastic bag pressed tight against her face, making her struggling all the more desperate to get away. She had no idea what this insane bitch was capable of,

she had the desire to submit to beg. The tape holding her stretched, but held her in place, the cruel treatment seemed to affect her body in strange ways.

The little lesbian Dom handled her like a package that needed to be rewrapped.

“Such a big strong girl like you, so helpless and at my mercy. Suffocating on just a little bit of plastic”. Sandy desperately struggled as she was groped, she begged against the thin layer of plastic that kept her from breathing in, Nova’s fingers in her pussy felt surprisingly welcome as the condensation built up on the plastic and her view became foggy.

“Honey you’re going to have to learn the hard way that struggling is pointless, your my plaything now”. The evil little bitch rolled her over controlling her easily in this state.

“Now let me just tape your elbows together nice and tight, it’s a bit of effort. But I can make them touch. A few more turns so you can’t wiggle so much”.

Sandy felt giddy from the lack of oxygen, what was going on. She felt her lungs burn as her elbows were fused together by turn after turn of tape. Her chances of making any escape dropped rapidly.

“Well will you look at that, you almost broke the tape holding your ankle to your thigh while your thrashing about”. Sandy strained trying to free her legs, but the bonds were reinforced against her desperate struggle. Her desperate situation her beating heart she felt like she was having a hot flush and a panic attack all at once.

“Let me make it better, you have such nice legs and such a lovely ass. First your right leg then your left. There you go nice and tight. You have such lovely toes and feet, I can’t wait to cane them until you can’t stand”! She was terrified as the small amount of progress she had made against her bonds was erased. The woman's hands cupped her ass, pulling her buttocks apart. Stroking her wet engorged pussy lips teasing and tormenting her wracked body.

“Oh, look that tape round your waist is a little stretched. Let me get it nice and reinforced tight there you go”. Nova rolled her captive around working methodically. The tape around her prisoners waist was wrapped tighter and tighter keeping her victims hands in place. Her fingers wiggled pathetically fluttering but couldn't do anything to free Sandy. She felt her lungs burning as if they were on fire, she was ready to pass out. Her vision was fading to black and her thoughts were becoming sluggish.

“You look nice and red ... all out of breath want some air? Let me just poke a little breathing hole for you, aren't I generous”. She was able to suck in the tiniest bit of air, it was practically nothing! Still it gave her a life line for now, she dimly realised she was moaning into the gag and her nipples were completely stiff.

“Oh look, you can still wiggle your fingers a bit. I need a new roll. Let me tape them both up tight together. Wow that can’t be comfortable, let me just use a second roll to be certain”. Sandy felt an immense pressure around her fingers. It was too tight it was painful paralysing her digits. She couldn't do anything as the tape was wrapped around and around her hands, fusing them into one useless mass.

“There you go nice and tight, no wiggle room for you”.

She couldn't resist as the little Domme's nails cruelly pinched her exposed nipples. As the pinching grew tighter she arched her back and moaned into the gag.

“Now you can see I have lots of tape. I am going to tape your folded legs up really tight so you can’t get away, might take me four or five rolls on each leg to do a proper job. But don't worry, I have an entire box under the bed”. Sandy heard the scrape of wood then the sound of something hitting the bed. Suddenly there was more pressure on her folded legs as Nova was going over kill on her bonds. As more and more tape was wrapped around her pinioned limbs she started to create a damp patch on the bed.

Minutes later Sandy found her legs were fused together locked folded over in what felt like miles of tightly wrapped tape. She was not getting free any time soon. Suddenly fingers hooked round her big toe and her right foot was pulled as if the Domme wanted to twist it off. She cried out into her gag in distress surprise and a tiny hint of excitement.

“Now if I twist your foot round like this you can’t wiggle at all. Then if I wrap tape round your big toe to your thigh you can barely move your foot at all, looks a little painful twisted like that but I don’t hear any complaints”. The way her feet had been contorted around it forced her legs to part. If her feet were kept like this for any length of time it would make it difficult for her to stand properly, it seemed that the less movement she had the more turned on she was.

“There now isn’t that better honey far less wiggle room, you look so cute like this”. She wailed into the gag in distress as Nova kept using more and more tape on her body. Putting more over the arch of each foot to help them remain in place.

“Your feisty, but I have more tape, let’s get your arms-together nice and wrapped. Shoulders wrenched back, another roll of tape and you seem far more helpless”. Sandy could feel the crushing pressure of the slow tape wrap. She was convinced that the sadistic little Domme would only stop when she had encased every inch of her body under at least three layers of this tape. There was a pause as she was stroked between her legs. She felt her hips wiggling her breath getting faster, then the dominatrix got back to work.

Her shoulders were crushed by a wrap of tape, with her breathing restricted Sandy felt light headed. She could just make out the predatory look in her captors eyes and she didn’t like it one bit. Well it sort of turned her on in a way to be the object of such obsession. But at the same time, it really terrified her. The bag was pulled away but she was certain something else worse awaited her.

“Now you lose the bag, but I am putting this stocking on over your head instead. I am going to just completely wrap your head in tape, until just your nose is showing. That might help calm you down”. Sandy started to scream into the gag as her world went dark under the layers of tape. She pulled on her arms and legs they remained stuck. She could feel the caress and stroke of her captor between each line of stretchy tape.

The pressure on her skull just seemed to get worse and worse, she could feel the sheets under her nipples the physical sensation of touch grew more acute as her other sense were packaged away. It was soon as if she was drowning in tape. Being mummified felt like she was being buried alive. No matter her screaming or however much struggling there was, the Dom just kept wrapping her.

“Can you believe it ten rolls of tape over your head round your jaw and your still got some resistance left in you”. In a blind panic Sandy was struggling and straining, barely having any effect against her bonds. Other than rocking backwards and forwards a little, which was coincidentally rubbing her pussy against the mattress. It just seemed to turn on the sadistic captor and spur her to add more bonds.

The Domme had a thick folded cloth, she pressed it over the top of Sandy’s mouth, which she held in place with another pass of tape.

“You are a little too noisy ... let me just make a few extra wraps over your jaw”. Sandy could feel the pressure over her face. Then there was no more extra pressure, had Nova stopped for the moment? Her body felt so odd turned on and terrified at the same time a heady mix.

“If I just put a bit of tape over your nose you can’t do anything about it. Now just count with me 10 seconds ... 20 sec ... 30 sec ... 40sec... 50 sec... 60 sec... and the tape comes off. See how your now my helpless girl toy. With training you’re going to be able to hold your breath for a very long time”. Sandy screamed into the gag she hated this breath-play, it made her lungs burn in agony. She was terrified being in the dark it was like drowning. And yet certain feelings in her body were only more intense when she was struggling to breathe!

Nova was not finished, she was still processing her captive.

“Now honey, I am going to wrap tape over your shoulders down to your tits to help pacify you”. The mad little Dominatrix seemed to be obsessed with encasing her prey, like a spider wrapping up a trophy. Sandy slowly felt her entire body methodically crushed under wrap after wrap of tape. She couldn't believe that she had asked for this from a stranger in a bar.

“Now some tape from just below your tits to above your waist. Your arms are practically welded to your back now, no wiggle room at all”. She struggled and strained but her limbs were useless and more and more tape seemed to be on the way to pacify her. Her captors hand ran between her legs feeling the wetness there.

Sandy lay there helpless on the bed, she was sure that the little dominatrix had still got more to add to her woes. Even though every bit of her seemed to be wrapped in tape.

“Now you have experienced a bit of bondage. It's time to kick things up and wrap and clamp your tits”. Sandy could do nothing as the tape cruelly clinched the base of her flesh until the flesh ballooned red and angry. Then the blunt metal teeth bit into her engorged nipples. When she thought that it was over she found that there was a third link on the set of clamps. Something which gave her new reason to test her gag and strain in manic desperation against her bonds. Something that almost made her orgasm on the spot as it clamped down on her sensitive flesh.

“The wrap looks good ... all natural a bit red. Now for the clamp on your nipples and your clitoris ... that must really sting”.

Sandy could make out the sound of rubber and straps being clinched and adjusted. As well as most disturbingly her captor squealing in delight. That made her very nervous given her predicament. She was rolled over so that she was face down on the bed. The Dom moved behind her,

“Let's introduce you to anal sex, this toy is the smallest I possess. Though your opinion might differ ... as to the definition of small”! Sandy was terrified as the head of something bulbous smeared with lubricant was pushed between her buttocks and up against her defenceless opening. No matter how she strained the tape held her tightly in place.

“We are going to have a good night ... I promise you that I will enjoy it anyway. Then who knows it depends how I feel! Its certain you don't have a say in the matter anymore honey”. The little Dom pushed forwards and the head of the monster entered Sandy's resisting body. She screamed hysterically however the bundle of cloth absorbed her wails. It was a strange sensation completely alien from her fantasy.

Sandy struggled with everything she had left, every fibre of her being. All she achieved was to make a little creaking noise. The tape did its intended job and inch by agonizing inch the rubber intruder slowly disappeared inside her protesting body as the Domme asserted her position.

“Now for the first time just to break you in I am going light on the lube”. Sandy felt something inside her brake as she had no chance of getting away! Nova used her bodyweight and leverage to slam into her captive, driving every inch of the rubber member into her victims defenceless behind. Sandy felt as if a firework had gone off in her ass, it was quite alarming to say the least.

She patted her prisoners encased head.

“All your muscles don't mean anything when your frog-tied with a box of black tape with 12 inches of stiff rubber discipline lodged in your ass. I am going to ride you raw all night and there isn't a thing that you can do about it. Remember this is what you asked for”. The horrible reality of Sandy's predicament came into play. Nova slowly rose up a foot levering herself of the bed pushing against the black cocoon. Pulling the monster out almost all the way. Then violently thrusting down pulling against her captive burying the shaft back in place. The captive was attempting to make a noise was the gag silencing wails of pain pleasure or both? She began to build up a rhythm as she continued to pump away ravaging and violating her wiggling captive. Slowly Sandy succumb to the

horror of the macabre situation, as she felt an unusual reaction throughout her body.

Six months later with police intervention Sandy was a free woman again. She had to wear at least six inch heels because her tendons had shortened to the point where anything else was impossible for her to stand up in. After some surgical intervention and reconstruction, she was able to properly close her jaw, that had been rather unnerving. With months of speech therapy, she could effectively speak again. Her voice was no longer a horse begging scream. She had to wear sunglasses to protect her eyes which had become photosensitive. Considering her long periods of being blindfolded or hooded. It was so good not to sleep inside a claustrophobic discipline hood.

With a little surgery and months of physiotherapy she was able to properly use her hands again. She was free though if she was left standing for some time she would start to regress. When idle her hands would try to adopt their usual position, with her arms folded behind her back. Her right hand up by her left shoulder. Her left arm folded up with her hand by her right shoulder. She had been kept in a tight restraint harness that had enforced this position every moment of every day. It was now second nature to her.

Surprisingly Sandy had kept the sternum piercing the nipple piercing and the clitoris piercing, for some reason. Due to the weakening of her waist after the crushing corset she had to wear a support in order to stand properly. Due to certain brutal factors of her captivity she had to wear an anal plug and rubber underwear to compensate. Thought a series of progressively smaller plugs were helping her to adapt.

She wore clothes that covered her arms and legs, to hide all the scars from all the whip marks. They had never caught her evil mistress, so she always kept one eye open, weary of falling into the same trap again, yet for some reason she still missed her touch. Fearful that one day she would wake up bound as she had been before, hopeful that she could put the nightmare behind her.

Suddenly she felt an all too familiar hand cup her face, her nostrils sucked in air desperately. It hit her all at once, she was restrained again! Packaged into a helpless bundle in the familiar harness and hood. She panicked struggling only to find her bonds far too tight to resist.

“Oh honey, I bet you had that dream again where you thought you got away from me? You just blacked out after our last bit of breath play”!

With shock horror Sandy realised that her thoughts of freedom were just a delusion!

“How cute, let’s just spend some more playtime together to make you forget all about it”. She tried to shake her head no! Her abductor moved her around, ready to receive the largest toy in the dominatrix's considerable collection.

“Yes, of course that means I am going to slam this in your ass ... there you go nice and hard”.

Her mistress told her matter of fact.

“Honey, it’s not me ... you have to blame yourself. After all you wondered what it was like to be tied up so tight you couldn’t even wiggle. You wondered what it was like to be fucked deep and hard in the ass! How are you enjoying the answer, is it everything you wanted? Your pussy was wet the first time I took you and it’s still sopping wet now you total masochistic slut”! With imminent rising dread mixed with excitement Sandy felt a familiar item clamp down on her nose, she wiggled to try and dislodge it but it stubbornly clung to her septum cutting off her air.

“Now, let’s see if you can hold your breath for 3 minutes without blacking out this time? While I pump that ass of yours, maybe I can get you to orgasm again?”

The end