



Chapter One

I sense I am moving forwards. What is going on? It's a dream, I am sure. I am walking along, and everything seems to go in and out of focus. What I am wearing seems to change from one moment to the next. But my pace, my stride, remains the same: I am rushing forwards. I recognise the path, the trees, the style of signage around me. My thoughts slip between being hazy and lucid. I have to wonder—is this a memory being relived as a dream? I am trying to remember the details, but they are fuzzy at first. I do recall that I am definitely walking to my apartment from the car park.

I have doubts, but I seem to remember also that there is a pressing and urgent reason to pay attention! I am at risk in some way, and there is a palpable sense of danger. I have my keys in hand, and my phone is in my purse. I feel nervous, as if someone is watching me. I quickly turn to look over my shoulder, but there is nothing there. I don't feel any relief, though. And now I recall finding something...something...when I was at work. The word is rising from my memory. Oh! I became a whistle blower.

I can tell that there is someone else close by as I rush ahead. Some primal hard-wired instinct is screaming a warning. My brain is flooding with anxiety and worry, but I can't put my finger on the reason. I try to quicken my pace. It's hard with this tight, knee-length skirt and the four-inch strappy heels on my feet. I simply can't move very quickly.

I can feel my pulse beating faster and faster. I see that there are these big bushes on either side of me, but my apartment's front door is only a few yards ahead. But I also feel as if something terrible is coming—or is it that something is waiting for me?! I look about me, and notice that the lights are off! They seem to have been sabotaged. I can't see very far from the path, and that limitation has me very wary. I consider turning around and trying to make a dash for my car.

There is a sudden rustle from the trees, and quickly I have my bag in my hand. I can't make sense of it: what am I going to do, throw my purse at a mugger? Suddenly there is an indignant 'Meow,' and a rather scruffy, fluffy cat rolls out of the tree and lands in one of the bushes. The pompous fat cat raises its tail and walks away, as if there was nothing wrong, and it stalks into the shrubs and disappears.

I don't feel any better, though. That cat only seemed to act as a distraction. Too late, I can feel that there is some rapid motion behind me. I can see movement in the corner of my eye as a thick white cloth is pulled over my face. It stinks! My nose is wrinkling. There's some sort of acrid chemical impregnated in the fabric, and it's stinging my eyes and my lips! I can feel it burn my nostrils, and I am getting giddy from the fumes, while a black-gloved hand keeps it pressed to my face. I try to struggle, but suddenly it feels as if a red-hot poker has been shoved into my side!

I convulse uncontrollably, and drop into my attacker's arms. A taser right into my kidney! I go completely limp. Oh god once again the taser is jammed into my side, and I get another jolt before I completely collapse. I can feel myself being dragged into the bushes, as I become totally limp—and the last few strands of consciousness fade away...

...Suddenly I wake up from the nightmare, except it's not a nightmare! I realise with chilling dread that it's my reality. My drugged, shocked brain was trying to construct memory of what happened. But now...now, I have awakened. It's very dark, and I can feel cool air on my skin. I am panicking, struggling yet at the same time staying still—an instinctive reaction. I can't move from the spot where I lie, because my body is painfully folded over. And I can't voice any protest, because I seem to be gagged!

I try very hard to focus, to take stock. I'm clearly hog-tied, tightly and mercilessly. I can also feel the pressure of a tight leather hood crushing my head. The leather up against my nose smells like the seat of a new car, the hood so tight it's disorienting. There is some padding over my eyes, so I have no way to see, but it could be far less comfortable, so for that I'm grateful. The thick material presses awkwardly against the bridge of my nose.

And then I focus on my mouth. My jaw is stretched obscenely wide around something that tastes like an old car tire—at least, what I would imagine an old rubber tire would taste like; I am not in the habit of licking vulcanised rubber. The hood presses down on my ears, and there is pressure on my temples. It's monstrous to be confined like this.— hot, debilitating, and sweaty.

I imagine I've probably been bound and gagged like this for hours, probably by whoever drugged and abducted me. It's like the leather is glued to my skin by my own perspiration. It is so cruel. It's almost unbelievable that one human being could do this to another....

And just like that, realization suddenly fills my mind! And I am screaming and pleading into the massive gag that silences me down to less than a whisper. *Oh god! The company found me!* I think to myself. *They are going to make me disappear, even though the police said that they would protect me.* I'm thinking bitterly that they couldn't protect a doughnut shop. *Oh, I am so screwed.*

My body is folded up into a tight, uncomfortable pose. I am resting on my side, and I finally notice that there is a leather collar around my neck that holds my head quite immobile, and my neck and shoulders are aching. I assume that there is a chain or weight attached to the collar, based on its weight and immobility. It feels very heavy and pulls my head down to the right and a little back.

From this stiff neck collar I can sense a strap running down the front of my body. It proceeds between my breasts and down over my tummy, where it joins a wide, solid-leather belt that hugs my waist above my hips. The

belt feels very wide; in my enforced compressed blindness, it seems very wide, five or six inches—more like a corset, really. The circle of leather is squeezing my tummy and my waist cruelly. I feel straps that cross from the strap coming down from my neck, which are painfully squeezing my breasts at their base, sandwiching my tender flesh between them. They seem to wrap behind me to pin my biceps in place, so tightly my upper arms are almost touching together behind my back, making them quite useless. More straps go from the choke-collar across my chest and under my armpits. They link through the straps holding my arms behind my back, so that they are pulled up tight and high. Yet another tight strap leading from this one is anchored in place above my elbows, pulling them tightly together biting viciously into my flesh. I am held by this infernal leather harness. The entire device also really punishingly secure and very uncomfortable.

I can't move my hands at all. They are rigidly attached to the sides of the waist belt—it does really feel like a corset. It keeps my elbows in a strict, bent position, at right angles from my back, putting immense twisting pressure on my shoulders and elbows. A combination of thick cuffs and very thick, solid mittens keep my fingers and hands immobile. I sense that the leather of the mittens has shrunk around my hands, so that there is no give whatsoever. The tips of the mittens and the cuffs are locked to the belt, so that I can't move my hands even an inch.

With a cold terror, I acknowledge that without my hands I have no chance of escape. The mittens are filled with what feels like cotton padding, filling up the gaps between my digits and making it impossible to shift my fingers—or even to wiggle them a little!

To my consternation, in my useless struggling I have discovered that there also seems to be a crotch strap that cuts unpleasantly tight and narrow into my pussy, but doesn't seem to be pressing hard up against my anus and my crack. So perhaps the leather divides before the entrance to my rear passage. Still, it is far too tight, and presses into the flesh of my butt cheeks in a most disquieting manner. I also seem to have been subjected to a rather fat, bulbous butt-plug, which is causing my opening and the muscles in my rear some considerable discomfort!

Some further effort at testing my bonds reveals that my legs have been rendered as useless as my arms. A harness of thick, oiled leather straps holds my torso prisoner and extends over my arms and legs. My ankles, thighs, and the area above and below my knees are bound in cuffs. At least they seem to have some amount of padding, to make them a little bit more bearable. The wide cuffs on my thighs are linked to my ankles, and the cuffs below and above my knees are linked together, and the combination of that bondage keeps my legs tightly folded. The thigh-to-ankle cuffs would easily have been enough to immobilize me. Were they not sufficient to immobilise me? but whoever designed this hurtful harness seems to enjoy overkill.

The cuffs at my ankles have little straps leading from them that cut into the insteps of my feet. Even my toes are bound together with thick leather loops that are connected by a strap anchored to my elbows! As much as I struggle against this arrangement, I have no purchase at all. At least the padding below my body seems thick and comfortable. I suppose it's a mattress. But if so, it's scant comfort considering my current plight, since only a small part of my arched, compressed body can actually touch it.

Of course, as I slowly explore my predicament, I conclude that I am naked under the harness of straps—big surprise! Not one stitch of clothing covers any square-inch of my exposed body. The only modesty is perversely provided by that tight strap between my legs, currently tormenting me no end. I am bound so tightly that the experience is a punishment in itself. At the moment, I admit that I would be quite willing to undergo almost any humiliation to be released from these punitive restraints.

Still, on the 'bright side'—the bar is set very low for finding any mental relief at all, I admit—the company don't seem to have plans to kill me. Since I am bound like this with such complexity and tortuous effect, it would seem to be the company's intent to keep me prisoner, rather than my bondage being a prelude to my execution.

The unknown terrifies me, though. *Where am I?* I ask the darkness? I can't see where the hell I have been taken to. My head is groggy, and I have a little headache—who am I kidding, it's positively throbbing—from the chloroform. My back has a dull ache in the two places where I was tasered, still sore and sensitive. I can't scream, and the rubber mass in my mouth is choking me. Worse still, it's tickling the back of my throat while nearly dislocating my jaw. I can barely make a sound.

Suddenly—alarmingly!—I feel the mattress below me shift. I am not alone! Someone is next to me, kneeling or sitting on the mattress, or bed, that I've been placed on. I flinch, trying to recoil, but then there is suddenly a hand on my shoulder, feeling the tension in my arm. I know immediately that it's a woman's hand. *What is she doing checking on the condition of my muscles!?* I wonder what's going on, as I try to struggle and grunt in an effort to get her to understand that I would like to be released! Or she at least could unfold me from this hellishly tormenting and spine bending hog-tie.

There is a giggle, as if she finds my stifling predicament, muted cries, and desperate struggling amusing. *Fuck you, bitch!* I can feel a hand under my jaw, and then there is pressure on the side of my face. *What the...!* She's planted a kiss on the side of the hood enveloping my head! What the hell is going on? Is this my captor, or my rescuer—or something else entirely?

I can hear a couple of clicks, I think something has been pressed in at the back of the hood...sounds to me like locks being disengaged. I can see a glimmer of light, and I'm so relieved when slowly the padded blindfold is peeled away from my eyes. At first, I have to squint at the light and, blinking, I can only see rough shapes. I am almost hysterical at this point, really. When I detect a blur coming towards me I try to pull back, but then I feel a wet cloth being wiped over my eyes. Slowly, everything begins to into focus. I am actually sighing in relief to see Diana, the dark-haired woman assigned by the court to look after me—the 'protection officer' assigned to my case. I guess the tall amazon had been there to rescue me. I try to shake my body, gesturing as much as I can at my bonds, but strangely she is still not moving.

Uh-oh....

I feel that something is off, and begin to wonder whether I am saved or not? *Why isn't she untying me?* It's unnerving. She just smiles down at me and...now she is taking a few steps back. I look her over from my curled-up position. She looks to be six inches taller than me even without her shoes, with a really statuesque figure. She is wearing black five-inch pencil heels, with black stockings. And there's a really tight, figure-hugging, black-leather skirt, knee-length with side slits. Her top is a green satin blouse that seems to be a size too small—maybe two. It's barely buttoned up, and a considerable amount of her large breasts and supporting green bra is showing. She has her black hair styled in a short bob, and her full, luscious lips are smeared by ruby-red lipstick. She has burning green eyes that, directed towards me, hold a disturbing intensity. *She is looking at me the same way that I look at a glass of wine on a Friday night after work.* As I watch, she bends down so that I could see a generous amount of her imposing cleavage. From my perspective on the mattress, this view of her is daunting. *I mean, what the hell?!!*

I take a few moments to look around the room, to try and understand where I am and what is going on. The bed I'm lying on seems to be on a raised frame. The room itself looks somewhat like a bunker, because I can see that the door, sunk into one wall, is as solid as a bank vault. Clearly, I won't be escaping in that direction. I observe what looks like a bathroom area, with a toilet, sink, and shower. There are lots of tubes and hanging bags and cisterns, and I involuntarily shudder...I don't think I want to know what they are for. Over on the other side of the room are a work desk and TV, as well as a small kitchenette with what appears to be a giant freezer—no doubt well-stocked for the long haul—and there are shelves full of food behind it. The entire scene looks like this must have been some sort of forgotten bunker that has been converted into...I guess it's called a 'safe house'.

But if it's a safe house why the hell am I tied up like a hog!

Instead of releasing me, the woman strokes the side of my head, and her green eyes meet my own confused brown ones.

"Now Lucy," she says, "you are our star witness in this multi-billion dollar fraud trial. Obviously, until it's time for your testimony we need to keep you safe. So we decided...well, I decided on my own initiative...to place you into strict protective custody."

Fuck that! It seems to me that I am not safe at all. Instead, my protection officer appears to be totally stark raving mad. I try to move, panicking, struggling against this news. But she keeps moving closer to me, gesturing at my bonds.

“This is called ‘enhanced lock-down protective custody’. We use this approach only for the most headstrong and disagreeably hostile witnesses.” *Me? Disagreeable? This doesn’t sound good at all.* She moves even closer to me. I sense that Diana seems to be getting quite excited as she gets closer to me. She strokes my head again, running her fingers over my gagged jawline.

“I know that chloroforming you and abducting you to keep you safe is a little counter-intuitive....” *A little??!!!* “But, well, I want to assure you it’s for your best interests. Really, honey, it’s for your own good.” *This bitch is fucking crazy, and I’m fucking frightened out of my mind!* I give her a muffled response through my huge gag, begging to be released from this horribly tight prison. This cage of leather straps is the worst thing that I have ever endured!

Suddenly she is right up into my face, her gigantic breasts are now pressing against my nose and darkening my vision. *I can’t breathe, asshole!* I am being smothered in her embrace. I try to pull back, hard enough given how I’m bound, but now also her hands are on the back of my head holding me in place.

“That’s it, honey, wiggle for me, try to get away,” she says, taunting me. “We are going to play this delicious ‘smothering game’ a lot to help pass the time. You’ll have lots of practice, and you’re going to get very good at it. How do you like playing it?”

What do you think, bitch?

“No? Well, it’s not like I’m going to give you an option to back out, is it?”

The bitch is raving mad, a sadist, and I can’t breathe at all. My ears feel funny, like there is a sudden increase in pressure at my eardrums. My nose is desperate to pull in more air, I can smell the leather of the hood. But there is something more coming through. There is just the scent of her skin, I am being smothered. I can feel myself choking up. My heart is beating faster driving what little oxygen that is left in my system around faster. Its lavender body wash it’s invading my nostrils. I can feel the blood pounding in my ears, it’s like I am underwater or being smothered by a pillow. I am gasping for breath in panic, but I can’t draw any air in! It’s getting worse second by second, the pain is building. There is just the overwhelming scent of her skin, her body. It’s a lavender body wash, invading my nostrils. I am gasping for breath in panic, growing light-headed, my lungs are burning.

Please...my lungs are burning! She has to let me breathe! Why would she do this to me? I am gasping desperately, trying to force air into my lungs...asphyxiating with my face locked between Diana’s enormous tits.

I can feel a rising pain throughout my helpless, bound body. My muscles are spasming in a desperate attempt to escape, but she just grips me tighter. I can’t take this...my thoughts slowing down, confused. My diaphragm spasming, ribs aching, my throat is burning for air, and my own breasts are heaving as I try to pull air in from anywhere I can. I can feel my muscles slowing down, twitching, but it’s barely anything.

Just when I think that I’m done for, Diana pulls back. The corners of my vision are blurred, my head light and thumping. *How long did she spend suffocating me?* The woman looks very pleased with herself.

“Did you like that, honey?” she sneers. “It’s only a taste of what’s in store for you. Honestly, I could spend all day doing that to you.”

While I pant heavily through my nostrils for breath—the thick rubber gag completely blocks my mouth from getting any air—I try to claw my hands free, but they are trapped like they are fucking glued in place. I’m entirely helpless. Despite my distress, she calmly sits on the bed and continues to stroke my encased head, her nails brushing against my cheek.

“Time for round two, honey. You’re going to learn every little kink of this game, and I plan on teaching them to you in great detail.”

I am screaming into the gag, eyes desperate, trying to convey the traumatizing panic I feel. But I am engulfed in darkness, I find myself frantically counting seconds, trying to stay focused. After ten seconds I still feel sort of okay,

but at the half-minute mark I am starting to feel desperate, trapped, helpless. I can't centre myself. After a minute of this second suffocation between her huge tits I can feel my blood pumping, my heart going again. And then a minute-and-a-half has passed, and I can feel the pounding in my head and the desperate pull of my lungs. If I wasn't panicked I could hold out for much longer, but that's not my state of mind. Not at all. I can feel my muscles twitching, my head aching, my body struggling against the bonds that hold me.

She is still rubbing herself against my face, moaning and cooing in pleasure. I can feel a dizziness overcoming me. It feels like my lungs are collapsing, and then oh god she is pulling back. *Oh shit I can't take this! She can't do this to me! She can't! Please—I'm begging anyone...or anything...please...let me out of this leather embrace!*