

The Twins  
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## Prologue

The Gibson twins, Heather and Ivy, had always been competitive. Whether it was sports, grades, or even trivial things like who could finish their cereal faster, their identical features masked an unspoken need to outdo one another. Now, at 18 years old, that fierce rivalry hadn't dulled in the slightest. If anything, it had sharpened—especially when the stakes were high.

And this time, the stakes were *\*very\** high.

A single VIP ticket to the hottest concert of the year dangled tantalizingly in front of them. The band, *\*Crimson Blush\**, was the most talked-about act in the country, and VIP access meant backstage privileges, exclusive merch, and an up-close experience that most fans could only dream of. Tickets had sold out within seconds, leaving the Gibson twins devastated when they couldn't snag their own.

But then Patty had shown up with her usual smug grin and a solution—one single VIP ticket that she had managed to get through sheer luck.

"You'll just have to fight for it," Patty had said with a wicked gleam in her eye.

Patty, also 18, was their best friend, though her mischievous streak often left them wondering whether "friend" was the right word. She was the instigator of most of their antics, always dreaming up new ways to pit the twins against each other. The ticket had given her the perfect opportunity.

"What kind of fight are we talking about?" Ivy had asked, her green eyes narrowing suspiciously.

Patty's grin widened.

"Oh, I've got something *\*special\** in mind."

Her father was a doctor, working at a high-security mental health facility on the edge of town. Patty had grown up hearing stories about the institution, a place designed to house the most difficult patients imaginable. She'd always been curious about the kind of tools it took to restrain people who wouldn't—or couldn't—stay still.

One evening, when her father had carelessly left his keys on the kitchen counter, Patty's curiosity had finally gotten the better of her. She'd swiped the key to the facility's supply closet, promising herself she'd return it before he even noticed it was missing.

On the pretense of retrieving her father's laptop from his office she got in. The supply closet was exactly what she'd hoped for: a treasure trove of professional-grade restraints. There were straightjackets, gags, cuffs, and more, all in pristine condition and clearly designed for maximum security. Patty had carefully selected two full restraint packs, complete with everything she'd need to ensure that whoever ended up in them wouldn't be going anywhere.

"I borrowed a little something from my dad's work," she'd confessed to the twins when she showed them the neatly packaged kits.

“This isn’t going to be a normal competition. This is going to be a \*challenge\*. Whoever escapes the fastest wins the ticket.”

Both twins had bristled at the implication that they couldn’t handle it.

“Easy,” Heather had said confidently.

“I’ll get out in no time,” Ivy had added, shooting her sister a competitive smirk.

Patty had laughed.

“Oh, you two have no idea what you’re getting into. These aren’t toys. These are the real deal—designed to keep people \*completely\* under control. Once I strap you in, you’re not going anywhere unless I let you out.”

That only made the twins more determined. Their pride was on the line, and the idea of letting their sister claim bragging rights \*and\* The concert ticket was unthinkable.

“You’re on,” Heather had said, her voice full of determination.

Ivy nodded.

“Let’s do it.”

Patty had leaned back, her grin growing even more mischievous. She didn’t tell them how much she was looking forward to seeing them squirm.

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The Gibson twins, Heather and Ivy, sat cross-legged on the soft, faded carpet in Patty’s room, the strands of the fabric tangled with the occasional glitter from some forgotten arts-and-crafts project. The shapely twins were identical in every way that mattered, from their luminous blonde hair cascading down over their bare shoulders to their sharp blue eyes, both of which were now fixed on Patty with a mixture of curiosity and competitive determination. Though the room was cramped and cluttered with posters of rock bands, stacks of magazines, and scattered nail polish bottles, the twins paid no attention to the chaos around them. Their focus was entirely on the strange objects in Patty’s hands—two blue asylum restraint packs.

Patty stood above them, her stance wide and confident, her grin unmistakably mischievous. She held one of the restraints in each hand, the contents a mystery dangling ominously. The dim light from the room’s single overhead bulb cast a shadow over her face, making her grin look almost sinister. She seemed to relish the moment, shaking one of the restraint packs for emphasis, the soft rattling sound breaking the otherwise tense silence in the room.

“You two sure about this?” Patty asked, her voice laced with teasing skepticism. Her eyes flicked between Heather and Ivy, gauging their reactions as she spoke.

“These aren’t toys. These came straight from my dad’s work. Real asylum-grade restraints, guaranteed to keep the craziest patients locked down.”

Heather smirked, her lips curling into a self-assured grin. She leaned back slightly, propping herself up on her hands, her body language radiating confidence.

“Please,” she said, her voice dripping with mock bravado.

“I’ve got this. I’ll be out in five minutes, tops.” Her eyes gleamed as she spoke, and there was a spark of excitement in her tone, as if she was already imagining the moment she’d triumphantly break free.

Ivy, sitting just inches away, didn’t even try to hide her skepticism. She rolled her eyes, an exaggerated gesture that she knew would needle her sister.

“You’re delusional,” she shot back, flicking a stray strand of hair out of her face with a quick, practiced motion. Her expression was cool, almost bored, but the subtle tension in her jaw betrayed her competitiveness.

“If anyone’s winning that concert ticket, it’s me. I’m not about to lose to you.” Her voice was steady, but there was a sharpness to it, a subtle edge that revealed just how much she wanted to win.

Patty watched the exchange with visible amusement, her grin widening as the twins glared at each other, the friendly rivalry bubbling just beneath the surface. The two of them were so alike, yet their personalities clashed in the most entertaining ways. Heather was bold and brash, always quick to take a challenge head-on, while Ivy was quieter, more calculating, but no less competitive. It was a dynamic that Patty had seen play out countless times before, and it never failed to entertain her.

Still shaking the restraint pack in her right hand, Patty leaned forward slightly, her tone taking on an almost conspiratorial quality.

“You know,” she said, her voice dropping to a mock-serious whisper,

“I’m not sure either of you can handle this. These things are the real deal. No one’s ever broken out of them before. But hey, if you think you’re up for it…” She trailed off, letting the challenge hang in the air.

Heather and Ivy exchanged a quick glance, their identical blue eyes locked for just a moment before they both turned their attention back to Patty. The unspoken agreement was clear: neither of them was backing down. Whatever happened next, they were both in.

Patty shrugged, the gesture casual, but the sly grin playing on her lips betrayed how much she was enjoying this.

“Alright,” she said, her voice full of teasing confidence.

“We’ll see who’s really the escape artist.” Without further ceremony, she tore open the first pack, the crisp tearing of plastic filling the room. She upended the contents onto the bed, letting them tumble out in a neat pile. All three girls leaned in slightly, their attention fixed on the freshly unveiled restraints.

The straightjacket was the centerpiece, and its pristine, clinical appearance made it look even more intimidating. Bright blue almost blinding under the dim light, it had a high, rigid collar that would no doubt force the wearer’s chin upward, adding an extra layer of discomfort. The material was thick and unyielding, clearly designed to withstand the most violent struggles. But it was the sheer number of straps that made the jacket truly menacing. Fourteen ran straight down the back, each one equipped with sturdy metal buckles that gleamed faintly. They looked more industrial than medical, designed with brutal efficiency rather than any semblance of comfort.

Loops protruded from the front and sides, their purpose unmistakable: to lock the wearer’s arms in place, crossing them tightly over the chest like a grotesque embrace. The addition of a triple crotch strap only reinforced the jacket’s design—this wasn’t just about restraint, it was

about complete immobilization. The straps were wide and reinforced, meant to keep the jacket snug and ensure that not even the smallest shift could occur. Every detail of the garment screamed control and containment.

Next to the jacket was a separate pack, smaller but no less unsettling. Its contents were equally thorough in their design. First, there was the gag system, a three-part setup that left nothing to chance. Patty picked up the soft sponge, rolling it between her fingers as though testing its density. It was pliable but firm enough to fill the wearer's mouth entirely, leaving no room for speech or even movement. Next came the hard rubber ball, which would lock the jaw shut once the sponge was in place. It was oversized and heavy, clearly designed to ensure silence, and had a faint chemical smell that hinted at its sterility. Finally, there was the adhesive patch, wide and rectangular, its edges lined with a powerful bonding agent. Once pressed over the mouth, it would seal everything in, leaving no possibility of spitting anything out.

Patty set the gag components aside and turned her attention to the figure-eight cuffs. They were simple in design but brutally effective. Made of the same thick material as the jacket straps, the cuffs were meant to bind the wearer's thighs to their ankles. The shape forced the legs into a compact fold, rendering kicking or leverage completely impossible. Each loop of the cuffs was padded slightly on the inside, but it was clearly for protection against chafing rather than comfort—more a practical necessity than a concession to the wearer.

The final detail, and perhaps the most unnerving, were the small metal shields that came with each strap and cuff. Patty picked one up and examined it closely, holding it up to the light. It was thin but strong, its edges polished to a smooth sheen. These shields were designed to slide over the buckles once they were fastened, snapping into place with a sharp, definitive click. Once locked, they rendered the buckles completely inaccessible, making it impossible for the wearer to tamper with the straps or loosen them. No amount of tugging or twisting would make a difference—the shields were the final, inescapable safeguard.

Heather and Ivy remained silent as they took it all in, their eyes darting between the different components spread out on the bed. The room was heavy with the faint scent of plastic and rubber, mingling with the lingering smell of nail polish from earlier. Though neither twin said a word, their expressions spoke volumes. There was a mix of fascination and apprehension in their eyes, the kind of thrill that came with knowingly stepping into a challenge far bigger than they expected. Patty, meanwhile, stood over the pile of restraints with an almost smug satisfaction, as though she were presenting an artist's masterpiece.

"Well," she said, breaking the silence,  
"any second thoughts?"

Patty's grin widened as she turned her attention to Heather, her tone dripping with mockery as she said,

"Alright, big talker. You're up first. Strip naked everything then hold your arms out." Her eyes glinted with amusement, clearly enjoying the tension that was building in the room.

"Let's see if you can actually back up all that confidence." Her green eyes gleamed with amusement, clearly savoring the tension that hung thick in the air. Patty leaned back slightly, her posture casual but commanding, making it clear who was in control.

Heather's eyes narrowed at the challenge, her pride flaring at Patty's smug tone. For a brief moment, her fingers twitched at her sides, betraying a flicker of hesitation. It was barely

noticeable, but Patty saw it, her smirk deepening as she crossed her arms and leaned further against the bedpost.

“Well?” Patty teased, raising an eyebrow.

“What’s the holdup? Don’t tell me you’re chickening out already.”

Heather’s jaw tightened, a faint blush creeping over her cheeks, but she quickly masked it with a sharp, determined exhale. There was no way she was going to let Patty—or Ivy, for that matter—see her falter. Squaring her shoulders, she pushed herself up from the floor and stood to her full height, tilting her chin upward in quiet defiance.

Without a word, Heather reached for the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head in one fluid motion, tossing it onto the bed with her bra. Her toned stomach and full, round breasts were exposed, her skin glinting faintly in the soft light of the room. Next came her jeans, which she unbuttoned with deliberate slowness, sliding them down her long, shapely legs before stepping out of them with practiced grace, swiftly adding her panties to the pile.

Ivy, still sitting cross-legged on the floor, glanced away momentarily, her cheeks coloring as her twin stood naked before them. Patty, on the other hand, made no attempt to hide her amusement—or her interest. Her eyes lingered, taking in every curve of Heather’s athletic frame, from the proud lift of her breasts to the soft curve of her hips.

“Well, look at you,” Patty said, her voice dripping with mock appreciation.

“Guess you do have *some* guts after all.”

Heather ignored her, maintaining her composure as she stood tall, completely bare. Her confidence radiated in the way she held herself—straight-backed and unapologetic. With a sharp glare in Patty’s direction, she extended her arms out to either side, her fingers spread slightly as though to steady herself against the cool air brushing her skin.

“Alright,” Heather said, her voice calm but edged with defiance.

“Let’s get this over with.”

Patty stepped forward slowly, deliberately closing the space between them. She tilted her head as she looked Heather over, her smirk widening with every passing second.

“You know,” she said, circling Heather like a predator sizing up its prey,

“you wear that confidence pretty well. But let’s see how long it lasts once I get you all strapped in.”

Heather didn’t flinch, though her breathing quickened slightly as Patty reached for the restraint pack. Her pride wouldn’t allow her to show even a hint of fear.

Patty pulled the pristine blue straightjacket from the pack, shaking it out to reveal its intimidating design: thick, heavy material, a high collar, and an array of straps that promised complete immobility. She held it up with a flourish, her grin widening as she watched Heather’s resolve flicker just slightly.

“Arms out,” Patty commanded, her tone firm but playful.

Heather obeyed without hesitation. Patty shook it out with a dramatic flourish before sliding it over Heather’s outstretched arms. The fabric, stiff and clinical, immediately clung to her bare skin. The jacket was clearly designed to be restrictive, its material thick and unyielding, and as Patty adjusted it over Heather’s slim frame, it seemed to shrink to fit her perfectly. The high collar framed Heather’s neck, brushing just beneath her jawline.

“Alright, hold still,” Patty instructed, her voice carrying a playful edge as she moved behind Heather. The first strap slid through its buckle with a faint rasp of fabric, and Patty yanked it tight

with practiced ease. Heather winced slightly, the motion barely perceptible, but said nothing. Patty, grinning as though she were enjoying herself immensely, continued tightening each strap in turn, working her way down Heather's back.

"Gotta make sure it's nice and snug," Patty teased, her words almost sing-song. She gave the next strap an extra tug for emphasis, making the buckle emit a faint metallic groan. The straps seemed to sink into the jacket, drawing the fabric tighter and tighter against Heather's body. When she reached the fourth strap, she grabbed one of the metal lock shields from the bed and slid it over the buckle. The sharp metallic \*click\* that followed was both ominous and final. Heather stiffened slightly at the sound, but Patty didn't pause.

One by one, the remaining straps were secured with ruthless efficiency. Each shield snapped into place with the same definitive click, sealing the buckles and ensuring they couldn't be tampered with. Heather shifted her weight slightly as the material grew tighter around her torso, but the jacket allowed almost no movement. By the time Patty reached the tenth strap, Heather's breathing had grown shallow. The jacket forced her chest to expand against its unyielding fabric, every breath a reminder of how little room she had to move.

"Don't squirm too much," Patty said with mock sweetness, glancing at Heather's face as she tightened the eleventh strap.

"You'll just make it harder on yourself." Heather shot her a glare, her lips pressed into a thin line, but said nothing. Ivy, still seated on the carpet, was watching intently, her expression unreadable as her eyes darted from the straps to Heather's face and back again.

By the time Patty reached the thirteenth and final strap, Heather's posture had changed. Her shoulders were hunched slightly, her movements stiffer. The high collar pressed snugly against her neck, brushing against her skin every time she shifted. Patty passed her arms through the front loop side loops and strapped them together behind her back. Patty gave the last strap a tug, pulling it tighter than necessary before securing it with its own lock shield. The final \*click\* echoed in the otherwise silent room, a sound that seemed to mark Heather's complete entrapment.

Patty stepped back, placing her hands on her hips as she surveyed her work.

"There we go," she said with a satisfied grin.

"All set. How's that feel, Heather?" Her voice was laced with mock concern, but her expression betrayed her amusement. Heather's jaw clenched, her pride refusing to let her admit just how restrictive the jacket really was. She shifted slightly, testing the limits of her movement, but the straps held firm, and the material offered no give.

"It's fine," Heather said curtly, though her voice lacked its usual confidence. She straightened as much as the jacket would allow, tilting her head toward Ivy with a defiant smirk.

"I'll still be out of this in five minutes."

Ivy raised an eyebrow, her lips twitching upward in a faint smirk of her own.

"We'll see about that," she said, her tone cool and taunting. From her spot on the floor, she crossed her arms and leaned back slightly, clearly enjoying the sight of her sister restrained. Patty, still standing, exchanged a conspiratorial glance with Ivy before reaching for the gag components, her grin widening.

"Well, we're not done yet," she said cheerfully, holding up the sponge and the rubber ball.

"This part's gonna be fun."

“Mmm, tight enough?” Heather muttered, her voice dripping with sarcasm as she shifted her weight, testing the restraints that now encased her upper body. Her fingers twitched uselessly at the end of the sleeves, the muscles in her arms flexing instinctively as she pulled against the thick fabric, but the straightjacket didn’t give an inch. The straps hugged her body with unyielding precision, locking her in place. Despite her confident tone, a faint flicker of frustration crossed her face as the jacket’s immovability became apparent.

Patty, unbothered by the sarcasm, smirked but didn’t bother responding. She reached for the arm loops next, her movements deliberate and efficient. Grabbing the thick straps on either side of the jacket, tightening them over Heather’s forearms, pulling them tight so that Heather’s arms were pinned snugly to her sides.

“Hold still,” Patty teased lightly, her tone playful but firm. The loops forced Heather’s elbows against her waist, the restraint so restrictive that her shoulders barely twitched when she tried to move. Her upper body was now completely immobilized, every hint of mobility reduced to the smallest, most ineffective wiggles.

Heather’s jaw clenched as she tested the arm loops, her confidence faltering for the briefest of moments. The realization of just how much control she’d already lost was beginning to set in. She shifted her stance slightly, but the straps kept her firmly in place, leaving her no choice but to stand there as Patty continued her work.

Patty stepped back for a moment, inspecting her handiwork with a look of satisfaction before flashing Heather a mischievous grin.

“Now for the fun part,” she announced, her voice carrying a hint of mock enthusiasm as she reached for the crotch straps. The three straps hung loosely from the back of the jacket, their purpose unmistakable. She held them up for a moment, letting the implication hang in the air before moving into position.

Heather’s smirk, which she’d been clinging to stubbornly, faltered slightly as her gaze shifted to the straps in Patty’s hands.

“Wait—” she began, but Patty had already stepped forward, threading the first strap between Heather’s legs with practiced ease. The fabric was wide and reinforced, pressing firmly against her skin as it passed beneath her thighs framing her bottom. Heather shifted uncomfortably, the movement reflexive, but Patty ignored her protests and moved on to the second strap.

The second strap followed the same path, overlapping the first slightly before being pulled up snugly on the other side. By the time Patty grabbed the third and final strap, Heather was squirming in earnest, though the jacket’s restraints left her little room to maneuver.

“Mmmph, seriously?” Heather grunted, her voice edged with indignation as the straps pressed against her in ways that were impossible to ignore. Her tone was sharp, a mix of irritation and discomfort, but there was nothing she could do to stop what was happening.

Patty, utterly unfazed, gave the third strap a firm tug sandwiching it between Heather’s labia, pulling all three straps upward before fastening them securely to the back of the jacket. Each buckle snapped into place with a faint metallic click, the sound oddly final. The straps were snug—perhaps tighter than necessary—and the tension forced Heather to shift awkwardly on her feet, the discomfort clear in her posture. The fabric dug into her skin, a constant reminder of her predicament.

Patty stepped back once more, tilting her head as she looked Heather up and down with a grin that was equal parts playful and smug.

“Perfect,” she said, her tone almost cheerful.

“Wouldn’t want anything slipping out of place, now would we?”

Heather glared at her, her expression a mixture of annoyance and embarrassment, though she tried to mask it with a forced smirk.

“You’re enjoying this way too much,” she muttered, shifting her weight again in a futile attempt to alleviate the pressure of the straps.

Patty shrugged, clearly unconcerned by the accusation.

“Maybe,” she said breezily, brushing a stray lock of hair out of her face.

“But you did say you could get out of this, didn’t you? So far, you’re not looking too convincing.”

Ivy, who had been watching the entire process with quiet amusement, let out a soft laugh from her spot on the carpet.

“Yeah, Heather,” she chimed in, her voice dripping with mock innocence.

“Still think you’ll be out in five minutes?”

Heather shot her a sharp look, her eyes narrowing.

“Just wait,” she said through gritted teeth. But even as she spoke, the growing tension in her body made it clear that she was beginning to understand just how inescapable the jacket truly was. Meanwhile, Patty stood to the side, arms crossed and smiling, clearly pleased with her work.

“Almost done,” Patty said cheerfully, her voice taking on a sing-song quality as she bent down to pick up the gag components from the pile on the bed. The items looked harmless enough at first glance, but their purpose was anything but. Patty rolled the soft sponge between her fingers, the light material compressing easily before springing back to shape.

Bb“Open up,” she instructed, her tone cheerful but carrying an edge of authority that made it clear she wasn’t asking.

Heather’s eyes widened slightly, and she instinctively pressed her lips together, a last-ditch effort to resist.

“Mmmph, no way,” she mumbled, her voice muffled as she tried to shake her head. But Patty was already leaning forward, her grin unwavering.

“Oh, come on,” she teased, tilting her head mockingly.

“You didn’t think I was just going to leave this part out, did you? Open up.”

Heather shot a glare at Patty, her defiance blazing, but her restrained position left her with no leverage to avoid what was coming. Patty gave her no time to prepare. With one hand, she held Heather’s jaw steady, her grip firm but not painful, while her other hand moved quickly, pressing the sponge against Heather’s lips. Heather tried to twist her head away, but the straightjacket kept her shoulders locked in place, and Patty’s grip was unrelenting.

“Stop squirming,” Patty said, her tone playful but with a hint of exasperation as she forced the sponge against Heather’s closed lips. Heather grunted, the sound low and frustrated, before finally parting her lips just enough for Patty to shove the sponge in. It compressed easily as it slid into her mouth, expanding again the moment it was inside to fill the space completely. Heather’s cheeks puffed slightly as she tried to adjust to the sudden intrusion, her tongue pressing against the sponge in an attempt to push it out, but it was too large and pliable to dislodge.



“There we go,” Patty said triumphantly, reaching for the hard rubber ball.

“See? That wasn’t so bad.” Heather, her mouth already stuffed, shot her another glare, the expression losing some of its impact now that her face was partially immobilized. Patty chuckled softly, clearly enjoying herself as she positioned the rubber ball in front of Heather’s teeth.

“Now, bite down,” she instructed, though she didn’t wait for compliance.

Heather tried to jerk her head away again, but Patty was quick. She pressed the ball firmly between Heather’s teeth, forcing her jaw to open just wide enough to accommodate the solid object. The rubber was cool and heavy, and it pushed the sponge deeper into Heather’s mouth as her teeth sank into it. The edges of the ball pressed against the corners of her lips, and no matter how much she flexed her jaw, there was no escaping it. Her muffled protests became little more than incoherent grunts as she struggled to adjust to the gag’s overwhelming presence.

Patty stepped back for a moment, admiring her progress before picking up the adhesive patch—the final piece of the gag system. The patch was wide and rectangular, its surface lined with a powerful adhesive that shimmered faintly under the light. Patty peeled off the protective backing, revealing the sticky underside, and gave Heather a sly smile. “Time to seal the deal,” she said, her tone practically dripping with amusement.

Heather tried to turn her head, but Patty’s hands were already on her, steadying her jaw once again. Without hesitation, Patty pressed the adhesive patch across Heather’s lips, smoothing it down with her fingers to ensure it stuck firmly to her skin. The patch stretched from cheek to cheek, covering her entire mouth and forming a seamless seal over the gag components inside. Heather let out a muffled grunt, the sound faint and distorted beneath the layers of restraint, as she tried in vain to dislodge the patch by moving her lips.

“Perfect,” Patty said with a satisfied grin, taking a step back to admire her handiwork. Heather’s cheeks bulged slightly from the sponge and rubber ball, and the adhesive patch pulled taut across her skin, leaving no gaps for her to work with. The gag had done its job completely—Heather was silenced, her protests reduced to faint, unintelligible sounds that barely escaped her sealed lips.

“Looks like you’re all set,” Patty said, her voice light and teasing as she crossed her arms.

“How’s that feel, Heather?” Heather glared at her, her eyes blazing with frustration, but the effect was somewhat diminished by the helplessness of her situation. She let out another muffled sound, her lips straining against the adhesive, but it was no use. The gag held firm, leaving her with no choice but to stand there and endure Patty’s triumphant smirk.

From her spot on the floor, Ivy let out a low chuckle, clearly entertained by the scene unfolding in front of her.

“Wow,” she said, her voice laced with amusement.

“Didn’t think you’d actually let her get this far, Heather.” She leaned back slightly, propping herself up on her elbows as she watched her sister’s struggles with undisguised amusement.

Heather’s glare shifted to Ivy, but her muffled grunts failed to carry the weight of whatever sharp remark she wanted to deliver. Patty, meanwhile, gave the adhesive patch one final pat, as though to ensure it was completely secure, before stepping back and gesturing to Ivy.

“Your turn will be soon, Ivy,” she said with a grin.

“Think you can beat her time once I finish with her legs?”

“Mmmph!” Heather let out a muffled squeal, her frustration and humiliation channeled through the gag. Her green eyes burned with defiance, glaring daggers at Patty, but the effect was more comical than intimidating given her current state. Her cheeks bulged slightly beneath the adhesive patch that sealed her lips, and her muffled protests barely rose above faint grunts, making her rage seem almost pitifully futile.

“Hold still,” Patty said, her tone firm but still playful, as if scolding a misbehaving child. She crouched down, grabbing the figure-eight cuffs from the pile of restraints scattered across the bed. The loops were sturdy, made of the same reinforced material as the straightjacket’s straps, and their design was simple yet devastatingly effective. They were built for one purpose: to completely eliminate the wearer’s ability to move their legs. Patty straightened one of the loops and ran her fingers over the inside padding, more for show than necessity, before turning her attention back to Heather.

Heather squirmed instinctively as Patty reached for her legs, her muffled grunts growing more urgent. Her bare feet shifted against the carpet, toes curling as she tried to twist away, but her movements were jerky and clumsy thanks to the restraints locking her upper body in place. “Oh, don’t be such a baby,” Patty teased, grabbing Heather’s right leg and holding it steady. The grip of her fingers was firm, allowing no room for resistance. With practiced precision, she slipped the first loop of the figure-eight cuff over Heather’s thigh, tightening it until it hugged her leg securely just below her hip.

Heather’s muffled protests grew louder as Patty grabbed her ankle, pulling her leg into a bent position. Her thigh was now locked at a sharp angle, pinned against her calf with no room for adjustment. Patty buckled the second loop tightly around her ankle, drawing it snug against the first. Heather winced as the straps bit into her skin, the reinforced material digging just enough to create discomfort without causing pain. The faint sound of the buckle clicking into place was quickly followed by the sharper, metallic snap of the locking shield, sealing the strap so that even the tiniest hint of slack was impossible.

Patty moved on to Heather’s left leg with the same efficiency, ignoring the muffled growls and half-hearted jerks of resistance. The second cuff went on just as tightly as the first, binding Heather’s thigh and ankle together in the same merciless position. The straps forced her legs into an almost folded shape, her knees bent and her feet tucked beneath her. Patty gave each buckle a quick tug to ensure they were properly secured before sliding the final locking shields into place. The sharp clicks echoed in the small room, each one a reminder of Heather’s dwindling agency.

By the time Patty stepped back, a satisfied grin plastered across her face, Heather’s lower body was as immobilized as her upper. Her slender frame was completely wrapped in layers of unyielding straps, each one locked down with surgical precision. From her arms, which were pinned tightly against her chest her breasts outlined above, to her legs, folded neatly beneath her, there wasn’t a single part of her body that wasn’t restrained. Even her mouth had been silenced, the gag robbing her of the ability to voice her indignation in anything louder than muffled squeals.

Heather squirmed on the carpet, her movements small and jerky, as though testing every restraint in the faint hope that something might give. Her back arched slightly, her muscles straining against the straightjacket, but the thick fabric didn’t budge. The straps held firm, digging into her torso with every attempt to twist free. Her legs fared no better; the figure-eight

cuffs had locked her thighs and ankles together so tightly that even the smallest motion was a struggle. She managed a few awkward kicks, her toes brushing against the carpet, but the motion only highlighted how completely immobilized she was.

“Mmmph!” she grunted again, her voice muffled and tinged with frustration. Her green eyes darted between Patty and Ivy, silently pleading for someone to intervene. But Patty simply crossed her arms and smirked, her gaze lingering on Heather’s futile struggles.

“Not so confident now, huh?” Patty said, tilting her head mockingly.

“You’re stuck, Heather. Face it.” Her tone was light and playful, but there was a sharpness beneath it, a smug satisfaction that made it clear she was enjoying every second of Heather’s predicament.

From her spot on the carpet, Ivy let out a soft laugh, shaking her head.

“You really thought you were gonna Houdini your way out of this?” she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Look at you. You can barely move.”

Heather turned her glare on Ivy, her cheeks flushing with indignation. She let out another muffled sound, her body jerking in a fresh, desperate attempt to free herself, but the restraints refused to yield. Patty’s grin widened as she knelt down beside Heather, her fingers lightly tapping one of the locking shields on the figure-eight cuffs.

“Go ahead,” she said smugly.

“Try all you want. These things aren’t coming off until I say so.” Heather groaned, her body slumping slightly in reluctant defeat. The room fell quiet for a moment, save for the faint rustle of the straps as Heather shifted again, her muffled breaths quick and shallow beneath the gag.

Patty’s grin widened as she turned her attention to Ivy, her eyes alight with the same playful mischief that had carried her through Heather’s restraint.

“Alright,” she said, her tone challenging,

“your turn. Think you can handle it?” Her voice was almost taunting, daring Ivy to step up despite the clear evidence of her sister’s predicament.

Ivy hesitated, her gaze flickering toward Heather, who sat immobilized on the carpet, her green eyes glaring above the adhesive patch that sealed her mouth. The straps binding her body left no room for doubt—this wasn’t just some game. Heather squirmed faintly, her muffled grunts underscoring her frustration, and for a brief moment, Ivy’s confidence wavered. She swallowed hard, brushing a strand of blonde hair from her face before squaring her shoulders.

“Yeah, whatever,” she said, forcing a nonchalant tone.

“Let’s get this over with.” But there was a slight edge to her voice, betraying her unease.

Patty’s smirk widened, her gaze sharp and knowing.

“Alright, Ivy, your turn. Strip. Everything,” she said casually, as though the command were the most natural thing in the world. She crossed her arms, leaning slightly against the bedpost with a look of satisfaction.

Ivy froze, her green eyes flicking nervously between Patty and Heather, who was already tightly restrained and glaring at her from the bed. Her fingers fidgeted at the hem of her shirt, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson. Unlike her sister, who had stripped with confidence and defiance, Ivy’s hesitation was painfully obvious.

“Well?” Patty prompted, her voice laced with mock impatience.  
“What’s the holdup? Don’t tell me you’re chickening out already.”

“I’m not,” Ivy said quickly, though her voice lacked the conviction of her words. She glanced down at the floor, biting her lower lip as if weighing her options. But it wasn’t really a choice, was it? Backing out now would mean conceding to both Heather and Patty—an outcome her pride simply couldn’t accept.

With a deep, shaky breath, Ivy reached for the hem of her shirt and tugged it over her head, hesitating slightly before letting it fall to the floor. Undoing her bra letting it fall, she crossed her arms over her chest almost immediately, her slender frame hunching slightly as though trying to make herself smaller.

Patty raised an eyebrow, clearly amused by Ivy’s discomfort.  
“Oh, come on. Don’t be shy now,” she teased.  
“You’ve got nothing to hide.”

Ivy shot her a sharp glare but said nothing, her blush deepening as she turned her back slightly to slide her jeans and panties down. She stepped out of them quickly, kicking them aside before wrapping her arms around herself once more. Standing there in nothing but her skin, she shifted awkwardly, her hands moving constantly in an attempt to shield herself—first covering her breasts, then her stomach, then crossing lower as though she couldn’t decide where to hide.

Patty let out a low chuckle, shaking her head as she watched Ivy squirm. “Relax, Ivy. It’s just us. Besides, you’re about to be so strapped down, no one will even notice anything else.” She reached for the second straightjacket, shaking it out with a dramatic flourish. The heavy, clinical white fabric looked even more imposing in her hands, and Ivy’s breath hitched slightly at the sight of it.

“Arms out,” Patty instructed, stepping forward with the jacket held wide.

Ivy hesitated, her arms tightening around herself as though she could shield herself from what was coming. Her green eyes flicked nervously toward Heather, who was watching her intently from the bed. The silent challenge in her sister’s gaze was all the motivation Ivy needed. With a reluctant sigh, she dropped her hands and extended her arms in front of her, though her movements were stiff and jerky, as though her body was already fighting the decision.

Patty wasted no time. She slid the jacket over Ivy’s outstretched arms, the heavy, stiff material engulfing her like a second skin. The fabric clung to her slim frame as Patty adjusted it over her shoulders, smoothing out the folds with a practiced efficiency. The high collar brushed against Ivy’s neck, stiff and unyielding, forcing her chin upward slightly as Patty began working her way down the back.

The first strap rasped through its buckle with a faint, ominous sound, and Patty pulled it tight with a sharp tug. Ivy flinched but didn’t say anything, her jaw tightening as the jacket grew snug around her torso. Patty grinned, clearly relishing the process as she moved on to the second strap, then the third, each one cinching the jacket tighter against Ivy’s body.

“Don’t worry,” Patty said lightly, her tone dripping with mock reassurance.  
“I’m making sure it’s nice and snug—just the way it’s supposed to be.”

One by one, the straps were secured, each buckle locked down with its metal shield. The sharp \*click\* of the shields snapping into place echoed in the room, a sound that seemed to grow louder with every strap. Ivy shifted uncomfortably, testing the restraints as they tightened around her, but it quickly became clear that there was no room for movement. By the time Patty reached the final strap at the base of Ivy's back, the jacket was utterly unforgiving, molding to her body like a rigid exoskeleton.

Ivy let out a quiet, involuntary grunt as Patty fed her arms through the loops behind her back and tugged the last strap even tighter than necessary, sealing it with the final locking shield. She flexed her arms instinctively, but they were pinned securely against her chest, the loops on the jacket locking her forearms in place.

"There," Patty said with a satisfied grin, stepping back to admire her work. "Now we're getting somewhere."

Ivy's reprieve didn't last long. Patty was already reaching for the crotch straps, the three wide loops dangling ominously as she approached.

"Hold still," Patty said, crouching slightly to thread the first strap between Ivy's legs. Ivy's breath hitched as the strap slid against her skin framing her hips and buttocks, she instinctively shifted her weight, trying to move away from Patty's hands.

"Relax," Patty said teasingly, her voice almost sing-song.

"This is just part of the process."

The second and third straps followed quickly, each one pulled snugly into place before being secured at the back of the jacket. Ivy winced as the straps pressed firmly against her body sandwiching her labia, their tension leaving her no room to adjust. She let out a muffled whimper, her cheeks flushing slightly with embarrassment, but Patty remained focused, her hands moving with practiced precision as she fastened each buckle. The locking shields snapped into place with the same sharp clicks, sealing the straps with an unyielding finality.

"Almost done," Patty said cheerfully, stepping back to grab the gag components. Ivy stiffened slightly, her lips pressing together as she watched Patty pick up the soft sponge, the hard rubber ball, and the wide adhesive patch. The sight of the gag was enough to make her tense, but she forced herself to stay quiet, her pride refusing to let her show too much apprehension.

Patty stepped closer, holding the sponge in one hand as she raised an eyebrow at Ivy.

"Open up," she said with a grin, her tone leaving no room for argument. Ivy hesitated, her lips still pressed tightly together, but Patty wasn't about to wait for permission. With a quick motion, she grabbed Ivy's jaw, gently but firmly forcing it open.

"Don't make this harder than it needs to be," Patty said mockingly as she pressed the sponge into Ivy's mouth.

The soft material expanded to fill the space completely, muffling Ivy's protests before they could even form. She grunted in discomfort, her tongue instinctively pushing against the sponge, but it was too large to dislodge. Patty followed quickly with the rubber ball, positioning it between Ivy's teeth and pressing it firmly into place. The pressure forced Ivy's jaw to part slightly, locking her mouth around the gag.

"Almost there," Patty said, peeling the adhesive patch from its backing. The strong, sticky material gleamed under the light as Patty smoothed it over Ivy's lips, sealing everything in place. She pressed the edges down with her fingers, ensuring a perfect, airtight fit. Ivy let out a muffled

sound, her cheeks bulging slightly as she tested the gag, but it held firm, rendering her completely silent.

By the time Patty stepped back, Ivy was as thoroughly restrained as her sister. Her arms were pinned tightly against her chest, the high collar of the straightjacket pressing snugly against her neck. The crotch straps cinched the jacket against her body, leaving no room for movement, while the gag silenced her protests entirely. Patty grinned, her satisfaction evident as she looked at her handiwork.

“Well,” she said brightly, “looks like the twins are officially out of commission.”

Patty crouched down one last time, the figure-eight cuffs dangling from her fingers as she grinned at Ivy.

“Time to finish this up,” she said with mock seriousness, as if the process were some sacred ritual. Ivy let out a faint, muffled groan through the gag, her green eyes narrowing in irritation. She shifted slightly, as though trying to pull her legs away, but the straps of the straightjacket held her upper body too tightly for her movements to carry much weight. Patty didn’t even bother acknowledging Ivy’s weak resistance as she grabbed her right leg, positioning it with practiced efficiency.

The first loop of the cuffs slid smoothly around Ivy’s thigh, snugging the top of her thigh. Patty gave it a tug, ensuring it was secure, before moving to Ivy’s ankle. The second loop was tightened just as firmly, pulling Ivy’s lower leg flush against her thigh and locking it into place. Ivy winced, her muffled grunt tinged with frustration as she felt her leg bend into an uncomfortable, immobile position. Patty smirked, patting the strap as though to punctuate its permanence.

“Almost there,” she said cheerfully, repeating the process on Ivy’s left leg. Despite Ivy’s occasional jerks and muffled protests, the cuffs slid into place with ease. The final buckles clicked into position, and, as always, the locking shields followed, snapping shut with a sharp metallic sound that echoed through the room. By the time Patty finished, Ivy’s legs were bound just as tightly as Heather’s, her thighs locked firmly to her calves in a folded position that left her completely incapacitated.

Patty rose to her feet and surveyed her handiwork, brushing her hands together as though she had just completed an exhausting job. Both twins were now fully restrained, their slender yet buxom frames bound in layers of unyielding straps and locking mechanisms that left no part of their bodies free. Ivy lay on her back, squirming weakly as she tested her restraints, her muffled grunts of irritation barely audible beneath the gag. Heather, already deep into her struggles, had rolled onto her side, her body twisting and arching in vain attempts to find even the smallest hint of slack.

“Perfect,” Patty said, stepping back and planting her hands on her hips as she admired the scene before her. The contrast between the twins’ identical appearances and their equally identical helplessness was almost poetic, and the sight brought a satisfied grin to her face.

“Alright,” she declared loudly, her voice cutting through the muffled grunts and faint rustling of straps.

“Timer starts... now. First one out wins the VIP concert ticket!”

The room erupted into chaos. Heather immediately let out a sharp, muffled growl and began thrashing with renewed vigor. Her slender frame twisted on the carpet as she rolled from side to side, her legs jerking awkwardly against the figure-eight cuffs that held them bent at an uncomfortable angle. She arched her back, trying to force her arms free of the straightjacket,

but the strap joining the sleeves and the loops pinning her forearms to her sides made it impossible. The straps didn't so much as creak under the pressure of her movements.

Every few moments, Heather paused to catch her breath, her chest heaving as she let out muffled grunts of frustration through the gag. Her cheeks bulged against the adhesive patch, and her green eyes blazed with a mix of determination and growing frustration. But each time she resumed her struggles, the results were the same: the unyielding straightjacket and the relentless crotch straps held her firmly in place, leaving her with no room to maneuver.

Meanwhile, Ivy wasn't faring any better. Though she hadn't started with the same ferocity as her sister, her movements were no less ineffective. She writhed on the carpet, twisting her shoulders as though she might somehow slip out of the straps binding her arms. But the locking shields ensured that every buckle stayed in place, and the high collar of the jacket limited her ability to tilt her head back too far. The gag muffled her soft grunts of exertion, the sponge and ball pressing firmly against her tongue as she tried in vain to voice her frustration.

Both twins continued their struggles, the rustling of straps and faint creak of leather filling the air as they twisted and writhed against their bonds. Heather growled again, rolling onto her stomach and trying to push herself up with her knees, but the figure-eight cuffs held her legs tightly bent, leaving her with no leverage. She collapsed back onto the carpet with a muffled grunt, her face flushing red as she panted against the gag.

Ivy, on the other hand, remained on her back, kicking her legs weakly in an attempt to dislodge the cuffs. Her toes curled and flexed against the carpet, but her movements were too restricted to make any real progress. She let out a low, muffled whimper, her frustration clear in the way her shoulders sagged for just a moment before she renewed her efforts.

Patty, meanwhile, leaned casually against the bed, her arms crossed as she watched the spectacle unfold. Her grin was wide and triumphant, her eyes gleaming with amusement as the twins continued their futile attempts to escape.

"You know," she said after a moment, her tone light and teasing,

"You both talked a pretty big game earlier. I thought this would be over by now."

Heather shot her a glare, her green eyes narrowing as another muffled growl escaped her gag. Ivy, too focused on her struggles, barely acknowledged Patty's remark, her body twisting awkwardly as she tried to roll onto her side. Patty laughed softly, shaking her head as she glanced at the stopwatch she had picked up earlier.

"Time's ticking," she added mockingly, tapping the face of the timer for emphasis.

"Better pick up the pace if you want that exclusive VIP ticket!"

The twins ignored her, their focus entirely on their efforts to escape. The room was filled with the sound of their struggles, the occasional metallic click of the locking shields as their movements jostled the buckles. But no matter how much they fought, the restraints held firm, leaving the two of them to squirm uselessly on the floor as Patty looked on with smug satisfaction.

Beside Heather, Ivy wasn't faring any better. She had managed to roll onto her stomach, the soft carpet brushing against her cheek as she struggled, but the new position brought no advantage. She rocked back and forth, her movements clumsy and uneven as she tried to find any angle that might loosen the straps pinning her arms. Her bound legs, locked tightly in the figure-eight cuffs, twitched and flexed uselessly, the tension in the restraints keeping her lower

body folded and immobile. Ivy grunted through the gag, her cries of frustration reduced to muffled, pathetic noises by the sponge and rubber ball filling her mouth. Each sound was dampened further by the adhesive patch stretched tightly over her lips, sealing her protests inside.

Her struggles grew more desperate as the seconds ticked by. Sweat glistened on her forehead, her blonde hair sticking to her damp skin in wild strands as her body writhed helplessly on the carpet her bust pressed against the fabric. Every motion, every flex of muscle, was met with the same unyielding resistance from the straps. The thick material dug into her arms and torso, its tightness amplified by the high collar pressing snugly against her neck. The straightjacket was a perfect trap—unyielding, inescapable, and utterly indifferent to her struggles.

Patty, standing casually by the bed, watched Ivy's futile attempts with a grin that was equal parts amusement and triumph.

"Wow," she said, her voice dripping with mock sympathy.

"You two really look like you're in trouble." She raised her phone, angling it to capture both twins in their respective states of helplessness. Heather was still squirming weakly on her side, her green eyes narrowed into an exhausted glare, while Ivy continued her frantic writhing on the floor, her body rocking back and forth in a useless effort to escape. The click of the phone's camera filled the air as Patty snapped a few photos, her grin widening with every shot.

"Guess these things work after all," Patty added teasingly, glancing at the screen of her phone before tucking it into her pocket. She crossed her arms, leaning one shoulder casually against the bedframe as she continued to watch her friends. The sight of the twins, normally so confident and self-assured, reduced to squirming, gagged figures on the floor was too entertaining for her to look away.

Heather shot her a glare, her green eyes blazing with a mixture of exhaustion and irritation. She twisted her upper body slightly, her bound arms straining against the loops that pinned them to her sides, but the movement only served to tighten the already snug straps. Her breaths came in shallow gasps, her breasts rising and falling beneath the constricting jacket as the physical toll of her struggles began to show. Sweat trickled down her temples, and her muscles trembled from exertion, but the straightjacket remained as secure as ever, holding her in place without so much as a hint of give.

Ivy let out a muffled whimper, the sound barely audible beneath the gag, as her body collapsed onto its side with an audible thud. Her legs curled slightly, the figure-eight cuffs forcing them into a bent position that left her unable to extend them. She lay there for a moment, her chest heaving as she caught her breath, before giving a few weak tugs at the straps around her arms. The motions were half-hearted, a sign that she was beginning to accept the futility of her situation. Her green eyes, so similar to Heather's, flicked upward toward Patty, and though her glare wasn't as sharp as her sister's, it carried the same message of frustration and helpless defiance.

Patty chuckled softly at the sight of Ivy's defeat.

"Giving up already?" she asked, her tone light and teasing.

"I thought you'd put up more of a fight than this, Ivy. Guess I overestimated you." Her words were meant to provoke, but Ivy didn't rise to the bait. Instead, she shifted slightly on the carpet, her bound body sinking deeper into the plush fabric as she exhaled through her nose in silent resignation.



Heather, despite her exhaustion, wasn't quite ready to give up. She rolled onto her stomach, letting out a low, muffled growl as she pushed herself up with her knees, only for the figure-eight cuffs to immediately thwart her efforts. Her legs buckled beneath her, and she slumped back down with a frustrated grunt. Her glare at Patty intensified, though the effect was somewhat diminished by the redness creeping into her cheeks from exertion.

Patty's grin widened as she stepped closer to the twins, crouching down just enough to meet Heather's fiery gaze.

"Face it," she said, her voice soft but triumphant.

"Neither of you is going anywhere." She leaned back, straightening up as she placed her hands on her hips, surveying her handiwork with satisfaction. The twins lay sprawled on the floor before her, their slender bodies wrapped in layer upon layer of straps and locks that left no part of them free. The room was filled with the sounds of their faint, muffled grunts and the occasional creak of fabric as they shifted against their restraints, but it was clear that they had been thoroughly defeated.

"Guess that ticket's mine," Patty said after a moment, her grin turning into a full-blown smirk. Neither Heather nor Ivy responded, their struggles reduced to the smallest, most ineffective twitches as exhaustion overtook them. The fight had drained from their bodies, leaving them trapped and helpless, just as Patty had planned.

Patty knelt down between the two squirming figures, the soft rustle of the carpet barely audible beneath the faint creak of straps as the twins continued their useless struggles. Her triumphant smirk widened as she surveyed the scene in front of her. Both Heather and Ivy were utterly subdued, their sleek blonde hair clinging to their sweat-dampened faces, their green eyes blazing with indignation above the adhesive patches sealing their mouths.

"Looks like neither of you is getting out of this," Patty said, her voice dripping with mockery as she tilted her head to one side, feigning sympathy.

"Guess that means I'm keeping the ticket!"

The twins immediately erupted into muffled shrieks of protest, their voices barely audible beneath the gag components stuffed into their mouths. Heather arched her back, twisting onto her side and kicking out with her bound legs, though the figure-eight cuffs kept her ankles locked firmly against her thighs. Ivy, lying flat on her back, let out a muffled growl, rocking her shoulders in an attempt to shake loose the straps that pinned her arms to her chest. Their defiance, though commendable, was entirely futile; the restraints didn't budge an inch.

Patty couldn't help but laugh, her chuckles filling the room as she leaned forward, her hands planted on her knees.

"Oh, come on," she said between bursts of laughter.

"You can't seriously think you're getting out of this. Look at you!" She gestured toward them with an exaggerated flourish, her smirk deepening as the twins redoubled their efforts. Heather rolled onto her stomach, her muffled cries becoming more frustrated as she tried to push herself up onto her knees, only to collapse back down with an audible grunt when the straps refused to allow even that. Ivy, meanwhile, twisted onto her side, her legs jerking awkwardly as she attempted to gain some kind of leverage, but the tight cuffs left her movements jerky and ineffective.

"Don't worry," Patty said lightly, reaching out to pat Heather on the shoulder. The motion was almost condescending, her fingers tapping gently against the rigid fabric of the straightjacket.

Heather flinched at the touch, her body jerking reflexively as though she might shrug it off, but the gesture only made Patty chuckle again.

"I'll let you out... eventually." Her words were laced with amusement, the kind of teasing tone that promised she was in no rush to follow through.

Heather let out a muffled growl in response, her green eyes narrowing into a fierce glare. She twisted her upper body, her muscles straining against the jacket, but the unyielding straps held her firmly in place. Every movement she made only seemed to tighten the restraints further, the high collar brushing against her neck as she writhed. Beside her, Ivy let out a faint whimper, the sound muffled and pathetic as she slumped back against the carpet. Her chest rose and fell in shallow breaths, her body too exhausted to maintain the same level of defiance as her sister.

For Patty, the twins' helplessness was pure entertainment. She shifted her weight slightly, kneeling more comfortably as she leaned closer to inspect the straps. Her fingers brushed one of the locking shields on Heather's back, giving it a light tap that made the metallic sound echo faintly in the otherwise quiet room.

"These things are pretty impressive," she mused aloud, mostly to herself.

"Didn't think they'd work \*this\* well." Her grin widened as she looked down at Heather, whose muffled grunts of frustration grew louder at the remark.

Ivy, still lying on her side, squirmed weakly, her movements sluggish and uncoordinated. The sweat glistening on her skin caught the dim light, highlighting the strain in her muscles as she gave one last, half-hearted attempt to roll onto her stomach. The straps, as always, held firm, leaving her panting through her nose as she gave up once again. Her green eyes flicked toward Patty, filled with exhaustion and a simmering resentment, but there was nothing she could do to voice her frustration beyond the faint, muffled noises that slipped past the gag.

Patty sighed theatrically, sitting back on her heels and resting her hands on her hips.

"You know," she said, addressing both girls as though they were capable of responding,

"I kind of expected more from you two. All that big talk, and now look at you. Completely stuck." She paused, her gaze flicking between the two restrained figures, before adding with a smirk,

"Maybe I should've made the challenge harder. This looks way too easy."

Both twins let out muffled protests at the remark, their combined sounds forming a strange symphony of frustration. Heather tried once more to roll onto her side, her body twisting in an almost serpentine motion, but the effort only left her more tangled against the unyielding straps. Ivy let out another faint whimper, her shoulders sagging in defeat as she rested her head against the carpet, too drained to continue.

For now, the Gibson twins were completely and utterly helpless. Their futile struggles served only to amuse Patty further, their muffled grunts and occasional squeals filling the room as she savored her victory.

Patty sat cross-legged on the bed, the smug grin never leaving her face as she gazed down at the Gibson twins, now little more than buxom writhing bundles of sweat-slicked frustration on the carpet. The soft bedroom light reflected off their flushed faces, emphasizing the sheen of exertion on their skin and the identical shades of scarlet that burned in their cheeks. Their blonde hair clung to their damp foreheads in messy strands, and though their movements had slowed, the occasional twitch or twist of their restrained bodies told Patty that they weren't

giving up just yet. The muffled whimpers escaping through their adhesive-sealed gags were faint but persistent, underscoring the quiet tension of their helpless predicament.

Heather was closest to the bed, her green eyes blazing with defiance even as exhaustion threatened to dull their fire. She twisted her torso against the merciless straightjacket, her muscles straining visibly beneath the thick, unyielding fabric. The crotch straps, which Patty had tightened with such gleeful precision, pulled taut with every movement, ensuring the jacket stayed securely in place no matter how hard Heather fought. Ivy lay just a few feet away, her struggles more subdued but no less futile. Her legs jerked occasionally within the figure-eight cuffs, her toes flexing against the carpet as though she might somehow kick free, but the straps binding her thighs to her ankles held firm, reducing her efforts to little more than faint rustling sounds.

Patty leaned forward slightly, her hands resting on her knees as she surveyed the scene with mock concern.

"Well, this is just sad," she said aloud, though her voice carried a teasing lilt. She shifted her focus to Heather, leaning down just far enough to brush a stray strand of blonde hair out of her face. Heather flinched at the contact, jerking her head to the side in a futile attempt to avoid Patty's hand, but the movement only made her predicament more obvious. The high collar of the straightjacket pressed snugly against her neck, forcing her to hold her head at an uncomfortable angle.

"Aww, poor Heather," Patty cooed, her tone dripping with exaggerated sympathy as her fingers lingered on the side of Heather's face for just a moment too long. She tilted her head, pretending to look genuinely concerned.

"You really thought you were going to win, didn't you? All that big talk about how you'd be out in five minutes..." Her smirk deepened as she gestured to the straps and locks keeping Heather securely restrained.

"And now look at you. Completely stuck. How does it feel, hmm?"

Heather's response came in the form of a muffled growl, the sound sharp and furious despite being heavily muffled by the gag. Her green eyes narrowed dangerously, glaring up at Patty with all the fire she could muster. The adhesive patch sealing her lips stretched slightly as she tried to snarl through it, but the gag components inside her mouth—sponge and rubber ball alike—rendered her completely incomprehensible. It didn't matter how loud or angry her protests were; they emerged as nothing more than faint, distorted sounds.

"Mmmph!" Heather growled again, her frustration evident as she arched her back in a fresh attempt to free herself. The straightjacket's straps dug into her sides as she twisted her torso, her movements becoming increasingly desperate. Patty leaned back slightly, her grin never faltering as she watched the futile display. The crotch straps pulled tighter into her pussy with every motion, keeping the jacket perfectly aligned no matter how much Heather tried to twist or wriggle out of it. The loops pinning her forearms to her sides ensured that her arms stayed firmly crossed against her chest, the thick material reducing even her strongest movements to pitiful squirming.

Patty let out a soft chuckle, the sound low and amused as she shook her head.

"Still trying, huh? Gotta admire the determination, I guess." She tapped a finger against her chin, pretending to consider something, before adding with a mockingly thoughtful tone,

"You know, maybe if you hadn't been so cocky, this wouldn't feel so satisfying."

Heather let out another muffled noise, this one higher-pitched and laced with indignation, as though she were trying to argue back. Her glare sharpened, and she shifted again, rolling onto her side in a flurry of motion. For a brief second, she managed to raise her knees slightly off the ground, but the figure-eight cuffs around her legs pulled her right back down. She collapsed onto the carpet with a muffled grunt, her blonde hair fanning out around her face as she panted heavily through her nose.

Patty sighed dramatically, sitting back upright on the bed as though the entire display had exhausted her.

“You know,” she said, her voice light and teasing,

“you’re just wasting energy at this point. That jacket isn’t going anywhere.” She leaned forward again, resting her elbows on her knees as she added in a stage whisper,

“But hey, keep at it if it makes you feel better.”

Heather’s glare remained fixed on her, but her movements were growing slower, her energy clearly waning. Her chest heaved as she caught her breath, her body glistening with sweat beneath the soft glow of the bedroom light. Patty watched her for a moment longer before turning her attention to Ivy, who lay sprawled nearby, her own struggles reduced to faint twitches and muffled whimpers. For now, though, Heather remained the focus of Patty’s taunting, her furious defiance serving only to fuel the victor’s amusement.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” Patty teased, her tone light and dripping with mockery as she leaned down and poked Heather lightly in the side. The restrained girl flinched slightly at the touch, her muscles tightening instinctively beneath the unyielding straightjacket. Heather responded with a muffled growl, the sound low and angry, but the gag rendered it more pitiful than intimidating. Her emerald eyes blazed with defiance as she glared up at Patty, though the redness creeping into her flushed cheeks betrayed her frustration and exhaustion.

Patty smirked, her finger lingering for a moment as though daring Heather to do something about it.

“You’re not going anywhere,” she added, her voice soft but triumphant. Her words were punctuated by the faint rustle of straps as Heather shifted again, twisting her torso in a fresh, futile attempt to escape. The loops holding her arms against her chest remained as tight as ever, and the crotch straps, pulled taut against her body, ensured the straightjacket stayed perfectly in place no matter how much she squirmed.

Before Patty could deliver another taunt, a muffled squeak from the other side of the room drew her attention. Ivy, lying on her back, had shifted in a clumsy attempt to roll over, her bound legs kicking feebly against the carpet as she struggled. Her blonde hair fanned out beneath her, strands clinging to her sweat-slicked face as she twisted and writhed. The adhesive gag sealing her lips muffled her noises, turning what might have been a cry of frustration into an unintelligible squeal that only added to the air of helplessness surrounding her.

Patty chuckled softly, crawling over to Ivy with deliberate slowness, savoring the spectacle before her. She knelt beside the writhing girl, tilting her head in mock curiosity as she watched Ivy’s weak struggles.

“And you, Ivy,” she said, her voice carrying the same teasing lilt she had used on Heather.

“You thought you’d outdo your sister, huh? Thought you’d be the smart one, the quick one?” She paused, letting her words hang in the air as Ivy stilled momentarily, her chest rising and falling in shallow breaths. Patty smirked and leaned in closer.

“Now look at you. Just as stuck as she is. Maybe even worse.”

Ivy let out a muffled whimper, her green eyes wide and pleading as she stared up at Patty. Her body tensed as Patty reached out, her fingers brushing against one of the straps securing Ivy's arms. The restraint was snug, the thick material pressing tightly against Ivy's skin as it pinned her forearms to her chest. Patty tugged on the strap gently, testing its tension, and smirked as it held firm, refusing to give even the slightest slack.

The motion caused Ivy to thrash in response, her body twisting violently as though she might somehow pull away from Patty's touch. The straightjacket's unyielding design left her completely powerless; no matter how much she struggled, the straps refused to budge. Her legs kicked weakly against the carpet, the figure-eight cuffs keeping them tightly folded and robbing her of any leverage. Her muffled squeal of frustration filled the room, the sound sharp and desperate as she glared up at Patty with flushed cheeks.

Patty laughed softly, clearly enjoying the reaction she had provoked.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her voice feigning innocence as she tugged on the strap again, causing Ivy to let out another muffled cry.

"I thought you said you could handle this. Didn't you tell me you'd beat Heather at her own game?" She sat back on her heels, watching as Ivy's struggles gradually slowed, her energy dwindling with each failed attempt to escape.

Ivy slumped back against the carpet, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. Sweat glistened on her skin, and her blonde hair clung to her damp cheeks as she let out a soft, muffled whimper of defeat. Patty tilted her head, pretending to look concerned as she reached out and brushed a strand of hair away from Ivy's face. The gesture, though gentle, carried an air of condescension that made Ivy squirm, her bound body twisting weakly beneath the unyielding straps.

"See? I told you," Patty said, her tone soft but triumphant.

"There's no getting out of this. You and your sister are stuck. Completely helpless." She leaned in closer, her smirk widening as she added,

"But hey, at least you tried, right? That's gotta count for something."

Ivy's response was a low, muffled whine, her green eyes narrowing in frustration as she turned her face away from Patty. Her bound legs twitched against the carpet, the cuffs holding her knees tightly bent and preventing even the smallest hint of movement. Nearby, Heather let out a muffled growl, clearly angered by Patty's taunts, but her own struggles had slowed to the occasional twist or tug, her energy nearly spent.

Patty sat back, placing her hands on her hips as she surveyed the twins with a grin of satisfaction. Both girls lay on the carpet, their sweat-slicked bodies glistening under the soft bedroom light as they squirmed uselessly against their restraints. Their identical faces, flushed red with exertion and humiliation, only added to the symmetry of their predicament. For Patty, the sight was nothing short of perfect.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" Ivy's cries rose in pitch, the muffled sounds desperate and insistent, though the gag rendered them little more than faint squeals. Her wide green eyes were glossy with frustration and pleading as they locked onto Patty, silently begging her captor to let her go. She wriggled harder, her bound legs kicking weakly against the carpet, but the straps and cuffs held firm, leaving her entirely at Patty's mercy. Every twist of her body only seemed to exhaust her further, the straightjacket pressing tighter against her chest with each futile motion.

Patty grinned wickedly, leaning back on her heels as she watched Ivy's pitiful attempts to escape.

"Oh, come on, Ivy," she teased, her tone light but with a sharp edge of mockery.

"Don't give me that look. You both agreed to this, remember? This was \*your\* idea. If anything, you should be thanking me. I mean, look at this! I'm giving you a real experience here. No half-measures." She gestured broadly at the two struggling twins, as if to emphasize just how thorough her handiwork had been.

Heather let out a low, muffled growl from where she lay on her stomach, her body jerking in frustration at Patty's words. Her emerald eyes narrowed into a fierce glare, though the effect was diminished by the adhesive gag stretching tightly across her lips and the sweat matting her blonde hair to her forehead. She arched her back slightly, her bound legs straining against the figure-eight cuffs that kept her knees bent, but her movements were sluggish and uncoordinated, the straightjacket holding her firmly in place.

Patty let out a soft chuckle at their continued defiance, clearly enjoying every second of their helplessness. She reached for her phone again, holding it up to capture another series of photos.

"Hold still, ladies," she said mockingly, as though either of them had any control over their movements. The room was filled with faint clicking sounds as Patty snapped picture after picture, adjusting the angle to make sure she captured both twins in their most vulnerable state. The soft light glinted off their sweat-slicked skin the fabric tight over their generous breasts, highlighting the flush of exertion on their identical faces and the sheen of their tangled blonde hair.

Patty giggled to herself as she swiped through the pictures, admiring her work.

"Oh, these are just \*perfect,\*" she said, more to herself than to the twins. She zoomed in on one image of Ivy, her wide, desperate eyes peeking out from behind the adhesive gag, before swiping to a photo of Heather mid-struggle, her glare still burning even as her body sagged with exhaustion.

"You two should really see how ridiculous you look right now," Patty teased, glancing up from her phone to flash them a smug grin.

The twins responded with another round of muffled protests, their voices overlapping in a chaotic blend of grunts and whines. Ivy rocked her body from side to side, trying once again to roll onto her stomach, but her bound legs made the motion awkward and ineffective. Heather, still glaring daggers at Patty, managed to twist onto her side, her chest rising and falling in shallow, labored breaths as she prepared for another futile attempt to free herself.

Patty set her phone down on the bed, her smirk widening as a new idea formed in her mind.

"You know," she said casually, her voice taking on an exaggerated sweetness,

"I think we should make this a real sleepover. The three of us, snuggled up nice and cozy. Doesn't that sound fun?"

The twins froze almost simultaneously, their struggles halting as Patty's words sank in. Their wide, alarmed eyes locked onto her, their expressions a mix of disbelief and panic. For a brief moment, the room was eerily quiet, save for the faint creak of the straps as the twins shifted slightly. Even their muffled protests had stopped, replaced by tense, shallow breathing as they stared up at Patty, their minds racing at the implication of her suggestion.

Patty leaned forward slightly, her grin turning mischievous as she relished their reactions.

“What? Don’t tell me you’re not up for it,” she said, feigning innocence.

“I mean, we’ve got everything we need, right? You two are all bundled up already. This could be the coziest sleepover ever.”

Heather let out a muffled growl, her glare intensifying as she arched her back in defiance, but the motion only served to pull the crotch straps tighter against her body. She winced slightly, her green eyes narrowing further as she renewed her struggles, though her movements lacked the strength they had earlier. Ivy, meanwhile, let out a soft whimper, her body sinking deeper into the carpet as if resigning herself to whatever Patty had planned. Her bound legs twitched faintly, the cuffs holding her thighs and ankles together preventing any meaningful resistance.

Patty crossed her arms and tilted her head, pretending to consider something.

“You know,” she mused,

“I could even grab some blankets and pillows, really make it nice and cozy for you two. Wouldn’t that be fun?” Her teasing tone only seemed to heighten the twins’ alarm, their muffled protests resuming in unison as they twisted and squirmed against their restraints.

The sight of their renewed struggles only made Patty laugh.

“Relax,” she said, waving a dismissive hand.

“I’m just kidding... or am I?” She gave them a sly wink, leaving the question hanging in the air as she leaned back on her heels, enjoying the helpless, panicked expressions on their identical faces. For now, the twins could do little more than writhe and whimper on the carpet, completely at Patty’s mercy.

Patty stood up from her spot on the carpet, brushing off her knees as though she’d just finished a tedious chore. A smug grin spread across her face as she turned toward the bed and grabbed a few extra pillows, dragging them across the comforter with a deliberate slowness.

“I mean, I can’t just leave you two on the floor all night,” she said, her voice light and teasing. She plopped the pillows down in a pile, fluffing one dramatically as though putting the final touch on a luxurious setup.

“That would be rude, don’t you think? And besides...” She paused for effect, glancing down at the squirming twins with a playful smirk.

“You need someone to keep you company.”

Heather let out a low, muffled growl in response, her green eyes narrowing into a glare that burned with indignation. Her body twisted against the unyielding straightjacket, the loops pinning her arms to her chest holding her securely in place. Nearby, Ivy whimpered faintly, her struggles more subdued but no less futile as she flexed her legs weakly against the figure-eight cuffs that locked her thighs and ankles together.

Patty’s grin widened as she surveyed the scene. “Don’t worry,” she said, stepping over to Heather’s side.

“You’ll be nice and cozy, I promise.” With surprising ease, Patty crouched down and slid her arms beneath Heather’s restrained body, one arm hooking under her shoulders and the other under her knees. The blonde let out a muffled squeak of protest as Patty hoisted her off the floor in one smooth motion, her slender frame offering little resistance. The straps of the straightjacket creaked softly under the strain of the movement, their unforgiving grip ensuring that Heather remained completely immobile.

“See? Easy,” Patty said with a grin, shifting Heather slightly in her arms to get a better grip. The restrained girl wriggled weakly, her body twisting in an instinctive attempt to escape, but the snug fit of the jacket rendered her movements useless. Heather let out a muffled grunt, the sound sharp and frustrated, as her glare intensified. Her blonde hair, damp with sweat, clung to her flushed cheeks, and her ample chest rose and fell in quick, shallow breaths as she squirmed against Patty’s hold.

Patty carried her over to the bed, setting her down gently near the center of the mattress. She adjusted Heather’s position with care, making sure her friend was lying flat and couldn’t roll off the edge.

“There we go,” Patty said cheerfully, stepping back to admire her work. Heather’s restrained body lay sprawled against the crisp sheets, her bound arms locked tightly against her chest and her legs bent awkwardly beneath her due to the cuffs. Her muffled grunts of protest continued, though they were quieter now, tinged with the exhaustion that came from fighting a battle she couldn’t possibly win.

Patty pressed her hands into the mattress, leaning over slightly to get a better look at Heather’s flushed face.

“What’s the matter?” she asked mockingly, brushing a stray strand of hair out of Heather’s eyes.

“Not comfy enough? Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you’re nice and snug. Can’t have you rolling off in the middle of the night.” Heather jerked her head away from Patty’s touch, her muffled growl rising in pitch, but the motion only made the high collar of the jacket press more firmly against her neck.

Satisfied that Heather wasn’t going anywhere, Patty straightened up and grabbed one of the extra pillows she had placed on the bed earlier. She tucked it carefully under Heather’s head, making sure it was positioned just right before stepping back with an exaggerated flourish.

“Perfect,” she said, clapping her hands together as though she had just completed a masterpiece.

“See? I’m taking \*great\* care of you.”

Heather’s response was another muffled growl, her body twisting slightly as she tested the limits of her restraints. The straps, as always, held firm, and the locking shields made it impossible for her to tamper with the buckles. Her legs shifted faintly, the cuffs creaking softly as she flexed her toes against the mattress, but the figure-eight bindings left her lower body just as immobilized as her upper.

Patty grinned down at her, clearly amused by the futile display.

“You’re just determined to fight this, aren’t you?” she said, her tone light and teasing.

“I mean, I get it. Nobody likes to admit they’re stuck. But come on, Heather. You’ve gotta admit—this is pretty impressive, right?” She gestured toward the straightjacket and cuffs, as though expecting Heather to agree with her assessment.

Heather’s glare didn’t falter, though the faint redness creeping into her cheeks suggested she was more flustered than she wanted to let on. She let out a sharp, muffled grunt and arched her back slightly, but the motion only served to tighten the crotch straps further, pulling the jacket snugly against her body. Her muscles trembled with exertion as she sagged back against the mattress, her breathing quick and shallow through her nose.



“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” Patty said with a satisfied nod, stepping back to retrieve another pillow.

“Don’t worry—Ivy will be joining you soon. You won’t be lonely for long.” She glanced over at Ivy, who let out a muffled squeak and began squirming harder, clearly panicked by the implication. Patty’s grin widened as she turned her attention to her next task, already savoring the prospect of tucking the second twin into bed.

“Relax,” Patty said, her tone mockingly soothing as she reached down to pat Heather on the head. The restrained girl flinched at the condescending touch, her blonde hair sticking to her damp forehead as she glared up at Patty with blazing green eyes. The muffled grunt that escaped her gag was sharp with frustration, but Patty only chuckled, brushing her fingers lightly against Heather’s temple before pulling her hand back.

“I’m not done yet,” she added, her smirk widening as she turned her attention to the other twin.

Ivy, who had been lying on the carpet and watching Patty’s every move with a mix of dread and growing panic, suddenly thrashed violently against her restraints. Her bound legs jerked and kicked against the carpet, the figure-eight cuffs forcing her movements into short, ineffective bursts. Her muffled squeals grew louder, carrying a note of desperation as Patty took a deliberate step toward her, the smug grin never leaving her face.

“Oh, stop it,” Patty chided, placing her hands on her hips as she watched Ivy struggle.

“You’re not going to get away. Just accept it.” She crouched down beside Ivy, who responded with another round of frantic twisting, her sweat-slicked body writhing helplessly against the unyielding straightjacket. Her green eyes, so similar to Heather’s, were wide with alarm as she shook her head, blonde hair whipping around her flushed face.

Patty rolled her eyes with exaggerated patience, reaching out to steady Ivy’s jerking legs.

“You’re making this harder than it needs to be,” she said, her tone light but firm as she slid one arm beneath Ivy’s shoulders and the other under her knees. Ivy let out a high-pitched, muffled squeal as Patty hoisted her off the ground, but her slender frame offered no real resistance. The straps creaked softly as Ivy squirmed in Patty’s grasp, her restrained body twisting awkwardly in a futile attempt to break free.

Patty carried her to the bed, ignoring the faint creak of the mattress springs as she leaned forward and deposited Ivy next to her sister. She took her time positioning the second twin, ensuring Ivy lay flat on her back with her head on the pillows, just inches away from Heather. The restrained girls exchanged a glare, their flushed faces just close enough that neither could turn away completely. Ivy let out another muffled whimper as she tried to roll onto her side, but Patty quickly pressed a hand against her shoulder, keeping her pinned in place.

“There,” Patty said cheerfully, brushing off her hands as she straightened up.

“Nice and snug, just the way it should be.” She stepped back to admire her work, her eyes flicking between the two bound figures now sprawled side by side on the bed. The twins looked utterly helpless, their identical forms restrained with the same meticulous precision: arms locked tightly across their chests, legs bent and pinned together by the cuffs, and mouths silenced by the adhesive gags that pressed firmly against their skin. Even their muffled growls and whimpers were eerily similar, overlapping in a chaotic blend of frustrated noise.

Heather, still seething from her earlier defeat, twisted her upper body in a fresh burst of energy, her glare shifting between Patty and Ivy. Her muffled growl was sharp and accusatory,

as though blaming her sister for their current predicament. Ivy, whose face was a shade redder from exertion, shot back a muffled squeal of protest, her eyes narrowing in indignation. The twins squirmed against their restraints, their movements jostling the mattress as they awkwardly tried—and failed—to shift away from one another.

Patty let out a soft laugh at the sight, shaking her head in amusement.

“You two are something else,” she said, placing her hands on her hips.

“Fighting each other when you’re both completely stuck? Honestly, it’s kind of adorable.” She leaned forward, reaching out to gently nudge Ivy closer to Heather, ignoring the muffled cries of protest that followed. The two girls bumped against each other, their sweat-slicked arms brushing awkwardly as they glared at one another with identical expressions of outrage.

Ignoring their combined protests, Patty climbed onto the bed with a casual ease, the mattress creaking slightly under her weight as she positioned herself between the twins. She stretched out on her back, propping herself up with a few pillows as though settling in for a long night.

“There’s plenty of room,” she said breezily, as if she were addressing guests at a slumber party. “See? Cozy, right?”

Heather and Ivy let out muffled growls in unison, their bound bodies twitching as they tried to twist away from Patty’s presence, but there was nowhere for them to go. Patty smirked and draped an arm around each twin grabbing the central jacket loops, pulling them tightly against her sides. The straps of their straightjackets creaked faintly as they squirmed against her hold, but Patty’s grip was firm, keeping them securely nestled against her.

“Now *this* is what I call a proper sleepover,” Patty said with a grin, glancing down at the two restrained girls. Heather let out a muffled grunt of defiance, her glare practically scorching, while Ivy’s wide eyes darted nervously toward Patty, her muffled whimper tinged with resignation. The mattress shifted slightly under the combined weight of the three girls, but Patty seemed perfectly content, her smug expression never faltering as she tightened her hold on her squirming companions running her hands around their helpless bodies.

“There we go,” Patty said softly, letting her head sink into one of the plush pillows as she settled herself between the two squirming twins. Her tone was casual, almost cheerful, as though she were oblivious to the chaos playing out beside her.

“All snug and cozy. Isn’t this nice?”

The response was immediate and predictable.

“Mmmph! Mmmph!” Both Heather and Ivy erupted into muffled cries of protest, their voices overlapping in a frantic chorus of indignation. Their identical faces, already flushed from exertion and humiliation, grew even redder as they wriggled helplessly against the tight embrace Patty had them locked into. The adhesive gags pressed firmly against their lips muffled their cries into little more than frustrated vibrations, and their bound bodies twitched and writhed in fruitless attempts to pull away from her.

Patty grinned, clearly savoring every second of their discomfort. She pulled them closer, her arms draped over their restrained forms, feeling the faint and futile struggles of her friends as they twisted and squirmed. The straightjackets they wore creaked softly under the tension of their movements, the thick straps holding them securely in place. Heather’s body pressed against her side, her muscles trembling with exertion as she arched her back in a desperate attempt to shift away. Ivy’s struggles were weaker, her smaller frame jerking sporadically as she

tried to inch herself further toward the edge of the bed, only for Patty's arm to keep her securely pinned in place.

"Shh," Patty whispered, her voice low and soothing as she reached out to stroke Heather's damp hair. The blonde flinched at the touch, jerking her head slightly as though to avoid the gesture, but the high collar of the straightjacket restricted her movements, leaving her little choice but to endure Patty's condescending attention.

"It's okay," Patty continued, her fingers combing gently through Heather's tangled strands. "You'll both get used to it. It's not so bad, is it?"

Heather responded with a muffled growl, her emerald eyes blazing with defiance as she twisted her shoulders. The straps pinning her arms to her chest dug into her skin as she squirmed, her legs jerking faintly within the figure-eight cuffs. Ivy let out a quieter, more pitiful squeal, her eyes darting nervously between Patty and her sister as though searching for a way out. But both girls remained firmly in place, their restrained bodies pressed tightly against Patty's sides as their struggles gradually began to lose momentum.

Patty's smirk widened as she felt their resistance waning. She gave Ivy's bottom a playful squeeze, ignoring the muffled whimper that followed.

"And hey," she said lightly, tilting her head to glance down at the twins,

"Maybe by the morning, you'll finally figure out how to escape. Who knows? You might surprise me." She paused, letting her words hang in the air for a moment before adding with a soft laugh,

"Though, honestly, I'm not holding my breath."

The twins responded with another round of muffled cries, though their exhaustion was beginning to show. Heather's voice was sharper, her growls carrying a note of stubborn defiance, while Ivy's whimpers were softer, tinged with resignation. Patty's hands move lower exploring their bodies. Both girls squirmed faintly, their movements sluggish and uncoordinated as they tested their restraints for what felt like the hundredth time. The mattress creaked under their combined weight, their bound legs brushing awkwardly against one another as they twisted and jerked.

Patty watched their futile efforts with amusement, her hand moving from Heather's hair to lightly pat Ivy on the head before her hand wandered lower tracing the crotch strap that cleaved her labia.

"That's the spirit," she teased, her tone dripping with mock encouragement.

"Keep at it. You never know—maybe you'll surprise me."

Ivy whimpered again, her bound body twitching faintly against Patty's grip, but it was clear she was nearing the limits of her energy. Heather, though still defiant, let out a sharp, muffled grunt before slumping slightly, her breathing quick and shallow, her breasts heaving against the jacket as she glared up at the ceiling. Their identical faces were slick with sweat, their flushed cheeks glowing faintly under the soft bedroom light.

Patty yawned theatrically, stretching her legs beneath the covers as though preparing to settle in for a long, comfortable night.

"Until then, though..." she began, her voice trailing off as she adjusted her position, pulling the twins even closer against her sides, the heavy petting would continue. Their restrained bodies pressed firmly against hers, their muffled breaths warm against her skin.

"I think I'll get some sleep."

Heather let out one final growl of frustration as a hand slid over her encased breast, her glare sharp enough to cut glass, but Patty simply closed her eyes, her smirk never leaving her face. The room was quiet now, save for the faint rustling of straps and the occasional muffled whimper from the twins. The tension in the air was almost palpable, but for Patty, it was nothing short of perfect.

The twins let out soft, muffled whimpers, their protests growing weaker and more sporadic as the weight of exhaustion began to take hold. Their earlier defiance had given way to weariness, their restrained bodies sagging slightly against the bed as their struggles slowed to faint, occasional movements. Heather, ever the fighter, gave a final half-hearted twist of her torso, her muscles trembling with the effort, but the straightjacket held firm, its straps digging into her skin as a constant reminder of her helplessness.

Ivy, lying on Patty's other side, barely moved at all, save for the subtle rise and fall of her well-endowed chest as she panted softly through her nose. Both girls were drenched in sweat, their blonde hair clinging to their flushed faces as they shared a fleeting glance, their identical green eyes filled with shared frustration, unwanted arousal and resignation.

Patty, feeling the twins' fading resistance, tightened her grip on both of them. Her arms, draped over their restrained forms, pulled them even closer, their bound bodies pressing snugly against her sides; she enjoyed the feeling of their wiggling bodies. The creak of the straightjackets was faint but unmistakable as the added pressure settled them deeper into the mattress.

Heather let out a muffled grunt of protest, her emerald eyes narrowing into a glare, while Ivy whimpered faintly, her face flushing redder at the humiliating intimacy of their predicament. Neither girl could do anything to resist; the straps and locking shields ensured that every part of them remained firmly trapped, no matter how much they squirmed.

Patty sighed contentedly, her smirk widening as she let her head sink deeper into the pillow. "Sweet dreams," she murmured softly, her voice laced with mock kindness. Her tone was light and almost playful, but the smugness in her expression left no doubt that she was savoring every second of her victory. Her eyes drifted closed, the faintest chuckle escaping her lips as she relaxed fully into the bed, her arms never loosening their grip on the twins caressing them in her sleep.

For Heather and Ivy, however, sleep was a distant, almost laughable prospect. Their bodies were exhausted, their muscles aching from hours of futile struggling, but the unyielding tightness of the straightjackets made it impossible to relax. Every shift of their weight, every faint movement, was met with the relentless resistance of the straps holding them in place. Heather's shoulders ached from the constant pressure of her arms being pinned across her chest, and the high collar of the jacket pressed uncomfortably against her neck. Ivy's legs, folded tightly beneath her by the figure-eight cuffs, tingled with pins and needles, her body desperate for a position that allowed even a shred of comfort.

The room was quiet, save for the faint sounds of their struggles. The soft rustling of straps, the creak of leather, and the muffled squeaks and grunts of frustration formed a faint symphony of helplessness that filled the stillness of the night. Heather shifted again, twisting her torso in one final, desperate attempt to find some slack in the straps. The effort was useless, of course, and only served to tighten the crotch straps further against her trapped labia, making her wince slightly as she sagged back against the mattress. Ivy let out a soft whimper in response, her

bound body trembling faintly as she tried to adjust herself against Patty's side, but she quickly gave up, the cuffs around her legs leaving her no room to maneuver.

Patty, meanwhile, slept soundly, undisturbed by the faint noises or movements of the twins. Her breathing was slow and steady, her chest rising and falling in a peaceful rhythm as she drifted deeper into sleep. The smug smirk on her lips remained, even as her face relaxed, a testament to the satisfaction she felt in knowing that Heather and Ivy were completely and utterly at her mercy. Her grip on them remained firm, her arms pressing their restrained forms tightly against her as though ensuring they wouldn't slip away even in her dreams.

Heather and Ivy exchanged another glance, their identical green eyes filled with silent frustration and helplessness. They could feel the heat radiating off Patty's body, her presence an unwelcome reminder of their defeat. Every breath they took felt labored, the tightness of the straightjackets compressing their chests crushing their boobs, the crotch straps framing their pussy lips. Forcing them to inhale shallowly through their noses. The adhesive gags sealed over their lips prevented them from voicing their frustration in anything more than faint, muffled sounds, the sponge and rubber ball inside their mouths pressing uncomfortably against their tongues.

The minutes stretched into hours, the night dragging on with an almost cruel slowness. Neither twin could find any semblance of comfort, their bodies locked in positions that left no room for rest. Heather's glare eventually softened, her exhaustion overpowering her defiance as her head lolled slightly against the pillow. Ivy's whimpers became quieter, her eyes fluttering shut for brief moments before snapping open again, her body jolting faintly with every failed attempt to fall asleep.

Patty remained blissfully unaware of their misery, her peaceful slumber a stark contrast to the twins' restless discomfort. The soft creak of the mattress and the faint rustling of fabric were the only indications of life in the room, the once-vibrant chaos of the evening now reduced to a quiet tableau of helplessness. For Patty, the night was a triumphant conclusion to a game well played. For Heather and Ivy, it was a reminder of their defeat, their helpless struggles fading into the background as the hours crawled by.

The first rays of morning sunlight filtered through the sheer curtains of Patty's bedroom, painting the room in a warm, golden glow. The soft light highlighted the disarray of pillows and blankets strewn across the bed, evidence of a restless night for at least two of its occupants. Patty lay sprawled in the center of the bed, her face serene, her arms draped loosely but securely around the tightly restrained forms of Heather and Ivy. The twins, still cocooned in their straightjackets and figure-eight cuffs, had endured a long, restless night, their exhaustion etched into every futile twitch of their bound bodies.

Heather stirred first, her eyelids fluttering open against the intrusive light. For a moment, she lay still, her mind groggy and slow to catch up with her surroundings. Then the stiffness in her muscles hit her like a wave, the dull ache radiating from her shoulders down through her back and arms. The tight embrace of the straightjacket left no room for movement, the straps biting into her skin with every faint shift of her body. She wriggled slightly, testing the bonds for the hundredth time, only to be met with the same unyielding resistance. Her arms were pinned firmly across her chest, the loops at her sides holding her forearms immobile, while the crotch straps pressed snugly and uncomfortably against her with every tiny adjustment she made, the way they rubbed against her flesh made her moan into the gag.

“Mmmph,” she groaned, her muffled voice breaking the stillness of the early morning. The adhesive gag sealed over her lips stifled the sound, reducing it to little more than a faint vibration in the quiet room. Her green eyes, still heavy with sleep, darted around as she took in her surroundings. Patty was still sleeping soundly beside her, one arm loosely draped over Heather’s restrained torso. The other twin, Ivy, lay on the opposite side of Patty, her face partially obscured by her sweat-matted blonde hair.

Ivy let out a faint whimper as she, too, began to stir. Her body twitched instinctively, her bound legs jerking weakly against the figure-eight cuffs that had held them bent all night. The cool morning air brushed against her exposed skin, making her acutely aware of the contrast between the crisp chill and the oppressive heat radiating from Patty’s body, which was still pressed tightly against her side. Her green eyes opened slowly, a flicker of grogginess giving way to a sharp awareness of the discomfort that had plagued her throughout the night.

Every inch of her body ached from being forced into the same restrictive position for hours, it was horrifying to think patients spent 24 hours a day like this. The straightjacket straps, still as unforgiving as ever, held her arms immobile across her chest below her compressed breasts, while the snug crotch straps ensured the jacket stayed perfectly in place no matter how much she squirmed. Each small shift of her hips sent an uncomfortable jolt through her as the straps pressed and dug into her sensitive skin and most intimate areas. She let out another faint whimper, the sound muffled by the sponge and rubber ball gag filling her mouth, her lips sealed shut by the adhesive patch.

Patty stirred slightly at the sound of Ivy’s whimper, though she didn’t wake. Her arm tightened reflexively around Ivy’s restrained body, pulling the smaller girl closer against her side. Ivy flinched at the unexpected motion, her bound legs jerking faintly against the cuffs, but there was nothing she could do to pull away. The warmth of Patty’s arm draped over her, combined with the heat of her sister’s body pressed against her other side, only added to her growing discomfort.

Heather, noticing her sister’s stirring, turned her head as much as the high collar of the straightjacket would allow. Their eyes met briefly, both pairs of emerald green filled with shared frustration and exhaustion. Heather let out a faint grunt, her brow furrowing as she tugged weakly at her straps in a futile display of defiance. The straightjacket creaked softly in response, the sound a reminder of how securely and hopelessly she was bound.

“Mmmph,” Ivy murmured again, her voice faint and pitiful as she shifted slightly against Patty’s hold. Her bound legs twitched once more, the cuffs restricting her movements to little more than awkward jerks. Like Heather, she could feel the snugness of the crotch straps every time she moved, their tension a constant and uncomfortable reminder of her helplessness, her body seemed to react with the movement and unwanted sensations ran across her mind.

The morning stretched on in oppressive silence, broken only by the faint creak of straps and the muffled sounds of the twins’ frustration. Patty, still sound asleep, remained oblivious to their discomfort, her peaceful expression a stark contrast to the restless exhaustion etched onto Heather and Ivy’s flushed faces. As the sunlight continued to pour through the curtains, the bound twins exchanged another glance, their identical expressions conveying the same thought: they were still utterly at Patty’s mercy.

Patty yawned deeply, her body arching in a luxurious stretch as she slowly woke to the golden glow of sunlight streaming through the sheer curtains. Her hands brushed against the smooth,

stiff fabric of the twins' straightjackets hugging their waists, the material cool under her fingertips. The sensation made her smile lazily, her lips curling upward in smug satisfaction as she propped herself up on one elbow. From her elevated position, she looked down at the two restrained figures lying beside her, their identical faces flushed with exhaustion and frustration.

"Morning, sleepyheads," she said brightly, her voice tinged with amusement and mock cheerfulness.

"How'd you sleep?"

Heather's response was immediate. Her green eyes snapped toward Patty, smoldering with indignation that had not dulled in the least since the night before. Her lips twitched beneath the adhesive patch gag, as though she were trying to snarl, but the sound that *came out was little more than a muffled growl. Her bound body shifted against the mattress as she twisted her torso sharply, her muscles straining in a futile effort to loosen the straps pinning her arms. The straightjacket didn't budge, its thick, unforgiving fabric hugging her form tightly. Each jerk of her body only seemed to highlight her helplessness, the crotch straps digging into her with every shift of her hips making her moan into her gag.*

*Beside her, Ivy groaned softly, her voice muffled and faint. Her cheeks burned a deeper humiliated red than her sister's, her flushed face glistening with the faint sheen of sweat that clung to her skin. She wriggled awkwardly, the heat of her body trapped by the relentless embrace of the straightjacket. Her bound legs twitched within the figure-eight cuffs, the restricted motion doing little to alleviate the stiffness in her joints. Every movement she made only seemed to remind her of just how thoroughly she was restrained, and a soft, pitiful whimper escaped her gag as she slumped back against the bed.*

*Patty's smile widened at the sight, her amusement growing as she noticed the subtle but constant motion of the twins' restrained bodies. "Oh, what's this?" she teased, her tone dripping with mock innocence. She reached out and brushed a hand lightly over Heather's shoulder, the faint touch making the restrained girl flinch instinctively. The thick straps creaked softly under Patty's fingers, a quiet reminder of the jacket's inescapable hold. Patty leaned in and ran a finger over her fabric encapsulated nipple.*

*"You two seem a little... restless," Patty continued, her smirk deepening as she shifted her gaze between the twins.*

*"Something on your mind?"*

*Heather let out another muffled growl, her green eyes narrowing as she thrashed against the restraints with renewed determination. Her bound legs shifted against the mattress, the cuffs keeping her knees bent and her thighs locked firmly against her calves. She arched her back slightly, her muscles trembling from the effort, but the straps held her fast, offering not even the slightest hint of give and no relief. Her muffled cries grew sharper, laced with frustration as she turned her glare back toward Patty, her defiance clear despite her helpless state.*

*Ivy, though less aggressive in her struggles, still writhed faintly, her body squirming uncomfortably against the heat of the morning sun and the relentless tightness of the jacket. The snug crotch straps pressed firmly against her with every small shift, their tension a constant, unwelcome reminder of her predicament. Her muffled moaning and whimpering continued, her green eyes darting nervously toward Patty as though silently pleading for mercy.*

*Patty's fingers lingered on Heather's shoulder for a moment longer before trailing down toward the straps crossing her chest below her breasts.*

*"You know," she said lightly, her tone conversational,*

*"I figured you'd both be more cooperative after a good night's sleep. But here you are, still wriggling around like a couple of worms." She let out a soft chuckle, her fingers tapping lightly against one of the locking shields on Heather's jacket.*

*"It's almost like you don't \*want\* me to take these off."*

*Heather's muffled response was sharp and immediate, a garbled string of angry sounds that would have been a scathing retort if not for the gag silencing her. Her glare burned hotter, and she jerked her body again, the straps groaning faintly under the strain of her movements. Patty raised an eyebrow, clearly entertained, and glanced over at Ivy, who had stopped wriggling for the moment, her breathing quick and shallow as she lay still, her chest rising and falling beneath the taut straps of the straightjacket.*

*"Hmm," Patty mused, leaning back slightly and resting her chin on her hand as though deep in thought.*

*"Maybe you're just sore from all that struggling you did last night. You know, you really should've saved your energy. You're just wearing yourselves out at this point." She reached out again, this time brushing a stray strand of hair out of Ivy's flushed face, her hand running lower she kissed her on the gag. The blonde flinched at the contact, her muffled whimper rising slightly in pitch as she turned her head away as much as the high collar of the jacket would allow.*

*The bed creaked softly beneath them as Patty shifted her weight, leaning over to get a better look at both twins. Their identical faces, both flushed and glistening with sweat, stared back at her with a mixture of anger and helplessness. Heather's defiant glare hadn't wavered, though the faint tremble in her bound frame betrayed her growing exhaustion. Ivy, on the other hand, seemed more resigned, her wide, pleading eyes glimmering faintly in the sunlight.*

*Patty's grin widened as she leaned closer, her voice dropping to a playful whisper.*

*"You two look so cute when you're all tied up like this," she said, her tone laced with mock sweetness.*

*"It's almost a shame to let you go... but then again, I might just keep you like this for a little longer. You don't mind, do you?"*

*Heather let out another sharp, muffled growl, and Ivy whimpered softly in response, their combined sounds filling the room with a quiet symphony of frustration. Patty laughed, clearly delighted by their reactions, and settled back onto the bed, her hands still resting lightly on each twin's restrained form sliding lower her fingers working below the crotch straps. The morning had only just begun, but for Heather and Ivy, it promised to be another long and humiliating day under Patty's watchful, teasing eye.*

*Heather let out a low, frustrated grunt through her gag, her green eyes narrowing in defiance as she arched her back in another futile attempt to find relief. The infernal snugness of the crotch straps combined with Patty's fingers was impossible to ignore, their unyielding tension pressing firmly against her body no matter how she moved. Every small adjustment she tried only seemed to make matters worse, the straps digging in deeper as her restrained arms and bound legs left her entirely without leverage, Patty's fingers danced over her flesh. Her muscles trembled with exertion, her sweat-slicked body glistening under the morning sunlight, but the straightjacket held her fast, the thick, clinical material refusing to budge.*

*Ivy, lying beside her, was faring no better. Her muffled whimpers grew louder and more desperate as she twisted awkwardly, her restrained form wriggling against the mattress in a vain*



*effort to find even a shred of comfort. The figure-eight cuffs binding her thighs to her ankles ensured that every movement she made was limited to short, jerky motions, her legs twitching uselessly as the straps around her torso kept her arms locked tightly across her chest. The crotch straps, like Heather's, were unforgiving, pressing snugly with every slight shift of her hips. In her restless squirming, Ivy only seemed to draw more attention to her predicament, her hips wiggling back and forth in a motion that did nothing to alleviate her discomfort but did improve the sensation.*

Patty, watching the spectacle from her spot on the bed, tilted her head with a playful grin, pretending to be oblivious to the twins' obvious distress.

"Hmm," she said, dragging out the word as though deep in thought.

"Is it the straps, too loose?" Her tone was light, teasing, and filled with feigned concern, but her mischievous smirk betrayed her true intentions.

Without waiting for an answer—not that she expected one, given the twins' gagged state—Patty reached down and grabbed one of Heather's crotch straps. She gave it a deliberate, playful tug, the tension making the restrained girl flinch violently. Heather's muffled squeal was sharp and indignant with a hint of arousal, her eyes widening in mortified outrage as her body jerked against the straps that pinned her in place. The sudden motion caused her shoulders to press harder into the mattress, the straightjacket creaking softly as it tightened against her torso.

Beside her, Ivy froze at the sound of Heather's muffled protest, her own wide, horrified eyes darting toward Patty. But before she could even attempt to squirm away, Patty's other hand reached over to her, giving Ivy's crotch straps the same playful tug. Ivy let out a high-pitched, muffled almost purring squeak, her cheeks flushing an even deeper red as her hips instinctively jerked in response. Both twins were now utterly still, their bound bodies tense as their identical expressions of outrage locked onto Patty, their green eyes blazing with mortified fury.

Patty burst out laughing at their reactions, leaning back slightly as she wiped an imaginary tear from the corner of her eye.

"Oh, relax," she said between giggles, her tone dripping with mock reassurance.

"It's not my fault you two agreed to this." She gestured vaguely at their restrained forms, as though their predicament was entirely their own doing.

"You're just dealing with the consequences now. That's how a challenge works, right?"

Heather let out another muffled growl, her glare sharpening as her body tensed against the unyielding straps. Her fingers twitched within the enclosed sleeves of the straightjacket, her restrained arms straining uselessly against the loops that kept them pinned tightly to her chest. Ivy, meanwhile, whimpered faintly, her face burning with humiliation as she squirmed against the mattress once more, her bound legs jerking weakly in the figure-eight cuffs. The room was filled with the faint sounds of their restless struggles—the creak of leather, the rustle of fabric, and the muffled symphony of their protests—but it was clear neither twin could do anything to change their situation.

Patty tilted her head again, her smirk widening as she rested her chin in her hand.

"You know," she said thoughtfully, her voice taking on a mockingly sweet tone,

"You two are really good sports about all this. I mean, sure, you're whining a little, but you haven't begged me to stop yet." Her fingers drummed lightly against the bedspread as she continued, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Not that it would matter if you did. A deal's a deal, right?"

Heather's response was another sharp, muffled growl, her body jerking in defiance even as her energy waned. Ivy, still mortified, let out a quiet, muffled squeak, her wide eyes darting toward Patty with a mixture of resentment and helplessness. The tension in the room was palpable, but Patty seemed entirely unfazed, her grin never faltering as she leaned forward slightly to inspect the straps again, her fingers brushing against one of the locking shields then wandered over Heather's round bottom.

"There," she said softly, as though to herself,  
"nice and secure. Just the way they should be." She sat back again, her hands resting on her knees as she admired the sight of the restrained twins squirming beside her.  
B"Don't worry," she added with a sly wicked grin.  
"I'll let you out... eventually."

Both girls responded with a fresh round of muffled cries, their bound bodies twisting against the straps in frustration. But as the minutes stretched on and their energy continued to dwindle, their movements slowed, leaving them slumped against the bed in reluctant defeat. Patty's grin widened at the sight, her satisfaction evident as she leaned back against the headboard, entirely pleased with how the morning was shaping up.

Heather's struggles intensified, her restrained body pressing harder against Patty's side as she twisted and arched in pure frustration. Every movement made the straps of the straightjacket dig into her skin, the unforgiving crotch straps pulling taut against her with every futile attempt to free herself. Her chest heaved as she let out muffled, guttural moaning sounds of protest, her green eyes blazing with a mixture of indignation and growing mix of arousal and desperation. The effort only left her more flustered, her flushed cheeks glowing brighter as beads of sweat rolled down her temples, sticking strands of blonde hair to her damp skin as Patty hugged her.

Beside her, Ivy's movements became even more erratic. She wriggled and writhed with increasing intensity, her body twisting awkwardly on the bed as she tried to find some angle that might provide relief the friction from the crotch straps in her pussy driving her crazy. Rolling slightly onto her stomach, she unintentionally ground her hips against the mattress, the tight crotch straps pressing firmly into her with every shift causing her to moan and pant. Her restrained legs, bound tightly by the figure-eight cuffs, clenched together instinctively, and her motions grew more frantic, her hips wiggling as though acting on their own. The sensation sent an involuntary shiver coursing through her body, and she froze for a moment, wide-eyed, before letting out a muffled, high-pitched moaning frustrated whine.

The sound was unmistakable, and Ivy's face turned scarlet as her muffled whimper escaped the gag. Her cheeks burned with mortification as the realization of her unintended reaction sank in, and her squirming grew weaker, more hesitant, as though she hoped to avoid drawing any further attention to herself. But Patty, who had been watching the twins' futile struggles with growing amusement, wasn't about to let the moment pass unnoticed.

Patty's eyebrows shot up in mock surprise, her grin twisting into a sly, knowing smirk.  
"Well, well," she said, her voice low and teasing as she tilted her head to glance down at Ivy.  
"Look at you two." She shifted her position slightly, propping herself up against the headboard with one arm as she used the other to pull both twins closer. The restrained girls were now pressed tightly against her on either side, their bound forms radiating heat as their squirming only served to bring them closer to her.

“You’re really working those straps, aren’t you?” Patty continued, her tone playful but edged with mockery.

“I didn’t think they’d be \*that\* effective.”

Heather half moaned half growled through her gag, the sound muffled but sharp, her frustration now mingling with something she refused to acknowledge. Her cheeks burned as she twisted her body again, trying to pull away from Patty’s side, but the other girl’s arm around her waist kept her firmly in place. The straightjacket’s straps creaked faintly with her movements, the unyielding material hugging her tightly as her muscles strained against it. The high collar of the jacket pressed snugly against her neck, limiting her ability to turn her head, and the crotch straps continued to make their presence known with every futile arch and twist of her hips, her willpower failed as she kept wiggling.

“Mmmph! Mmmph!” Heather’s muffled protests grew louder, her green eyes narrowing into a fierce glare as she struggled against both her restraints and the growing sense of humiliation that threatened to overwhelm her. Her flushed face was a mix of frustration and something deeper, something she desperately wanted to suppress. But no matter how much she writhed or how loud her muffled moans and growls became, she couldn’t free herself from the dual grips of the straightjacket and Patty’s teasing hand.

Ivy, on the other hand, had grown almost completely still, her muffled whines fading into soft, shaky breaths as she tried to regain control of herself. Her flushed face was turned partially into the mattress, as though she were trying to hide from the situation entirely. But her bound body betrayed her, the tightness of the crotch straps and the cuffs leaving her no room to escape her own discomfort. Even the smallest movement sent another jolt through her pussy, and she bit down on the rubber ball gag in her mouth, her muffled whimper barely audible as she squeezed her eyes shut and tried not to wiggle her hips.

Patty’s smirk widened as she took in their reactions, her gaze flicking between the two restrained girls on either side of her.

“You know,” she said, her tone light and conversational,

“I thought you two would’ve tired yourselves out by now. But here you are, still squirming and wriggling like your lives depend on it.” She reached out with her free hand, brushing a strand of damp blonde hair away from Heather’s face before trailing her fingers lightly over the straps across her chest, flicking her nipples through the fabric.

“I mean, I get it,” Patty continued, her smirk turning almost devilish.

“These things \*do\* have a way of keeping you on edge, don’t they?”

Heather’s muffled moaning grew sharper, more desperate, as she twisted her body again, trying to escape Patty’s touch, Trying to scratch the itch between her legs. But the arm around her waist only tightened, holding her securely in place as her restrained body pressed harder against Patty’s side. The heat of her skin, flushed and slick with sweat, was impossible to ignore, and her muffled moans of desire and impotent protests only seemed to amuse Patty further.

Ivy let out another faint frustrated whimper, her body trembling slightly as she shifted awkwardly against the mattress. Her restrained legs twitched weakly, the cuffs preventing any meaningful movement, and her face burned with humiliation as she refused to meet Patty’s gaze trying to control her body.

Patty chuckled softly, her fingers lightly drumming against the straps on Heather's chest as she spoke.

"Relax, you two," she said, her tone laced with mock reassurance.

"You're just dealing with the consequences of your own choices. Remember? You \*agreed\* to this." She leaned her head back against the headboard, letting out a contented sigh as the restrained twins continued to squirm helplessly against her and the infernal crotch straps.

"You might as well get used to it," she added with a smirk.

"Because I'm not letting you go anytime soon."

The room was filled with the soft creak of straps and the faint, muffled sounds of frustration as Heather and Ivy resumed their mostly futile struggles. Patty's smirk never wavered as she basked in her victory, her teasing hold on the twins unrelenting as the morning sunlight bathed the room in a warm, golden glow.

Ivy, meanwhile, seemed to have abandoned any hope of freeing herself. Her earlier thrashing had slowed to something almost rhythmic, her restrained body pressing against the mattress in a series of subtle, repetitive motions. Every movement, no matter how small, only seemed to exacerbate her predicament. The snug crotch straps pressed tightly against her with every shift of her hips, creating a maddening friction that she couldn't and didn't want to escape. A faint sheen of sweat glistened on her flushed skin, her blonde hair sticking to her damp cheeks as she squirmed. Her green eyes, wide with a mixture of embarrassment arousal and nervousness, darted toward Patty, who watched her every move with a smirk of pure amusement.

Ivy let out a muffled throaty whimper, the sound barely audible through the adhesive patch gag sealing her lips. Her breathing quickened as she tried to adjust her position, but her restraints left her no room for meaningful movement. The figure-eight cuffs binding her thighs to her ankles ensured her legs remained bent, her knees tucked awkwardly beneath her, while the straightjacket straps pinning her arms to her chest kept her torso immobile. The sensations were unbearable, and yet her body's restless movements persisted, driven by the infuriating itch between her legs that she couldn't quite scratch.

Patty noticed immediately, her smirk widening as she leaned in closer.

"Oh, Ivy," she cooed, her voice dripping with mock sweetness as she reached out to run her fingers lightly through the blonde's disheveled hair. Ivy flinched at the touch, her body tensing beneath the tight constraints of the straightjacket, but she couldn't move away.

"You're really enjoying yourself, aren't you?" Patty continued, her tone laced with teasing condescension. Her fingers trailed gently down Ivy's temple, brushing aside a strand of sweat-soaked hair before resting on her shoulder.

"I can feel it."

Ivy froze at Patty's words, her body going rigid as a fresh wave of mortification washed over her. Her green eyes widened, her flushed face burning even hotter as she shook her head violently in denial.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" she protested, her muffled cries sharp and frantic as she twisted her upper body, trying desperately to convey her objection. But no matter how forcefully she shook her head or how loudly she squealed through the gag, her restrained body betrayed her. The subtle movements of her hips persisted, her bound legs trembling as she fought against the maddening sensation of the straps pressing into her, she was wiggling and gyrating against her will.

Patty chuckled softly, the sound low and amused as she continued to watch Ivy's futile attempts at denial.

"Oh, don't try to hide it," she teased, her fingers tapping lightly against one of the straps on Ivy's shoulder.

"Your body's giving you away, sweetheart. There's no point pretending." She leaned in slightly, her smirk turning into a full grin as she added in a mock whisper,

"Just relax and let it happen."

Ivy whimpered again, her face twisting in humiliation as she turned her head away, her damp blonde hair falling over her flushed cheeks. She squeezed her eyes shut, her breathing quick and shallow through her nose as she tried to will her body to stop reacting. But the tightness of the straps, the unrelenting snugness of the straightjacket, and the infuriating friction of the crotch straps made it impossible for her to remain completely still, she couldn't help herself as she twisted and strained against the crotch strap.

Heather, lying on Patty's other side, was faring no better. Though her reaction was more defiant, it was clear she wasn't immune to the maddening sensations created by the restraints. Her body jerked in sharp, frustrated writhmic movements, her muscles trembling as she twisted and arched against the unyielding straps.

"Mmmph!" she growled, her muffled voice filled with equal parts anger desire and embarrassment as she glared at Patty with fiery green eyes. Her bound arms strained uselessly against the loops pinning them to her chest, and her legs shifted within the figure-eight cuffs, but her jerky movements only seemed to intensify the uncomfortable pressure of the crotch straps upon her most intimate and sensitive flesh.

Patty turned her attention to Heather, her grin widening as she took in the restrained girl's angry, flustered frustrated expression.

"Oh, Heather," she said lightly, her voice laced with amusement.

"You're not as subtle as you think you are. I can see it—and feel it." She let out a soft laugh as she reached over to brush her fingers lightly across Heather's forehead, wiping away a bead of sweat. Heather recoiled from the touch, twisting her head sharply and letting out another growl, but Patty's arm around her waist kept her firmly in place, as it slid lower stroking her body.

"Still putting up a fight, huh?" Patty teased, giving Heather's waist a playful squeeze, then tapping her on the bottom.

"I admire your spirit, but I think we both know how this ends. You're not going anywhere, but you have other things to think about don't you." She leaned back slightly, her eyes flicking between Heather and Ivy as the restrained twins squirmed helplessly on either side of her wiggling there hips curling there toes arching there backs.

Patty tightened her grip on both girls, pulling them even closer as she nestled herself comfortably between them. The heat radiating from their flushed, sweaty bodies only added to her amusement, and she let out a contented sigh as she felt their restrained forms pressing tightly against her. The soft creak of the straightjacket straps and the faint, muffled sounds of their embarrassed frustration filled the air, creating a symphony of delightful helplessness that made Patty's grin widen.

"Just give up already," she said with a smirk, her tone both playful and smug.

"You're not getting out of this. You might as well enjoy it." Heather growled again, her glare unrelenting, while Ivy whimpered softly, her face still turned into the mattress as she tried to

suppress her mortified reactions and the squirming wiggling of her hips. No matter how much they squirmed or protested, Patty remained firmly in control, her arms holding them securely as she basked in the satisfaction of her victory.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” Patty said, her voice oozing with mock sweetness as she looked down at the squirming twins beside her. Her smirk widened as her teasing tone wrapped around every word, her amusement only growing as she watched their restrained forms writhe helplessly against the bed.

“It’s not your fault,” she continued, her fingers idly brushing over the taut straps running across Heather’s chest, her fingers tweaking Heather’s nipple through the fabric.

“These jackets were designed to keep people under control, after all. I guess they’re just doing their job a little \*too\* well.”

The reaction was instant. Both Heather and Ivy erupted into muffled cries of indignation, their voices sharp and humiliated as they protested through the adhesive patches sealing their lips. Their cheeks burned bright red, the identical flush on their faces betraying their embarrassment as they wriggled and twisted harder against the relentless restraints. The straightjackets creaked softly with every jerky motion, the thick material holding firm as the twins strained against their bonds. Heather moaned and growled, her green eyes flashing with frustration as she arched her back, the snug crotch straps pulling tighter with every movement cutting a taunt line into her pussy. Beside her, Ivy whimpered pitifully, her bound legs twitching within the figure-eight cuffs as her hips wiggled involuntarily both of them were helplessly embarrassed.

Patty let out a soft, delighted laugh, her fingers now trailing lightly over the edge of Heather’s high collar before she kissed her gagged lips. The restrained girl flinched at the contact, her shoulders jerking as much as the loops pinning her arms would allow.

“Oh, don’t take it so personally,” Patty said with a playful lilt, her voice dripping with mock concern.

“It’s not like you could’ve done anything to stop this. I mean, look at you.” She gestured vaguely at the twins’ bound bodies, their restrained forms trembling with the effort of their struggles.

“These jackets have you completely locked down. There’s no getting out. Not unless \*I\* decide to let you out.”

Her words hung in the air, a smug proclamation of her dominance that made Heather’s glare grow even sharper. The bound girl let out another muffled moaning growl, her muscles straining as she twisted her torso in a fresh attempt to free herself. The straps creaked ominously under the pressure, but they held firm, leaving Heather to slump back against the mattress with a frustrated grunt. Ivy, meanwhile, whimpered again, her movements growing increasingly frantic as she struggled to alleviate the unbearable tightness of the crotch straps, Patty’s fingers stroking her gently between her legs. Her flushed face was turned partially into the mattress, as though she were trying to hide from the situation entirely, but her muffled whines betrayed her mounting frustration.

Patty leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper as her smirk deepened.

“Maybe I’ll let you out, or help you scratch that itch” she said softly, her fingers tracing the stiff edge of Heather’s high collar with deliberate slowness. Heather’s eyes darted toward her, a flicker of hope breaking through her glare, though the tension in her body didn’t relax. Patty’s grin widened at the reaction, her tone turning even more playful as she added,

“But only if you admit that I’m the real winner here.”

Heather's muffled response was a sharp, defiant growl, her glare reigniting as she jerked her head to the side in protest. The adhesive gag stretched slightly against her lips, but the sponge and rubber ball inside her mouth rendered her unintelligible. Her bound body twisted again, her hips shifting against the tightness of the straps causing the strap to rub her just the right way, but she still couldn't manage more than faint, ineffective movements.

Patty chuckled softly, her amusement growing as she glanced over at Ivy, who was shaking her head weakly in denial of her obvious arousal.

"Otherwise..." she trailed off, letting her words linger in the air as she tilted her head, her expression one of mock consideration. She allowed the silence to stretch for a moment, watching the twins squirm as they waited for her to finish the thought. Their muffled cries grew louder, their restrained bodies writhing against the mattress as their frustration reached its peak.

"Otherwise," Patty finally continued, her voice light and teasing. She pinched Ivy's thigh.

"I might just keep you like this a little longer. You know, just to see how long it takes before you give in, or get off." She leaned back slightly, her hands resting on the twins' shoulders as her smirk widened.

"You wouldn't want that, would you?"

Both girls let out muffled cries of protest, their squirming becoming more frantic as Patty's caressing and teasing only heightened their sense of helplessness and made them even more frustrated. Heather's glare burned hotter, her green eyes locked onto Patty with fiery defiance even as her bound body trembled with exertion. Beside her, Ivy whimpered louder, her wide, pleading eyes darting nervously toward Patty as she shook her head, her blonde hair sticking to her beetroot red sweat-drenched face.

Patty's grin didn't falter as she tightened her grip on both girls, her fingers brushing lightly against the taut straps holding them in place.

"Come on," she said softly, her voice dripping with mock encouragement.

"Just say it. Admit I won, and maybe—just \*maybe\*—I'll let you out, or maybe give you a helping hand."

The muffled sounds of frustration and humiliation continued to fill the room, the twins' bound forms writhing uselessly as Patty's taunts hung over them like a weight. The creak of leather and the faint rustle of straps punctuated their struggles as her fingers worked under the crotch straps. The unyielding straightjackets remained as secure as ever. For Patty, it was a moment of pure satisfaction—watching her friends squirm and writhe, utterly at her mercy, with no choice but to endure her teasing fingers until she decided otherwise.

Heather and Ivy exchanged desperate, humiliated looks, their identical green eyes growing wider meeting in a silent plea for escape. The flush on their faces deepened as they realized there was no reprieve in sight. Their muffled moaning panting protests, sharp and overlapping, filled the room in a chaotic blend of frustration and embarrassment. Both girls squirmed helplessly against Patty's firm touch, their restrained bodies pressing tightly against her on either side. Every motion they made only served to remind them of the tightness of the straps that bound them, the relentless pressure of the straightjackets forcing them into submission yet also driving them crazy.

Heather growled through her gag, her chest rising and falling with labored breaths as she twisted her torso in a fresh attempt to break free. The loops securing her arms to her chest didn't budge, the thick material of the straightjacket holding firm against her increasingly frantic

movements. Her bound legs shifted slightly, the figure-eight cuffs creaking softly as her knees twitched, but the restraints kept her locked in place. Every small motion made the crotch straps dig deeper, their unyielding snugness pressing against her in ways that made her squirm even harder, though it was clear her struggles were more about venting frustration than any real hope of escape. Patty's fingers were adding fuel to the fire.

Beside her, Ivy whimpered and moaned with increasing frequency, her arousal could be faintly heard, her protests softer but no less pitiful. Her bound body twisted awkwardly, her legs jerking weakly as she tried to shift her position against the mattress. The heat of Patty's body pressed against her side only added to her discomfort, the close proximity amplifying her sense of helplessness. The crotch straps, which had already caused her so much torment throughout the night, seemed even tighter now, their maddening friction impossible to ignore as she inadvertently wiggled her hips against the unyielding material. Her blonde hair, damp with sweat, clung to her flushed cheeks as she turned her face away from Heather, unable to meet her sister's gaze any longer moaning lewdly.

Patty smiled, savoring every second of their humiliation. Her smug satisfaction was written all over her face as she leaned back against the pillows, making herself more comfortable while keeping her hands under the crotch straps stroking away casually playing with the twins.

"Take your time," she said with a chuckle, her tone light and teasing. Her fingers lightly moving, the motion adding an extra layer of condescension to her words.

"I've got all morning."

The twins let out simultaneous muffled cries of indignation, their voices sharp and desperate as they renewed their struggles there breathing becoming a fever pitch. Heather thrashed against Patty's probing fingers, her bound body arching slightly as she tried to pull away, but the hand around her waist strap kept her firmly in place. Her movements only made the straps press tighter against her, the crotch straps pulling snugly with every twist of her hips causing her to moan and squirm. She growled again, the sound low and frustrated, her emerald eyes blazing with anger and desire as she glared up at Patty.

Ivy's squirming grew more frantic, her restrained form writhing against the mattress as she tried to alleviate the maddening tightness of the straps the desire in her body. Her bound legs kicked feebly within the figure-eight cuffs, the restricted motion doing little to ease her discomfort. Each small movement caused the crotch straps to press and shift against her, the friction sending jolts of frustration through her body. Her muffled whimpers grew louder, tinged with arousal Heather half moaned half growled again, her restrained body jerking against the unyielding straps in a fresh burst of defiance. But her energy was clearly waning, her movements growing slower and less coordinated as exhaustion took its toll. The crotch straps remained merciless, their tightness impossible to ignore as she slumped back against the mattress with a muffled grunt. Ivy, too, seemed to be reaching her limit, her squirming reduced to faint, sporadic twitches as she let out a soft, pitiful whine. Her flushed face remained turned into the mattress, her blonde hair falling over her eyes as she tried to block out the humiliation of the situation.

Patty basked in her victory, her fingers slipping back into place, the sight of the twins' helpless grinding against the straps only adding to her satisfaction. She tightened her hold on both girls, pulling them closer against her sides as she let out a contented sigh.

"That's right," she murmured softly, her voice low and soothing.

"Just accept it. The more you fight, the worse it gets. You might as well make peace with it soon the sensation will overtake you."



The room was filled with the frenetic creak of straps and the muffled sounds of frustration as the twins continued their futile struggles. Patty's smirk remained firmly in place as she glanced between Heather and Ivy, their identical expressions of mortified helplessness and embarrassing arousal serving as a reminder of her dominance. For the twins, the morning was shaping up to be as long and humiliating as the night before. For Patty, it was pure triumph as the twins' bodies arched, their toes curled, their eyes rolled back and they collapsed onto the mattress spent exhaustively.

The morning sun spilled softly into Patty's room, casting warm golden hues across the walls and furniture. The light highlighted every detail of the scene, from the neatly made half of the bed to the chaotic tangle of pillows and blankets where three bodies lay. Despite the serene glow, the air within the room was thick with tension, a sharp contrast to the gentle morning atmosphere. On the floor, Heather and Ivy lay utterly trapped, their slim forms bound tightly in the unrelenting grip of their restraints. The pristine blue straightjackets clung to their sweat-slicked bodies, the straps locked so tightly that they appeared as if they were molded onto their skin. Every strap, buckle, and loop served its purpose perfectly, ensuring neither twin could move more than an inch without the unforgiving material biting into them, the sensation dulled with post orgasmic bliss.

The muffled sounds of their frustration—low, desperate grunts and exhausted whimpers—filled the room in irregular bursts. Both girls had fought relentlessly throughout the night, twisting and contorting their restrained bodies in the vain hope of finding some slack, some weakness in the system that held them captive. Yet their struggles had amounted to nothing. The fourteen straps running down the backs of the jackets, sealed with their locking shields, refused to budge. The crotch straps, pulled impossibly taut, pressed firmly against their sensitive skin, ensuring the jackets remained completely secure and offering no reprieve from their unyielding grip. Hours of twisting, rolling, and futile tugging had drained them of energy, leaving their muffled cries weaker and more sporadic. Their damp, disheveled hair clung to their flushed faces, beads of sweat rolling down their temples as the quiet torment of their situation dragged on.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, Patty observed the scene with an air of casual amusement, her dark eyes dancing with mischief. Her playful smirk deepened as she watched her friends' fruitless attempts to escape, every squirm and muffled cry only serving to entertain her further. Patty's raven hair, tied into a loose ponytail, swayed slightly as she leaned forward, her elbows resting on her knees. The sight of the helpless twins, bound so completely and stripped of any control, brought a sense of satisfaction she couldn't suppress.

She had been toying with them throughout the night, deliberately drawing out their frustration and savoring every moment of their growing desperation before giving them release. Any time one of them thought they might have found a weak point, Patty had been quick to intervene, adjusting the crotch straps to remind them just how hopeless their predicament was. She had delighted in teasing them, making sure they were acutely aware of their helplessness. Yet even after hours of watching them squirm and whimper, Patty wasn't bored. If anything, her amusement only grew as she thought of new ways to add to their torment.

Her grin widened as an idea began to form in her mind, a spark of inspiration that made her dark eyes gleam with anticipation. Without a word, she pushed herself off the bed and knelt beside it, her fingers deftly reaching under the frame. She rummaged for a moment, her movements deliberate as she searched for her next tool of mischief. When she straightened back up, her hands were clutching two small black cases.

The cases were identical—sleek and unassuming on the outside, yet ominous in their implication. The matte finish reflected the sunlight faintly, their weight heavy with promise. Patty's grin turned almost predatory as she glanced between the two twins, whose tired, sweat-drenched faces immediately shifted into wide-eyed alarm as they caught sight of the cases. Both girls froze, their muffled whimpers growing louder as they tried to squirm away from her, but the straps binding their arms, legs, and torsos made even the slightest movement difficult.

"Oh, don't worry," Patty said, her tone light and teasing as she held the cases up for them to see.

"You'll love what I've got planned next."

"You girls didn't think I'd stop there, did you?" Patty asked, her voice laced with playful malice, the mock innocence in her tone doing nothing to hide the glint of amusement in her eyes. She held the sleek black cases up high, tilting them slightly so the bound twins could see them clearly. The metallic latches of the cases gleamed under the soft morning light, their faint click echoing ominously as Patty undid the locks with deliberate precision. A theatrical pause followed as she slowly lifted the lids, savoring the twins' muffled whimpers of apprehension. Inside, nestled against a molded foam interior, were two high-security gagging kits, pristine and intimidating in their design.

The components within looked far more formidable than what the twins were already enduring. The new gags were monstrous in every sense of the word, designed for absolute control and complete silence. Each kit began with a massive sponge, thick and firm, its dense material radiating a sense of unyielding purpose. The sponge was oversized, clearly designed to fill every inch of the mouth cavity, pressing against the tongue, the roof of the mouth, and even stretching into the cheeks. There was no way it would leave any room for movement once inserted—it would dominate the wearer's mouth entirely.

But the sponge was only the beginning. At its center was a molded slot designed to hold a rubber ball that was startlingly large, its smooth surface gleaming faintly in the morning light. The ball itself was at least an inch larger in diameter than the standard-sized gags currently secured in the twins' mouths, its size clearly intended to force the jaw into an uncomfortable, extended stretch. The slot allowed the ball to fit snugly into the sponge, creating a seamless, layered gag that would not only fill the mouth but also apply constant, firm pressure. The ball's size was intimidating, but its purpose was clear: once in place, there would be no room for argument—or even the faintest muffled sound.

Patty's grin widened as she tilted one of the cases slightly to reveal the final piece of the kit: the adhesive pad. Unlike the simple adhesive patches already in use, this pad was far more advanced in its design. Its surface was marked with a bold red hazard label, a warning to any would-be remover that this was not an ordinary device. The material was thick and elastic, designed to stretch tightly across the wearer's mouth, conforming perfectly to their facial contours to create an airtight seal. The adhesive backing promised unparalleled security, ensuring the pad would stay firmly in place no matter how much the wearer twisted, squirmed, or tried to dislodge it.

The pad featured two detachable tabs on either side, designed to prevent the person applying it from coming into contact with the adhesive. Patty's fingers brushed over the tabs as she studied the design, her excitement growing as she imagined pulling them into place. The tab mechanism wasn't just functional; it was symbolic, a final touch of control that would render the

gag utterly inescapable. No amount of effort would dislodge it without the right solvent, and no muffled cries would make it past the layers of sponge, rubber, and adhesive pad.

“Now \*these\* are serious gags,” Patty said with a smirk, her voice filled with mock admiration. She turned the case slightly toward the bound twins, ensuring they could see every detail of the intimidating devices. Heather and Ivy’s muffled whimpers turned to frantic, high-pitched squeals as their wide, tear-filled eyes darted between the kits and Patty’s smug expression. Their restrained bodies squirmed in renewed desperation, straps creaking faintly as they thrashed uselessly against the relentless bindings.

Patty tapped a finger against one of the adhesive pads, the hazard label catching the light. “Don’t worry, girls. I’m sure these will be \*much\* more comfortable than what you’ve got on now,” she teased, her grin widening as she watched the panic grow in their eyes.

Heather and Ivy’s identical green eyes went wide with alarm as they took in the sight of the intimidating kits in Patty’s hands, their distressed muffled protests echoing softly in the room. The bold hazard labels on the adhesive pads seemed to taunt them, the sheer size of the gags making their current predicament feel even more hopeless. Patty, standing over them with a triumphant grin, looked utterly pleased with herself. Her confident, almost lazy posture contrasted sharply with the frantic energy of her bound and helpless friends, who had already begun squirming and shaking their heads in desperation.

“I think it’s time for an upgrade,” Patty said, her tone calm yet teasing as she set the cases down on the bed. She reached for a box of disposable gloves on her nightstand and snapped a pair on with deliberate slowness, letting the sound of the latex punctuate the tense atmosphere. The faint rustling of the gloves seemed amplified in the otherwise quiet room, each movement of her hands making the twins’ struggles even more frantic. Heather and Ivy shook their heads more vigorously, muffled cries spilling out as they twisted and writhed in an effort to escape the inevitable.

Heather, the more stubborn of the two, fought against her restraints with all the energy she could muster. Her blonde hair whipped around wildly, strands clinging to her sweat-slicked face as she jerked her upper body in an attempt to scoot herself backward along the bed. The figure-eight cuffs binding her legs and the tight straps pinning her arms to her sides made the effort completely futile, but her movements were driven by panic rather than logic. Her muffled grunts turned into high-pitched squeals as she glanced from the gagging kit to Patty’s gloved hands, already anticipating the uncomfortable ordeal to come.

Patty sighed dramatically, feigning exasperation.

“Oh, come on, Heather,” she said, stepping closer to the thrashing girl.

“All this fuss for nothing? You know you can’t get away.” With a firm yet playful motion, she placed a gloved hand under Heather’s chin, tilting her head back in one smooth gesture.

Heather’s struggles intensified as soon as Patty touched her. She attempted to twist her head to the side, her green eyes blazing with defiance, but Patty was quick to counter her movements.

“Hold still,” Patty said, her voice sharp yet dripping with mock patience. The tone was unmistakably patronizing, as if she were scolding a misbehaving child. Her grip on Heather’s chin tightened slightly, just enough to keep her head steady without hurting her.

“This will only take a second,” she added with a smirk, leaning in closer.

Heather let out a long, muffled whimper, her eyes darting toward Ivy in a silent plea for help. Ivy, however, was in no position to do anything. Though her own panic was clear, her smaller, more cautious movements betrayed her unwillingness to provoke Patty further. Instead, she lay trembling on her side, her wide eyes fixed on her sister and the impending upgrade. Ivy's own muffled protests were quieter, more pleading than defiant, as she tried to brace herself for what she knew would inevitably happen to her next.

Meanwhile, Heather's protests only grew louder, her voice rising into frantic, unintelligible squeals as Patty calmly reached for the first piece of the gagging kit. Her free hand worked efficiently, unsealing the components one by one with a precision that suggested she'd been planning this moment for quite some time. All the while, she kept her other hand firmly under Heather's chin, ensuring the blonde couldn't turn away or resist further.

"Relax," Patty said, her tone still teasing but with an edge of finality.  
"You'll thank me later. Well... maybe not. But it'll definitely shut you up."

With meticulous care, Patty leaned over Heather, her gloved fingers moving confidently as she gripped the edge of the adhesive pad sealing Heather's gag in place. The material clung stubbornly to Heather's skin, its industrial-grade stickiness refusing to give way easily. It took a tremendous amount of effort as Patty peeled the pad back millimeter by millimeter, the thick adhesive stretching audibly with a sticky, wet sound. The slow, deliberate removal felt agonizingly long for Heather, who squirmed helplessly beneath Patty's steady grip. Her muffled groans rose in pitch, the vibrations sending faint ripples through the patch as it continued to resist removal.

The sound of the adhesive tearing filled the otherwise quiet room, a sharp, grating noise that made Heather's flushed face twist in discomfort. Sweat glistened on her cheeks as the patch finally began to lift away, pulling free with an almost reluctant release. Patty's steady hands ensured that the process was methodical, leaving no trace of residue behind as she peeled the pad completely away. With a soft pop, the hard rubber ball that had been wedged behind Heather's teeth came free, leaving her jaw aching from the prolonged stretch.

Heather let out a strangled gasp the moment the ball was removed, her lips parting instinctively as she sucked in air through her mouth. The damp sponge that had been stuffed inside followed quickly after, its soggy texture glistening as Patty plucked it free and dropped it onto the nightstand without so much as a glance. Heather's chest heaved as she took in deep, shuddering breaths, her emerald eyes fluttering shut momentarily as she tried to relish the fleeting moment of relief.

But that moment didn't last long. Before Heather could fully recover, Patty was already reaching for the new gag.

"No time to relax, Heather," Patty teased, her voice light and playful as she lifted the oversized sponge from the gagging kit.

"We're just getting started."

Heather barely had a second to process what was happening before Patty shoved the new sponge into her open mouth. The sheer size of the sponge made her jaw stretch painfully wide, and she let out a muffled whimper as it began to fill every available inch of space. The dense material pressed against her tongue, forcing it down and pinning it in place. Her cheeks bulged visibly as the sponge expanded, leaving no room for movement, let alone speech. The edges of the sponge seemed to press into the corners of her mouth, creating an unbearable sense of fullness that made her eyes water.

But Patty wasn't done yet. With practiced efficiency, she grabbed the large rubber ball and slotted it neatly into the center of the sponge. The ball, at least an inch larger in diameter than the one Heather had been wearing previously, fit snugly into the pre-cut slot, pushing the sponge even further back into her mouth. Heather's muffled grunts turned desperate, her body writhing as much as the unyielding straps of her straightjacket allowed. The size of the ball forced her jaw to stretch to its absolute limit, and the pressure was immediate and relentless.

"Almost there," Patty murmured, grabbing the final component of the gag: the wide adhesive pad with the bold red hazard label. She peeled off the protective backing with a smooth motion, exposing the thick, elastic adhesive that shimmered faintly under the light. Without hesitation, she pressed the pad firmly against Heather's lips, smoothing it down with her fingers to ensure it conformed perfectly to the contours of her face.

The elastic material stretched tightly across Heather's mouth, molding to her skin like a second layer. It sealed everything in place with a frightening sense of permanence, ensuring the sponge and ball were now completely immovable. Heather's muffled grunts grew louder, her eyes darting frantically toward Patty in a silent plea for mercy.

"Can't forget these," Patty said with a smirk, reaching for the two detachable tabs on either side of the pad. With a satisfying *twang*, she pulled the tabs off, sealing the edge of the pad down with finality. The breaking mechanism added a cruel layer of security, making it abundantly clear that the gag was now completely inescapable.

Heather's muffled screams intensified, her emerald eyes burning with humiliation and frustration as she realized just how secure the new gag was. She twisted and arched her back, her bound body writhing against the bed in a frantic attempt to dislodge the oppressive gag. But it was no use—the combination of the sponge, rubber ball, and adhesive pad ensured that every cry, every whimper, and every gasp was swallowed entirely, leaving only faint, muffled sounds that barely reached Patty's ears.

Patty stepped back slightly, admiring her work with a triumphant smile.

"Perfect fit," she said, her tone dripping with satisfaction as Heather continued to squirm and struggle. The sight of her friend's flushed, tear-streaked face framed by the hazard-labeled pad was everything Patty had hoped for, and more.

"See? Perfect fit," Patty said with a smug grin, her fingers brushing over the hazard label stamped prominently on the adhesive pad covering Heather's gag. The warning printed there—bright and bold—seemed almost theatrical, an official seal of finality over her handiwork. She gave the pad a light tap, enjoying the way it conformed perfectly to Heather's flushed face. Heather's muffled growl rose in pitch, her green eyes blazing with fury as she twisted her body against the bed in another futile attempt to escape the suffocating restraint of the gag.

Patty turned her attention to Ivy, who was already shaking her head furiously. Her blonde hair flew in messy strands, sweat plastering some of it to her face as she writhed against the unyielding straps of the straightjacket. Her muffled pleas poured out in frantic bursts, desperation saturating every sound as she tried to beg Patty to reconsider. The wide, panicked look in her emerald eyes spoke louder than her gagged voice ever could, a silent plea for mercy that Patty was clearly enjoying far too much.

"Oh, don't think I'm leaving you out," Patty teased, her grin widening as she crawled over to Ivy's side, her movements slow and deliberate. She straddled Ivy's squirming form with ease, her knees pressing into the mattress to pin the writhing girl in place. The twin let out a sharp, muffled squeal, her hips jerking involuntarily as she tried to dislodge Patty. The figure-eight cuffs binding her legs made the effort clumsy and ineffectual, leaving her completely at Patty's mercy.

Patty took her time, her fingers trailing lazily over the straps of Ivy's straightjacket as though inspecting the craftsmanship.

"You look so nervous," she said mockingly, tilting her head as she studied Ivy's flushed face.

"I promise, this will be just as good as your sister's. Maybe even better." Her fingers slipped under the edge of Ivy's adhesive gag, peeling it back with deliberate slowness.

The sound of the adhesive tearing filled the air again, sharp and invasive, as Ivy flinched beneath Patty's touch. Her muffled protests grew louder as the sticky pad stretched and pulled against her skin, her head jerking from side to side in a futile effort to avoid the inevitable. Patty chuckled softly, her movements steady and unrelenting, until the adhesive pad finally came free with a sharp tug. Ivy let out a strangled gasp, her lips parting instinctively as the rubber ball that had held her jaw wide open was pulled from her mouth, followed by the damp sponge.

"See? Not so bad," Patty said lightly, holding the saliva-soaked gag components up for a moment before tossing them aside. Ivy panted heavily, her chest rising and falling beneath the snug straps of the straightjacket as she tried to catch her breath. But the relief was fleeting. Patty reached for the new gag almost immediately, the oversized sponge practically radiating menace as she held it up for Ivy to see.

Ivy let out a panicked squeal, her head shaking violently as she tried to pull away, but Patty's firm grip on her shoulder kept her firmly in place.

"Oh, don't be such a baby," Patty said with a smirk, pressing the sponge against Ivy's lips. "It's not like you have a choice." With one swift motion, she shoved the sponge into Ivy's mouth, the dense material expanding quickly to fill the space completely. Ivy's cheeks bulged as her jaw was forced wide, her muffled cries growing more frantic as she struggled to adjust to the oversized gag.

Patty didn't hesitate. The rubber ball followed next, slotting firmly into place between Ivy's teeth and locking her jaw open even further. Ivy whimpered, her green eyes wide with humiliation as she tried to twist her head away, but Patty held her steady, her movements precise and practiced. The combination of the sponge and ball left Ivy completely silenced, her muffled protests reduced to faint, distorted sounds that barely escaped her gagged mouth.

"Almost done," Patty said cheerfully, reaching for the fresh adhesive pad. She peeled off the backing and pressed it firmly over Ivy's lips, smoothing it down with her fingers to ensure a perfect seal. The thick, elastic material stretched easily, molding itself to Ivy's face and locking the oversized gag components securely in place. Ivy let out another muffled squeal, her bound body trembling beneath Patty as the adhesive conformed to every curve of her mouth.

"Can't forget this part," Patty added, grabbing the two detachable tabs. She pulled the first tab off the left side of Ivy's gag, the tearing sound making Ivy flinch. The second tab followed quickly, snapping off with the same finality, ensuring there was no way for the pad to come loose without a solvent and Patty's intervention.

Patty leaned back slightly, admiring her work as Ivy let out a faint, muffled whine. Her cheeks were bright red, her emerald eyes glistening with tears of humiliation as she realized just how secure the new gag was. Every attempt to move her jaw or push the gag out with her tongue was met with unyielding resistance, the layers of sponge, rubber, and adhesive pad ensuring her complete subjugation and silence.

By the time Patty was done, both twins were gagged more securely than ever. Heather, still writhing against the mattress, let out a sharp, muffled growl, her flushed face twisted in anger and frustration as she strained against her own gag. Ivy whimpered softly, her bound body trembling as she squirmed beneath the weight of Patty's gaze. The muffled cries of the two restrained girls were almost inaudible beneath the layers of foam sponge, rubber, and adhesive, their voices reduced to faint, pitiful sounds that only seemed to amplify their helplessness.

Patty sat back on her heels, her grin wide and triumphant as she glanced between the two gagged and squirming twins.

"Now *that's* what I call a perfect fit," she said, her tone dripping with satisfaction. The room was filled with the faint creak of straps and the muffled, overlapping cries of the bound girls as Patty basked in her victory, her hands resting lightly on Ivy's shoulders as she watched them squirm.

"You two look just adorable," she added, her smirk deepening.

"And I have to say, I'm *really* enjoying this."

Patty stepped back, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction as she admired the sight of the two thoroughly gagged and restrained twins squirming helplessly on the bed. Their muffled cries overlapped in a chaotic symphony of desperation, their flushed faces glistening with sweat as they thrashed uselessly against the unyielding straightjackets. But Patty wasn't finished yet. She glanced toward the nearby nightstand, her grin widening as she reached into the top drawer and pulled out a small jar of itching cream. The label on the jar was bright red, its bold text warning of "extreme skin sensitivity!"

Snapping on a fresh pair of gloves with an audible snap, Patty turned back to the twins, holding up the jar like a prize. "Look what I found," she said brightly, her tone mockingly cheerful. She twisted the lid off with a deliberate slowness, the faint smell of the cream wafting through the air. "This should make things a little more... interesting."

Heather and Ivy's eyes went wide with alarm, the identical expressions of panic on their faces almost comical as they stared at the jar. Their muffled squeals rose sharply in pitch, their voices filled with a mixture of desperation and disbelief as they shook their heads violently. The adhesive pads sealing their gags muffled their protests into faint, distorted sounds, but their frantic body language made their feelings abundantly clear. Both girls thrashed against their restraints, their bound forms writhing on the bed as they tried in vain to escape what was coming.

"Oh, relax," Patty said with a smirk, dipping a cotton bud into the jar and twirling it to pick up a generous amount of the cream. The white substance clung to the tip of the bud, its appearance innocuous enough, but the sinister gleam in Patty's eyes left no doubt as to the misery it would bring.

"I'm not going to use much," she added, her tone teasing. She knelt beside Heather first, positioning herself so she could keep the girl pinned in place as she worked.

"Just a little... here."

Heather let out a muffled shriek as Patty's hands moved toward the central crotch strap of her straightjacket. The thick, snug strap had been tormenting her all night, but now Patty was unbuckling it, peeling it back just enough to expose the sensitive skin beneath. Heather's body jerked instinctively, her bound legs twitching in the figure-eight cuffs as she tried to twist away. But Patty held her steady, her movements precise and unhurried as she brought the cotton bud to Heather's exposed skin.

The moment the cream made contact, Heather's reaction was immediate. Her body stiffened, and her heavily muffled scream tore through the room as the itching sensation began to spread. Patty worked with slow, deliberate precision, the tip of the cotton bud gliding over every inch of exposed skin, leaving a thin, even layer of the cream in its wake. Heather's muscles trembled beneath the touch, her restrained body arching against the mattress as she tried desperately to escape the unbearable sensation.

"There we go," Patty said softly, her tone almost soothing as she discarded the used cotton bud and grabbed the strap again. "Now let's get you all snug again." She pulled the crotch strap back into place sandwiching her pussy lips with a sharp tug, its snugness amplifying the itching sensation as it pressed the cream firmly against Heather's skin. Heather's muffled cries turned frantic, her wide, tear-filled eyes locking onto Patty as her bound body thrashed uncontrollably. The creak of the straps and the rustle of the straightjacket filled the air as she writhed, her frustration and discomfort radiating from every frantic movement.

Patty tugged the strap even tighter than before, making sure it was as snug as possible before securing it with the locking shield. The sharp \*click\* of the lock sent a shiver through Heather, her muffled screams growing louder as the strap pressed the itching cream deeper into her skin. The unbearable itchiness spread like wildfire, every tiny movement of her hips intensifying the maddening sensation. Heather twisted and arched, her flushed face contorted with desperation as her muffled cries filled the room.

Patty sat back slightly, her smirk never wavering as she watched Heather's futile struggles.

"You look like you're having fun," she said mockingly, her fingers brushing lightly over the taut strap.

"It's amazing how effective this stuff is, isn't it? Just a little bit goes such a long way."

Heather responded with another muffled shriek, her glare blazing with fury and humiliation as she continued to writhe. Her body pressed against the mattress in frantic, jerky motions, her restrained form trembling as the itching sensation consumed her. Every twist of her hips only seemed to make it worse, the snugness of the crotch strap ensuring that the cream stayed pressed firmly against her skin.

Patty turned her gaze toward Ivy, who had been watching the entire scene with wide, horrified eyes. The blonde was already shaking her head violently, her muffled pleas rising in pitch as her body trembled beneath the snug straps of her own straightjacket. Patty's grin widened as she reached for another cotton bud, dipping it into the jar with a flourish.

"Don't worry, Ivy," she said sweetly, her tone dripping with condescension. "You didn't think I'd forget about you, did you?"

Ivy let out a high-pitched squeal, her bound body thrashing against the mattress as Patty moved closer. The creak of straps and the muffled cries of both twins filled the room, but Patty remained unbothered, her focus entirely on ensuring the next round of torment would be just as effective. For Heather, the unbearable itching sensation was only beginning, and for Ivy, the worst was yet to come.

Patty shifted her attention to Ivy, who was already shaking her head violently, her blonde hair whipping back and forth as muffled pleas spilled from her gagged mouth. The panic in her wide green eyes was impossible to miss, but it only seemed to fuel Patty's smug grin.



"Your turn," Patty said cheerfully, dipping the cotton bud into the jar of itching cream. She twirled it slowly, ensuring the tip was coated with just the right amount before turning her gaze back to Ivy's trembling, restrained form.

Ivy squirmed frantically against the mattress, her bound legs jerking within the figure-eight cuffs as though she could somehow wriggle away. But the snug straps of her straightjacket kept her pinned and helpless, her arms locked tightly across her chest as Patty moved closer.

"Now, now," Patty teased, straddling Ivy's hips to keep her still.

"You didn't think I'd leave you out, did you? That wouldn't be fair."

Ivy let out a high-pitched, muffled whimper, her head shaking harder as Patty reached for the central crotch strap. With the same deliberate care she had shown with Heather, Patty unbuckled the strap and peeled it back just enough to expose the sensitive skin beneath. Ivy flinched at the cool air hitting her skin, her body tensing as though bracing for what was coming. But nothing could have prepared her for the unbearable sensation that followed.

Patty brought the cotton bud to Ivy's exposed skin, her movements slow and precise as she began to apply the cream. The first swipe made Ivy jerk violently, her muffled scream sharp and desperate as the itching sensation began to spread almost immediately. Patty ignored her protests, methodically gliding the cotton bud over every inch of exposed skin, leaving a thin, even layer of the cream in its wake. Ivy's body trembled beneath her, her bound legs twitching and her hips jerking uncontrollably as the sensation intensified with each passing second.

"Almost done," Patty said casually, discarding the used cotton bud and grabbing the strap again. Ivy's muffled cries grew louder, her flushed face twisted in desperation as she shook her head wildly, but Patty was unfazed. She pulled the crotch strap back into place, yanking it tighter than before to ensure the cream was pressed firmly against Ivy's skin. The locking shield snapped into place with a sharp \*click\*, sealing Ivy's fate as the unbearable itchiness consumed her.

By the time Patty finished, Ivy was writhing uncontrollably, her bound body twisting and arching against the mattress as though she could somehow escape the torment. Her muffled screams were high-pitched and frantic, her green eyes glistening with tears of frustration and humiliation as the relentless itching spread across her skin. Every movement she made only seemed to make it worse, the snugness of the crotch strap amplifying the maddening sensation.

Patty stood up, peeling off her gloves with a satisfied sigh before tossing them into the trash.

"There," she said, brushing her hands together as though finishing a difficult task.

"That should keep you two entertained for a while." She glanced down at the twins, her smirk widening as she took in the sight of their bound, squirming forms.

Heather and Ivy's eyes were wide with panic, their identical faces flushed deep red as they struggled against the unrelenting itch beads of sweat forming. Heather twisted violently, her restrained body jerking against the straps of the straightjacket as she let out another muffled scream. The creak of leather and the faint rustle of fabric filled the air as she arched her back, her bound legs trembling with the effort to find even the slightest relief. Beside her, Ivy squirmed just as frantically, her hips wiggling and her legs twitching uncontrollably within the figure-eight cuffs. Her muffled whimpers rose and fell in pitch, each sound saturated with desperation as her head rolled from side to side on the pillow.

Patty crossed her arms, leaning casually against the edge of the bed as she watched the chaos unfold. The room was filled with the sound of muffled cries and the relentless creak of straps, the twins' frantic struggles creating a symphony of helplessness that brought a smug smile to her face.

"You're really putting on a show," she said, her tone light and mocking.

"I've gotta say, I didn't think it'd work \*this\* well, but you two are proving me wrong."

Heather's emerald eyes flashed with fury as she let out another muffled growl, her head jerking toward Patty in a glare that would've been intimidating if not for the adhesive gag covering her mouth. She twisted her torso sharply, her shoulders straining against the unyielding loops pinning her arms to her sides. But the straightjacket held firm, the snug crotch strap pressing the cream deeper into her skin with every frantic movement. Her muffled cries grew sharper, her bound body trembling with exertion as she arched against the mattress.

Ivy, meanwhile, was nearing her limit. Her flushed face was streaked with tears, her blonde hair clinging to her damp skin as she let out a pitiful, muffled wail. Her hips wiggled uncontrollably, the maddening itch spreading like wildfire beneath the snug strap. The figure-eight cuffs kept her legs bent and immobilized, leaving her with no way to find relief. Every movement only seemed to intensify the sensation, her muffled whimpers growing softer as her energy began to wane.

Patty tilted her head, her smirk deepening as she stepped closer to the bed.

"Aw, don't give up now," she teased, reaching out to brush a stray strand of hair away from Ivy's tear-streaked face.

"You've got plenty of fight left in you, right? Let's see how long you can keep going." Her fingers trailed down to the straps on Ivy's chest, tapping them lightly as though testing their durability.

"And don't worry, Heather," she added, glancing toward the other twin, who was still thrashing wildly.

"I'm sure you'll figure something out... eventually."

The muffled cries of the twins filled the room once more, their bound forms writhing and twisting as they fought against the unbearable itch. Patty leaned back against the wall, her arms crossed as she watched them with a look of smug satisfaction. For Heather and Ivy, the torment felt endless, the relentless itchiness consuming their every thought. But for Patty, it was nothing short of perfection—a well-earned victory that she intended to savor for as long as possible.

Patty climbed onto the bed with a casual, almost lazy grace, settling herself comfortably between the two writhing twins. The mattress dipped slightly under her weight, the motion making Heather and Ivy squirm even harder as they felt her presence press against their bound forms. Patty leaned back against the pillows, her legs stretching out beneath the tangled blankets as she draped her arms over the restrained girls. With a playful smirk, she pulled them tightly against her sides, their restrained bodies snug against her own.

"Shh," she whispered, her voice soft and deceptively soothing as her fingers stroked through their damp, disheveled hair. The gesture might have seemed comforting, even kind, if not for the sly grin that tugged at her lips. She tilted her head down slightly, her tone dropping into a mockingly gentle coo.

"It's okay. I've got you. There's no need to fight it anymore."

Heather, pressed against Patty's right side, let out a sharp, muffled growl in response. Her green eyes, filled with a mixture of rage and desperation, shot upward to meet Patty's gaze. She twisted her torso violently, her muscles straining against the snug straps of the straightjacket as she tried to pull away. The effort only made the crotch strap dig deeper into her skin, intensifying the maddening itch spreading beneath it. Her legs kicked weakly within the figure-eight cuffs, the restricted movement sending faint creaks through the air as her bound form writhed against the mattress. Her muffled cries were growing louder, but no matter how much she struggled, Patty's arm around her waist kept her firmly in place.

To Patty's left, Ivy was in even worse shape. Her muffled whimpers had turned into high-pitched, incoherent squeals, her tear-streaked face contorted with pure frustration. The itching cream was doing its job with ruthless efficiency, and every slight motion of her hips only seemed to amplify the torment. She pressed her face into Patty's shoulder, as though trying to hide from the unbearable sensation, but her bound body betrayed her. Her legs twitched and her hips jerked in an erratic, almost involuntary rhythm, the snug crotch strap ensuring there was no relief to be found.

Patty's grin widened as she felt their squirming bodies pressing against her, their heat radiating through the damp fabric of the straightjackets. She tightened her hold on them, her hands brushing lightly over the taut straps holding them in place.

"You two are really something," she murmured, her voice low and amused as she tilted her head back against the headboard.

"I mean, I knew this stuff would work, but I didn't think you'd react \*this\* strongly."

Heather responded with another muffled growl, her bound body jerking sharply against Patty's side. She arched her back slightly, her shoulders trembling as the relentless itching drove her into a fresh wave of frantic struggling. The adhesive gag sealing her mouth muffled her screams into faint, pitiful noises, the sponge and rubber ball inside ensuring she couldn't do more than grunt and whimper. Every twist of her hips and flex of her legs only seemed to make things worse, the tightness of the straps pressing the cream deeper into her skin.

Ivy whimpered faintly, her head shaking weakly as tears slipped from the corners of her tightly shut eyes. Her blonde hair clung to her damp, flushed cheeks, her breathing shallow and uneven as she squirmed helplessly. The figure-eight cuffs around her legs kept her movements clumsy and restricted, her thighs trembling as she tried to twist away from the sensation spreading across her skin. But no matter how much she writhed or whimpered, Patty's grip on her was unrelenting, her arm keeping Ivy securely nestled against her side.

"Shh," Patty whispered again, her tone as patronizing as it was soothing. She leaned her head down slightly, her lips brushing close to Heather's ear as she spoke.

"It's okay. You're just... overwhelmed right now. But you'll get through it. I'll make sure of that." Her hand moved to Heather's hair, stroking it gently as though comforting a child. The soft gesture contrasted sharply with the smug expression on her face as she watched the restrained girl thrash beneath her touch.

Patty's other hand slid to Ivy's shoulder, her fingers tapping lightly against the taut fabric of the straightjacket.

"And you," she said, her voice taking on a playful lilt as she glanced down at the squirming twin. "You're holding up so well. I'm proud of you, Ivy." She chuckled softly, her fingers trailing down to the straps across Ivy's chest, where they lingered for a moment before returning to her side.

The twins' muffled cries filled the room, their overlapping voices creating a chaotic symphony of frustration and helplessness. The creak of straps and the rustle of fabric underscored their every movement, their restrained forms writhing uncontrollably as the itching cream did its work. For Heather and Ivy, the torment was unbearable, an all-encompassing sensation that consumed their thoughts and left them squirming in desperation.

But for Patty, it was perfection. She leaned back against the pillows, her arms wrapped securely around the twins as she watched them struggle. Her smirk never wavered, her satisfaction evident as she basked in the chaos she had created.

"You're doing great," she murmured softly, her voice dripping with amusement.

"Just keep squirming. I've got you both, and I'm not letting go."

"You two are so much fun," Patty said with a grin, her voice brimming with mock affection as she rested her chin lightly on Heather's head. The restrained girl flinched beneath the touch, her bound body jerking slightly as she let out another muffled growl, but there was nothing she could do to escape. Patty's smirk widened, her tone turning almost dreamy as she added,

"I could do this all day."

Heather twisted violently in response, her shoulders trembling as she arched her back against the mattress. The creak of the straps and the faint rustle of the straightjacket filled the air, underscoring her frantic attempts to pull away from Patty's grip. Her green eyes blazed with fury and frustration, though they were tinged with exhaustion, her energy waning after what felt like an eternity of struggling. The itching cream beneath the crotch strap burned like fire, sending maddening sensations coursing through her body every time she moved. Each twist and shift only pressed the snug strap tighter against her, amplifying the unbearable itch.

Beside her, Ivy was in no better shape. The blonde twin whimpered pitifully, her tear-streaked face buried against Patty's shoulder as she squirmed uncontrollably. Her hips wiggled against the mattress in an erratic rhythm, her bound legs twitching within the figure-eight cuffs as though she could somehow kick her way to relief. The itching cream worked its magic with merciless efficiency, spreading its torment with every small motion she made. Her flushed cheeks glistened with sweat, her blonde hair clinging to her damp skin as muffled cries spilled from her gagged mouth, blending with her sister's into a chaotic, pitiful symphony.

Patty let out a soft chuckle, her arms tightening around the twins as she pulled them even closer against her sides. Their restrained bodies pressed snugly against her own, the heat radiating from their flushed skin adding to her satisfaction.

"Shh," she murmured, her tone dripping with mock reassurance as she stroked Heather's hair.

"There's no need to fight it. You're not going anywhere, so you might as well just enjoy the moment."

Heather responded with another sharp, muffled growl, her bound body jerking against Patty's hold. But her movements were growing slower, her energy sapped by the relentless torment of the itching cream and the snugness of the straightjacket. Every motion only seemed to make things worse, the crotch strap pressing the maddening sensation deeper into her skin until it felt like her nerves were on fire. Her muffled cries grew softer, though the frustration in her emerald eyes remained undimmed as she glared up at Patty.

Ivy whimpered again, her struggles more erratic as she twisted and arched beneath the weight of Patty's arm. Her green eyes were wide with humiliation and desperation, darting toward her sister as though searching for some sign of hope. But the sight of Heather's exhausted, frustrated expression only made her whimper louder, her bound body trembling as she continued to squirm helplessly.

Patty tilted her head, her smirk widening as she glanced between the two squirming girls.

"You're so dramatic," she teased, her voice light and playful.

"It's just a little cream. You'd think the world was ending." She paused, pretending to consider something, before adding with a chuckle,

"Though, I have to admit, you're making this way more entertaining than I expected."

The morning stretched on, the faint sound of birds chirping outside the window providing an ironic backdrop to the chaos unfolding within the room. Heather and Ivy's muffled cries filled the air, their voices overlapping in a desperate, almost musical cacophony. The creak of the straps and the rustle of the straightjackets punctuated their every movement, their restrained forms writhing uncontrollably against the mattress as they fought against the unbearable sensations coursing through their bodies.

Patty, meanwhile, looked utterly at ease. She leaned back against the pillows, her arms wrapped securely around the twins as she basked in her victory. Her soft laughter occasionally broke through the muffled sounds of their frustration, a reminder of just how much she was enjoying the spectacle.

"You know," she said conversationally, her fingers brushing lightly over the taut straps on Ivy's chest,

"you really should've thought this through before agreeing to my little game. But I guess it's too late for regrets now, isn't it?"

Heather let out another muffled growl, her glare sharper than ever as her bound body twitched against the bed. But the look in her eyes betrayed her growing exhaustion, her movements sluggish and uncoordinated as the relentless torment began to take its toll. Ivy, too, was nearing her limit, her whimpers quieter now, though her hips continued to wiggle faintly against the mattress, the itching cream ensuring that every moment was a fresh wave of agony.

Patty tightened her hold on them, pulling the twins closer until their flushed faces were pressed against her shoulders. She sighed contentedly, as though savoring a moment of pure bliss, her smirk never faltering as she watched them struggle.

"You two really are the best," she murmured softly, her tone laced with condescension. "I could honestly do this all day."

For Heather and Ivy, the morning dragged on in a haze of frustration, humiliation, and exhaustion. Their muffled cries echoed endlessly within the room, their restrained bodies writhing against the mattress as the itching cream and snug straps continued their merciless assault. But for Patty, it was perfection. She relished every second of their helplessness, the victorious gleam in her eyes growing brighter as she basked in the chaos she had created.

The room was filled with a symphony of muffled whimpers, labored breathing, and the faint creak of leather straps straining against relentless motion. Heather and Ivy, bound and gagged in their matching straightjackets, writhed helplessly on either side of Patty, their exhausted bodies pressed tightly against her. Patty reclined comfortably in the center of the bed, the soft pillows behind her giving her a perfect vantage point to enjoy the spectacle. Her arms wrapped

snugly around the twins, holding them close as they squirmed and twisted, their flushed, sweat-slicked faces shining in the golden morning light streaming through the curtains.

The itching cream beneath the crotch straps had worked its cruel magic, driving the twins into a state of pure desperation. Every twitch of their bound legs, every small motion of their hips, only intensified the unbearable sensation spreading across their sensitive skin. Heather arched her back sharply, her muffled growls filled with a mixture of rage and humiliation as she tried yet again to pull away from the snug strap pressing the maddening cream into her body. Her emerald green eyes burned with frustration, though the exhaustion in her expression betrayed just how much the ordeal had worn her down.

Ivy whimpered softly, her movements less coordinated than her sister's but just as frantic. Her blonde hair, damp and tangled from sweat, clung to her flushed cheeks as her head lolled weakly against Patty's shoulder. Her restrained legs twitched sporadically, her hips jerking against the mattress in an erratic rhythm as she tried in vain to find even a moment's relief. The snugness of the crotch strap pressing the cream against her sensitive skin left her with no escape, and her muffled cries grew weaker, though no less desperate, as her energy began to wane.

Patty tilted her head slightly, her smirk deepening as she let her gaze drift downward to the twins' chests. The thick, constrictive straightjackets wrapped tightly around their torsos did little to hide the way their firm breasts strained against the unyielding fabric. Every squirm, every arch of their backs caused the tightly encased flesh to push harder against the material, the jackets seeming almost too tight to contain them. The creases in the fabric outlined the curves of their bodies, emphasizing just how snug the restraints were. Patty couldn't help but admire the symmetry of their helpless forms.

Heather twisted sharply to the side, her chest heaving as she arched her back once more, the straps of the straightjacket creaking faintly under the strain. Her bound arms, crossed tightly against her chest and pinned by thick loops of fabric, left her utterly powerless to do anything but squirm. The motion caused her breasts to press harder against the restrictive material, the snug jacket pulling taut as she twisted and writhed. Patty's eyes lingered on the sight, her smirk widening as Heather's muffled growl filled the air once more, her frustration spilling out in sharp, guttural bursts.

On the other side, Ivy whimpered faintly, her body trembling as she squirmed in Patty's embrace. Her smaller frame seemed almost overwhelmed by the tightness of the jacket, her curves straining visibly against the unforgiving material. Every small movement made the fabric shift and stretch, outlining the contours of her chest as she wiggled against the mattress. Her breathing was shallow and uneven, her head pressing against Patty's shoulder as she let out another pitiful, muffled whine.

Patty chuckled softly, her hands trailing lazily over the thick straps securing the twins' straightjackets.

"You two really are something else," she murmured, her voice low and amused.

"I mean, look at you. Completely helpless, and yet you just can't seem to stop squirming." Her fingers brushed lightly against the fabric covering Heather's chest, her touch deliberately slow and teasing.

"It's almost like you're trying to make things worse for yourselves."

Heather growled again, her emerald eyes narrowing as she glared up at Patty, though the redness in her cheeks betrayed her growing embarrassment. She twisted her torso sharply, her restrained body jerking against the mattress as though she could somehow escape the tight confines of the straightjacket. But the snug straps held firm, the loops pinning her arms ensuring she couldn't move more than a few inches at a time. The crotch strap, meanwhile, continued to do its cruel work, the itching cream beneath it spreading its torment with every movement she made.

Ivy let out another soft whimper, her head shaking weakly as she tried to twist away from the unbearable sensation. Her hips wiggled faintly, the motion causing her chest to press harder against the jacket's tight embrace. The heat radiating from her sweat-drenched skin only added to her discomfort, her bound body trembling as she fought against the overwhelming sensations coursing through her.

Patty leaned back against the pillows, her smirk never faltering as she tightened her grip on the twins, pulling them even closer against her sides. The heat of their flushed bodies pressed against her own was almost tangible, their restrained forms writhing helplessly as their muffled cries filled the room. The soft creak of the straps and the faint rustle of fabric underscored every motion, creating a quiet symphony of frustration and helplessness that only seemed to deepen Patty's satisfaction.

"You're really giving it your all, aren't you?" Patty teased, her tone light and mocking as she glanced between the two squirming girls. Her fingers traced idle patterns over the straps on their chests, the motion deliberately slow as she watched their bound forms arch and twist beneath her touch. "I could watch this all day."

The twins' muffled cries rose in pitch, their overlapping voices a chaotic blend of desperation and frustration. Heather's green eyes flashed with fury as she let out another sharp growl, her bound body jerking against the bed as though sheer force of will could free her. Beside her, Ivy whimpered faintly, her wide eyes glistening with tears as she pressed her face into Patty's shoulder, her restrained form trembling with exhaustion.

Patty let out a contented sigh, her smirk widening as she rested her chin lightly on Heather's head. The morning stretched on, filled with the muffled sounds of the twins' struggles and Patty's quiet laughter as she savored every second of her victory.

Patty smirked, her fingers tracing idly along the taut seams of Heather's straightjacket, her touch feather-light but deliberate enough to make the restrained girl flinch.

"You two really don't know how to hold still, do you?" she teased, her tone dripping with mock annoyance. Her eyes sparkled with amusement as she watched the twins squirm helplessly against the bed. The soft rustling of fabric and the creak of the straps underscored every frantic movement they made.

"All this squirming... you're just making it worse for yourselves, you know."

Heather responded with a sharp, muffled growl, her emerald green eyes blazing with frustration. She twisted her torso violently, her bound body jerking against the tight loops that pinned her arms to her chest. Her chest rose and fell with labored breaths, the snug fabric of the straightjacket pressing tightly against her heaving form. Every movement made the crotch strap dig deeper into her skin, amplifying the maddening itch caused by the cream Patty had so carefully applied. Heather's restrained legs twitched within the figure-eight cuffs, the restricted motion only adding to her mounting frustration.

On Patty's other side, Ivy whimpered faintly, her smaller frame trembling as she struggled weakly against the snug embrace of her own straightjacket. Her blonde hair was plastered to her flushed face, strands clinging to her sweat-drenched cheeks as she let out soft, pitiful cries. Unlike Heather, Ivy's movements were less coordinated, her squirming more subdued but no less desperate. Her bound legs shifted awkwardly within the cuffs, her hips wiggling faintly against the mattress as she tried in vain to alleviate the unbearable itching sensation beneath the crotch strap.

Patty tilted her head, her smirk deepening as she watched the twins' futile struggles. "Oh, come on," she said lightly, her voice tinged with mock exasperation.

"You'd think after all this time, you'd have learned to calm down. But no..." She sighed dramatically, her tone dripping with exaggerated disappointment. "I guess I'm dealing with a couple of squirmy little brats who just don't know how to sit still."

Heather growled again, her glare sharpening as she arched her back in defiance. Her bound body pressed harder against the mattress, the straps of the straightjacket creaking faintly under the strain of her frantic movements. Ivy let out a muffled whine, her tear-filled eyes darting nervously toward Patty as she whimpered incoherently into her gag. Both twins were clearly reaching their limits, their restrained forms trembling with exhaustion as they continued to twist and writhe in a vain effort to free themselves.

Patty shook her head, her expression one of mock disappointment as she looked down at them.

"Alright," she said with a theatrical sigh, as though reluctantly conceding to a difficult task. "If you two can't stop moving, I guess I'll just have to fix that." Her tone was calm but firm, her words carrying an undercurrent of amusement as she shifted her weight and leaned forward slightly.

The twins froze momentarily, their wide, panicked eyes locking onto Patty as she reached under the bed. The sound of fabric rustling and metal clinking filled the room, and when Patty sat back up, she held two black pouches in her hands. Bold white letters were printed across the front of each pouch, the words "Hogtie Extension Kits" gleaming in the soft morning light.

Heather and Ivy's muffled protests erupted in unison, their cries growing louder as they thrashed against their restraints. The sight of the pouches sent a fresh wave of panic coursing through them, their bound bodies jerking violently as they tried to squirm away from what they knew was coming. Heather's growl turned into a frantic, guttural sound as she twisted her torso, her emerald eyes blazing with renewed defiance. Ivy, meanwhile, whimpered pitifully, her movements growing more erratic as she shook her head back and forth, her blonde hair flying messily as she pleaded incoherently through her gag.

Patty chuckled softly, clearly enjoying their reactions as she unzipped the first pouch with deliberate slowness.

"What's the matter?" she teased, her voice light and mocking as she tilted the pouch to reveal its contents.

"You two look like you've seen a ghost."

Inside were several gleaming leather straps, their dark surfaces polished to a faint shine. The straps varied in length, their edges neatly stitched and reinforced for maximum durability. Alongside them were several metal attachment points, their sharp design giving them a clinical,



almost sinister appearance. The morning light streaming through the curtains made the hardware glint faintly, adding an almost theatrical flair to the display.

Patty held up one of the straps, running her fingers over the smooth leather as though inspecting it for quality.

"These are some nice upgrades," she mused, her tone casual as though she were discussing something mundane.

"Sturdy, adjustable, and oh-so-effective. I think they'll be perfect for keeping you two \*still\* for a change."

Heather's muffled growl rose in pitch, her emerald eyes narrowing into a fierce glare as she bucked against the straps of her straightjacket. The loops pinning her arms held firm, her bound legs twitching within the cuffs as she tried in vain to pull away from Patty's side. Ivy let out another faint whimper, her tear-filled eyes darting between the straps and Patty's smirking face. The blonde twin's movements were jerky and panicked, her hips wiggling against the mattress as she squirmed in desperation.

Patty's smirk widened as she set the pouch aside and reached for the second one, unzipping it with the same deliberate slowness.

"Don't worry," she said, her tone light and teasing as she glanced between the two squirming girls.

"I'll make sure you're both nice and comfortable when we're done here. You might even thank me later." Her words were punctuated by the faint clink of metal as she pulled out another set of straps, holding them up for the twins to see.

The heavily muffled cries of the restrained girls filled the room, their overlapping voices a chaotic blend of desperation and fear as they writhed against the bed. But no matter how much they squirmed or protested, the straps and straightjackets held firm, their snug, unyielding embrace leaving the twins entirely at Patty's dubious mercy.

"Let's start with you, Ivy," Patty said, her tone light and almost cheerful as she shifted her weight on the bed. She reached over and grabbed the smaller twin by the shoulders, her hands gripping the snug fabric of the straightjacket as she began to maneuver Ivy into position. Ivy let out a sharp, muffled squeal, her green eyes wide with panic as she twisted her bound body in a frantic effort to resist. Her blonde hair clung to her damp, flushed face as she shook her head violently, her movements erratic and desperate. But the snug straps of the straightjacket and the figure-eight cuffs at her legs left her with little room to fight back, and Patty easily overpowered her.

"Shh, stop squirming," Patty teased, her smirk never faltering as she dragged Ivy further across the bed.

"You're only making this harder on yourself." She repositioned the writhing girl with practiced ease, pushing her legs into place and ensuring her body was angled perfectly for what was coming next. Ivy whimpered faintly, her muffled cries rising in pitch as her restrained form trembled beneath Patty's grip.

Grabbing one of the leather straps from the nearby pouch, Patty leaned over Ivy's legs and began her work. The first strap was looped securely around Ivy's big toes, the smooth leather binding them tightly together and forcing them to point forward. Ivy let out another muffled squeal, her bound legs jerking weakly as she tried to pull her feet away, but Patty held them

firmly in place. The strap was threaded through the figure-eight cuffs at her ankles, the material sliding smoothly through the loops before Patty began to pull it tight.

“There we go,” Patty murmured, her voice calm and deliberate as she worked. She kept the tension steady, her hands moving with precision as she adjusted the strap, ensuring it was snug but not overly tight. Ivy’s toes curled instinctively beneath the restraint, her muffled whimpers growing more frantic as the strap constricted her movements further.

Once the strap was threaded properly, Patty connected it to the back of Ivy’s straightjacket, attaching it to the central strap that secured her arms behind her. The design was flawless, the strap pulling Ivy’s legs upward as Patty tugged it tighter, forcing her feet almost to her hands. Ivy’s bound body arched slightly as the tension increased pulling her arms into a tighter hug, her restrained legs bending at an extreme angle that left her unable to move more than a few inches in any direction.

The snugness of the restraint was immediate and absolute. The leather strap creaked faintly as Patty gave it one final pull, locking it into place with a firm buckle that left no room for adjustment. Patty’s hands cupped her breasts, Ivy let out a high-pitched, muffled cry, her head shaking wildly as she squirmed against the tension. Her bound legs twitched faintly, the figure-eight cuffs and the added strap ensuring that even the smallest movements were reduced to futile jerks.

“There we go,” Patty said with a satisfied grin, sitting back slightly to admire her handiwork. She reached out and patted Ivy’s head with mock affection, her fingers brushing lightly against the damp strands of the twin’s blonde hair.

“Nice and snug,” she added, her tone dripping with condescension as she tilted her head to watch Ivy’s reaction.

Ivy’s face was a picture of desperation and humiliation, her green eyes glistening with unshed tears as she let out another muffled whimper. Her bound body trembled with exertion as she tried to twist away from the restraint, but the tension in the leather left her completely immobilized. Every small movement she attempted only made the strap dig deeper, pressing her feet closer to her hands and pulling the snug crotch strap tighter against her skin.

Patty chuckled softly, her smirk widening as she leaned forward to inspect the strap once more.

“You’re not going anywhere now, are you?” she teased, giving the leather a light tug to test its strength. Ivy flinched at the motion, her muffled cry rising in pitch as her bound body jerked faintly against the mattress. But the strap held firm, its unyielding tension ensuring that she remained exactly as Patty had positioned her.

From the other side of the bed, Heather let out a sharp, muffled growl, her emerald eyes blazing with frustration as she watched her sister’s predicament unfold. She arched her back, her bound body jerking sharply against the snug straps of her straightjacket as though trying to draw Patty’s attention away from Ivy. Her muffled cries were loud and defiant, her restrained legs twitching within the figure-eight cuffs as she twisted and writhed in protest.

Patty glanced toward Heather, her smirk never faltering as she reached for another strap from the pouch.

“Don’t worry, Heather,” she said lightly, her tone playful as she leaned back into her spot on the bed.

“You’re next.” Her fingers ran over the smooth leather of the strap, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she glanced between the two restrained twins.

Ivy let out another muffled whimper, her bound body trembling as she lay immobilized beside Patty. The leather strap connecting her feet to her straightjacket left her completely helpless, her squirming reduced to faint, futile twitches that only served to emphasize her predicament. Patty rested a hand lightly on Ivy’s shoulder, her smirk widening as she leaned in closer her hand running lower to squeeze her prisoners bottom.

“You look perfect like this,” she said softly, her voice dripping with satisfaction. “Absolutely perfect.”

Heather’s eyes widened in pure panic as Patty turned her attention to her. The sight of Ivy, completely immobilized in the agonizingly tight hogtie, sent a fresh wave of desperation surging through her. Letting out a sharp, muffled scream, Heather began thrashing wildly, her bound body jerking against the snug confines of the straightjacket. Her blonde hair, damp with sweat, whipped around her flushed face as she twisted and arched, her emerald eyes blazing with defiance and fear. But her struggles were useless. The straps of her straightjacket and the figure-eight cuffs on her legs left her with no leverage, and Patty had no trouble grabbing her by the shoulders and dragging her into position taking the opportunity to run her hands over Heather’s buxom curves.

“Oh, don’t be such a baby,” Patty teased, her grin wide and smug as she forced Heather into place. The restrained twin let out another muffled scream, shaking her head violently as her legs kicked weakly against the mattress, as Heather stroked her leg. But the snugness of the cuffs made her movements clumsy and ineffective, and Patty remained unfazed as she reached for another leather strap from the pouch.

Patty worked with the same deliberate care she had shown with Ivy, her hands steady and practiced as she looped the first strap around Heather’s big toes. The smooth leather bound them tightly together, forcing them to point forward in an unnatural position. Heather flinched at the sensation, her muffled growls sharp and indignant as she tried to jerk her feet away. But Patty held her steady, her fingers tightening the strap with precision before threading it through the figure-eight cuffs at Heather’s ankles, her hand running along Heathers leg.

“There we go,” Patty murmured, her voice calm and almost soothing as she pulled the strap taut. Heather let out a sharp, muffled cry, her restrained legs trembling as the tension increased. The leather slid smoothly through the cuffs, the creak of the material faint but audible as Patty continued to tighten the restraint. Once the strap was secure, she connected it to the back of Heather’s straightjacket, attaching it to the central strap that pinned her arms behind her. Reaching around to squeeze her prisoners pinned breasts.

Heather’s muffled indignant screams grew louder as Patty pulled the strap tighter, forcing her legs into an extreme bend that left her feet nearly touching her hands. The strain on her body was immediate, her bound form arching painfully as the tension locked her into place, forcing her breasts to strain against the fabric. Every small movement she made only seemed to worsen the discomfort, the snugness of the restraint ensuring she couldn’t move more than a few inches in any direction.

“There, almost done,” Patty said with a chuckle, leaning back slightly to inspect her work. She gave the strap one final tug, the leather creaking softly as it settled into place. Heather flinched at the motion, her bound body jerking against the mattress as her muffled cries turned frantic.

Patty's hands brushed up against Heather's pussy, she struggled. But the restraint held firm, its unyielding tension leaving her just as immobilized as her sister.

By the time Patty finished, both twins were lying side by side on the bed, their restrained bodies nearly identical in their helpless positions. The leather straps connecting their feet to their straightjackets forced them into deep arches, their bound legs bent at extreme angles as the tension in the restraints pressed their feet toward their hands. The snug straps of the straightjackets held their arms tightly pinned across their chests, leaving them completely powerless to fight back.

Heather's muffled growls filled the room, her emerald eyes blazing with frustration and humiliation as she writhed helplessly against the bed. The tightness of the hogtie left her with no room to move, her bound body trembling with exertion as she tried in vain to twist away from the tension. Beside her, Ivy whimpered faintly, her wide, tear-filled eyes darting toward Heather as though seeking reassurance. But the sight of her sister in the same helpless position only made her whimper louder, her bound body jerking faintly as she squirmed against the mattress.

Patty sat back with a contented sigh, her hands resting on her knees as she admired her handiwork. The sight of the twins lying side by side, their bound forms writhing and twisting in perfect sync, brought a smug grin to her face. Their muffled cries overlapped in a chaotic symphony of frustration and desperation, the creak of the leather straps and the rustle of fabric underscoring every frantic movement they made.

"Perfect," Patty said, her voice filled with satisfaction as she leaned back against the headboard. Her gaze flicked between the two restrained girls, her leering smirk widening as she took in their identical expressions of helplessness.

"Now you two really can't go anywhere."

Heather let out another sharp, muffled growl, her emerald eyes narrowing into a glare as her bound body jerked violently against the snug straps. But the tension of the hogtie left her completely immobilized, her struggles reduced to faint, futile twitches that only served to emphasize her helplessness. Ivy whimpered again, her smaller frame trembling as she arched faintly against the mattress, her blonde hair sticking to her flushed face as she let out soft, pitiful cries.

Patty chuckled softly, her smirk never faltering as she reached out to pat each twin on the head.

"You look adorable like this, quite sexy," she said mockingly, her tone dripping with amusement.

"Absolutely adorable." The muffled protests of the restrained girls filled the room once more, their overlapping voices creating a chaotic but strangely rhythmic melody that made Patty's grin widen. For Heather and Ivy, the torment was unbearable. But for Patty, it was perfection.

But Patty wasn't finished yet. As Heather and Ivy continued their frantic, muffled protests, Patty leaned over and opened a drawer near the bed. The soft sound of metal hinges creaking sent a fresh wave of unease through the restrained twins, their wide, tear-filled eyes fixed on her every movement. From the drawer, Patty pulled out a small, sleek black case. It clicked open with a sharp \*snap,\* revealing two narrow rubber buttplugs nestled securely in custom foam cutouts. Their smooth, polished surfaces gleamed faintly in the soft morning light, a thin sheen of lubricant already glistening on their rubber bodies.

Patty held the case up for the twins to see, her grin widening as their eyes immediately locked onto the unsettling objects. Heather's emerald eyes went wide with alarm, her bound body jerking sharply against the hogtie that kept her legs bent tightly toward her hands. She let out a furious, muffled growl, her restrained form twisting as though sheer force of will could somehow free her from the tension of the straps. Ivy, on the other hand, whimpered faintly, her blonde hair clinging to her sweat-soaked face as her bound body trembled. Her movements were weaker, more panicked, as her tear-filled eyes darted between the plugs and Patty's smug expression.

"Oh, don't look so scared," Patty said teasingly, her voice calm and playful as she plucked one of the plugs from the case. She turned it over in her hands, inspecting its smooth surface with an air of casual detachment, as though she were handling nothing more than a harmless trinket. Her fingers brushed over the base of the plug, where a small engraved marking gave the object an almost clinical appearance.

"It's just a little something to help you stay... aware of your situation," she added, her grin twisting into something sly and wicked.

The twins erupted into fresh, muffled cries, their overlapping voices a chaotic blend of desperation and panic. Heather's growl turned into a sharp, muffled scream as she twisted violently against her restraints, her bound legs jerking within the snug figure-eight cuffs. Ivy whimpered louder, her restrained form trembling as she squirmed uncontrollably, her hips wiggling faintly against the mattress as though trying to scoot away from the inevitable.

Patty set the case down beside her and reached for a small tube resting on the nightstand. The label was simple but ominous: the same brand of itching cream she had applied beneath their crotch straps earlier.

"This should do the trick," Patty said lightly, unscrewing the cap with a theatrical flourish. She squeezed a generous amount of the cream onto her gloved fingers, the faint smell of the substance wafting through the air as she held it up for the twins to see.

Both girls froze momentarily, their wide, panicked eyes locking onto the cream as a fresh wave of muffled protests poured from their gagged mouths. Heather shook her head violently, her blonde hair flying in messy strands as her bound body jerked against the straps. Ivy whimpered faintly, her head shaking weakly as tears streamed down her flushed cheeks.

"Relax," Patty said with mock reassurance, dipping one of the plugs into the lubricant and cream mixture. Her movements were slow and deliberate, each gesture designed to prolong the twins' sense of dread.

"This won't hurt. Well... not much, anyway." She chuckled softly, her smirk deepening as she coated the plug evenly, the slick surface gleaming ominously as the cream spread across it.

Heather's muffled growls grew sharper, her bound body twisting violently as she arched her back against the bed. The tension in the hogtie left her with little room to move, her restrained legs jerking in futile defiance as the strap connecting her ankles to her straightjacket held firm. Beside her, Ivy let out a pitiful, high-pitched whimper, her bound form trembling as she tried to press herself into the mattress, as though she could somehow disappear.

Patty repeated the process with the second plug, her fingers moving with precision as she coated it in the same mixture of lubricant and itching cream. The faint creak of the leather straps and the rustle of fabric underscored the twins' frantic movements, their muffled cries growing louder as Patty worked. Once both plugs were prepared, she set the tube of cream aside and snapped off her gloves with an audible \*pop,\* tossing them onto the floor with a flourish.

“There,” Patty said, her tone light and almost cheerful as she picked up both plugs. She held them up once more for the twins to see, her smirk widening as she watched their horrified reactions. “Now, who’s ready to go first?”

Heather and Ivy’s muffled desperate protests overlapped in a chaotic symphony, their bound bodies jerking and twisting as they writhed helplessly against the bed. Heather’s glare burned with fury as she let out another sharp growl, her emerald eyes narrowing into a fiery glare as she bucked against the snug straps. Ivy whimpered faintly, her wide, tear-filled eyes darting between Patty’s hands and her sister’s desperate struggles, her smaller frame trembling as she let out a soft, pitiful whine.

Patty chuckled softly, her grin never faltering as she leaned back slightly, the plugs glinting in her hands.

“Oh, don’t worry,” she said mockingly, her voice dripping with condescension as she glanced between the two squirming girls.

“You’re both going to get your turn. Just try to hold still for me, okay?”

“Let’s start with you this time, Heather,” Patty said, her tone light and teasing as she shifted her position on the bed. Heather immediately let out a sharp, muffled scream, her emerald green eyes going wide with panic as she twisted violently against her restraints. The snug leather straps of her hogtie left her with no room to move, her bound legs jerking in short, futile motions as her muffled protests filled the room. Patty simply chuckled, leaning over the restrained girl and reaching down to unbuckle the central crotch strap of her straightjacket.

The sound of the buckle clicking open sent a shiver of fresh panic through Heather, and her muffled growls rose in pitch as she writhed desperately. Patty peeled the strap back slowly, the snug material sliding away to expose the sensitive skin beneath. Heather flinched at the sudden rush of cool air, her bound body trembling as she tried in vain to twist away from Patty’s hands. But the hogtie left her completely helpless, and Patty had no trouble maneuvering her into the perfect position.

“Shh,” Patty murmured mockingly, her smirk widening as she grabbed the lubricated plug. Its smooth, gleaming surface glinted in the morning light, the mixture of lubricant and itching cream giving it an almost sinister sheen. Patty positioned the plug carefully, angling it just right as she brought it closer to Heather’s exposed entrance.

“This won’t hurt a bit,” she added with a chuckle, her tone dripping with condescension.

Heather let out a sharp, muffled scream as the rubber made contact with her skin, sending a jolt of shock through her restrained body. She jerked violently, her bound form arching against the mattress as though trying to pull away. But there was nowhere for her to go, the tight straps of the hogtie ensuring that every movement was reduced to faint, ineffective twitches. Patty remained unfazed, her hands steady as she began to slide the plug into place with deliberate slowness.

The sensation was immediate and overwhelming. Heather’s muffled cries turned frantic as the plug pressed deeper, the snug fit forcing her body to adjust as the rubber settled inside her. The itching cream coated across the surface began to take effect almost instantly, the maddening sensation spreading rapidly and amplifying with every small movement Heather made. Her emerald eyes filled with tears of humiliation and frustration as her bound body trembled uncontrollably, the combination of sensations leaving her completely at Patty’s mercy.

“There we go,” Patty said cheerfully, as though she were finishing a simple chore. She reached for the crotch strap, threading it back into place with practiced ease. The snug material slid over Heather’s sensitive skin, pressing tightly against her labia as Patty tugged it back into position. The strap was tighter than before, its unrelenting tension ensuring that the plug was held firmly in place, the pressure amplifying the itching cream’s torment. Heather let out another muffled scream, her hips jerking against the mattress as Patty pulled the strap even tighter, securing it with a sharp \*click.\*

“All set,” Patty said with a satisfied grin, brushing her hands together as though dusting them off. She leaned back slightly, her eyes gleaming with amusement as she watched Heather’s reaction. The restrained twin was writhing uncontrollably now, her bound body twisting and arching against the bed as though she could somehow escape the torment.

Heather’s muffled cries had turned into incoherent whimpers, her once-defiant growls replaced by pitiful sounds of desperation. Her flushed face glistened with sweat, her blonde hair sticking to her damp skin as tears streamed down her cheeks. The combination of the plug’s snug fit and the relentless itching cream was unbearable, the sensations overwhelming her completely. Every small movement she made only seemed to make it worse, the tightness of the crotch strap pressing the plug deeper while the cream’s maddening effects spread further.

Patty tilted her head, her smirk widening as she watched Heather squirm.

B “You look like you’re really feeling it,” she teased, her tone light and mocking as she reached out to brush a strand of damp hair away from Heather’s flushed face.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it... eventually.”

Heather let out another sharp, muffled cry, her emerald eyes locking onto Patty with a mixture of fury and helplessness. She twisted her bound body as much as the restraints would allow, her legs jerking faintly within the snug figure-eight cuffs. But the tension of the hogtie left her with no leverage, every movement only serving to intensify the torment she was already enduring.

Patty chuckled softly, her hand lingering on Heather’s shoulder as she leaned closer.

“Oh, come on,” she said mockingly, her voice dripping with amusement.

“You’ve been so tough up until now. Don’t tell me you’re ready to give up already.” Her fingers tapped lightly against the taut straps of Heather’s straightjacket, the soft sound blending with the restrained girl’s muffled whimpers.

From the other side of the bed, Ivy let out a faint, pitiful whine, her wide, tear-filled eyes darting toward Heather as though seeking reassurance. But the sight of her sister’s squirming, restrained form only made Ivy tremble harder, her bound body jerking faintly against the mattress as she whimpered incoherently.

Patty turned her attention to Ivy, her smirk deepening as she reached for the second plug.

“Don’t worry, Ivy,” she said with mock sweetness, holding the gleaming object up for the smaller twin to see.

“You’re next.”

“Your turn, Ivy,” Patty said cheerfully, her voice light and teasing as she shifted her attention to the other twin. Her smirk widened as she leaned over Ivy’s trembling form, the restrained girl letting out a high-pitched, muffled squeal in response. Ivy’s green eyes were wide with terror,

her blonde hair clinging to her sweat-drenched face as she twisted her bound body in a futile effort to escape what she knew was coming.

Ivy's movements were frantic but uncoordinated, her smaller frame writhing weakly against the snug straps of the straightjacket that pinned her arms tightly to her chest. Her legs, bound in figure-eight cuffs, jerked helplessly against the unyielding leather, the restrained motion only serving to highlight just how little control she had over her situation. Tears streamed down her flushed cheeks as she whimpered incoherently, her muffled protests filled with desperation.

Patty chuckled softly, her amusement evident as she reached down and unbuckled the central crotch strap of Ivy's straightjacket. The sound of the buckle coming undone made Ivy flinch, her bound body jerking instinctively as Patty peeled the strap back to expose the sensitive skin beneath.

"Shh, it's okay," Patty cooed mockingly, her fingers brushing lightly against Ivy's trembling thighs as she positioned the second plug.

"I'll be gentle."

Ivy's muffled screams rose in pitch as the cool, lubricated rubber made contact with her skin, sending a shiver through her bound form. Her hips jerked uncontrollably, the limited range of motion granted by the restraints making her movements erratic and desperate. But Patty remained unfazed, her hands steady as she slid the plug into place with the same slow, deliberate precision she had used on Heather.

The effect was immediate. Ivy let out a sharp, muffled cry, her bound body trembling violently as the snug fit of the plug forced her to adjust. The itching cream coating its surface began to take effect almost instantly, the maddening sensation spreading rapidly and leaving Ivy squirming uncontrollably. Her restrained legs twitched within the cuffs, her hips wiggling in an effort to escape the overwhelming torment, but there was no relief to be found.

"There we go," Patty said with a satisfied smile, grabbing the crotch strap and threading it back into place. The snug material slid over Ivy's sensitive skin, pressing tightly against her labia as Patty tugged it back into position. Ivy whimpered pitifully, her muffled cries growing softer as exhaustion began to set in. Patty gave the strap one final, sharp tug, securing it even tighter than before and locking it in place with a loud \*click.\*

"All set," Patty said brightly, brushing her hands together as though completing a job well done. She sat back slightly, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction as she watched Ivy's reaction. The smaller twin was trembling uncontrollably, her bound body arching faintly against the mattress as the dual sensations of the plug and the itching cream overwhelmed her. Every small movement she made only seemed to make it worse, the snug crotch strap pressing the plug deeper while the maddening itch spread further.

Ivy's muffled cries were faint and broken now, her once-desperate protests reduced to pitiful whimpers as she writhed weakly against the bed. Her green eyes glistened with tears, her flushed face a mixture of exhaustion and humiliation as she realized just how helpless she truly was. Every slight twitch of her hips or legs only amplified the torment, the snugness of the straps ensuring that she had no way to escape the overwhelming sensations.

Patty leaned back against the headboard, crossing her arms as she surveyed the scene before her. Two completely immobilized twins lay side by side on the bed, their restrained bodies trembling and squirming in perfect sync. Heather's movements were more aggressive, her



bound body twisting sharply against the mattress as she let out low, muffled growls of frustration. Her emerald eyes burned with defiance, though the exhaustion in her expression betrayed how much the ordeal had worn her down. Beside her, Ivy's struggles were softer, her smaller frame writhing weakly as faint, pitiful cries escaped her gagged mouth.

"Perfect," Patty murmured, her voice low and dripping with satisfaction. Her smirk widened as she took in the sight of the twins' trembling forms, their identical straightjackets and hogtie straps leaving them utterly powerless. The leather restraints gleamed faintly in the morning light, every snug strap a testament to just how thoroughly Patty had secured her victory.

The muffled cries of the twins had grown quieter now, their voices overlapping in a chaotic symphony of exhaustion and humiliation. Heather's growls were sharp and defiant, though tinged with desperation, while Ivy's whimpers were soft and pitiful, her smaller frame trembling with exertion. Both girls were completely at Patty's mercy, their restrained bodies writhing helplessly as the itching cream and snug straps continued their relentless torment.

Patty tilted her head, her smirk never wavering as she reached out to brush a strand of damp hair away from Ivy's flushed face.

"You're both so cute when you're like this," she said mockingly, her tone light and playful.

"Completely helpless so sexy, just the way I like you."

The twins let out another round of muffled protests, their bound forms jerking against the bed as though trying to voice their frustration. But the snugness of the restraints ensured they couldn't do more than squirm, their muffled cries fading into faint whimpers as the weight of their predicament settled over them.

Patty chuckled softly, leaning back against the headboard as she let out a contented sigh.

"Now," she said, her voice filled with amusement as she glanced between the squirming twins.

"Why don't you two just relax and enjoy yourselves? You're not going anywhere."

"Alright," Patty said, her voice light and filled with mock authority as she climbed back onto the bed. The mattress dipped under her weight, causing the two hogtied twins to squirm instinctively, their bound bodies jerking faintly against their restraints. Patty positioned herself between them, her movements casual and unhurried as she leaned back against the pillows and made herself comfortable. With deliberate care, she wrapped an arm around each of them, pulling them into a tight, possessive hug that left no space between their trembling forms and her own.

"There we go," she murmured, her tone almost soothing as she tightened her grip on the girls. Their sweat-slicked skin pressed against her sides, their restrained bodies radiating heat as they writhed weakly in her embrace.

"Let's all settle down now. You've had your fun, and I think it's time for a little quiet cuddling."

The twins let out faint, muffled whimpers, their voices soft and broken as they squirmed helplessly against Patty's hold. Heather's movements were more aggressive, her bound body jerking sharply as though she still had some fight left in her. Her emerald eyes burned with frustration, though the exhaustion etched across her flushed face betrayed just how much the ordeal had taken out of her. Beside her, Ivy's struggles were weaker, her smaller frame trembling as her bound legs twitched faintly within the figure-eight cuffs. Her blonde hair clung to

her tear-streaked cheeks, her wide, panicked eyes darting toward Patty as though silently pleading for mercy.

Neither twin had any energy left to mount a real resistance. The relentless combination of the plugs, the itching cream, and the unforgiving tightness of their restraints had pushed them to their limits. Every small movement they made only seemed to amplify their torment, the snug crotch straps pressing the plugs deeper while the maddening itch spread further across their sensitive skin. Their muffled cries were quieter now, a mix of exhaustion and humiliation that filled the room with a soft, pitiful melody.

Patty's smirk widened as she held them close, her arms tightening around their trembling forms. She could feel the faint, erratic twitches of their bound bodies against her own, their restrained movements reduced to weak, futile squirming. With one hand, she reached up to stroke Heather's damp hair, her fingers brushing lightly through the blonde strands as she hummed softly to herself. Her other hand rested on Ivy's shoulder, her fingers tapping lightly against the taut fabric of the straightjacket in a gesture that was both condescending and possessive.

"Shh," Patty whispered, her voice low and soothing as she rested her chin on Heather's head. The restrained girl flinched slightly at the contact, her bound body jerking faintly as she let out another muffled growl. But Patty ignored the defiant sound, her smirk never faltering as she continued to stroke Heather's hair with mock gentleness.

"It's okay," she murmured, her tone dripping with condescension.

"I've got you. You don't need to fight anymore."

Heather's muffled growls faded into faint, incoherent whimpers as her bound body slumped slightly against Patty's side. Her energy was nearly gone, the strain of the hogtie leaving her too exhausted to do more than squirm weakly in protest. The itching cream beneath the crotch strap continued its merciless assault, the maddening sensation spreading with every slight movement she made. Her emerald eyes fluttered shut for a brief moment, a tear slipping down her flushed cheek as she let out a soft, pitiful cry.

Ivy whimpered faintly, her smaller frame trembling as she pressed her face into Patty's shoulder. Her breathing was shallow and uneven, her chest rising and falling in short, rapid bursts as she struggled to cope with the overwhelming sensations coursing through her body. The snugness of the crotch strap and the relentless itch of the cream left her completely at Patty's mercy, her bound legs twitching sporadically as she let out soft, broken cries.

Patty tilted her head, her smirk softening into a mockingly sweet smile as she glanced down at the two trembling girls.

"You're both so cute like this," she murmured, her tone filled with playful affection.

"Completely helpless, just the way I like you." She leaned back further against the pillows, her arms pulling the twins even closer as she let out a contented sigh. Their restrained bodies pressed snugly against her own, their combined warmth adding to her satisfaction as she basked in the moment.

The room was quiet now, save for the soft, muffled whimpers of the twins and the faint creak of leather straps as their bound forms trembled and shifted. The chaos and defiance that had filled the air earlier had been replaced by an almost serene stillness, the twins too exhausted to continue their frantic struggles. For Patty, it was perfection. She tilted her head back, her smirk widening as she closed her eyes, savoring the feeling of victory that coursed through her.

"You're not going anywhere," Patty whispered softly, her voice barely audible above the faint sounds of the twins' muffled cries. Her arms tightened around them once more, her fingers stroking their hair with a condescending gentleness that belied the cruelty of their predicament.

"So you might as well get comfortable." The words hung in the air like a command, the final punctuation on her absolute control over the helpless twins.

The room was silent now, the earlier cacophony of muffled screams and desperate protests replaced by a softer, more subdued atmosphere. The only sounds that remained were the faint creaks of leather straps as the twins made the occasional, weak movement, and the soft, uneven rhythm of their muffled breathing. The dim morning light filtering through the curtains bathed the room in a gentle glow, casting long shadows across the bed where the three girls lay entwined.

Patty sat at the center of it all, her arms draped possessively around Heather and Ivy, their bound forms pressed tightly against her sides. She closed her eyes, her lips curling into a satisfied smile as she tilted her head back against the headboard. The warmth of their bodies radiated through the snug confines of their straightjackets, the tension in the leather straps only emphasizing how securely restrained they were. Every faint twitch or tremble they made sent subtle ripples of motion through the bed, and Patty savored each one like a personal victory.

The twins were utterly spent, their energy drained by the relentless torment of their restraints and the cruel additions Patty had inflicted upon them. Heather's squirming had slowed to the faintest of movements, her bound legs twitching sporadically within the figure-eight cuffs. Her emerald eyes, once filled with defiance, were now half-lidded, her flushed face streaked with sweat and tears as she let out soft, pitiful whimpers through her gag. Each shallow breath she took seemed to rattle through her, her chest rising and falling against the tight confines of the straightjacket that bound her arms immovably.

Ivy was just as defeated, her smaller frame trembling faintly as she lay pressed against Patty's other side. Her blonde hair was a tangled, damp mess, sticking to her flushed cheeks and neck as she whimpered faintly. Her bound legs wiggled weakly, the snug hogtie leaving her with no room to find relief as the maddening effects of the itching cream continued their cruel work. Every slight shift of her hips or legs only seemed to make things worse, the snug crotch strap ensuring the torment was constant and inescapable. Her tear-filled green eyes fluttered closed occasionally, exhaustion weighing heavily on her as her soft, broken cries faded into barely audible whimpers.

Patty tightened her hold on them, pulling them closer as she let out a contented sigh. The faint creak of the leather straps filled the silence for a moment, the snug restraints reminding her of just how little the twins could do to resist.

"There we go," she murmured softly, her voice low and almost dreamy as her fingers stroked absently through Heather's damp hair.

"You're finally calming down. That's better, isn't it?"

The twins couldn't respond, their muffled voices reduced to faint, incoherent noises as they lay in Patty's grasp. They had no fight left, their bound bodies trembling weakly as the weight of their restraints and the overwhelming sensations coursing through them kept them completely subdued. Heather's head tilted slightly, her cheek pressing against Patty's shoulder as a faint, pitiful whimper escaped her gagged mouth. Beside her, Ivy let out a soft, broken whine, her bound legs jerking faintly in a futile attempt to shift her position.

Patty opened her eyes briefly, glancing down at the twins with a smirk that was equal parts smug and amused.

"You're not going anywhere," she said softly, her voice tinged with mock reassurance. Her arms tightened around their trembling forms, her fingers brushing lightly over the taut straps of their straightjackets.

"So just relax. The more you fight, the worse it'll get."

The twins let out faint, muffled whimpers in response, their bound forms twitching weakly as they tried to adjust to their predicament. But the tightness of the hogtie left them with no room to move, every slight motion only serving to remind them of their complete helplessness. The plugs and itching cream continued their merciless torment, the relentless sensations leaving them utterly overwhelmed as exhaustion began to take hold.

Patty closed her eyes again, her smirk softening into a satisfied smile as she leaned back against the headboard. The warmth of the twins' restrained bodies pressed against her was almost comforting, their faint squirming and soft whimpers lulling her into a state of blissful contentment. She let out another quiet sigh, her fingers continuing to stroke Heather's hair as she basked in the stillness of the room.

For Heather and Ivy, the silence was anything but peaceful. Every creak of the leather straps, every faint shift of the plugs, and every maddening itch of the cream served as a constant reminder of their helplessness. Their bound bodies trembled with exhaustion, their muffled cries growing softer and more sporadic as they slowly succumbed to their fatigue.

For Patty, the moment was perfect. She savored the feeling of control, the knowledge that the twins were entirely at her mercy, their struggles and protests meaningless in the face of her complete dominance. The room was now filled with their panting breathing and the rhythmic creaking of the bed, felt like the culmination of her efforts, a moment of pure triumph that she intended to savor for as long as possible.

## Epilogue

The afternoon sunlight streamed through the window as Patty leaned back against the headboard, watching Heather and Ivy squirm helplessly beside her. Their muffled whimpers had grown quieter, a mix of post-orgasm exhaustion mixed with frustration written all over their flushed faces. Though the twins' struggles had slowed, the faint creak of leather and occasional tugs against the unyielding straps were proof they hadn't entirely given up.

Patty sighed theatrically, stretching her arms.

"Well, I suppose you two have had enough fun for one day. Don't you agree?"

Both girls froze at her words, their green eyes snapping toward her with a mix of hope and suspicion.

"Oh, don't look so surprised," Patty teased, reaching out to ruffle Heather's sweaty blonde hair.

"I did say I'd let you out... eventually."

She slid off the bed and grabbed a small silver key from the nightstand. The twins let out muffled grunts, their bodies twitching as they watched her with cautious anticipation. Patty

started with Ivy, crouching beside her and unlocking the hogtie straps that pulled her into the immobilizing position. The tension in the leather eased as the straps came loose, and Ivy let out a muffled sigh of relief, her legs dropping limply onto the bed.

Patty smirked, used a solvent around the edgy then grabbing the edge of the hazard-labeled adhesive pad covering Ivy's gag.

"This might sting a little, well a lot" she warned, peeling it back in one swift motion. Ivy's muffled squeal turned into a sharp gasp as the pad came loose, revealing the oversized rubber ball lodged between her teeth. Patty removed the ball and sponge next, tossing them onto the nightstand as Ivy finally drew a full breath, her voice hoarse from hours of silence.

"Finally," Ivy rasped, glaring at Patty.

"That was... so much worse than I thought it'd be."

Patty only chuckled.

"Oh, come on. You loved every second of it."

Ivy flushed, turning her face away as Patty moved to release Heather. The process repeated, with the hogtie straps coming off first, followed by the adhesive pad, ball, and sponge. Heather gasped loudly as her gag was removed, coughing slightly before shooting Patty a venomous glare.

"Are you insane?!" Heather snapped, her voice cracking from the strain.

"That was torture!"

Patty shrugged, crossing her arms as she watched the twins flex their stiff muscles, their bound hands still trapped in the unforgiving straightjackets.

"Torture? I'd call it a learning experience."

Ivy groaned, sitting up awkwardly as she tugged uselessly against the straps pinning her arms.

"A learning experience? What exactly were we supposed to learn?"

"That you're terrible at escaping," Patty said with a grin. She crouched down and began unbuckling the crotch straps on both jackets, careful not to meet the twins' eyes as she removed the plugs. She wiped the plugs clean with a disinfectant wipe before tossing them into a drawer, then tightened the straps again, leaving the twins' jackets otherwise untouched.

Heather winced as the straps were re-secured, the itchiness still lingering faintly beneath the snug material. "You're unbelievable," she muttered, her face flushed with humiliation.

"Unbelievable... or brilliant?" Patty teased, sitting cross-legged on the bed between them. She leaned back casually, her smirk never fading.

"So, how does it feel to know you both lost? You spent all that time talking about how good you'd be at escaping, and now here you are, still stuck."

Ivy shot her an annoyed look, wriggling her arms in the tight confines of her straightjacket.

"You cheated! Those things were impossible to get out of."

Heather nodded, glaring at Patty.

"No one could escape from that. It wasn't a fair challenge."

Patty tilted her head, pretending to think.

"Hmm... maybe you're right. Or maybe you're just bad at admitting defeat. Either way, I had a great time."

Ivy groaned, flopping back onto the bed.

"I don't even care about the ticket anymore. I just want to get out of this thing."

Patty chuckled and stood, grabbing the silver key again.

"Alright, alright. I'll let you out... but only if you both admit I'm the real winner here."

Heather and Ivy exchanged tired glances, their matching green eyes filled with reluctant defeat.

"Fine," Heather muttered.

"You win, Patty."

Ivy sighed.

"Yeah, whatever. You win. Happy?"

"Very," Patty said with a grin, stepping behind Heather and unbuckling the straps running down the back of her jacket. The leather loosened gradually, and Heather let out a sigh of relief as her arms were finally freed. Patty moved to Ivy next, releasing her with the same precision.

Both twins sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing their sore arms and legs as they glared at Patty.

"You know," Heather said, her voice dripping with sarcasm,

"this is the last time I let you talk me into one of your 'brilliant' ideas."

"Same," Ivy muttered, though her flushed cheeks betrayed a mix of embarrassment and lingering adrenaline.

Patty laughed, plopping down on the bed between them.

"Oh, come on. You have to admit it was kind of fun."

Heather raised an eyebrow.

"Being hogtied and gagged for hours? Yeah, tons of fun."

Patty smirked, leaning back on her elbows.

"Well, I had fun. And for what it's worth, you two were... surprisingly good sports about it."

Ivy rolled her eyes, though a faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

"Don't get used to it."

The three of them sat in silence for a moment, the tension in the air gradually giving way to an awkward, almost playful camaraderie.

"So," Patty said, breaking the silence,

"anyone up for round two?"

Heather grabbed a pillow and whacked her with it.