

A Bondage Cosplay Part 3:

Kidnapped From the Bedroom

By Valereya James

Story by Valereya James and Destro

1.

Even fully clothed, Dawn could feel Mr. Donnelly's eyes on her as she walked around her back patio. She did her best not to look at him, instead moving from person to person, smiling, laughing, playing every bit the good host and daughter. After all, it was her father's night, and these were his friends.

People milled around the back yard, drinks and food in hand, talking and laughing, some even splashed around in the pool while a few guests decided to beat the heat and relax inside the house. Meanwhile, her father manned the grill, in his natural habitat with a set of tongs in one hand and a drink in the other. Dawn stuck close to him, watching her father as he guffawed loudly at something one of his guests said. He had been in a wonderful mood all day, but she couldn't blame him, he had been on cloud nine since he got the news of the promotion a week before.

He had burst into her room, practically giddy when he found out. All of his hard work was paying off, his bosses had taken notice, and he was getting promoted to a manager position. Better yet, he was being made head of the company's Houston office.

After that it had been a flurry of activity, getting ready for the cookout to celebrate, and also preparing to relocate. At first Dawn remembered her heart sinking in her chest when she heard the news that they would have to move, her first thought being about Mr. Donnelly. How would he react? Worse off, would he let her? Or would he release the photos like he threatened to?

But then she realized it was probably a good thing that she was moving because it would put her as far away from him as humanely possible. Mr. Donnelly had been getting worse during their "sessions" as he called it, leaving her bound and gagged all night more and more and then letting her go home naked in the early morning hours. Worse off, now he had his girlfriend, Yeona, tied up alongside Dawn as well. Unlike Dawn though, it didn't seem like Mr. Donnelly let Yeona go free, ever.

Dawn thought back to earlier that week, it was a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky, and Mr. Donnelly was relaxing in one of his beach chairs, shirt open, drinking from a margarita.

“Yeah, this is the life, wouldn’t you agree girls?” He smiled at them.

“Hrrrmph! Mmmpph gggmm!” Dawn protested.

She was tied facedown in a beach chair, her ass glistening from the tanning oil, and clad in a yellow thong bikini, and gagged with clear packing tape.

“Oh your right, tan lines.” He smiled, got up, grabbed the top of her thong, and pulled it down, exposing Dawn’s full backside to the sun.

“Nnmmp! Nnnnoo!” She moaned, but Mr. Donnelly only laughed.

“Hrrr gggmmm hmmp! Mmmffff!” Yeona mumbled from the beach chair next to Dawn.

Yeona was in a sitting position, with her wrists tied to the arm rests of the beach chair, and ankles secured together as well. She was also gagged with the clear tape, and was wearing black thong bikini bottoms and nothing else. Her naked breasts rose up and down in fury as she glared at Mr. Donnelly.

“Oh don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten about you. Let’s get some oil on those breasts of yours.”

“Nnnmooh! Nnnnoh! Shhttp!” She tried to wriggle away as he grabbed the bottle of oil, rubbed some on his palms and leaned over towards the struggling woman.

“Nnnph! Stthhp!” She whined as he placed his hands on her bare breasts and began massaging the tanning oil on.

“You know, I remember how towards the end of my marriage, Tanya began to love sitting outside in little thong bikinis just like you two.” He began to talk absentmindedly while oiling up Yeona’s breasts.

“Hmmmph! Mmmm!”

“Cmmm hhn!”

“I would watch her as she rubbed oil over that lovely body of hers, much like I’m doing now.”

He stared at Yeona as he spoke.

“Ummm!” She wriggled again.

“But she was parading her body out in the yard for me. She was doing it for every other guy on the street. It was like she did that every day to mock me, show what was so close but yet so far.”

“Gggrrmm...” Yeona grumbled.

“But now,” Mr. Donnelly stood and smiled. “Not anymore!”

“Bsstthddd!” She kicked her bound feet at him.

“Sean? Hey Sean?” Dawn perked up, hearing her father call from the other side of the fence.

“Dddddhhhy! Dddhhh!” Dawn called through the layers of tape over her mouth.

“Hey, hows it going?” Mr. Donnelly replied, stepping over towards the fence.

“Ddddd! Hhhhhlllp! Hhmmmp!” She cried, twisting and writhing against the tape holding her.

“I’m having a little cookout this week, would love to have you if you’re available.” Her Dad answered.

“Oh, thank you for the invite. I’ll have to check my schedule.” Mr. Donnelly answered.

“It’s a bit of a double celebration, got a big promotion and we’ll have to relocate, so I’ll be inviting the whole neighborhood. A bit of a going away thing.” Her Dad shouted again.

“Oh... is that so?” Mr. Donnelly stiffened.

So did Dawn in that moment.

He kept her tied up that night, but then let her go in the morning as usual. At first she was confused, but then realized that Mr. Donnelly probably didn’t know what to do with the news of her moving either.

Or maybe since he had his tied up girlfriend to play with he didn’t need her anymore, but that was unlikely.

At the cookout, Mr. Donnelly didn't really say much to her, in fact, he didn't really talk to anybody. Instead, he just stood around in the corner, watching her the entire time. Dawn took to standing by her father, thinking if he noticed, he might say something to Mr. Donnelly. After spending these past few months as a captive of the man, she knew one thing about him: He was a coward.

Mr. Donnelly had a lot of anger and bitterness, seemingly mostly at his ex-wife Tanya, and now he was taking it out on any woman he could. But Dawn knew that if Mr. Donnelly ever met someone his own size, he would back down immediately, and she knew her father could be intimidating.

But so far, her Dad was too caught up in himself to notice, but he never paid Mr. Donnelly any mind to begin with. The two barely talked beyond saying hello to each other every now and then, and Dawn knew that her Dad had only invited Mr. Donnelly to be neighborly. As her father manned the grill, Dawn watched Mr. Donnelly as he stood in the corner, drink in hand. Every now and then he would nod to someone or make a little bit of chit chat, but he seemed so out of place, so awkward.

"Why don't you go for a swim?" Her father nudged her.

"Huh?" Dawn's attention snapped away from Mr. Donnelly.

"Go swim," Her Father gestured to the pool with his elbow while working the grill. "We won't have it for much longer so may as well enjoy it."

"Oh, I don't know." She shrugged, her eyes straying over to Mr. Donnelly.

"Go, have a good time." Her Father smiled at her.

There was something about his rare good mood that was infectious. Not only that, but he always seemed so uncomfortable at the sight of her in a bikini, even modest ones accentuated her curves, that it was rare for him to encourage her to take a swim. Dawn's eyes glanced over to Mr. Donnelly, and a smile spread across her face. If her father caught Mr. Donnelly gawking at her in a bikini, he would skewer their neighbor alive.

"Sure!" She beamed, and practically skipped across the patio towards the house.

On her way up to her room, Dawn thought over what bikini she should wear to the pool, she didn't want to go too skimpy and have every head at the party turning when she stepped out, but something just enough...

Then it hit her, like a burst of inspiration, and she bounced up the stairs two at a time.

A few moments later, Dawn stood in her room, admiring herself in the full length mirror on her closet door in her American flag thong bikini. She turned and admired the way the back disappeared into her thick buttocks, and knew that Mr. Donnelly wouldn't be able to control himself when she stepped out onto the patio in it. He would practically salivate at the sight of her, then her father would notice and chase her tormentor away forever.

The bikini that started this whole ordeal would end it.

Dawn took another moment to admire herself, the way her breasts heaved under the bikini top, the curves of her body, her tan, and felt how raw and powerful it made her feel. Her body was her weapon. With a smile on her face, she stepped over to her door, opened it, and stepped out into the hallway.

Just as she emerged from her room, the bathroom door directly across from her opened and Mr. Donnelly emerged looking up just as Dawn stepped out. His jaw dropped at the sight of her, clearly just as shocked to see her as she was of him. After he picked his jaw up off of the floor, his eyes scanned over her half naked body, falling onto her breasts rising and falling beneath the bikini top. Her heart smacked against her chest like a sledge hammer and in the very same instant, a chill washed over her like she had been dipped into an ice bath. She felt her skin rise in goosebumps and her nipples go erect against the thin fabric of her top.

Then she heard the door open directly below, and her father's voice.

"Dawn?"

She pressed forward, opening her mouth to cry out, snapping Mr. Donnelly out of his trance, and he rushed towards her.

“Da-Ummmph! Mmmm ggmmph! Mmmmph!” He cut her off by clamping one of his hands over her mouth.. Dawn kicked and fought as he wrapped another arm around her waist.

“Dawn? Are you up there?” Her Father called from downstairs.

“Ddddyy! Dhdd! Hhpp!” She cried into Mr. Donnelly’s hand.

But her kidnapper was too strong, and pulled her into her bedroom. Dawn kicked and fought, her foot slamming against her bedroom door.

“Dawn, are you okay?” Her Father called once again.

“Nnnhhoo! Hhhlp!” She cried.

Mr. Donnelly continued to drag her, kicking and struggling, into her room. His head shifted from side to side, looking for a hiding spot, or way to escape, but he was trapped.

“Mmmph! Huurgggg ggghmmp!” She grumbled, ceasing her struggling.

In a few moments, her father would come up those stairs, see her and Mr. Donnelly, and rush in at the other man. This was it, her captor was finally trapped!

But then Mr. Donnelly shoved Dawn to the floor, his hand still clamped over her mouth. He followed her down and rolled under her bed, dragging her behind him while still keeping his hand over her mouth.

“Nnnmmpp! Nnnhhoo! Mmmmph!” She cried as she was pulled under the bed.

He shimmied his body as far back as he could, pressing himself against the wall and pulling her tight against him.

“Mnnnm! Nnnmmph! Lhhtt hgggh gghh!” She did her best to pull away, but he had his body wrapped around hers like a cocoon.

From her vantage point under the bed, she saw her father step into the hallway outside her room.

“Dawn?” He called out.

“Hlllp! Hhmmmp! Hlllp mmmhh!” She cried.

She squirmed against Mr. Donnelly, feeling him grow harder with each desperate movement she made. His body was pressed right up against hers, and she could feel his length pushing against her buttocks.

“Are you in here?” Her father stepped into her room.

“Hrrgggh ggmmph! Mmmph!”

As she called out, she could feel Mr. Donnelly’s hand slipping under her bikini top.

“Hrrmmh! Mmmph!”

“Dawn?” Her father paced the room.

“Hllp! Ummm uhhnnddhhh hhhrrr!”

But her father must not have heard her, and after making a circle of the room, turned to head for the door.

“Nnnnnhh! Stthhp! Hmmmm!”

But her father continued out the door, and a moment later she heard his footsteps going down the stairs.

“Ullgggh ghmmm gghhtt hfff!” She huffed, trying to elbow Mr. Donnelly.

Then she felt his hand grip her bikini bottoms.

“Nnnnhh! Hhhrrttt stthhp!” She grunted, trying to kick free but she was constricted by the tight quarters.

He grabbed her bikini bottoms and pulled them down.

“Nnnnggh! Stthhp!”

But he pulled the bottoms free despite her kicking feet. A second later, he moved his hand from her mouth.

“He-ulllb!” She tried to scream, but a second later her bikini bottoms were shoved into her mouth.

Before she could spit them out, his hand was there again, clamping over her mouth to keep the bottoms secure between her lips. Then he was pushing her, shoving her forward and out from under the bed.

“Ullugg, gllmmph!” She cried.

Once he had her out from under the bed, he pulled her to her feet and shoved her over to a dresser, still keeping one hand over her mouth. Mr. Donnelly opened one of the drawers, finding a collection of t-shirts, and grabbed one. Then he let go of her mouth and pulled the t-shirt over her lips. Dawn reached up, trying to pull the shirt down, but he had secured it quickly and tightly at the back of her neck.

“Bmmff! Ummm gggmph!”

Then he grabbed her hands and twisted them behind her back. He opened another drawer, finding an old bra of hers, and used it to secure her hands behind her back.

“Ummmph! Mmmph sthph!” She mumbled, but it was no use.

Once he had her hands tied, Mr. Donnelly forced her into a sitting position, and used another bra to secure her ankles together. Once Dawn was securely bound and gagged, Mr. Donnelly stood scratching his head, looking towards the door to her room, and then her window overlooking the yard.

He can't get me out without someone seeing. She realized.

Mr. Donnelly was just as trapped as she was.

Just then, they heard more voices in the living room. Then footsteps on the stairs coming up.

“Hmmmph! Hhhllp!” Dawn called out again through her bikini bottom stuffed mouth.

Mr. Donnelly went white, then fell to the floor, grabbed Dawn, and once again pulled her back under the bed with him.

“Nmmmph! Nnnmmph!” She moaned, once again finding herself in the tight, dark space with him pressed against her.

“Hhhllp! Hhhllpp mmhh!” She cried, and even though she was gagged, Mr. Donnelly pressed a hand over her gagged mouth while his other hand cupped her breasts.

“Hmmm! Hhhllmmmm mmmh!” She cried out.

Mr. Donnelly was still rock hard as he pressed against her, she could feel him throb with every struggle she made. Outside, it seemed like one person was using the bathroom while the other waited.

“Hrrrg ggbhll!”

She struggled and pulled, but her bare ass rubbing against Mr. Donnelly only seemed to excite him more.

“Hmmm gggmm! Sthhp!”

His breathing was ragged, and she felt his erect penis through his shorts pressed up against the curve of her bare buttocks.

“Mmmph! Nnnmp!” She continued to squirm, trying to make noise or anything that would attract attention.

Then Mr. Donnelly grunted and pulled her tight as she felt a hard throbbing against her bare ass and a growing wet spot in his shorts. Apparently he couldn't contain himself anymore.

Out in the hallway, one person stepped out of the bathroom and another stepped in. Despite Dawn's cries, neither of them seemed to hear. Then both finished their business and went down the stairs, chatting away.

Dawn expected Mr. Donnelly to push her out from under the bed again, but instead they just lay there, his body pressed against hers, one hand over her gagged mouth and the other grasping one of her breasts. She wasn't sure how long they lay like that but it seemed hours, but then she noticed the fading light in the room.

He was going to wait it out.

Dawn renewed her struggles, kicking and crying into her gag, but no one heard her, and Mr. Donnelly never let go. Gradually, the sounds of the party died down, and then silenced descended onto the house.

Eventually, she heard foot steps, and then saw her father step into her room.

“Dhddyyy! Dhddd! Hlllp!” She cried.

But he didn’t hear her. He stood in the doorway of her room for a moment, sighed, and stepped out.

Mr. Donnelly waited a few hours after that, then pushed Dawn out from under the bed. Once she was on the floor, he grabbed the comforter from her bed, spread it out, and wrapped Dawn up inside of it, using several belts of hers to secure the blanket around her body. She was unable to see anything, being cocooned in the thick comforter, but she could feel Mr. Donnelly’s slow, deliberate steps as he carried her slung over his shoulder out of her room and down the stairs.

Dawn could feel him tip-toe across the living room floor to the sliding door, and then carefully, slowly, unlock it, seemingly taking five minutes just to turn the knob. Then she felt the warm night air as he carried her out, taking care to close the sliding door behind him. Something about being snuck out in the night reminded her of the all mornings where Mr. Donnelly forced her to walk home naked. In many ways, he was doing the same with her now, except he was the exposed one now.

But Mr. Donnelly had a different plan. After being carried through the dark for a bit, Dawn suddenly felt herself being tossed through the air and then landing rather roughly on solid ground.

“Urrfff!” She grunted, landing with a thud despite the heavy comforter cushioning her fall.

“Mmmmf! Hmmmphh gggmmmf!” She moaned, twisting and writhing.

She didn’t know how long she was like that, twisting her helpless body like a big black worm in the dark, but she noticed that it had been a few moments. Then she realized what had happened, Mr. Donnelly had thrown her over the fence into his yard, then he must have decided to walk around the block to his house.

She sat up, the comforter blocking her view, realizing that she had a few precious moments to figure out how to get free. At first she thought it strange that Mr. Donnelly would leave her alone to walk leisurely to his house, but then she realized that a man Mr. Donnelly's size would make noise climbing a fence, and the last thing he wanted to do was draw attention.

Dawn twisted and writhed, her whole, almost nude body breaking out in a sweat under the heavy blanket, but the belts held firm, and it was tied so tightly around her that she could barely move. She knew that she was probably in the secluded spot between his shed and the fence, and he probably could have left her there all night if he wanted to and she still wouldn't be able to get free.

Mr. Donnelly's plan worked perfectly, and a few moments later she felt herself being picked up and carried again, no doubt towards Mr. Donnelly's house and whatever fate he had in store for her.

2.

“I don’t know, this doesn’t seem like a good idea.” Hena pulled the robe again, but no matter how many times she did, her cleavage seemed to have a mind of its own and would push forward.

“It’s not a good idea, but it’s the only one we have.” Disha muttered from the driver’s seat, her own robe pulled tight around her fit body.

Hena sighed and looked out the passenger side window at the house, Mr. Donnelly’s house, the place where their last few photo shoots had occurred. Dawn had told them she had worked out a deal with Mr. Donnelly to use his yard for their cosplay shoots, but something never seemed right about it. Every time they did a shoot in the yard, Mr. Donnelly was never far. Not only could Hena feel his eyes on her the entire time, but she noticed the way he looked at Dawn too. Disha had brought it up, but Dawn had been very dismissive, claiming he was just a lonely dude. Even Hena had said as much, he was just a bored suburban guy who liked seeing half naked girls running around his yard. But still, she felt her skin crawl every time they went over there, and a few times had noticed that he had a visible erection in his pants while watching them.

As the time passed, Dawn seemed to grow more and more distant as well. She called them less, went out less, and all around seemed like a ghost.

Then she stopped calling all together.

At first they thought she must be busy, between class and her Dad’s new job. Both Hena and Disha knew that Dawn would be moving, but they figured there would be a goodbye, a going away party, or something... Instead there was radio silence. It seemed to upset Disha the most.

“After all we’ve been through, she just ghosts us!” She shouted once while pacing the room.

“Maybe it’s too hard, you know?”

“So she wants to push us away!” Disha practically turned red.

It seemed to become an obsession to Disha, who started checking Dawn's socials. She was still posting, only her posts had gotten more... provocative. Her social media consisted of teases of Dawn tied and gagged in various skimpy outfits or costumes, sometimes even teasing nothing at all. This seemed to anger Disha even more, who began watching Dawn's fan page obsessively. The curvy girl's following was growing by the day it seems.

"Oh so now she's famous and doesn't need us anymore!" Disha cried once, slamming her phone down.

Hena encouraged her roommate to talk to Dawn, to reach out, but Hena continually ignored her attempts.

"Look, she'll be moving soon, do you want to leave it like this?" Hena pleaded once, which seemed to sink in finally.

Disha texted Dawn first, no reply. Then she reached out to Dawn on her socials. Also no reply. Finally, she had enough, and said they were going to her house, that she at least had to speak her mind to Dawn before she moved. Even if they didn't bury the hatchet, Disha at least had to get her feelings off her chest.

To their surprise, when they arrived at Dawn's house and rang the doorbell, her father answered. He looked distraught, haggard, like he hadn't been sleeping. Then Disha asked if she could speak to Dawn, and he looked like he might breakdown.

"Wouldn't I like to as well." He answered.

The house was filled with boxes, packed for moving, but he hadn't yet, and he told them that he had been stalling his company for months now. Her father said his work was giving him time but were running out of patience and would only hold the position for so long.

Dawn had gone missing.

Both Disha and Hena exchanged a confused look when he told them that.

"What do you mean?" Disha asked.

“Missing, like she disappeared, vanished into thin air.” Her father croaked.

He had held a party a few months prior for his promotion, and that was the last time anyone had seen Dawn. She had gone up to her room to change into a swimsuit, and then had never come back down. The door to her room was opened, and it appeared as if she had changed her clothes, and some random articles of clothing were missing from her dresser as well as the blanket on her bed, but that was it. No one had seen her leave the house, and by all accounts it seemed as if she had vanished into thin air.

“Wait, but we’ve seen her…” Hena spoke hesitantly.

“What?” Her father spoke up.

Hena and Disha exchanged a look, and then Disha took out her phone and showed him Dawn’s social media pages and that she was still posting.

His face grew as red as a beet as he scrolled through. It looked as if he was going to smash the phone before he finally handed it back to Disha.

“Get out.” He grumbled.

“But, we know she’s out there, if she’s posting--” Disha began.

“Get out!” He rose, the veins in his forehead looked like they were ready to burst out.

Both Hena and Disha made a hasty exit from his house, both of them feeling even worse about the situation after speaking to Dawn’s father.

Disha went to the police after that, showing them Dawn’s socials and the bondage photos. The portly detective that they spoke to looked up from his half eaten sandwich with droopy eyes and grumbled.

“It’s cut and dry, we’re treating it as a runaway.” He said before taking another bite.

Apparently, they had already spoken to Dawn’s father.

“Overbearing Dad, girl wants bare it all online, she can’t take it anymore so she runs away. Plain and simple.” He shrugged.

“But, Dawn wouldn’t do this, she wouldn’t do photos like this, she wouldn’t just run away!”

Disha cried.

“Do you know how many times I hear that? Yet it happens all the time. You’d be surprised how many people never really know who their friends really are.”

Disha continued to press the subject, but the Detective was clearly done with the issue. All he did was undress both girls with his eyes as they talked. Eventually, the fit Indian girl got enough and stormed out, Hena hot on her heels.

“I mean, maybe it was what he said, Dawn ran away!” Hena tried pleading with her roommate.

“Ran away to where? She had nowhere to go?” Disha responded.

“I don’t know, a friend’s or maybe she got a little apartment or something,” Hena tried to rationalize. “Maybe we should just listen to him and drop it.” .

But Disha did the exact opposite of dropping it, and her obsession only became worse. One day, Hena was studying in the library after class when Disha pulled up a chair next to her, practically jumping out of her skin.

“Look, look at this!” She showed her phone to Hena.

“Put that away, this is a library!” Hena hissed and covered Disha’s phone with her hand.

“No, look!” Disha shoved the phone in her face again.

Hena looked around nervously, terrified that someone would see the racy photo Disha was showing on her phone. The image in question was of Dawn, wearing black panties, a garter, and black bra, tied to a pole in what looked like a basement. Ropes pressed against her body, holding her to the pole, and rope was pulled through her mouth and tied around the pole, gagging her.

“So what, it’s more of what she’s been posting.” Hena shrugged.

“Do you recognize where she is?” Disha pressed.

Hena shrugged.

“It’s that guy’s basement, Mr. Donnelly!” Disha was practically jumping out of her skin.

Disha looked around again, and then took the phone, looking at the surroundings in the photo.

“That could be any basement.” Hena replied.

She didn’t remember much of Mr. Donnelly’s basement. They would get changed in it and walk through to use the bathroom but the whole house seemed pretty unremarkable to her.

“That’s it! I’m telling you!” Disha cried, acting like she had cracked the case.

They went back to the police station that night and met with the same detective as before. It must have been the end of his shift because he was putting on his jacket to leave.

“The case is closed, we aren’t looking into it anymore.” He turned away from the image and began making his way towards the door.

“But look! It’s that house!” Disha followed, Hena hot on her heels.

“You said it yourself, you guys had a deal with him to shoot at his place. Maybe him and Dawn kept that arrangement up.” The Detective kept moving.

“So you aren’t even going to look into it?” Disha cried.

“Look,” The Detective sighed. “You’re friend ran away, that’s all there is to it. Do you know how many women go missing in this town? A lot, most of them without a trace. Do you want us wasting valuable time and resources that could be used for actual kidnapping cases on what is obviously just a spoiled little girl rebelling against her overbearing Daddy?”

Hena looked at Disha and if her muscular roommate could have crushed the man’s head like a watermelon between her thighs she would have. She recognized the blue hot anger welling up inside of the other girl.

“Come on Hena, I think the detective has wasted enough of our time.” Disha grabbed Hena by the wrist and led her out of the police station.

After that, Mr. Donnelly and Dawn became all Disha had talked about. She did research on the man, and discovered that his ex-wife was a former reporter who was now a wanted fugitive and considered missing.

“So?” Hena shrugged.

“So,” Disha explained. “His wife gets in trouble for trying to kidnap several police women, then goes missing herself? There’s something fishy here!”

Finally, after weeks of convincing, Disha had worn Hena down, and the buxom Asian finally agreed to go along with Disha’s hair brained scheme to break into Mr. Donnelly’s house and look for Dawn.

Now here they were, sitting outside his house in robes, watching for any sign of him. Halloween was right around the corner, and every house was decorated for the holiday. It looked like Mr. Donnelly had decorated sparsely, with some orange string lights on his porch, and a sheet clad dummy with a jack o’ lantern head sitting on his porch swing. Both women exchanged a look, with Hena hoping that her face was expertly communicating that she didn’t want to do this.

But Disha only nodded, opened the door, and stepped out of the car. Hena sat for a minute, sighed, and then followed. Even though it was the middle of October, the Florida heat hadn’t subsided, and both women got blasted with humidity as soon as they stepped outside.

“Hena don’t clutch your robe so close to you.” Disha commanded as she strolled up the front steps to the house and rang the door bell.

Hena felt her heart flutter as they waited on the porch. Several minutes passed and she let herself breath a little in relief. Maybe he wasn’t home? Disha rang the bell again, sending a fresh flutter through Disha’s chest.

As they waited, Disha looked around the porch, her eyes settling on the sheet covered dummy with the jack o’lantern head.

Did it just make a sound?

Hena stared at the grinning jack o’lantern face, and thought that she heard yet another sound come from it, and reached out to Disha when the door opened and they were greeted with Mr. Donnelly’s confused face.

“Why, hello Mr. Donnelly!” Disha smiled, striking a pose with her hand on her hip.

Hena smiled and copied the motion, forgetting about the Halloween dummy.

“Oh, umm...” He stammered, gawking at both girls.

“You must remember us, I’m Disha, and this is Hena. We shot a couple photo shoots in your yard!”

“Right, right...” He smiled at them, but still not hiding his confusion.

“Could we come in?” Disha pushed forward.

“I... uh...” He began, but it was too late, Disha was already stepping inside, followed by Hena.

“Oh, sure...” Mr. Donnelly stammered as both robe clad women stepped into his house.

Hena closed the door behind her and looked around, half expecting to see Dawn tied up in a corner somewhere.

“What... uh... to what do I owe the pleasure?” The way Mr. Donnelly looked at both of them set Hena on edge.

It was the same way he looked at them when they were doing shoots in his yard, not like they were pieces of meat, but more like...

More like they were prey.

“Well, it’s such a hot day outside.” Disha theatrically rubbed her forehead.

“So hot...” Hena fanned herself.

“And well, all of the pools are closed this time of year, and there’s so many creeps on the beaches, girls like us don’t feel comfortable.” Disha pouted.

“Not comfortable at all.” Hena added.

“But then we remembered this place, and just how lovely and inviting that pool of yours looked.” Disha began to undo the sash on her robe.

“Oh so lovely.” Hena smiled.

“So we were wondering if maybe we could come by for a little swim.” Disha shrugged out of her robe, and Mr. Donnelly’s jaw dropped.

She stood before him clad in her skimpiest bikini, a golden sling. It crisscrossed across her muscular shoulders and then down along her lower back before meeting just above her firm buttocks and then forming a thin string running between her cheeks. Then the swimsuit covered between her legs before separating into two wide strips which ran up her front, covering her natural breasts while exposing her entire chest and flat, solid stomach.

Mr. Donnelly barely had time to finish gawking at Disha before Hena removed her robe, exposing her much smaller, much more revealing slingshot bikini. She was shorter, and much curvier than the other girl, and her sling looked almost like a collection of knots and strings. Two black strips covered her nipples, leaving the rest of her breasts exposed, and then two thin strings ran under her large breasts to between her legs, and then up through her buttocks. While Disha’s swim suit formed a thong that ran along her hips and hugged her form, the back of Hena’s swimsuit was just a solid strip that ran up between her buns, and did not touch her back until it reached her shoulders, giving the impression that she was walking around with a wedgie almost.

“And we got these new swimsuits that we couldn’t wait to try on.” Disha stuck out her hip and smiled, and Hena mimicked the motion.

“Oh uh, well...” Mr. Donnelly tried to pick his jaw up from the floor.

“Why don’t you show me where the pool is.” Disha walked over to him and hooked her arm in his, turning him towards the kitchen.

As she did, Hena reached behind her back, feeling for the plastic ring at the back of her neck where the pieces of the swimsuit came together, and shifted it. Immediately, the pieces of the suit that covered her breasts fell. She let out a little squeak and covered her nipples as the suit fell around her shoulder. Though she was supposed to feign embarrassment, she felt herself flush and turn red when Mr. Donnelly turned, his eyes practically bugging out of his skull.

“Oh, I... I think my suit needs adjusting.” Hena stammered, pressing her legs together and shifting her shoulders.

Mr. Donnelly just started, bug-eyed.

“Can I use your bathroom to... well...” Hena shrugged.

“Oh... yeah... it’s...” He shook his head.

“Oh I remember.” Hena smiled and shuffled towards the stairs, giving him a view of her ass as she did. The string in the back of the swimsuit was currently clenched between her cheeks and was the only thing keeping her from total nudity.

“Come on, show me that pool while she gets herself adjusted.” Disha led Mr. Donnelly outside while Hena continued to make a show of shuffling towards the stairs.

Once Hena heard the back door open and close, she stopped and re-secured her bikini at the back of her neck. Once she was sure that the revealing swimsuit wouldn’t actually come undone, she began to tip-toe up the stairs, hoping that Disha would be able to keep Mr. Donnelly busy long enough for her to do a complete sweep of the house.

Disha had deliberately picked out a swimsuit that would be revealing and evocative, something that would disarm her perverted prey and get him to lower his guard, and by all accounts it appeared that she had succeeded, as she could feel Mr. Donnelly’s eyes on her ass the entire time as they stepped outside.

“Oh what a wonderful day outside.” She stretched, turned to him, and smiled.

He snapped his attention away from her derriere and gave her a lopsided smile.

“Uh yeah, it is.”

“Well let’s go up by the pool, get some sun.” She smiled, took his hand, and began to lead him up the set of stairs leading to the deck.

“Oh uhh, wait...” Mr. Donnelly stopped and tugged at her.

“What is it?” She batted her eyes at him.

Is he getting suspicious? She wondered. Anyone with a brain would get suspicious at two scantily clad women showing up unannounced at their door, but she hoped the amount of skin they were showing and the charm offensive would be enough to keep Mr. Donnelly thinking with his penis, not his brain.

“I... don’t have my swim trunks.” He fumbled.

“You don’t need them.” She retorted.

“Well I... only have this.” He motioned to the dark t-shirt and tan shorts he had on.

“Swim in those, or don’t swim in anything at all, or you can watch me.” She smiled and continued up the stairs.

“Hold up,” He ran and intercepted her. “Why don’t we go inside and get a drink first?”

He smiled again, trying to lay on the charm, but it failed. Mr. Donnelly had zero charisma.

“We can get a drink in a minute, I just need to take a dip.” She pushed forward.

Disha knew she had to keep him outside for as long as possible so Hena could look around.

“Well I mean...” He stammered.

“You know what?” She leaned forward.

“Yes?” He replied.

“I’m gonna need someone to oil me up, why don’t you help me with that, and then we can grab drinks?” She giggled.

He backed up and his jaw dropped, no doubt images of his hands rubbing oil over her naked body filling his head. Disha continued to smile while pushing back the urge to vomit and used his temporary hesitancy to push past him and up to the pool.

“Oh I can’t tell you how many times I imagined taking a dip in this pool, it looks so refreshing and –” She stopped as she stepped up onto the pool deck.

“Hlllmp! Hmmm ggmmph!” The gagged woman called.

Disha’s jaw dropped. Sitting on a beach chair – no, taped to a beach chair, was an Asian woman, maybe a little older than Disha. She wore a black thong bikini, but the bikini top was pulled down to reveal her large, perky breasts covered in tanning oil. Her hands were taped to the armrest by clear packing tape, and her ankles were taped together as well. The clear tape wrapped around her mouth, and then was pulled across it, around the back of the chair, and to the front, and then tape ran from her forehead to the back of the chair as well, keeping her in a reclining position.

Disha felt her stomach shrivel to the size of a nut as she stared at the bound and helpless woman. This had been what she had hoped for, proof that Mr. Donnelly was a kidnapper, but now that she had found it, all that she could feel was cold, icy fear. She felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand on edge and then a shadow fell over her as Mr. Donnelly came up behind her.

Disha ran forward, feeling his hands clutch at her. He found the back of her slingshot and pulled, causing her to cry out as she felt the thong ride up her back side. A second later, his hand covered her mouth, muffling her cries.

“Ummm hmmph mmm!” She cried, twisting and writhing in his grasp.

Mr. Donnelly yanked on the thong, giving her the world’s worst wedgie, and lifted her off her feet, and still keeping one hand over her mouth and the other pulling on her thong, carried her over to the beach chair where the other bound woman struggled.

“Hllp! Ummm hmmph! Hllplh!” She blubbered, her feet dangling in the air as she felt her thong riding further up her ass.

Disha kicked and struggled, trying to wriggle out of his grasp as he brought her over towards the beach chair. Then Disha noticed the roll of clear tape sitting on a table next to the bound woman.

“Nnnnooh! Nnnpph! Hnnnaa hppmp!” Disha cried.

But Mr. Donnelly was much stronger than he looked and he easily carried her kicking and struggling towards the other bound woman.

“Hllmp! Hlll nnnn-nnnnbbbb!” Mr. Donnelly shoved Disha’s face forward, burying it between the breasts of the already taped woman,

“Hbbbb bbbmm hhmm!” She cried, feeling herself pressed between the other woman’s heaving bosoms as Mr. Donnelly grabbed one of her flailing arms, then the other, and began taping them together.

“Hmmbbb bbmmmm nbbbb!” She cried, but it was no use, he wrapped tape from her wrists up to her elbow, and then stopped.

Then Mr. Donnelly pulled her face out of the other woman’s breasts, but before Disha could cry out, he pressed a length of tape over her mouth and began wrapping.

“Hmmpmp mmmphh! Mmm!” Disha mumbled as layer after layer was wrapped around her mouth, sealing her lips shut.

Once she was gagged, he grabbed her ankles, crossed them, and then taped them together up to her knees.

“Nnmph! Ummm ggmm!” She moaned, knowing she wouldn’t be able to stand if she wanted to.

Then Mr. Donnelly stood up, leaving Disha laying on top of the taped up Asian woman, and headed towards the house.

Towards Hena!

“Hnnnnhhh! Hnnnaaahh! Rhhnnn!” Disha cried through the layers of tape keeping her gagged.

“Hmmpmp mmmphh!” Hena’s heart stopped when she heard the muffled cries coming from the top of the stairs.

She froze, leaning against the bannister and listening.

“Hmmpmp... mmmmpmp...” The moans continued.

They sounded like they were coming from the top of the stairs. Her nipples went hard against the thin fabric of the barely there bikini and she felt a cold sweat run down her partially naked body.

Turn around, turn around and call the cops. A voice at the back of her head told her.

Not only did she feel ridiculous looking for a kidnapping victim in a bikini that amounted to little more than a string, but she felt exposed, helpless...

“Mmmm... hmmm...” The moaning continued again.

There was another voice too, it sounded female, but Hena couldn't figure out what it was saying. Once again, she felt the urge to run, to get Disha and just call the police...

She took a breath and calmed her. Running would only alert Mr. Donnelly, he could move Dawn, or worse.

Hena straightened up and lifted her chin. If Dawn was tied up upstairs, she had to help her.

She took the steps slowly, one at a time, barely breathing as she did. Hena wasn't sure what to do if there was another woman upstairs, but she would figure it out.

As she got closer to the muffled cries, something about them struck her.

They sounded almost... pleasurable?

She reached the top of the stairs and saw that the sound was coming from a room directly across from her. Hena could see a computer sitting on a desk, and not much else.

“Oh I think she's enjoying this.” An accented voice said.

Hena let out a sigh of relief and stepped into the room. It was a home office, with the muffled cries and voice coming from the computer. Looking at the screen, Hena saw a thin, blond woman with full, perky breasts and a wide, almost hyena like grin spanking another, more muscular and heavily tattooed dark haired woman with giant, obviously fake breasts. The big breasted, muscular woman had her hands tied and mouth gagged with a big red ball, and was stretched across the smaller blond's lap.

“Another spank! If you say so!” The small blond said to the camera, and slapped the muscular woman's already red backside.

Porn! Mr. Donnelly had been watching porn when they arrived, which explained why he had been acting so weird. It confirmed that he was at least a little bit of a perv, but it didn't make him a kidnapper.

Letting out another sigh of relief, Hena turned to leave the room when she noticed the window overlooking the backyard. Knowing that Disha was out there distracting Mr. Donnelly, Hena leaned forward to check on the other girl's progress.

Her jaw dropped when she looked out.

There was an Asian woman taped to a beach chair, her bikini top pulled down to expose her full breasts. She struggled and moaned through the tape wrapped around her mouth, but to no avail. Flopping around on top of the Asian woman like a fish was Disha, clear tape wrapped around her legs up to her knees, and her arms taped up to her elbows. Much like the Asian, tape was wrapped around her mouth in several layers.

Mr. Donnelly was nowhere to be seen.

Her heart thudding against her chest and the cold sweat returning, Disha turned to run –

And ran directly into Mr. Donnelly.

She ducked around him, opening her mouth to scream but felt his large, sweaty hand clamp over it.

“Hllpph!” She cried as she felt his other hand grab the string at the back of her bikini and tug on it.

“Hmmp!” She cried, feeling the thin, skimpy outfit ride up her backside.

“Nnnhhh! Nnnnhh pfffs!” She pleaded as he carried her out of the room, one hand over her mouth and the other using her swimsuit to wedgie her.

Her hands flailed at him as he pulled her out into the hallway, his grip like a vice. She dug at his palm, trying to pull it away from her mouth so she could scream for help. As she tried to pry his hand loose, her fingers brushed the plastic ring at the back of her neck holding the swimsuit together.

“Ummmph!” She cried, getting an idea, and tugged at the ring, feeling the sling bikini fall free from her body.

Mr. Donnelly cried out in alarm as the revealing swimwear slipped out from between Hena’s legs. Taken off guard, he let go of her mouth. She didn’t scream, and instead ran forward and down the stairs, her now bare breasts bouncing with each step as she took them two by two. Hena didn’t care that she was going to run out of this man’s house completely naked, all that she cared about was getting away.

Both of her feet hit the first floor and she booked for the front door without missing a beat. Thankfully, she and Disha had succeeded in disarming Mr. Donnelly enough that he forgot to lock it, and she gripped the handle, tore it open, and threw herself outside.

She forgot that was a step down, and pitched forward as soon as she burst out of the house, pinwheeling her arms in an effort to keep from face-planting on the porch. Hena stopped herself by grabbing onto the pumpkin headed Halloween dummy on the porch swing.

“Uffff!” The dummy replied.

Hena felt her skin raise as she looked at the grinning Jack O’Lantern, and her jaw dropped.

“Hlllp!” The Jack Lantern responded.

Hena stood and backed up, looking down at the decoration in shock and realization, and then reached out, gripped the pumpkin, and lifted.

It came off easily, as Hena realized it wasn’t a real pumpkin but just a hollowed out decoration, and underneath it was Dawn.

“Hmfff!” She pleaded.

It looked as if she layer after layer after layer of cloths tied over her mouth, to the pointe where the gags bulged out well beyond her face, but the multiple layers did their job, effectively silencing Dawn so that she was barely audible.

“Dawn,” Hena began. “Just hold on I’ll-”

“Llhhffff! Lllkkk!” Dawn’s head nodded to behind Hena.

Before the naked woman could respond, a hand clamped over her mouth again and another around her waist. She cried out and her hands instinctively rose to pry her captor away, causing her to drop the pumpkin back over Dawn’s head.

“Hmmp! Nnnnoo!” Hena kicked and fought as Mr. Donnelly carried her back inside, spun around, and kicked the door shut behind him.

“Hllhph! Hmmp!” Hena continued to cry.

Mr. Donnelly threw her onto the couch and climbed on top of her, letting go of her mouth to grab her swatting hands.

“Heell-mmmph!” She was cut off by Mr. Donnelly grabbing one of her hands and pressing it over her mouth, and then grabbed her other hand and pressed that over it as well.

“Nnnph!” She cried as he produced a roll of tape, and began to wrap it around her hands, taping them to her own mouth!

“Urrgggh! Mmmp!” She protested as layer after layer of clear tape held her hands in place.

Once he had secured her hands to her mouth, Mr. Donnelly grabbed her kicking feet, crossed them at the ankle, and taped them together.

“Hrrffff mmmrrggh! Stthp!” She moaned, but it was no use.

In a minute, Mr. Donnelly stood, looking down at the helpless, naked Hena as she struggled and writhed on his couch.

“Mmmp! Mnnoo! Sthhp!” The naked Asian girl moaned as she wriggled on Sean’s couch.

He wished he could enjoy her struggles, but he had to check on something. With his heart still pounding, he turned away from her and headed towards the front door.

Stupid! Stupid! He cursed himself, how could he have let himself be fooled by these two young girls? Furthermore, why were they here? Had they figured out that he had Dawn?

That must have been it. He decided as he opened his front door. The Indian girl would be the one who distracted him while the other one snooped around.

But how had they figured out that Dawn was his prisoner?

He peeked out onto his porch, but didn't see anyone around. Most of his neighbors worked during the day, and he could only imagine trying to explain why a naked woman had come running out of his house. Not seeing anyone outside didn't calm his jackhammer of a heart though, and he turned to look at Dawn. The sheet still covered her body, which was tied so tightly and secured to the swing so that she couldn't move at all, and the Jack O'Lantern had fallen back over her head, albeit a little crooked.

He didn't step out to adjust it, instead feeling too vulnerable, too unsafe, to leave his home. Sean closed the door and looked back at the naked girl on his couch, still wriggling against the tape keeping her hands attached to her mouth and feet together. Normally, he would find the way her breasts heaved as they struggled alluring, but now all he felt was panic.

If they figured it out, who else has?

He hurried upstairs and into the office, looking out the back window at Yeona and the Indian girl. Both were still struggling on the beach chair, the tape holding firm.

Sean let himself take a breath and sat on his office chair, trying to calm his racing pulse and panicked mind.

Does anyone else know they're here?

How did they figure it out?

What do I do now?

His instinct was to run, pack everything up in the car and go, but what about the girls? What would he do with them?

Having one bound and gagged girl in his home was manageable, and even two was unwieldy but he made it work, but four? That was too much risk.

He thought about that Captain guy that Yeona knew, maybe he could...

Then Sean remembered something The Captain had said...

The Damsel Games!

Maybe that was it! Maybe he could get rid of the girls there, and maybe make some money too?

He would still have to get out of town at least since he didn't know who knew that the girls were coming to his home, and who else suspected him of having Dawn.

A truck! Yes, he would rent a truck, load up the girls and a few essentials, and just drive, find a secluded spot to lie low until the Damsel Games...

"What would you like to see me do to her next?" An Australian voice said from his computer.

Sean turned to see Chastity smiling at him from the computer monitor. She was completely topless, her perky breasts bouncing as she motioned to Nika, who was completely naked, bound and gagged, and her breasts glistening from oil.

Chastity held up a small, cylindrical object, a butt plug.

"If you want to see me use this on Nika, you know what to do!" She giggled.

Nika side-eyed the butt plug with a shocked expression and shook her head while mumbling into her gag.

Sean's panic was momentarily replaced with arousal at the thought of Nika getting a butt plug up her ass, and he instinctively reached for his keyboard to send the pair a tip, but then stopped.

How much money have I thrown these two over the years? He wondered, looking at the Australian streamers.

He had thrown away thousands on these two girls, and had nothing to show for it.

"Oh come on boys, is that the best you can do?" Chastity pouted as the tips flowed in.

Sean glared, watching the dollar amount increasing as more tips came in.

They had more than enough to warrant a butt plug, they just were being greedy. Chastity and Nika were taking advantage of poor, lonely saps like he had been once.

Then another idea occurred to Sean, he looked at the screen.

Chastity was lubing up the butt-plug while Nika rolled her eyes.

These two, it was all fun and games to them. They didn't know what being tied up was really like.

I'll show them some real games.

He smiled, leaned over his keyboard, and typed out a message to the live chat.

Have you two ever heard of The Damsel Games?

The End...

Chastity, Nika, Dawn, Yeona, Disha, Hena, Tanya, and Shelly

will return in Damsels Anonymous Volume 7: The Damsel

Games!