

A Bondage Cosplay Part 2: The Slave

A Damsels Anonymous Story

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Story by Valereya James and Destro

1.

Look at my little bondage slave. Sean sipped his coffee from the deck, watching Dawn and her friends do another photo shoot.

Dawn, much like the slave she was, was dressed in a sci-fi slave girl outfit, topless with the exception of gold pasties covering her nipples, and gold thong that her bountiful backside seemed to devour, manacles, and a leash and collar. She was also painted from head to toe in green body paint. Her friend Disha, the incredibly fit Indian girl, held the other side of the leash, and was dressed in a black, one-piece thong bodysuit with shoulder pads, a chest plate, and black visor. The other girl, Hena, was dressed identically, but stood on the other side of Dawn holding a prop blaster.

A photographer was squatting down in front of the girls, snapping photos, but between the “click” of the camera, Sean would notice Disha’s eyes straying over to him. It had been like that for the past few weeks, the fit girl giving him suspicious looks while they did their photo shoots in the yard. The only words she had ever said to him were “thank you” when he first offered them use of his yard. The other one, Hena, had been much friendlier at least.

Maybe I can convince Dawn to let me tie them up too. He thought, trying not to smile as he sipped more coffee.

Dawn had come every night, and then would spend hours tied and gagged in his basement while he took photos and videos of her struggling, squirming, and moaning. Once he was done, he would do what he did every time, which was make her strip and then walk home naked. At first he second guessed himself the first time he had made her walk home naked, and spent hours wondering if she had gotten caught, or had told someone about him, but then she returned the next day, and again, and again.

Sean thought quite a bit about that first time he tied her up. It was as if something came over him, a side he had kept locked away all of his life. The rush he felt was unlike any high he had ever

experienced. Somehow, tying and gagging her wasn't enough, he wanted to humiliate her mentally and physically, break her down, and that's when he had the idea to make her walk home naked.

It was getting harder to let her go every night though, and more and more he felt the urge to keep her tied and gagged over night, or maybe for a few days, but there was the matter of Yeona for one, and Dawn's father, and her friends...

Suddenly he had the mental picture of her friends bound and gagged alongside her, of Disha's fit body writhing under ropes while Hena moaned through a thick gag...

Sean felt himself getting aroused and tried to shake the thought from his head.

Not in front of her friends.

Try as he may though, he couldn't shake that image from his head, but Sean knew that there would be no way to hide one bound and gagged woman in his basement, let alone three.

So he passed the rest of the time watching the shoot before the photographer packed everything up, and Disha and Hena headed inside to change out of their costumes. Dawn went to follow, but caught him watching and waited. A few moments later, the other two girls emerged from the house, clad in jeans and t-shirts.

"Dawn, you're still in costume?" Disha asked, looking at her and then Sean.

"Yeah, I want to take some photos alone, you guys can head out." She answered.

"But..." Disha responded, then looked at Sean. "Sure, text us later."

"Of course." Dawn smiled and nodded.

Once he heard the other two girls get into their car and drive off, Sean opened the door to the house and ushered Dawn inside and then to the garage.

"I didn't like the way you were looking at my friends today." She grumbled at him as he retrieved a set of manacles from a box.

These were legit restraints, meant to hold, not the decorative ones used for her slave girl costume. He pulled her wrists behind her back and secured them together with the manacles.

“They would make excellent captives alongside you.” He patted her thonged, green buttock.

“That’s not the deal-ummph!” She was cut off by him pulling a black bit-gag between her lips and securing it at the back of her neck.

“Uggggh grrmmph!” She kicked at him, but he stepped away and wagged a finger at her.

“Now, you behave.” He cautioned, and took out his phone.

“Mmmmmggg mmmph!” She bit into her gag and glared at him as he snapped a photo.

“Excellent, now turn around.”

“Grrmm...” She growled and turned around, the body paint had smeared slightly on her butt cheek where he grabbed it.

Sean could feel himself getting more aroused with every photo he took, the way that gold thong disappeared into her ass, and those pasties...

Eventually he couldn’t take it anymore, placed his phone back into his pocket, rushed forward, and wrapped his arms around her from behind.

“Urgggh!” She grumbled as he pulled her onto him, feeling her ass cheeks press against his pants.

His hands grasped her breasts, feeling the gold pasties...

“Nnnmmmo! Sttthp! Gggghh hffff!” She pushed back against him.

Then there was the sound of a car pulling into the driveway. Both froze, Sean’s heart thundering in his chest. Could it be Yeona? She never used the garage.

“Hhhllp! Hffff!” Dawn cried, causing Sean to clamp a hand over her already gagged mouth.

“Hffff! Hffff mmhh!” She cried, kicking as he dragged her over to a mattress he had set up in the corner of the garage just for her.

Upstairs, he heard the door open.

“Sean?” Yeona called.

Shit, I thought she said she was going to be at the beach all day! Sean cursed as he struggled to keep the kicking and writhing Dawn in his grasp.

“Hfffffph! Urrgggh!” Dawn continued to try and pull out of his grasp.

Sean pulled Dawn onto the mattress, grabbed a roll of duct tape from a box next to it, and wrapped a layer over her mouth.

“Hrrgggg! Hmmp!” She cried as he taped her already gagged mouth, and then down, wrapped layer after layer of tape around her chest, abdomen, and waist.

“Hffffp... mmmpp!” Dawn moaned as he mummified her in duct tape, hoping that the constrictive substance would limit her movement as well.

“Hmmm... gggmm...” She moaned as he taped her.

Once he had Dawn encased from the neck down in duct tape, he dropped the roll and stood up, watching as the mummified girl squirmed on the mattress.

“Hfff hmp! Mmp!” She cried, straining to break the cocoon of silver tape that held her.

“You just stay there, I’ll be down to let you out soon enough.” He gasped and hurried towards the door.

“Hmp! Mmp!” She kicked at him, but he was already across the garage and to the door leading into the basement.

He stepped into the basement, taking care to lock the door behind him, and headed upstairs.

Yeona was waiting in the kitchen, and his jaw dropped at the sight of her. She had her dark hair up in a messy bun, and was in her familiar black thong string bikini. She also had two other women with her, the first one looked to be in her late 20s or early 30s, with a deep tan, brown hair that was quickly turning blond from the sun, and perky, full breasts that heaved in the red, one-piece bathing suit she wore. The other seemed to be in her late thirties or early forties, hard to tell, but was nonetheless attractive, with deep red lips, large brown eyes, brown skin, and massive, natural breasts. Like her friend, she wore a one piece swimsuit, but this was fluorescent yellow.

“Sean, where were you?” Yeona glared at him.

“Sorry, I was...” He struggled to catch his breath. “Outside.”

“I can tell.” Her eyes fell to his khaki shorts, which were covered in green body paint.

“Yeah, trying to deal with that jungle of vines in the yard.” He said between breaths, hoping his lie would go over.

“Is that all?” Yeona crossed her arms.

It was in that moment that Sean realized his erection was pressing against his shorts, and he quickly pressed his hands over it.

“Whatever,” Yeona sighed. “My friends and I are hungry, could you prepare us something?”

Sean opened his mouth to protest, but saw the way all three women were glaring at him, and thought better of it.

“Sure...” He shambled over to the fridge.

“Do you need a minute to take care of that first?” The one in the yellow swimsuit chuckled, followed by the others.

Sean didn’t say anything as he pulled some frozen hamburgers from the freezer, but he could feel the anger welling up inside of him. Yeona disappears all day, then just comes home, lets her friend insult him, and then demands food?

He turned to say something, but saw the two new comers were sitting at the stools of the kitchen island, their backs to him, the way their backsides protruded over the edge of the stools, and the fact that their one pieces were thongs...

Yeona grabbed them drinks from the fridge and flashed him a warning stare, which made him turn away. Instead he went over to the stove, placed a skillet down, and lit a burner.

“So, who are your friends?” He asked, trying to play it casual.

“These are Sierra and Ange, both visiting from out of town.” Yeona answered.

He turned to address them when suddenly a loud “bang” came from the basement. All three women looked towards the sound of the noise, and Sean went white.

“What was that?” The girl in the black one piece, Sierra, asked.

“I think I put some tools on a shelf rather precariously, they probably fell.” Sean shrugged.

“Were you in a hurry to get somewhere.” Sierra giggled at looked at his crotch, but his erection had all but receded.

Sean opened his mouth to respond, but then heard another sound from the basement,

A knocking...

She’s kicking on the door!

“Why don’t we go outside, hang by the pool, we can use the grill?” Sean smiled at the three women.

“Oh I think I’ve had a lot of sun, this air conditioning feels so nice.” Ange fanned herself.

“Maybe after burgers.” Sierra answered.

More knocking, and the women tilted their heads, trying to figure out the source of the noise.

“How about some music?” Sean took out his phone.

“What’s that noise?” Yeona asked.

“Oh it’s just the ducts, they’ve been rattling.” Sean shrugged, opened his music app, and started some tunes.

All three of the women flashed each other annoyed looks.

“I’m not with him for his taste in music.” Yeona sighed, prompting laughter from the two other girls.

Sean flashed with anger and turned back to the burner, tossing one of the frozen burgers on it, but still, could hear the knocking from the basement.

“Aren’t you going to defrost that first?” Sierra asked.

“Evidently you don’t date him for his cooking either.” Ange sighed.

“You know...” Sean turned around, glaring at all three of them.

“Yes?” Yeona crossed her arms.

Sean gritted his teeth. He didn't have to take this level of disrespect in his own home, and had been putting up with it for far too long, not just from Yeona, but from Tanya, and every other woman...

Then he heard another noise, one that made his throat constrict and his testicles retract up into his body.

The garage door starting to open. He heard the mechanical hum, and then the chain rumbling through the floor. His palms grew clammy as Yeona looked to the floor in confusion.

“What is...” She began, but Sean was already moving towards the basement.

“I'll check it out.” He closed the door behind him, rushed down the stairs two at a time, and bolted across the basement to the garage.

When he stepped into the garage, the door was halfway open, and Dawn was pressed against the wall near the control, having used her head to press it.

“Mmmph!” She cried when he burst in.

Sean grabbed her, wrapped his arms around her cocooned body, and dragged her back over to the cot.

“Mmnp! Nnnmmo! Nnnnoo nnooo nnhhh!” She kicked and fought against him, but he dropped her onto the cot, rushed over to the control, and pressed it again.

The door was almost completely open, but then stopped, shuddered, and then began lowering itself. Once the door was completely down, Sean turned and glared at his captive.

“Hmmp...” She retracted onto the cot.

“That wasn't very nice.” He glared at her.

“Hmmpmm mmmph!” She moaned through the bit gag and layers of tape.

“Just for that, I think I'm gonna keep you all night.” He chided her.

“Hmmp! Nnhhoo!” She protested.

“Oh yes, and to make sure you don’t misbehave some more...” He walked over to a tool chest, retrieved some ratchet straps from it, as well as more duct tape, and stormed over to her.

He worked quickly, using the ratchet straps to secure her to the cot, making them tight enough so that she couldn’t move, but not enough to be painful, and then wrapping more tape around the cot and her to keep Sunny secure.

“There,” He stood up and smiled. “That should keep you nice and comfortable.”

“Hrrggg... mm...” She struggled to verbalize. He had pulled a ratchet strap across her mouth, and then one across her forehead, keeping her pressed flat against the cot.

She wriggled and squirmed as best she could, but the ratchets and tape held her firm.

“Hmm bbb... bbbmm... mmm...” She cried, twisting and writhing under her bonds.

“Now I’ll be back to check on you later, just sit tight.” Sean gave her one final glance before pulling the wire out of the control to the garage door, then stepping into the basement and locking the door again behind him.

There... He exhaled as he made his way up the stairs. Even if by some miracle she did get out of the straps, there was no way she could get out of the garage in that cocoon of hers.

When he stepped back into the kitchen, all three women were waiting, Yeona with her arms crossed.

“Well?” She sighed.

“The door controls seemed to have malfunctioned, I’ll have to call someone to look at it.” Sean explained.

“Good, now you can get back to the burgers.”

“Yeah I’m starving.” Sierra whined.

Sean turned to the stove, then stopped, turning to glare at all three women.

“You know what, make your own burgers.” He grumbled, and made his way towards the stairs.

“What?” Yeona followed after.

“You heard me.” He climbed the stairs.

“Oh my god... you know what...” Yeona huffed and stormed away.

Sean retreated into his office and closed the door behind him, then sat at his computer and pulled up the streaming site. Nika and Chastity were already well into it, with the blond woman manacled, gagged with a muzzle, and topless. Behind her, Nika stroked the bound woman’s breasts with one hand while the other drifted down towards Nika’s thong panties. His erection, which had gone dormant after the trouble Sunny had given him, came roaring back.

“If you want to see more, you guys know what to do...” Nika looked at the camera and smiled.

The chat bar lit up with tips.

“Oh come on, is that all you guys have.” She taunted and giggled.

Downstairs, Sean heard the girls giggling as well. He felt his blood boil. This was his house, he let them in, and this was the respect they showed him?

Yeona, her and her friends were always laughing, wanting more and more from him.

Then he looked at Nika, oiling Chastity’s bare breasts.

“Come on guys, I know you want to see more.” She smiled at the camera.

Nika and Chastity were like all of the women in his life, never happy with what they had, never appreciative, always asking for more.

Then an idea sprang to mind...

2.

Sean found himself wondering what his neighbors must think of him as he watched the three scantily clad women leave his house. He realized that it must be a strange sight, different, gorgeous women coming and going almost every day. They probably thought he must be some ladies man, or even a swinger.

The fact that he was neither deflated him a bit. Not only did his own girlfriend parade her body around for him to see and not touch, but she did with her friend's bodies as well.

Soon though, things would change.

He had parked his car at the other end of the block and sat in his vantage point waiting for the beautiful trio to leave his home for about an hour now. At first, Yeona seemed surprised at him going out, but he said he was meeting the guys for drinks.

“What “guys?”” She narrowed her eyes at him.

“Just some friends from the firm, clients.” He knew that she would lose interest at that, she had never shown interest in his accounting life.

When the three left the house, they had changed from their swimsuits into street clothes, albeit just as revealing. Yeona wore a black bodysuit and a skirt that lifted up about every time she moved, flashing a slight hint of cheek when she did. Ange wore a skin tight jump suit with a window in the front showing off her ample cleavage, and it was so tight around her buttocks that he could see the outline of her thong even from down the street. Sierra wore shorts with the bottom of her buttocks sticking out and a halter top perfectly accentuating her tanned cleavage.

The trio got into Yeona's car and took off, and he followed, keeping his headlights off until they reached a busier road, and even then he stayed a few cars behind. Sean felt like he was in a spy movie or something, tailing a suspect. It occurred to him as he followed that he wasn't really sure what to expect. Maybe it was as innocent as three friends just going to the club together? Still, it bothered him,

why was his girlfriend going out every night dressed like that? Why didn't he see the same people with her more than once?

But his curiosity piqued even more as he followed them to the outskirts of town. Yeona's car parked outside of an old yacht club. The building was a sprawling, victorian style mansion set on the water with several docks behind it. He could see people milling about the docks and on the boats, as well as going in and out of the building. Sean parked his car a few rows behind Yeona's and watched as she and her friends got out and walked towards the gate leading to the club. A bouncer greeted them, then nodded as Yeona said something, and then stepped aside and let them pass.

Sean furrowed his brow, looking over the club for any place to get in besides the gate, but unless he wanted to swim in, that was his only option. Figuring that he would take his chances with the bouncer, he got out of his car and casually strolled towards the large man, thinking maybe if he looked like he belonged, the bouncer wouldn't think anything of it.

He gambit didn't work, and the bouncer stepped directly into his path.

"Sorry, private event." The big man scowled at him.

Sean opened his mouth, ready to say that his girlfriend was in there, but hesitated, an idea popping into his head...

That Colonel, the man that Yeona said she knew that recruited Ian, he seemed like a man with influence. Sean never questioned how Yeona knew him, but just maybe...

"Yes I was invited, I'm a friend of the Colonel's." Sean spoke with a slight annoyance, as if it offended him that he even had to explain.

The bouncer perked up.

"Oh, the Colonel?"

"Yes, we go way back."

"I'm sorry to hold you up. Enjoy yourself sir." The bouncer's tone was apologetic and he stepped aside.

Sean gave him a curt nod and walked down the path to the building, now hearing music and laughter within. He found himself wondering why Yeona was a member of a yacht club, or was it more than a yacht club?

“A mask sir?” A woman by the door held out a black domino mask for him.

“Yes, thank you.” He smiled, took the mask, slipped it on, and stepped inside.

He had to keep his jaw from dropping as when he did. The inside of the mansion was a large, expansive living room, men and women both exquisitely dressed, some masked, others not. Women clad in leather thongs with ball gags in their mouths twirled and danced on poles arranged throughout the room, while he noticed other bound and gagged women being escorted through the room.

Most of the bound and gagged women besides the dancers seemed to be struggling and fighting back, but the groping hands were too much for them.

Then he spotted Ange, Yeona’s friend, bent over the knee of a middle aged man. Her hands were tied behind her back and her lips wrapped around a red ball gag that seemed to stretch her jaw to its limits. The man ripped open the back of her jumpsuit, exposing a white thong cleaving her brown butt cheeks. Next to her, another man was pulling up Sierra’s top and feeling up her round breasts. Like Ange, Sierra was gagged with a red ball gag and her hands tied behind her back. Both women struggles fiercely but they were surrounded by men on all sides, and a few women joining in the fun as well.

Sean found himself getting aroused, and placed his hands in front of his pants to hide the growing erection. Was this what Yeona was hiding from him? Was this her double life? His arousal battled feelings of anger and betrayal. Had she been using him this whole time?

Then he spotted her, unmasked, strolling casually through the crowd. She was still in the bodysuit, but had lost the skirt, leaving her beautiful butt cheeks exposed. Men smiled and waved as she strolled through the crowd, and she occasionally waved or blew kisses back. Sean hurried across the room towards her, trying to stay far enough back that she didn’t notice him.

Yeona turned down a corridor and he followed, and then outside to the docks. She was making her way towards a particularly large, opulent looking yacht docked directly behind the club. Sean followed but hung back a little, eyeing up the boat and the area around it, but there didn't seem to be anyone around.

Yeona stepped on board and hurried below decks. Sean hesitated for a moment, and looked around again. If he stepped on that boat, there was a high chance of him being discovered, and he didn't know these people that Yeona was in league with, but he imagined they wouldn't take kindly to someone sneaking into their private boat/bondage club.

But he had to know.

He gave another look around, and then hurried on board and quickly below deck.

The boat seemed almost deserted, but he heard voices and stepped lightly towards them, staying close to the wall.

"I'm very pleased with your work Yeona, you've been a fine addition to the crew." A male voice said. The voice was soft and friendly, but also carried a note of authority.

The voice was coming from room just ahead with the door left slightly opened. Still pressed against the wall, he peeked slightly through the cracked door and was greeted with the sight of a well kept stateroom, with mahogany shelves lined with books, a grand desk at the middle, complete with a globe, and sitting behind the desk was a man that Sean could best tell was middle aged, with neatly combed dark hair with hints of gray, a blue blazer, white shirt, and matching blue ascot.

"Thank you Captain." Yeona nodded to the man.

The Captain stood, reached into his desk, and withdrew several lengths of rope. Yeona obediently turned her back to the man and crossed her wrists behind her.

"I hear you caught us two rather fine specimens tonight." The Captain said as he bound Yeona's hands.

“I’m glad you approve Captain. I think they will go well at the market.” She sat on his desk, and he stepped around and began securing her ankles.

“Indeed.” The Captain acknowledged, standing back to admire the bound woman.

As he watched, Sean could feel himself getting aroused, but he was experiencing another emotion...

Jealousy, rage, betrayal.

As he watched, the Captain wrapped ropes around Yeona’s chest and over her arms. The more Sean watched, the angrier he grew, and with his anger came arousal at watching his girlfriend get bound by another man.

“There was something else sir.” Yeona asked, with a hint of hesitancy in her voice.

“What is it?” The Captain cocked his head.

“The matter of my um... service.” Her voice trembled slightly.

“What about it? Speak freely.” He nodded.

“Well, we had an agreement, and I believe I have fulfilled the terms of the agreement.” She lifted her chin. Even though her voice firm, yet still had a note of fear.

She’s afraid of him. Was the Captain in charge of this whole operation?

The Captain walked over to the globe next to his desk and opened it, revealing a decanter and several glasses. He poured several fingers of whisky for himself, took a sip, and paced around the desk.

“So if I do uphold my end of the bargain and release you, then what?”

“Well, I would go.” Yeona answered.

“Go where?” The Captain asked.

“Maybe back home.” She shrunk away from him.

“He reached out and stroked her bound leg, and Yeona visibly shuddered.

“What about this? What about all you’ve seen? What about the work you’ve done?”

“I... I just want to live my life.” She avoided his gaze.

“Well,” The Captain paced away from her. “You’re one of our best fishers. I can’t believe we didn’t think earlier of using a woman to cast our nets.”

“Thank you sir.”

“But I still think you have work to do.” He turned to face her, his voice suddenly turning harsh, like a father scolding a child.

“But sir, if you, if you think that I’m going to talk, I promise that I won’t....”

“Oh no, I’ll see to that.” The Captain removed his ascot and stuffed it into Yeona’s mouth.

“Hurrgrghh ummp!” She grunted.

Just hearing her muffled cries sent a deep, stark pang of longing through Sean’s body.

“Don’t think about spitting that out.” The Captain wagged a warning finger at her.

Then The Captain snapped his fingers, and suddenly one of the mahogany shelves slid open. Sean stiffened, prepared to run, as two women clad in leather thong leotards came out of the hidden room, dragging a third, bound and gagged woman between them. She was beautiful, with long, auburn hair, and alluring, dark eyes. The woman could have been in her early 50s, or even older, but it was hard to tell her age, which did nothing to diminish her striking beauty. Her full, natural breasts heaved under a white bra, and her buttocks were bared by a white g-string.

“Hmmp!” The woman called through her leather muzzle at Yeona, who stared at her with obvious horror in her eyes and then let out a muffled cry herself.

Her mother. Sean realized.

“How soon you forget my generosity,” The Captain paced over to the woman, grabbed her chin, and lifted it to face Yeona. “If not for me, those Yakuza gangsters would have you both.”

“Hmmp!” Yeona bowed.

“And I have kept my word, no client will see her, and she is well cared for, except for the muzzle and restraints, but those are necessary precautions.” He ran his hand over her gag for emphasis.

Yeona bowed her head and the Captain stepped over, sat behind her on the desk, and groped both of her breasts.

“Hmmm...” She muttered, writhing in her grasp.

“And don’t you worry either,” The Captain addressed Yeona’s bound and gagged mother. “I’m taking good care of her too.” He nuzzled Yeona’s neck.

“Nnnmmph!” The Mother cried.

“Mmmmmph.” Yeona turned her head away from her helpless mother.

“You know what, I’ll give you a choice.” The Captain snapped his fingers, and the other book case lifted. Once again, two leotard clad women came out of a secret room, dragging two bound and gagged women with them.

One of the women was lithe, thin but athletic, with a body like a dancer. Her breasts were small but she had a firm, round rear end and her blond hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail. The other women had much more curves, but like a classic movie star would, with large, full natural breasts and an ass that could stop traffic. She had fiery red hair that snapped around her face as she struggled. When Sean saw who the bound and gagged women were, he had to place his hand over his mouth to stifle a gasp.

Tanya and Shelly!

“Hmmp! Ummmmpp mmmh!”

“Mmmph! Hhllp! Hmmp!”

Both women were completely naked, their hands secured behind them with leather manacles, and mouths gagged with leather muzzles. Each had a collar around their necks and a leash ran from the collars to the hands of the women handling them.

A million thoughts circulated through Sean’s mind as he saw the two bound and gagged women, Had this been why Tanya had disappeared? Was this all orchestrated by Yeona and this Captain man? Were they using him?

But also, the sight of both Tanya and Shelly, naked, bound and gagged... It sent his heart into overdrive. He broke out in a cold sweat at the sight of Tanya's naked breasts heaving up and down and of hearing her moan into her gag. Next to her, Shelly glared defiantly at The Captain.

"Do you know these two?" The Captain gestured to the two naked women.

Yeona shook her head.

"This," The captain gestured to Shelly. "Is Shelly Arnold."

"Hmmphh bbbff!" Shelly spat.

"And this," He grabbed Tanya by the chin. "Is Tanya Donnelly."

"Ummph!" Tanya pulled her chin away.

Yeona's eyes lit up in recognition.

"Yes, that Tanya Donnelly. Your boyfriend's ex." The Captain leaned on his desk.

"Whhht!" Tanya's eyes went wide.

"Hmmp?" Yeona cocked her head.

"It's pure happenstance that they wound up here in our care. A fishing trawler in the pacific pulled up their nets one day, and to their surprise, found two naked, beautiful women tangled up in them."

"Ggrrgg mmmrrrh..." Shelly grumbled and narrowed her eyes.

"These fishermen decided to keep these two women on their boats for some time as their "guests" but after a bad season, found a friendly port to unload their cargo for a handsome fee." The Captain smiled.

"Ummmppl..." Tanya turned away, blushing.

"They jumped from owner to owner, apparently too stubborn to be broken, until I spotted them at an auction and took them for myself." The Captain beamed and then strolled over to Yeona and yanked his ascot out of her mouth.

"What... what does this have to do with me?" Yeona asked.

“Well,” The Captain paced around the desk. “Both of these women have made an enemy of an old business associate named Ace, have you heard of him?”

By the way Yeona went white at the name Ace, Sean guessed that she did.

“Ah good,” The Captain smiled. “Ace has fallen on hard times, and Marston’s Pointe could be a rather valuable port for our little business.”

“Hmmmph!”

“Mmmph!”

“So,” The Captain paced back around to between Yeona and the two naked women. “I sail for California next week, and from there, the Damsel Games. Having two of Aces enemies as my entrants will be a show of strength, attract further allies to our cause.”

He stroked Tanya’s thigh, causing her to pull away.

“Hmmmph!” She glared at him.

“Or,” He stepped over to Yeona’s mother. “Do I throw these two overboard, and make your dear mother my entrant in the games.”

Yeona swallowed, sweat sliding down her brow.

“But... how does this include Sean?”

“Umm hmmmph!” Tanya nodded.

“It doesn’t... the world works in funny coincidences sometimes,” The Captain laughed. “Unless of course, Sean proves to be difficult, or starts asking you too many questions. His money has been useful, and having a boring, suburban boyfriend as your cover is a stroke of genius.”

“Ummm hrrmm...” Tanya rolled her eyes.

“But,” The Captain eyed up Tanya. “If he ever became trouble, then I suspect that having his ex-wife would be a useful card to play.”

The Captain strolled back behind his desk and took a seat.

“After all, our friend the Colonel already took his bratty son off the board, and apparently that gambit bore unexpected fruit for our cause.”

“Whhht!” Tanya glared at The Captain.

“Oh yes,” The Captain’s eyes lit up as he looked at Tanya. “Your boy has quite a hidden dark side. He’ll be useful to us some day.”

“Whrry mmhhoo lllhlhtll bbssshhtdd!” She grumbled at him.

“So Yeona, do you want your mother in the games, or these two?” He gestured to Tanya and Shelly.

“You know what happens to the ones who lose the games?” Yeona glared at The Captain.

“If they lose, Ace buys them at the auction, we get paid, and he gets his revenge. If one of them wins, well...” He smiled at the two, who recoiled and moaned into their gags.

“Fine,” Yeona sighed. “Take them.”

“Good,” The Captain clapped his hands and stood. “We have an agreement.”

Yeona met his gaze and knowing that she had no other choice, nodded. The Captain smiled and then motioned to Yeona’s mother.

“Take her and see that she’s comfortable.”

“Mmmph!” Her mother cried as the handlers dragged her back into the secret compartment in the bookcase.

“And as for them...” He turned and eyed Tanya and Shelly. “They can remain, we sail in the morning.”

“Hrrrggh!”

“Ummph!”

Both women cried as the handlers dragged them over to a book case, opened up a book that was clearly a facade, and retracted two leather leashes from inside. They hooked one side of the leashes to

the collar around the women's necks, and it looked like the other end was secured to a bolt inside the facades.

"Now," The Captain took another sip from his drink. "I have been a poor host to my guests, come." He untied the ropes around Yeona's ankles, but with her wrists and chest still bound, she followed him towards the door.

Sean cursed under his breath and shuffled away, ducking into a nearby doorway and peering out as The Captain and Yeona, followed by the two handlers, stepped outside of the study and closed the door behind them. He didn't bother locking it as he strolled away with the three women. Once they were out of sight, Sean let himself take a long breath. Instinct told him to get off the boat as fast as he could, there was no telling how many more people were on it, or what they would do if they caught him.

But his legs were carrying him back towards the stateroom, where his naked, bound and gagged ex-wife was, alongside his old neighbor.

What are you doing? Turn around and go?

Leave her alone! You know she would do the same if you were in her position!

But then he was at the door, gripping the knob. Before he turned it, Sean pressed his ear to the door and listened, hearing both women's muffled cries on the other side. He took a breath, turned the knob, and opened the door slightly.

"Ummph!" Tanya elbowed Shelly.

"Grrrmph! Stthhp!" Shelly elbowed her back.

"Mmmph!" Tanya hip checked the other women.

Evidently being prisoners together did not soften either women's feelings towards one another. Sean opened the door and stepped in, but both women were too wrapped up in each other to notice.

"Ummph!" Shelly hip checked Tanya back.

"Mmmph!" Tanya nudged her.

Neither woman looked up as he stepped across the carpet towards them. Shelly grunted into her gag and shook her head in annoyance at Tanya until she finally noticed someone was in the room with them.

“Eeepph!” She cried, eyes wide, but then they narrowed in recognition.

“Whmmhht!” Tanya turned to follow Shelly’s gaze, and her eyes went wide.

“Hmmmph!” She cocked her head.

Sean just stood, slackjawed, staring at them both.

“Shhhmmm...” Tanya grumbled.

“Ummm hhmph! Mmmph!” Shelly turned around, baring her full ass at Sean, and waved her manacled hands at him.

“Hmmmph hlllp! Mmmm ummm!” Tanya nodded and turned around as well, showing him her bound hands.

Sean didn’t react, didn’t move, he just stared. He felt himself rock hard in his shorts.

“Cmmm hhnn! Mmmph!” Tanya beckoned.

“Umm hhmph! Hhmph!” Shelly nodded.

Sean stepped forward, staring at the two women.

“Tanya... I...” He was at a loss for words.

Then he turned to Shelly.

“And Shelly...”

“Hmmmph! Hlllp!”

Then he placed his hands on his hips.

“What am I going to do with you two?”

“Whhht!” Shelly’s eye went wide.

“Mmmmph!” Tanya responded.

“Shelly,” He stepped over to her. “I can’t tell you how many days I spent wondering how you looked in this exact situation.”

“Hrrry!” Shelly’s eyes blazed at him.

“And wishing I could do this.” He stepped over to her, reached around, and grabbed a handful of her sweet, tight rear end.

“Hmmp! Sthhhp!” Shelly cried, trying to pull away, but he used his other hand to grip her other buttock.

“Oh this is wonderful!” He laughed, running his hands over Shelly’s back side.

“Hmmp! Mmmp! Nnnhhp!” She moaned, trying to shrink away.

“I’m just getting what you denied me that day in the hot tub.” Sean smiled at her.

“Hrry!” Shelly cried.

“Hrrrrgh!” Tanya grunted, glaring daggers at both Shelly and Sean.

He laughed let go of Shelly, and turned to Tanya.

“And you...” He stepped towards her.

“Whrry mmhhoo...” She grunted at him, her bare breasts heaving up and down.

Sean responded by grabbing her ass with one hand and one of her breasts with another.

“Ummpph...” She moaned into her gag and turned away, but Sean pulled her closer, pressing his rock hard girth against that bare wonderful ass of hers.

As he held his struggling, naked ex-wife, he forgot how good it felt, to hold her nude body, to feel her soft skin up against his.

“Urrgh! Llht gghhhoo! Mmmp!” She moaned, trying to pull away as he held her tighter.

He knew her so well, knew every inch of her, even though it had been years since he touched her. Sean’s hand slid over her and found that spot, that sweet spot that he knew how to play.

“Hrrmpphmm... mmpp...” Tanya moaned, suddenly collapsing against him. She was putty in his hands now.

He pressed his body against hers, feeling those breasts, those lovely breasts of her up against him, and her moaning into her gag.

“Nnmmp! Shh! Nnm-” Shelly nudged and kicked him, but with one hand he clamped it over her muzzled mouth and pushed her back.

“Mmm... mmmmp!” Shelly resisted against his hand.

He kept that one hand over her gagged mouth and used the other to work Tanya, feeling himself throbbing under his shorts. This wasn't just one helpless woman under his grasp but two, Shelly, helpless to watch as he pleased his ex, showing the man he had become, the lover that he had...

Then he gasped, feeling himself finished in his pants. It came without warning, just as he began to fully grasp the possibilities.

Sean let go of both women and stepped back, his hand going to his crotch and the growing stain there...

“Urrr fffhrrr...” Tanya rolled her eyes.

Sean glared at her.

“Nhhht hgggn...” She sighed.

The once overpowering lust was replaced with white hot rage.

This didn't happen all the time, only a few times! Usually when Tanya wore something hot, or if she was touching him the right way, or if he got really excited...

Or if he was in the hot tub with Shelly.

He stood, staring daggers at both women. Shelly had that same, condescendingly amused look on her face that she did that day in the hot tub.

“You know what... I hope you both get used to this, because this is how you're both going to be spending the rest of your lives!” He hissed.

“Whhhht! Mmmno!” Shelly pleaded.

“Ummm hmmp! Mmmp!” Tanya beckoned him with wide eyes.

“You,” He jabbed a finger at Tanya. “You were always ungrateful! You made me a laughing stock, refused to touch me for years, then force me to completely remake my life, and screwed up our kid!”

“Hrrrgggh!” Tanya growled.

“And you,” He pointed at Shelly. “Parade yourself around for me, teasing me, humiliated me in front of your friend, but you never were going to do anything, were you? It was just fun!”

“Ugggggh!” Tanya glared at Shelly.

“Yes!” Sean bellowed. “She tried to seduce me, and you know what? I took the bait!”

“Whhhht!” Tanya narrowed her eyes at both of them.

“Hmmp!” Shelly glared back at both of them.

“Well,” He took a step back, glaring at them. “No more! I’ll tell you what, I am going to that “Damsel Games” and I am going to ensure that you both lose in the most humiliating fashion!”

“Eeeeph!”

“Nmmmmoh!”

“Maybe after I’ll buy you two and make you my slaves!”

“Mmmmp!”

“Hhhllp!”

“Enjoy yourselves! You both deserve this.” He stepped back, fuming at the two.

“Grrrrmmph! Mmmmp!” Shelly kicked Tanya and turned in a huff.

“Hrrryy!” Tanya kicked Shelly back.

Sean though, turned and marched out of the room, still fuming. Let them fight, let them struggle until they were blue in the face. Both of them had made a fool out of him for the last time.

3.

Yeona couldn't shake the feeling of eyes on her body as she strolled out of the yacht club. Being watched by men was a feeling that she was used to, especially at the club, but this time it felt different. This time she felt like she was being... hunted...

She stopped by her car and turned to survey the parking lot, but all she saw was dozens of empty cars, the sounds of laughter and music drifting through the night in the distance. Normally that sound made her feel less alone, but now there was something haunting about it. Yeona waited another moment, looking around for if anyone would make their presence known. The Captain had declared her off limits to the men and clients of the club, and the Captain's word was law, but she also knew that many of the male clients at the club didn't like hearing the word "no."

It's just your imagination, just go home.

Still, she reached into her purse and clutched a bottle of pepper spray as she unlocked her car, making sure to check the backseat before she locked her doors and took off for home. Once the club was safely behind her, she let herself breathe a sigh of relief. It must have just been the events of the evening that had her on edge, nothing more.

Then again, seeing her mother like that always put her on edge. The Captain had assured her that her mother was being well cared for and out of the way from most of the clients, and so far he seemed to be a man of his word, but how much longer could she stay like that?

How much longer could they both stay in bondage? Yeona wasn't spending all of her days tied and gagged like her mother, but it was a different kind of bondage for her.

She had been born in Japan, and spent most of her life living a life of wealth and privilege. Her father saw to it that she wanted for nothing, but was rarely around. Her mother tended to her needs, while he gave them financial support and comfort.

Then one day, he never came home.

Her mother was frantic, calling his office, calling the police, friends, family, anyone, but none of them had any information as to his whereabouts. After a few weeks, her mother calmed down slightly. He set up trusts in both of their names so they would be cared for if he had been met with misfortune.

As it turns out, he had, and that very misfortune was coming for her and her mother now.

Rough looking men in suits showed up to their home one day, and Yeona didn't have to ask who they were. She knew Yakuza when she saw them. The men explained that her father had been deeply in debt to them, but they didn't know where he had disappeared to either. It seemed that her father had taken his own life, or fled the country, but either way had left his wife and daughter to bear the burden of his poor choices.

Yeona was twenty one then, and her mother, Jin, was still as beautiful as ever. The men put the women to work in their "establishments," keeping both Yeona and Jin bound and gagged for the enjoyment of their clients. She wasn't sure how long this servitude lasted, but it felt like an eternity, her own personal hell, damned to pay for the sins of her father.

Then one day the yakuza brought them into an office where a man was waiting. He was clad in a blue coat, trousers, and had his black hair slicked straight back.

The Captain.

They told Yeona and Jin that they would be going with him, that he had taken care of the rest of the debt they owed, but he owned them now. Still bound and gagged, both of them were packed onto his luxury yacht and onto their new life.

When they made port in Florida, The Captain made her an offer: she could work for him, eventually earning her freedom and her mother's, or continue to live a life like she had under the Yakuza.

With no choice, she accepted. The Captain would keep her mother as collateral, but would send her out as one of his "fishers" to bring him girls.

The Captain directed her on how to build a cover, a life for herself to help rope in unsuspecting women, and how to find a man desperate enough to finance her life since The Captain wasn't paying her.

Then she found Sean, a seemingly harmless, lonely divorcee living in Florida with his son. Sean seemed all too happy to throw his money at Yeona at first, but she knew it couldn't last, he was starting to ask for more, expect more, in exchange for financing her lifestyle.

The Captain's plan wasn't sitting well with Yeona either. She had heard the name Ace whispered many times, often with fear, and now the Captain was planning on going to war with this person? Yes, Ace had apparently fallen on hard times, but a wounded animal was the most dangerous kind.

Then there was the revelation of Tanya, it just seemed so... wrong somehow.

Sean had spoken of his ex-wife, but never said much beyond that their marriage dissolved, but now for her to show up in their lives, and to find out that she had apparently crossed Ace? Was there something Sean wasn't telling her?

At first she pitied her boyfriend, and felt guilt for playing him, but over these past few weeks, things had been... different. Yeona had never liked the way he looked at the women she brought home, it was always like he was undressing them with his eyes, and she could tell it made them uncomfortable too. Sean being a boring, unassuming suburban boyfriend was supposed to put the women at ease, let their guard down, but the way he leered did just the opposite. As time went, Yeona changed her approach to play the annoyed girlfriend with the deadbeat boyfriend, which would draw sympathy from the marks she would bring home.

Earlier today had thrown Yeona off though when he walked in with the obvious erection, and it wasn't the first time that had happened. Something was up with him.

The Captain had mentioned using Tanya to control Sean, and that was a possibility, but would it be enough? When she told The Captain about Sean's son being a problem, the Captain referred her to a

friend of his known as The Colonel, who recruited the boy for the military. Now The Captain was talking about the boy proving useful in some way? What had she gotten herself into? More so, what had she gotten Sean and his son into?

Worse off, maybe Sean and Ian hadn't been so innocent themselves. Or worse, maybe she had unlocked something that had been inside of them the whole time.

As she pulled up outside of Sean's house, her feeling of uneasiness hadn't gone away, in fact, it became all the worse when she noticed Sean's car wasn't in the driveway.

Yeona parked and frowned at the house. That wasn't like him to be out this late. Sean rarely went out, which was the first sign that something wasn't right. She sat there in her car in the driveway, as if waiting for something to happen, but the night was still around her. Still, the feeling of uneasiness had followed her from the club to home.

She took a deep breath, and then pressed the automatic garage door opener on her visor. Usually Yeona parked in the driveway and walked inside, but she couldn't shake that feeling of being watched or followed. Going directly into the house was the best option.

But the garage door didn't budge. She hit the button a few more times but nothing happened, then she remembered Sean saying something about it malfunctioning. With a sigh, she reached into her purse to grip the tube of pepper spray and stepped out into the warm evening. Everything seemed still and quiet, but still she bolted across the driveway to the front door, unlocked it, and slipped inside like she was being chased by something.

Once in the house, she closed and locked the door, then peeked out the window but there was no sign of anyone out there. Yeona took a long sigh of relief, then walked into the kitchen and set her keys and purse down on the island, and reached for the fridge to grab a drink when she heard Sean's car pull into the driveway. She stiffened for a minute, and then heard his key in the lock and a moment later Sean stepped in.

The way he glared at her when he saw her made her skin crawl, but Yeona decided to combat it by giving him the sassy girlfriend energy that she always did.

“Look what the cat dragged in.” She sighed.

“I could say the same about you.” His tone was cold, icy.

“Well, I think it’s bed time for me.” She began to saunter towards the stairs when she noticed something.

A stain on the front of his shorts.

Yeona stopped, her eyes shifting from the stain to Sean’s face, which shifted from cold and icy, to embarrassment, and then to anger. She sighed, then laughed.

“Really Sean?” She chuckled.

They hadn’t been intimate in a long time, but when they did, he had a problem with blowing his load too early. She suspected it was a problem for him all his life, and while their sex life definitely suffered from her just not finding him appealing anymore, part of it also definitely stemmed from Sean’s shame over his little problem too.

“What, it’s nothing.” He shrank back.

Yeona smiled and advanced on him.

“First you come and greet me and my friends with your little flag there on full salute, and what? You just couldn’t hold it anymore, went out and found someone else?”

Sean backed into the wall, shrinking somewhat before finding his back bone and glaring at her.

“This isn’t about that and you know it.” He hissed.

“Oh, and what is it?”

“Don’t think I haven’t noticed how you never bring the same girls home twice, or that you go out every night!” He advanced on her.

“So what? It’s my life and I’ll live it as I should.” She laughed and stepped back.

“I know what you do with those girls.” He blurted.

Yeona's jaw dropped, but then she stood tall and tossed her hair back.

"What I do with them is none of your business."

"I followed you tonight." Sean puffed out his chest.

Yeona stumbled back, taken off guard by the comment.

"Y-you followed me?" She stammered.

"Yes, I saw where you went." Sean stepped towards her, and she felt herself backing away.

"You... you had no right!" She shouted.

"You lied to me, you led me on..." Sean went on.

"First of all," She stepped forward and jammed a finger at his chest. "Where do you get off!
Second, I was just going to a party! Nothing more!"

Yeona hoped to shut this argument down quickly, deny it all, say she was at a party with friend, but as she shouted at him, it all made sense. That's why she felt watched in the parking lot, Sean was there, watching her!

But at least he hadn't gone inside. There was no way he could have gotten in.

"You weren't at a party, I went inside, I saw it all! I heard it all!" Sean bellowed, seemingly growing larger with every word spoken.

Yeona stepped back, taken off guard by his statement.

He got in? How? What did he see?

"Sean, you... you don't understand." Her voice trembled.

"I understand enough." His voice was cold, hard.

"No, my mother, they..." She stammered.

"I can't believe it, first I get played by Tanya, then you... every women in my life..." He grumbled.

Yeona looked at him, and then the door just beyond him. She didn't know what else to do, where else to go...

She bolted for the door, not even sure where she would go or what she would do. Maybe run for The Captain, tell him what had happened, hope he would be merciful...

But Sean caught her, wrapping a hand around her waist. Yeona opened her mouth to cry out but he clamped a hand over it.

“Mmmph! Ummmph! Hlllp!” She cried as Sean dragged her away from the door.

“Oh no, you aren’t going anywhere!” He dragged her, kicking and struggling into the kitchen.

“Hrrmmph! Mmmmph! Nnnmmo!” Yeona grabbed onto anything she could as he brought her over to the basement door...

And down...

Her hands grasped at the railings, the door, and she tried to kick free from his grasp, to pull his hand from her mouth, but it was no use.

“Mmmphh! Mmmmm! Hllllp!” She moaned as they reached the basement and Sean flicked on the light.

“Mmmph! Ummm ggmmph!”

Then he dragged her over to a pole in the middle of the room, stopping to grab some tape from a shelf as he did. Sean pressed her against the pole, keeping one hand over her mouth and using his teeth to peel a strip from the roll of duct tape.

“Heeelp! Heee-mmmph!” She was cut off by the tape being pressed over her lips, and then wrapped around her mouth, then the pole, and back over her mouth.

Sean didn’t bother breaking off the tape, and instead just went down, wrapping more and more of the tape around her body and securing her to the pole.

“Mmmph! Hllmmph! Mmmph!” Yeona struggled, trying to get free as layer after layer of tape secured her in place.

Once he reached her ankles he stopped and stepped back to admire his girlfriend, cocooned to the pole.

“There, that should hold you.” Sean gasped, exhausted from securing her.

“Mmmmmppph hmmph! Nnmmph!” She moaned, barely able to move under the cocooned of tape.

“I’ll leave you down here to think about what you’ve done.” Sean turned and headed towards the stairs.

“Mmmmp! Nnnmmmp! Nnnoh! Ummm mmph!” She called after him as he stopped at the bottom of the stairs and looked at her.

“And don’t worry, you’ll have a friend.” With that he switched off the light, plunging her into darkness.

“Nnnnpph! Nnnnooh! Hhllp!” She called, listening as he climbed the stairs and closed the door behind him.

A friend? What did he mean by that?

Whatever it was, she felt a cold chill run down her spine.

To be Continued...