

By andreabound@yahoo.com

#14 Andreabound is not Invited – Part One

Since leaving college, I'd moved from one temporary job to another and so I was really pleased when I landed the position of junior admin assistant at Goldman & Goldman; the most prestigious Law firm in the town. At last I could start a proper career and with my qualifications and sharp mind I was confident I could have a long and prosperous employment here.

That was six months ago and I'd come to realize that having a natural ability for a job was not the only thing that mattered at a place like this. You also need to fit in.

The problem was Sara the office supervisor. She was beautiful, with a body to die for. This seemed to give her a strange authority over the other girls in the office above her rank. Basically, whatever Sara wanted, she got. The other girls would do anything to please her and she used this power to rule over the office like a queen bee.

I took an instant dislike to her. Of course, this meant she took an even greater dislike to me and gave me the most menial tasks available. At first I didn't mind too much. After all, I was the new girl, so I should expect to be fetching the coffees and doing everyone's photocopying. But when younger and new girls joined the firm over the next few months and I found myself still doing the same tasks, I began to realize this was my lot.

And because Sara made no secret of her disdain for me, the other girls studiously avoided me too. So conversations tail off if I come into earshot and I never get invited to any social events. Six months at the company and I was still getting the cold shoulder. I know I'm shy and not very sociable; but I don't know what I've done to deserve being left out in the cold. It was very frustrating, I enjoyed the little work of importance I did get to perform, and if only I could break the icy atmosphere, I knew I would enjoy working here. In any case, it was such a good job I was determined to make it work, somehow.

A week ago I accidentally overheard a couple of girls talking about an upcoming girls-only party at Sara's home. As usual, I wasn't invited; but the difference this time was that absolutely everyone else was. Also it was a fetish theme party, and unknown to my workmates, I harbored a secret desire to be dominated by a strong woman. This was the final straw; I was fed up with being always on the outside of things, and I just had to get myself invited to that party; if only to see Sara, the office bitch, strut her stuff in fetish gear.

Being so shy, this wasn't easy. I couldn't just go up to someone in the office and ask to be invited. Instead I dropped subtle hints to anyone I thought might possibly invite me; all to no avail. As the day of the party approached my hints got less subtle but I still didn't have the nerve to ask straight out for an invitation. Again I drew a blank, but it was clear my desires had registered because I overheard people talking about me on several occasions that week.

Apparently, they found my desperation to join in funny, and rather than taking pity on me and including me on the guest list, I found myself ridiculed. I figured perhaps because I dressed so primly at the office and was shy and withdrawn that they assumed I would be no fun at a party. I decided to show them all that just wasn't true. I could dress up with the best of them and be the center of attention if I wanted. Just

because I dressed conservatively at the office and was softly spoken didn't mean I couldn't let my hair down sometimes. But how could I go without an invite?

Then it struck me. This was a fetish party. I could wear a disguise and no one need be any the wiser as to my identity. Surely no one would expect mousy little Andrea to brazenly turn up at a private fetish party? At the end of the night I would remove my disguise and prove to them I was someone to be reckoned with and maybe finally earn their respect. Yes; I determined to do this and set about collecting the gear I would need for my venture.

I had a little fetish gear stashed away - unused; I'd just had no one to help me use it before. In truth, I didn't have much. A hood that had cost me a whole week's wages that I'd had for some time and only tried out once. With no one to lace me into it, the helmet had quickly lost its appeal. Likewise with a set of leather cuffs I had bought on impulse a year ago. I was thankful for the internet so I could buy items like this anonymously. On the other hand without the internet I would never have had the nerve to buy from a shop and would probably saved myself some money. Now at last my precious gear could come out of its wrappings.

Taking the helmet out of the paper bag I had stored it in, I pulled it once more over my head. I fit like a glove and, although it had holes for the mouth and eyes, I guessed it would be difficult for the wearer to be easily recognized. This was perfect.

On the night of the party I had left work early and stopped off at the mall to buy a pair of black patent sandals with five inch heels. I had never worn such high heels before; I thought I was being adventurous on those few occasions I wore my two inch high white pumps. It was difficult balancing in the new shoes. Just standing up in them was difficult enough never mind walking. I practiced in front of the mirror and at last I could walk in a straight line across the room without stumbling more than once. I had to admit the heels did show off my legs well and made my walk more feminine.

The rest of my outfit was less fetish-like, but it was the best I could manage from my meager wardrobe. The shoes were complemented by a short (read above the knee) wrap-around skirt and a tight red sweater with short sleeves.

Since only my eyes and mouth would be showing under my hood, I concentrated my make up there. I didn't usually wear makeup around the office so I was expert at applying it. By the time I had finished my lips were painted bright red and my eyes were defined with thick black liner and bright blue shadow. I probably put too much on that night but at least I figured it would help make me less recognizable. After painting my finger and toe nails bright red I strapped the sandals on my feet and stuffed the hood and cuffs in my purse for later. I called a cab and waited nervously.

My appearance drew lecherous stares from the cab driver. Other girls might have been flattered but I was just embarrassed. Finally arriving at the party, my arrival timed to ensure there would already be a crowd there so I could blend in unnoticed, I stood to the side of the front door to the house and wrapped my cuffs around my wrists and ankles. Once that was done I quickly pulled the hood over my head worried that at any moment someone else might arrive and spot me hiding in the shadows. I laced the hood as best I could and, steeling myself, knocked on the door.

The door opened and I stepped inside as quickly as I could, handing my coat to the person still standing behind the door as she held out her hand.

"Sara, your special guest is here" I heard her say.

It was then I noticed that none of the other guests were wearing fetish gear. Oh fuck! What had I done? I turned to leave but found the door shut and someone barring my way. Just then Sara came up to my side and took my elbow in her hand.

“Come in Andrea. We’ve been waiting for you” she said; clearly enjoying my discomfort.

“but I thought... I, I,” I stammered. This couldn’t be happening. The bitch had set me up! I remembered back to the overheard conversations in the office. Now I thought about it, I had been too eager to catch details of the party arrangements to realize they were setting me up. Damn!

All was not lost (apart from my dignity) though. All I had to do was remove my cuffs and hood. The rest of my outfit was fine for a party. But as my hands moved to the laces at the back of my hood, someone grabbed my wrists.

“Not so fast, Andrea. You wanted a fetish party, so that’s what you’re going to get” Sara said and with that, my hands were pulled behind me and I heard a click. My arms were released and I instinctively tried to lift them back to my hood, only to find the cuffs had been clipped together.

Now I was lost; my mind reeling. I had always fantasized about being taken prisoner by a room full of beautiful girls but the reality made me feel sick inside with horror. My brain was yelling at my feet to get me out of there before things went any further, but my body was telling me a different story. My palms were sweaty, I was gulping air like I’d been under water for an hour and I could feel pussy juices slowly trickling down my thighs.

For a fatal moment I was a rabbit trapped in headlights; not able to move, frozen to the spot. That was my undoing as it gave my captors time to remove my ability to change my fate. Someone had bent down unseen at my feet and I felt a short chain connect my ankle cuffs. Now I couldn’t run even if I could get my mind into gear. I would have to talk myself out of this. But I was defeated even in this last attempt by the months of shyness in front of these co-workers. I opened my mouth to protest at this unexpected treatment but found only a small whimper of fear (or maybe desire) escaped my lips.

Sara laughed again. “I thought we would have to gag you, my dear” she said. “But it seems you haven’t got anything to say for yourself anyway”

My humiliation was complete and I just hung my head in shame knowing even if I finally found words to plead for release they would be twisted and used to taunt me further. My shoulders slumped and sensing my surrender Sara virtually crowed with delight. “She’s ours for the night girls. What shall we do with her?”

It turned out my fate had already been discussed at length and, decided beforehand. Several pairs of hands grabbed me and I was marched unceremoniously through a door and down into the basement.

Andreabound is not Invited – Part Two

The basement was dark until someone threw a switch and then it was flooded with stark light. It was full of rubbish, broken furniture and other items piled untidily

against the walls. The center of the room had been cleared, however, and was empty except for a large sawhorse, above which dangled a chain.

I was moved to the sawhorse and my ankle chain was unclipped at one cuff and I was lifted over the sawhorse until I was straddling it. I'm quite short and so the top of the horse pushed into my pussy. I was actually glad of the high heels, even though they were already making my feet hurt. At least they gave me enough height so my pussy wasn't pressing down too hard on the top of the sawhorse.

My ankle chain was reattached to my cuffs and, in that simple move; I was made a prisoner of the sawhorse. Sara stood in front of me and looked me up and down speculatively.

"You're a stuck up bitch, Andrea and we're all fed up of your 'I'm better than you' attitude around the office. Maybe after tonight you'll mend your ways and treat us with a little more respect" she said.

I was astounded. I knew didn't say much around the office but, 'stuck up'? That wasn't me at all. I was shy not stuck up. It wasn't my fault that I had a better education than most of these girls. How could they have so completely misunderstood me?

"No, no, you've got it wrong. I'm not like that at all" I said suddenly finding my voice.

"Ah, ha, time for the gag then" said Sara and with that she held out a bundle of straps for me to see. I couldn't work out what they were for until she untangled them and moved towards my face. Now I could see it was a harness gag with an oversized ring at the center of all the straps. I backed away, but several pairs of hands held me steady as Sara forced the ring past my teeth and proceeded to tighten the straps far more than was strictly necessary. I mmpphed my disapproval of this unwelcome invader but Sara just laughed at my pathetic and belated attempts to plead for freedom.

"Shall we inspect our prize then?" she asked, as always the ringleader of her admiring coterie; just the same here as at the office I noted.

With that my skirt was unbuttoned and I briefly regretted wearing a wrap-around skirt as it was pulled easily from my hips.

"Ooo. Lace thong; how sexy" one of the other girls whistled. "Never knew she had it in her. Wonder what she has under her top."

Of course my top was next for removal followed by my black push-up bra. It was far more adventurous than I would normally wear but then I wasn't expecting it to be seen by anyone. My wrist cuffs were released momentarily so that my top and bra could be fully removed and I took the opportunity to struggle for freedom. With several pairs of hands still holding me onto the sawhorse though, it was impossible to take advantage of my hands being untied.

"There's nothing to stop her taking off those cuffs, we need some rope" said Sara and so my arms were held firm again while my cuffs were undone and my hands were bound with several turns of thin rope and finished off with a tight cinch, ensuring I couldn't wriggle free of my bindings.

“That doesn’t look right now” said Sara, looking me up and down. “We need more rope for her legs. Got to have symmetry” With that a couple of girls began to rummage through the clutter against the walls and returned brandishing a long length of hemp.

They used this to bind my ankles together and since there was a lot of rope left over, they used the remainder to tie my knees and thighs tightly together.

“More!” said Sara, still not satisfied. Another rope hunt was begun and turned up more rope, as requested. Soon I had two ropes tied around my waist; one fastening me to the front of the sawhorse, the other to the back. Now I was truly trapped; straddling the middle of the loathsome horse. A rope tight rope bra was woven around my breasts and a final rope pulled my elbows together behind my back.

The rope used to cinch my wrists had a loose end of about three foot and this was pulled up and threaded through one of the links high up in the chain that dangled near my head.

“I saved the best to last” said Sara reaching into her purse and pulling out what I recognized as clover clamps. I had only ever seen them on websites before; never even thought about buying them as by all accounts these things were vicious.

I squirmed back as far as my bonds would allow but there was no way I could prevent Sara from opening the clamps, one in each hand, and approaching my already erect nipples. The state of my nipples did not escape her notice.

“Look! she exclaimed, “The kinky bitch is enjoying this”. The others gathered round to look and, again, I was made to blush under my hood as there were peals of laughter around the room.

The clamps bit down on my nipples and they certainly lived up to their reputation. I made a gurgling noise through my gag but this just brought more laughter.

Sara grabbed the rope attached to my hands and threaded through the chain and pulled. My hands were forced up until they were over my head and then she tied the free end of the rope off to the middle of the short chain that connected the clamps. She let go of the rope and my hands instinctively lowered. The clamps bit even harder on my nipples and I screamed into my gag and raised my hands again, until the pressure on my nipples was relieved. My head of course was bowed by this so Sara produced a large padlock and used it to attach my gag harness to the chain; holding my head up high.

“You were not invited to this party, Andrea” Sara stated bluntly “And so I’m afraid you’ll have to stay down here while we go back upstairs and carry on with our party. You are trespassing here. We could always call the cops but I’m sure you’d prefer this”

I shook my head to indicate I didn’t want her to report me to the cops. I wasn’t going to let on, but I was getting really turned on by the unfolding events. The girls thought they were punishing me by subjecting me to this humiliation but little did they know how many times I had laid in bed at night, fantasizing about this exact situation.

As the last girl walked up the stairs, she turned off the light and I found myself standing in darkness listening to the sounds of the party getting underway above me. A party I hadn't been invited to.

Some time later, just as I was giving up the fight to keep my arms up high enough to prevent my nipples being torn off my breasts, the light came on again and a rather drunk Sara came down the stairs to stand in front of me.

"You're a stuck up bitch, Andrea. And I hate you." She said taking a large swig from the half empty bottle of vodka in her hand. We'd already had this conversation but she was obviously the sort of drunk who likes to talk. The next five minutes or so was spent with her wandering around me spitting vitriol. I don't know what I had done to deserve this abuse; I had always tried to fit in. So, I hadn't really liked Sara; but I had never actually been rude to her. Well, not in a way she would understand anyway, she wasn't bright enough to understand my subtle digs at her, surely? Whatever the reason, it was now payback time for the imagined offense I had caused Sara and she was making the most of the situation; berating me for the six months of unbearable torment and trouble I had apparently caused her.

I tried to interrupt her and tell her I was in too much pain from the clamps. It was difficult enough communicating through the gag and her drunken haze, but I persisted, and she eventually got my meaning.

"Too painful, huh?" she sneered. "Try this for pain, bitch". With that she reached over and removed both of the clamps at the same time. The blood flooded back into my previously pinched nipples and the pain was unbearable. I mewed unintelligibly through the gag and I almost passed out.

"See, this is what I mean" Sara was continuing her diatribe. "You complain about something, I fix it and you still complain. This is why I hate you stuck up college girls so much"

She threw the clamps on the floor, which was a relief as I had feared they were about to be reattached to my nipples. Sara stopped talking for a moment as she tried to focus on the clamps lying at her feet. Then she bent down and picked up my skirt and top lying nearby.

"See, even your clothes are prissy" she mocked, "who turns up to a party looking like this?" and holding my skirt in her hands she began to tear it into ragged strips. The top was likewise shredded. Then Sara bent down at my feet and removed my sandals. "You don't deserve clothes at all" she said; lost in her inebriated mist. She tried to rip my sandals but they were too strong for her so they were just flung across the room, landing in a pile of rubbish by the door.

"I so want to hurt you for all the crap you've given to me" Sara spat and, finding a bamboo cane in a pile of rubbish, proceeded to whip my breasts and stomach with it.

Oh God that hurt so much. I screamed and screamed as the whipping went on. Maybe the music drowned out my muffled cries, maybe they all knew better than to mess with Sara when she was drunk. But either way, no one came down to stop her.

Sara suddenly stopped; intrigued by the pattern of welts she had brought up on the front of my body. I couldn't see them myself, as my head was held up by the harness to the chain, but I could certainly feel them and I had no doubt there was a good set of angry red stripes all over me.

Sara looked at me but was having trouble focusing her eyes. “Fuck you” she said distantly and crumpled to the ground, unconscious.

The relief I felt now the beating had stopped and my nipples had recovered from wearing the clamps was short lived however as I realized the only way to stop my pussy being crushed on the sawhorse was to stay on my tiptoes.

Over the last few hours I would have given anything to have had my shoes removed. Now I would have given anything to have them put back on.

I knew I couldn't stay on my tiptoes for too long and so I experimented by lowering my feet until I could stand the pain no longer. There was no way I could put my feet flat on the ground and any attempt to lower my feet resulted in the pointy top of the sawhorse digging unmercifully into my pussy. I could stand it for a couple of minutes but then I would be forced to raise myself off the sawhorse again.

The problem was I realized that I was fighting a losing battle with gravity. The amount of time I could rest my pussy on the top of the sawhorse and rest my legs was getting slowly shorter but the amount of time I could stand on my tiptoes was also getting shorter. Something was going to have to give soon.

My pussy couldn't take this much abuse but my legs were shaking and I knew it was but a matter of minutes before they gave way completely. I knew I was fucked.

I tried to call out to Sara to wake her from her slumber but all I got in return was a gentle snoring. I was getting desperate. I tried screaming at the top of my lungs. The music had long stopped but everyone was obviously gone home or fallen asleep. Help was not forthcoming.

So that is how I spent the night. I couldn't get any sleep and of course my legs finally gave way and I spent most of the remainder of the night with my pussy crushed most painfully onto the top of the sawhorse. I just hung there and cried with the pain.

Andreabound is not Invited – Part Three

It had been light for several hours before Sara finally stirred from her drunken sleep. She didn't look too good and as soon as she woke up she fled upstairs, presumably in search of a bathroom. I called after her but she barely gave me a look over her shoulder as she ran up the stairs.

An hour or so later and I was again reduced to tears as Sara finally made a reappearance in the basement.

Even if she had not planned to leave me tied up all night, she seemed unrepentant as she untied me and helped me collapse in a heap onto the floor. As soon as my gag was removed I started to complain about my treatment but Sara wincing, and evidently hung-over, silenced me by placing a hand over my mouth.

“Shut up if you know what's good for you” she said. “I still think you're a bitch. You tried to crash my party and I'm not finished with you.” With that she dragged me, unresisting, to my feet and pulled me upstairs.

“I've got just the thing for you” she said, shoving me into a room on the top floor of her house. In front of me, laid out, was a maids costume.

“Put it on” she said “it’s all you’re going to get to wear today. And then get to work cleaning this mess. You wanted to go to a party so you have to help clear up afterwards.”

I was so tired, I just wanted to fall on the bed in that room and sleep for the next two days. I eyed it speculatively but Sara caught my glance and slapped me hard on my bottom. “Get on with it” she said. So I did.

The next few hours I crawled slowly around the house cleaning up endless empty bottles and chip packets. There seemed to be crumbs everywhere and a couple of major spills. It must have been some party, I mused. Pity I didn’t get to attend.

It seemed like everyone had gone home after all the house was empty save for me and Sara. So I was surprised while straightening the duvet in one bedroom, when it suddenly moved and there, in front of me, were two of my colleagues intertwined and slowly stirring. I quickly replaced the duvet and moved on.

Eventually sleep got the better of me and I awoke to find myself sprawled in one of the bathrooms with Sara sitting on me and closing a pair of handcuffs over my wrists.

“Lazy bitch” she said. “It’s not just at work you’re a slacker, is it?” With that she slapped a piece of tape across my lips and marched me out of the room and into her bedroom where she pushed me into her closet. My ankle cuffs were reattached and I was made to lie down on the floor of the closet before Sara slammed the door shut.

“Sleep it off then if you must. But at least you’ll do it out of my sight” she said. “You can finish off the cleaning later” I heard something heavy being dragged across the doorway.

I curled up and was quickly asleep again.

When I awoke sometime later it was already getting dark outside. Sara was standing at the doorway to the closet. “Ready to clean?” she asked holding out a vacuum cleaner. I held up my hands behind my back to show her I was incapacitated.

My hands were released and, refreshed by my sleep I considered just leaving then and there. But I realized I would only have my life at the office made even more hellish if I ran off now, so I went to work, cleaning and polishing, until Sara was finally happy with the state of her home.

When my work was complete, Sara informed me I would have to go home in the maids outfit, as I certainly wasn’t going to dirty any of her clothes. Since she’d destroyed my own clothes the night before, I didn’t really have a choice. So I retrieved my shoes from the basement and called a cab home.