



Cindy, Love Doll

by Gromet

(New Chapters all edited and added to 20 Years after the story was originally posted, plus new chapters that continue the story) 4-10-23

Chapter One: The Surprise

Having been away on a business trip for the past week, which happily I'd managed to finish up things much earlier than I had expected, finance meetings can get boring very quickly, my plan was to give my wonderful man an extra special, unexpected gift with me dressed in some new drop-dead gorgeous lingerie that I'd purchased while away on my trip, and of course accompanied by many hours in bed while he played with my body, and I with his.

My flight brought me home at about midday, so I knew that I had plenty of time to get my little surprise ready. I have my own key to his apartment, and while we do live together most of the time, I still maintain my own home, for no other reason than if I need a break or he goes away, plus I have more wardrobe space that way. After the taxi dropped me at his apartment, I let myself in, I found that it was very quiet in his place, I guessed that with everyone was at work at that time of day I suppose there were no neighbours home to make any noise.

Once inside the apartment, I hid my luggage in the hallway closet after removing the few items that I needed for my little surprise, and then I headed to the bathroom to start running a bath and get myself ready for his return. I'd planned to be suitably sultry & sexy, dressed in my new lingerie, with my make-up and hair done, looking like one of those glamorous models you find in magazines. After starting the water running for the bath, I began to walk around the apartment to get everything ready, putting champagne to chill in the refrigerator, plus a box of chocolates that I'd bought from my trip, very expensive Belgium ones, I looked forward to trying those.

As I continued wandering around the apartment I finally ended up in his bedroom, where I was going to change the bed sheets for some super sexy nice deep red satin ones that I'd picked up before my trip, as I loved the feel of them on my skin, and they'd go well with the new lingerie. Currently, the room was very dark with the curtains very effective in cutting off the daylight from outside, useful for those times when you have a hangover. Reaching around I found the light switch and turned it on, as my eyes adjusted to the light I saw lying on top of the bed something that resembled a female body.

Getting over the initial shock at my discovery, I walked closer to the bed thinking that my lover had been seeing someone else secretly whilst I was away, but as I got closer I could not see any movement from whoever was lying there, then as I stood next to the bed I saw that this body was not another woman – but that of a doll, but by the look of things not only just a doll but one of those inflatable type sex dolls.

The doll lay there with its legs wide exposing “her” sex, and its mouth formed into an “O” shape. At first, I don't know if I was shocked or amused at finding this little discovery, but oddly I thought that “she” looked roughly the same size and shape as me. I'm small at 4'8”, petite with average breasts, with my body on the smaller side, my hair reddish-brown, except down below which is always kept shaved clean, as I love the feel of it and the heightened sensuality. I could immediately see a resemblance between “her” & me, and I wondered if that was why he had chosen this particular doll.

Fascinated by the doll, I examined “her” body, my eyes casting down to its sex, and then I wondered if she'd been used by him during the night, maybe he had fantasized that it was me. In my mind, I had visions of my boyfriend using “her” & a pang of jealousy wheeled up within me towards this lifeless object. I quickly returned to the bathroom to turn off the bath and decided to go back into the bedroom for another look at “her”.

As I examined the doll in closer detail, the face was more detailed than the flat painted features that I'd seen other dolls beforehand, though I'd only briefly seen those ones as they were passed around. But I began to have these wicked, sexy thoughts of him using me the same as he had used “her”, what if I was in “her” place, how would it feel, would he even realise? Then an idea came to me, I could maybe replace “her” to be used by him, but how could I achieve this?

I left the bedroom again with my mind racing with wickedly delicious thoughts of what could be happening later on. Returning back to the bathroom I undressed, my mind still exploring the possibilities of how I could be in “her” place when he returned. I looked across at the full-length mirror in the bathroom, I was pleased with my own body, okay so my height wasn't average, but I'd have never had a problem with guys and dates, maybe they felt protective towards me due to my small size, and I sometimes found my smaller stature an advantage.

I shook myself from my reverie and climbed into the bath. Relaxing in its luxurious warmth, the water lapping over my tummy and up to my breasts felt really nice, while my hands began exploring, running down over my body from my sensitive breasts down to my tummy and onto my little mound. The smooth area around my sweet pussy felt soft, the silky outer skin parting as my fingers probed within their pliant folds, gently moving my fingers around until I found my little pleasure button, upon touching this, it immediately sent delightful little shivers throughout my body, the tingling electricity from rubbing my fingers against the little nub bringing waves of pleasure from deep within me. I relaxed deeper into the water, dreaming of my boyfriend making love to me, the pleasure building within me until I reached a delicious climax, with each aching throbbing contraction in my belly, much needed after being away for the past few days.

As my mind drifted as I lay there afterwards relaxing, my thoughts began to return to how I was going to surprise him tonight, with my original plan of him finding me dressed in my new lingerie now put on hold for another night. I found that the more that I thought about it, the more that I wanted to be that doll, and to find out what it felt like to be used by him as nothing more than just his doll, what would the experience feel like, and would the sex be enjoyable? Of course, it also filled my yearning to be submissive to him, give myself to him, a single-minded need to be taken charge of and revel in being like putty in his hands, melting as he touched me.

Thinking further about being nothing more than his sex toy to be used, to fulfil his needs over my own increasingly fitted in well with my desire to submit myself to him. Not that I wanted to be his slave, as such, though that idea had been in several of my fevered fantasies while my fingers and toys brought greater heights of delight, it was more that I felt really comfortable in our relationship to allow my inner submissive side to be explored. The more that I thought about it, the more I seemed to have started to develop this desire within me to be "her", it felt like the ultimate submission, an object to be used.

Quickly I finished my bath before I started to play with myself again, I had other plans now that I needed to accomplish. Cleaning up behind me so that he would not know that I had been there, I then walked back into the bedroom to ponder over my problem. "She" was laying there as before, eyes open looking up at the ceiling, "her" body unmoving, "her" mouth still rounded into an "O", seeing this, there were several thoughts that dashed into my head of him using my mouth and other places for his own pleasure. My body began to react to these visions, a frisson deep within me, I again found myself becoming aroused at these wicked thoughts.

Picking the doll up off the bed to examine "her", I thought of "her" as another body and I was quickly surprised at the weight, I had thought that being inflatable she wouldn't weigh anything, being filled with air. But "she" was well made as dolls go I guessed and looked expensive and not a cheap plastic inflatable doll, I'd seen a couple of these during college that were brought out during parties, much to the embarrassment of some poor slob whose doll it was or was being set up for. Everyone would remorselessly tease him over the next few weeks until the joke wore thin.

Upon turning the doll over & looking at "her" back an idea flashed into my mind of a way of becoming the doll, I could possibly cut an opening up the back & climb inside of "her", and then become "her". But first I placed the doll back down upon the bed and then I laid down beside it to check if it was really the same size as me, I even climbed on top and then held it on top of me, which felt kind of sexy, in a weird way, I could see him enjoying seeing me and the doll like this, sort of like a girl-on-girl fantasy. Finally, I was quite sure that it could work; now all I needed was something to cut "her" with, so climbing off of the bed I searched for something to cut the doll with.

I found a sharp pair of scissors in the kitchen and returned to the bedroom, then sitting down on the bed I pulled the doll across my lap and placed my hands on “her” back, trying to decide where to start cutting. I pulled the plug to let the air out and deflated “her” until the doll was flat. Grabbing the scissors, I pierced the doll in the lower back, it felt as though I was stabbing someone real, a rival for my man’s affections. I began cutting upwards towards the head trying to keep the cut as straight as I could, and as I reached the base of the neck, I thought again about how I was going to climb inside. The head would be a problem, visions of loose latex skin giving the game away; then the idea of using tape to seal the opening came to me, we had purchased some duct tape recently for some bondage we’d done before my trip. That would be perfect.

Grabbing the scissors I continued cutting the back of the head until I thought I could fit within there, I tested it by placing it down over my face and after a bit of squeezing & pushing my head popped into place. I could not see, my eyes were covered by the latex as was my nose, I took it off and made small holes so I could see and be able to breathe. I then thought about the other holes needed and after looking inside the doll decided to cut these openings too. First, the back of the mouth, just in case I needed to breathe this way, also to taste him as he used me here, then onto “her” sex, this definitely had to go as I loved the feel of him filling me without having a false condom between us, that I would definitely not give up.

Then I came across the other tube that made up “her” rectum, to be polite! Should I or shouldn’t I, it was hard to decide as I’d never before had sex back there before, sure I’d been asked, but I had always declined fearing the pain or just not having any interest in that area, I’d always considered that an exit, not an entrance like the other opening between my legs. I decided not to cut here yet; though I figured that I would have to push the tube into me so as not to give myself away should he use this part of the doll.

I found the tape inside the wardrobe left over from our last adventure into bondage, where he’d bound and gagged me using the tape. The doll’s body was now deflated and cut open at the rear, it lay there resembling a crime scene, I expected to see the chalk outline around “her” body. Quickly rushing into the bathroom for a last-minute pit-stop and then I applied some talcum powder over my body, I had read about this in one of his magazines about people wearing latex making it much easier to put on, he said that it was leftover from an old girlfriend of his that was into that stuff, but I had my doubts judging by the guilty look that he had.

Once ready, I moved back into the bedroom and picked up the doll, I sat on the edge of the bed and placed my foot inside of the doll, the latex felt cool and clammy against my skin, I pushed my foot down into the leg opening until it reached near the foot part. It was a bit tighter than I’d thought it would be, but I was determined to carry on. I bunched up the leg of the doll and pulled it over my foot until it popped into place, the doll’s foot was indeed the same size as mine.

I then placed my other foot down into the other leg and pushed it home until it too popped into place within the latex confines. It felt good, the latex closed in around my legs and feet just like a second skin. Now I had to slide it over my hips and bottom, I thought that this would be hard; all women think that their bottoms are too big, it’s just part of the female psyche. Maybe it was the cut up the back or not, but it slipped easily over my hips, and up onto my waist, again the latex clung to my skin. It was beginning to feel deliciously warm and cosy within its grasp.

My hands and arms were next, placing my left hand within the doll's arm I pushed downwards whilst holding its shoulder with my other hand, it slid down into the glove without too much trouble and again seemed to pop into place. I looked over the arm at the latex covering me it seemed to adapt to my body shape, and close in onto my skin. I continued with my right hand until my other arm was also covered in the latex. Whether it was the tight feel of the latex or the thought of what would be happening later, I began to get very turned on, a warm tingly sensation ran throughout my body, my sex felt as though it were on fire and I had to stop myself from playing with it to douse the flames.

Now I stood covered from my chest down to my toes in latex, the doll's head hung limply at the front; I reached down between my legs and pushed the remaining part of the doll's sex within me, just an inch or two within me just to look the part. Then I began to reach around behind me, my mind split into two on whether I wanted this part to happen, summoning up my courage I pushed the tube into my rear, it slid within me fairly easily which came as a great shock to me, and I wondered if he'd use me there. Now all that was left to do was to place my head inside the doll, and I would be nearly ready.

I looked down at the head and made sure that the holes for my nose and mouth would be sufficient for me to breathe through, also that the small opening in the eyes would allow me to see him. Satisfied I grabbed hold of both sides of the head with my latex-coated hands and pulled it over my face, up over the top of my head until it had popped into place, a few minor adjustments, lining up the hole and placing the mouthpiece within me and I was done; covered head to toe in the latex doll. Now for the tape to seal me within "her".

Picking up the tape & scissors, I cut several strips from the roll, as I would be unable to handle more than a short length of tape at a time. I had to return to the bathroom to use the mirror to place the tape correctly. I started at the top and sealed the back of my neck down to between my shoulders first. I tried to make it as tight as possible so as to look realistic; it wasn't easy at first, but I soon managed to achieve the desired effect. Working my way downwards the hardest part was my mid-back area, which was difficult to reach, but after spending some time struggling, I managed to close this area.

When finished I looked at my latex-coated body in the mirror, my mouth now forming the familiar "O" shape that the doll had beforehand, my new synthetic skin gleaming in the light, tight and smooth against my 'inner' skin, with not a blemish or wrinkle to be seen. Now looking back at me in the reflection was the doll standing there, she looked just like I'd seen her in the bedroom, her eyes staring back at me, I'd actually become "her" or had she become me.

I ran my hands over my new flesh, the sensations I felt seemed more extreme than before, heightened to a new level, as my hands touched the opening in the doll for my hidden inner womanhood, the intensity of my fingers stroking down there were much more powerful, leading to my second orgasm of the day, so far, as my body shuddered and my legs felt weak. I had to sit on the edge of the bath to recover. After a few minutes, I stood up and returned to the bedroom, satisfied with the job I'd done to convert myself into this plaything, every move of my body seemed to play on my skin, my body was now much more sensitive to touch.

It was now getting closer to the time when he'd be returning home from work, so I had to get myself into place ready for his return if I wanted him to think that I was his doll. "She" had been lying there with one leg on the bed and one off over the side, I tried to replicate this position, but after a short while my leg started to ache so I decided that I would chance that he would not remember how he'd left "her" that morning. He would not be expecting me home for a couple of days yet, so I doubted if he would put "her" away just yet, and make use of the features of the doll. I re-arranged myself on the bed into a more comfortable position and spread my legs as far as the dolls had been. Laying there on my back just trying to stay still was hard at first, but I started to doze and my body just seemed to relax, just before I fell asleep.

Whether it was my orgasm (or two) or the trip, but I had fallen into such a deep sleep that I didn't hear him return home, I had been dreaming about being used sexually by several people whilst dressed as this doll when I was disturbed by him sitting down on the bed. I opened my eyes startled at being woken so fast from a deep sleep, I very nearly let out a cry but remembered in time to stifle it. It was dark inside the bedroom, and I could just see an outline in the corner of my vision, I knew that I could not move my head, otherwise, I would give myself away. I lay there as still as possible, trying to slow down my breathing as I wanted to give no indication that I was here or that the doll was indeed ALIVE!

I really enjoy bondage, being tied and helpless, and this to me seemed to be another form of self-imposed bondage, just laying here not daring to move, not wishing to move, it was as though my limbs, indeed my entire body was tied down to the bed, fixed solidly to the mattress, more so than by just mere rope would have done. But as it turned out, I needed to have worried on my part as he had been out drinking with his workmates and had returned home late, while not drunk and incapable, his senses were slightly impaired I guessed.

He climbed into bed, my heart thumping with excitement and my pussy becoming warm & wet at the thought of him using me. He lay there next to me for a while before I felt his hands move, he seemed to be playing with himself, and I had visions of him just masturbating himself before going to sleep and not using his doll. But just before I began to move, he rolled over in my direction & quickly climbed on top of me. He did not seem to notice that his inflatable doll was now a solid living object, and I felt him slip inside my own, now very well-lubricated love hole.

He then began to pump himself inside me, I resisted all urges to place my arms and legs around him, as I would normally do during lovemaking, I wanted to be his sexdoll, just used for his lustful pleasures. There was no need for foreplay, why would a doll need that, this was just pure sexual gratification on his part, a quick fuck, something that he could enjoy without the need to satisfy the other person, with no guilt at finishing himself before his partner in the sexual act.

I could feel him inside of me as he pumped himself within my sex, this felt really good, and then his penis began to swell and grow within me, and I knew that it would not be long before his climax. I began to relish the prospect of his seed splashing deeply within me, but to my surprise and amazement as he came I also came too, I had one of the most intense orgasms of my life at that point, my whole body seemed to go into spasm. He continued pumping into me until his own climax subsided and then he lay there on top of me resting as I continued with mine, then he climbed off of me and rolled over to go to sleep without another thought of me or the doll.

I was in bliss; was this exactly how I'd imagined it would be like, well partially, I had really just expected the sex to be a one-sided affair on his part, I was a doll to be used by him for his needs after all, but having my own unexpected orgasm was the icing on the cake. Contented that my plans had come about, I had been used by him as his sex doll, I lay there revelling in my warm afterglow, not daring to move a muscle as I did not want the feelings that I was having to subside too quickly. I closed my eyes, relaxed and drifted off back into a deep sleep.

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Discovery

It wasn't until morning that I awoke, I was startled by him moving in the bed, he was sitting up with his feet on the floor ready to get up when I accidentally made a sound, he was startled and quickly turned his head in my direction and looked at his sex doll. I don't know what thoughts went through his mind at that point, but he quickly jumped off the bed, turned and shook his head in disbelief. I couldn't help but smile inside of the doll skin and tried to remain still, but as he looked closer, he could see my chest moving as I breathed. Then, wickedly I moved my head in his direction and watched as he jumped backwards, nearly tripping over his clothes on the floor.

With a confused look on his face, he approached the bed again, not sure what was happening with his sex toy, and as he got closer to where the doll lay on the bed, I reached up with my latex-coated arms to pull him towards me, wrestling him down onto the bed so that he was now lying on his back with me above him, sitting on his chest so that he couldn't move, he was all mine now. In shock, I think he just lay there wondering what was going on.

Satisfied with my capture, I moved my head down over his body and was soon fully enjoying the taste of his manhood within my mouth. He started to react to my playing with his penis, soon it was again hard, and I had this irresistible urge to taste his cum, and nothing would stop me from achieving this goal. It seemed to be my only thought; he tried to sit up, but I pushed him back down on the bed, and he didn't talk or attempt to say anything. Eventually, I felt him swell within my mouth and his hands reached down and held me on either side of my head as his fluids gushed within my mouth, I had to quickly swallow every drop, trying to breathe as he pushed himself deeper and squirted down the back of my throat. It just seemed to be the thing I most craved and was disappointed when he stopped.

Contented with myself that I had pleased him, and quenched some of my own inner desires, I laid beside him with my latex-coated arms encircled about his body. He seemed hesitant to talk, maybe he thought that he was dreaming that his sex doll had suddenly sprung to life, maybe he was afraid it would end, that this was all a dream. It wasn't until I spoke that he seemed to realise that the doll was actually me.

"Good morning, darling, surprised?" I said.

He stuttered at first, then asked me why?

I then told him about my plans to return early and surprise him by finding me in his bed clad only in sheer lingerie, and my wicked plans for his seduction but then finding this doll lying on his bed. How I'd then thought of this unique way of surprising him and asked if he'd liked it.

He began by sitting up, and as he did so I rolled onto my back for him to examine me. He ran his hands over my latex-coated body exploring my breasts, his hands running over my tummy, gently circling the area between my legs but not lingering there, much to my frustration. Looking at me lying there, he asked me why again?

“Well, after finding the doll I wanted to see for myself how it would feel to be used by you as just a sex toy, I don’t know just what motivated me to do this other than seeing “her” on the bed, the thoughts had just flashed into my head”, I replied, “Do you like what you see?”

He then asked me to roll over to show him how I’d got inside the doll, this turned out to be an evil trick on his part, for as I rolled over to lay on my front, he quickly climbed on top of me and said that as I was now his sex doll, that I was his to use how he pleased and that I should experience all the pleasures of its anatomy and features.

I could feel his erection prodding against my latex-coated bottom, he pushed me down into the bed and pressed his now erect member against my rear hole. What with my saliva still clinging to the outside of his penis lubricating it or whatever, but he slipped inside me easily and began using me for his delight whilst holding me down tightly against the mattress, his weight holding me in place.

Not that I wanted to move or resist, somehow this just felt right, and I wondered why I hadn’t done this before. But now I was beginning to enjoy this, every movement of his body against mine seemed to send flashes of pleasure through me. I was now fully his to use for own his pleasure, and when he came within my rear I felt not only joy but also experienced a wave of contentment rush through me, It hadn't been all that bad, really. I'd enjoyed it and he had felt good inside me.

As we lay there, I did not want him to pull out, I wanted to remain connected for as long as possible but I suppose that all good moments must end; and he pulled himself out of me, leaving me with an empty feeling, and got off the bed. He was unsure what my reaction would be to this event, as we had never discussed him using me back there and this was the first time for us both. For myself I could not move nor did I want to, I was in heaven, and I had thoroughly enjoyed being used as his sex toy.

He got off the bed as I lay there just dreaming, not fully focused, he left me there as he went off into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, while I drifted into my dream-like state, while away he’d called work to say that he would not be in today. He returned carrying a tray with breakfast and coffee for us both, I rolled over, and he asked me if I wanted any help in getting out of the latex. I declined his offer and said that I’d like to stay inside the doll for a while longer, maybe for some more fun too, if he wanted to.

After he fed me breakfast, we lay around on the bed talking about various things, including my trip, but the conversation soon drifted back to the doll and me. I said that as I’d destroyed his doll, that I would replace it for him. He said, literally!

I laughed and nodded in agreement and said that anytime he felt the need to use his sex doll that he should tell me and I would indulge his request. I continued by saying that I’d loved the feel of the latex on my skin and being used by him too. He said that he was beginning to get that urge right now. So I rolled onto my back telling him to use me, and laid there as he climbed back on top of me, entering me and using me for his pleasure.

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Special Services

During the next two weeks, if I wasn't already staying at his place, he'd call me on the phone at work and ask me to come over and perform my little special service for him. Each time I heard him ask me, my heart would go into palpitations, and I could feel the dampness building between my legs, aroused at the thought of being his sex doll again. I could say that I was beginning to get addicted to this, and every time we made love, I always seemed to place myself within the doll either physically or mentally when we were just making love normally. The first time that he tried to seal me inside the doll, he had some trouble with the tape, he said that there must be an easier way than this, maybe he had two thumbs but taken the time I'd never had a problem but he said that he'd look into it.

At the weekend we decided I would spend all day Sunday as the doll, I couldn't be there on Saturday due to other commitments so was pleasantly surprised when I arrived late Saturday evening to find that he'd put a zip fastener in the rear opening, no tape was now needed. As I eagerly climbed back into the doll, I found that my limbs slipped much easier into the latex, maybe due to practice or the doll adjusting to my size, but it fitted me much better than before. Once I was fully encased, he reached behind me and pulled the zipper closed, and it wasn't until he reached the back of my neck that I heard the click of a lock. I was secured within the doll now until he decided to release me, he showed me the key and said that he'd also had the lock installed along with the zip.

It felt delicious being in his control, I again was his love toy to use as he saw fit, for his own pleasure. I was now totally enclosed within the doll until such time as he wished to release me. I was pushed back onto the bed by him, and he quickly followed me down, it wasn't long before he was pushing his solid member deep within me, the sensations building up within me to fever pitch. We both managed to climax at the same time, mine seemed to go on forever, he'd stopped moving and laid there on top of me as my orgasm continued. Finally, it subsided and we both drifted off into sleep; sometime later during the night he woke and again used me for his own pleasure, it was sheer bliss.

I remained enclosed within the doll all day Sunday, most of the time lying on the bed unmoving, I felt as though I was tied down to the bed, somehow glued in place, but in reality, I just didn't want to move and break the spell that I was under. He would come in every so often to check on me and sometimes even use me whilst I just lay there. It wasn't until very late in the afternoon that I finally moved off of the bed, I found him in front of his computer surfing porno sites, he said that he was looking for some ideas to use on me, and we sat there together looking at the images. I suggested we look over at some latex sites, seeing that's what I was wearing they may have something more suitable there.

We'd been through several sites, and I'd mention the ones that interested me, some of the ladies were totally bound head to toe, some wrapped but all clearly enjoying themselves. I was getting incredibly turned on at this point and slipped off of my chair and down onto the floor on my knees. I made my way under the table to his lap, undoing his bathrobe I slipped my hands around his limp member, moving them up & down to bring some life back into it. This was shortly followed by my mouth gently running my tongue around his now stiffening rod, I could taste our sex mingled together on his penis. He moaned in pleasure as my warm mouth engulfed him, he continued to look at the screen while my mouth and tongue did their magic on him, his hands eventually dropped down and held my head in place, as he spurted his cum deep into my throat.

Afterwards, he said that his penis was starting to get sore from all this attention and that he would have to put me out of the way for a while until he recovered. He disappeared into the kitchen and held something behind his back when he returned. He asked me to stand, and I did so not quite sure of what was to come next, though happy to obey him, he reassured me that I would enjoy this. He walked behind me, and I heard the distinctive ripping of plastic film off of a roll as he started to encircle me, enclosing me within its grasp. He continued until I was covered from neck to feet in its clear grip, he left and returned from the kitchen with more plastic wrap, and he continued until I had three layers of film around my body. He asked me how I felt?

I couldn't answer straight away but said, "...excellent".

Now he started to wrap around my head, making sure that I could breathe through my nose, he continued until my entire head was covered with just a small hole under my nose to breathe through. I was wrapped tightly and could not move a muscle, he bent down in front of me and placed me over his shoulder, he carried me into the bedroom and dropped me down onto the bed. He pulled my wrapped body up into the middle of the bed and then got some rope out of the bottom of the bedroom cupboard. I was then secured by him to the bed, not only was I now enclosed in the latex doll, but wrapped very tightly within the plastic wrap and tied down to the bed, unable to move a muscle. He left me there saying, "Enjoy yourself."

It was much later in the evening that he came in to release me from my bondage; but only just removing the ropes binding me to the bed, leaving me still wrapped, he rolled me over and placed a couple of pillows under my hips raising my rear and making me available to him, again he used me for his pleasure taking me from behind. He seemed to fill me more so than before I suppose due to my current bondage, but my own all-engulfing orgasm, when it came, was a shuddering mass of ecstasy than seemed to run through every part of my being.

I seemed to be growing more into being the latex doll the longer I remained within it, my mind seemed to be taken over and changing by being the doll, but I was definitely enjoying the experience much, much more. I wondered if the doll was becoming me, like I had become her, the doll taking control of me and driving my desires. I stayed the rest of the night within the doll and was used by him early the next morning before he'd finally let me out.

I knew then that things had changed, that this was anew beginning, a whole new side of myself to explore...

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Chapter 2: Back as the doll

It was Friday afternoon when he rang me at work and asked me to come directly to his place after work. He wouldn't elaborate but said that I would enjoy myself. My tummy went into backflips at the thought of what might happen, I was certain that I would definitely enjoy myself. I hurried to get through my work, my mind drifting off to what would be happening later. I decided to finish early and rang him back to tell him so, he agreed to meet me and have a drink before heading home. Once we were together in the bar I kept asking what he had in store for me this weekend, but he refused to answer other than to say that I would be enclosed and maybe kept bound all weekend, it all sounded very enticing.

We eventually arrived back at his place, and it wasn't long before I was naked again and once more getting dressed within the doll, he secured the zip and locked me within the doll. Now I was his again, ready for use, for his pleasure. But he told me that would come later on and that he had something special to show me in the bedroom, it was a surprise that he'd worked on all week. He placed a blindfold over my eyes and then carried me through his apartment and into his bedroom, when he had put me in the right spot he removed the blindfold and pointed to the floor.

There lay a large pink box about 5 feet in length, and about 1 ½ wide, the lid was mostly made up of clear cellophane with a banner going diagonally across the middle, it read "Cindy, Latex Love Doll" in gold and blue letters. He moved me forward and pulled off the top, the base part had sides equal in size to the top that covered the top part. To me it looked just like a Barbie doll's box, he said to me that he'd made it especially for me, now that I was to be his sex doll, I just had to have a box to contain me and keep me safe, like all good dollies do he exclaimed.

Once the top was clear I could see several straps inside, he pointed these out saying that they would be used to secure me inside, to stop any movement on my part. The thought of me, contained inside that box, strapped down and stuck in there until he released me, my tummy was now doing the magical dance of the butterflies with clogs on, while further down certain parts of my anatomy were woken up by the thought, but my mind, always much clearer and straightforward, was going in two directions, should I run or stay.

My body, and those parts due south of my belly button won the internal argument, overwhelmed by my steamy desires to again become his plaything, I decided that I should stay. Probably as I was already dressed inside the sex doll, which was one of my most favourite things in the world at this moment, plus the feeling of the latex encasing my body again my own also took hold of me, my mind losing the battle on all fronts. I would stay and let him do whatever he wanted to me, especially as I'd promised that I would be his love doll whenever he asked me, and I do enjoy my time as his submissive sex toy.

Looking again at the box I queried him about the Cindy, Lovedoll part on the lid?

Well, he told me, that as I was now his sex doll to play with, that he would now be calling me Cindy whilst I was contained within the doll, it was a much more fitting name for a doll than my own. And as I was now his doll, he could do whatever he desired with me.

Not only was I his totally in body and soul, but now my identity would be altered when coated in the latex doll, changed to reflect my new role and status. My mind melted at the thought, no longer would I be just a woman wearing the doll, but I would become the object to fulfil his sexual needs, my submissive side bowing down and unresisting, jumping at the prospect.

Now that he had finished answering my questions, he thought that the time was right to put his doll away, as he told me, picking me up and carrying me he helped me lay down my doll body in the box, it fitted me quite snugly, and he said to me that he didn't want to make it too big for me, he had wanted a tight fit to make sure that I didn't shift around too much, especially as dolls don't move he laughed.

"Only the naughty ones!" I cheekily replied.

Inside the box, I adjusted myself into a comfortable position, and when I was ready he started to strap me down to the base part of the box. Each arm and leg was secured, with straps over my ankles, knees, thighs, then around my waist holding my wrists, elbows and arms beside me, and just above my breasts, which were all snugly fastened in place, then he placed one over my neck, just to hold my head in place he told me. Once all the straps were adjusted and tightened by him, he asked me how I felt.

Strangely enough, I felt very contented to be here, a feeling of inner peace or calm overcame me, it felt right that his sex doll should be kept inside of her box, this was her, no, my place, it felt so good.

Of course, the thought of being kept as his sex doll started my body to react again to the latex, and to the bondage as the straps held my limbs down, a warm tingly feeling came over me, the outer folds of my pussy became inflamed, my little bud was hard, engorged, and the familiar dampness down there letting me know just how aroused I now was, and the butterflies joined in and started dancing in my stomach. If it wasn't for the fact that I was currently bound, I would have slipped my fingers below to find some relief.

He'd seen the changes in me as I lay there, slightly worried that he had done something wrong, he asked me if I was okay, and did I want to continue?

"Yes, please, make me yours, my owner..." I impassioned, my voice quietly fading as the sensations overwhelmed me, my inner turmoil hidden under the dollskin.

He seemed very happy with my reply, he picked up the lid and placed it back over the base and pushed it home. As the clear plastic closed down on me, I could make out the broad smile on his face, this pleased me that I had made him happy. Once the lid was down he told me that he would leave me in the box for a while, to enjoy myself, but if I had any problems just shout and he would hear me. He'd taken several photos while placing me within the box, then while strapping me down and now with the lid on several more of me enclosed within my new box, his love toy.

As I lay there in the box after he'd left, I could not shake the feeling growing within me of an impending climax very slowly climbing up within my body. After what seemed like several hours, but turned out only to be just over one, I had my first thunderous orgasm, my belly cramped, and cramped again, my body shaking as the waves rolled through me. It was sheer bliss, I had not moved, and I had not been touched in any way other than the latex and the straps holding me down. How it happened, I don't know. I swear my fingers were not to blame, they were still held at my side.

My cries made while in the midst of my climax made him come running into the bedroom, he'd thought I was in some sort of trouble and was ready to quickly drag me out of the box. After removing the lid he looked in at his sex doll, he could see that I was breathing hard and fast, still unsure of what had happened or if he hadn't made enough holes for me to breathe with, he asked if I was okay?

"Oh, mmm, yeah..." was all I could muster at first in reply.

Then I told him about what had just swept over me, the suit hiding my blushes from his gaze, this was definitely a first for me, my body still shuddering with the rippling after-effects, and the tight restraints holding me in place only enhanced them. He was amazed that I had managed to climax like that, maybe he was wondering who this woman was, this was certainly unexpected, but he liked it. He then asked if I wanted to continue, and I quietly told him yes.

An hour later he came into the bedroom and removed the lid again, this time he started removing the straps holding me in place, stating that it was time for his own fun now. He lifted me from the box, my body limp like a rag doll as he placed me down on the bed, he quickly undressed and was soon on top of me, his penis buried deep within my very wet pussy, my juices giving him easy access as he filled me with his flesh, thrusting himself as deeply as he could. He didn't seem to take that long to use me and finish, his own sexual climax bringing on my own minor one, we must have both been incredibly turned on to have climaxed within that short time.

As he lay there next to me on the bed in the afterglow of our passionate embrace, his hands exploring the body of the doll as it lay there beside him, he asked me how I felt about the box?

I told him that I loved being his sex toy, his doll to use and play with, and the box was a super, unexpected bonus one that completed my being his love doll. And I continued in my best doll-like voice, "Cindy thanks my wonderful owner for being so clever to make it for me, his dolly. I also hope that he would put his dolly back inside at some point, I feel a need to be kept inside, after all, I am your doll now."

Without another word, he quickly jumped up off the bed and picking me up lowered my latex doll coated body back down into the box, as he replaced the straps he smiled at me, he said to me that he was really pleased that I'd liked the box, and that he'd planned to keep me in it for most of the weekend. My heart leapt at the prospect of being bound and enclosed as his sex toy all weekend, as the straps tightened I started to feel the start of another climax building deep within me, it was going to be a long night.

Once tightly bound he said, "Goodnight Cindy, see you in the morning!" and kissed my latex forehead, then he replaced the lid. Now I was just an object again, a love toy ready for use, it was delicious.

* * * * *

Boxed & Stored

In the morning I was let out to be used again by him, after breakfast most of the morning was spent with me laying around his apartment still covered in the latex doll, either reading or just being a doll and not moving, sitting there or flat on my back, my legs held slightly apart like the sex doll that I now was, my sexual parts visible and available for my owner, he would use me occasionally whenever the mood took him, or I had teased him to the point that he needed to take me for his own needs. I was loving every moment.

Just before lunchtime, he approached me and unlocked me from the doll, slightly disappointed that he hadn't taken me for his pleasure first, but was contented to obey my owner as he instructed me to clean the suit, it had become slightly messy with our joint sexual juices. Afterwards, I was allowed to shower and relax for a couple of hours free of any restraint, though I still felt very submissive to him at this point. We had a light lunch that he had made, and then we made love together on the kitchen floor, just a simple joining of our two bodies, afterwards, I asked him to place me back in the box.

He said that he would do anything to please me, so shortly afterwards I was redressed in the doll, the lock secured behind my neck and I was carried by him back into the bedroom, there he placed me back inside of the box, after he had strapped my body down, tightly restricting any chance of movement, not that I intended doing anything like that, and with the lid now closed, sealing me off from the outside world. He asked if I was okay?

"I was wondering, but this may sound slightly strange, but if you could... maybe, push my box under the bed, if it fits, just as you would with a real sex doll," I replied. "As I'm now Cindy, your love-doll, I feel that it would be right to keep me just like any other doll."

I could see a broad smile appear as he bent down and lifted the bedclothes, and with his other hand shoved the box with me securely contained inside under the bed. All I could see once he had placed me there was the underside of the bed, the light fading as he dropped the bedcovers back down, hiding his sex doll from any prying eyes. He spent the afternoon lazing around the apartment, taking a few phone calls, whilst I lay squirming within the confines of the box, experiencing several more orgasms.

Late in the afternoon he came into the bedroom and removed the box from under the bed, and I was again released from its confines. Without a word spoken he picked me up from the box and pushed me over onto the bed face down, my tummy lying against the mattress with my feet on the floor, and my hips on the edge of the bed. This time he entered me from the rear without any fore-play by him, he just started grunting his pleasure into me, taking me and using his doll for his own needs.

It made me feel used and more of an object than a woman, this was what sex dolls should expect to be treated like I thought, available to be used by my owner when they feel the need. I hadn't reached my peak this time but was elated that he was satisfied with me. Again his pleasure was all that mattered to me, I'd had several utterly delicious orgasms already this afternoon so I didn't mind.

Afterwards, he rolled me fully onto the bed and asked me what I wished to happen to me now? His masterful hands caressing my body, his touch sending little electric sparks through my body where ever they made contact, I lay there not wanting to move and enjoyed the feelings that I was experiencing. Maybe I was just wanting him to take me and use me again, but that was just me being greedy.

“Please, it would be nice to go back inside of my box, I feel that I need to be kept as your sex doll for a while longer, but maybe you could take me out later and use your Cindy doll again, my wonderful owner,” I replied. I craved the feelings of being enclosed, kept as just his sex doll, to be taken out and used by him whenever he felt the need, what was I becoming?

He then told me that he would be going out for a short while; some buddies had called and asked him out for a drink and he couldn’t say no to them. Maybe you could come too, he asked me.

“Thanks but no, I don’t want to go out just yet,” I replied, “But you go, I don’t mind you leaving me here, I want you to treat me as your sexual plaything, use me whenever you want and discard me afterwards when you’re finished with me. And I don’t want to cramp your time with your friends, by dragging me along”.

He seemed to be very pleased at hearing this, whether it was the fact that he could go out and drink with his buddies, or the fact that I had offered to remain as his sex toy, locked away and waiting for him to use when he returned later; either way I soon found myself packed away back inside of the box, secured in my straps holding me firmly in place, the lid put back on and again the box pushed back under the bed, just like I had asked, and just how a sex doll should be treated. I could hear him getting ready to go out, and just before he left, he again asked if I was okay. Which I was.

* * * * *

Jealousy

Several hours had gone by, and I’d drifted off to sleep when I heard a noise from the other room, it sounded as though several of his buddies had come back to the apartment to party. He came in to check up on me briefly, I said I was okay and to just leave me here, it would be awkward to get me out with his friends likely to come looking for him, and I didn’t wish to get out at the moment anyway.

I lay there listening to the noise that they were making, until after a couple of hours all seemed to go quiet, and I expected that soon my owner would be taking advantage of me. It was then that I heard the bedroom door quietly open and footsteps enter the room, I heard two bodies sit or fall onto the bed above me, then muffled voices one was female, but the other sounded like my boyfriend, and they started making love right there above me.

They both seemed very intense and their foreplay was short-lived as they began moving into each other, they seemed to last for half an hour at least, before finally climaxing, I could hear her cry out as she came. I was peeved, to say the least, lying here bound under the bed, as he made out with some other female above me. I was getting to be very angry as they continued but also getting very turned on too and it wasn’t long after that I managed to climax too.

If it wasn't for the fact that I was securely bound within the box and placed under the bed I would have gotten out to confront them, but then again how would my embarrassment be with me still clad inside a latex doll's body, it would look really weird, a talking sex doll chastising her owner for having sex with another and cheating on her.

I decided that I would confront him in the morning or whenever he'd eventually let me out. Lucky for me I slept on it as come the morning I heard voices, my boyfriend was waking up the two people above me. It seemed that his friends had used his bed whilst he'd fallen asleep beforehand from slightly too much drink on the couch, they quickly got dressed, apologised for using his bed and left.

Once he'd gotten rid of the others who'd fallen asleep at the party, cooking them all breakfast, they had all finally left by midday. By this time I was bursting within my latex body; not only from what had happened last night but I also really needed the bathroom very quickly. He pulled the box from under the bed, and then after he had removed the straps he lifted me out of the box. He checked that I was okay and carried me in his arms towards the bathroom, after helping me out of the suit he left me sitting on the toilet as he ran a bath for me. Afterwards, I lay there relaxing in the warm water as he brought me breakfast and insisted on feeding me as I lay there in the bath.

The rest of the day he felt so guilty about leaving me bound, and neglected, for so long, that he told me that he would do anything for me, he pampered and spoiled me. I was massaged from my neck to my toes, and he brought me warm drinks, and snacks and made sure that I was comfortable, guilt can be such a wonderful thing sometimes, it's just one of the weapons in a woman's repertoire, to use when it's needed.

I finally got around to asking him about the couple making love on the bed above me last night, and how it had sounded just like him. He told me that it was his younger brother and his girlfriend, they'd taken the opportunity to use the bedroom after he'd fallen asleep on the couch. I told him how incredibly turned-on I'd felt when I thought it was him using the woman with me lying below stored away in my box.

He replied that he would never cheat on me, no matter what the circumstances, he continued to say that he loved me deeply and would not do anything to hurt me. I cuddled up to him, contented and happy, and we eventually made love on the couch, it was sheer bliss, afterwards we just spooned and cuddled up close, and it was a great way to spend the afternoon, enjoying each other.

Later on in the early evening, he asked me what I would like to do now? I said that it would be good if we could finish off the weekend as planned by him with me back inside the doll. My inner cravings were starting to get to me again, he lifted me up off of the couch and carried me into the bedroom, where soon I was back inside the latex doll, laying there on the bed he used me as he pleased and then finally he placed me back inside my box. He left me inside for a couple of hours before bringing me out to use once again.

That was how I'd spent my first weekend in the box, dressed up as his love doll. I loved every moment of it, and my heart would leap thereafter when he mentioned that he wanted me to be his sexdoll, for his pleasure, his delight. I have spent many other weekends inside the box or just playing his love doll, but that's another chapter.

Chapter 3: Bagged!

After spending that first weekend mostly kept in the box, bound with several straps, while dressed again as his latex sex doll, I'd come to love or should I say crave being kept this way, maybe I was becoming too much like a doll, an object to be used and discarded and not as a living, breathing, thinking person, or even a woman with her own desires and needs, though I guess that they were currently being taken care of with me being kept as his sex doll. But I didn't seem to care, I was his to do with as he pleased, and I was loving every moment.

The next weekend came and went in a blur, most of the time I was kept enclosed in the love doll as 'Cindy' again, secured down inside the box, and put away under the bed, stored out of sight as he had to work at home on some important project, and having his alluring sex doll there enchanting him and available for some reason seemed to distract him for working. Well, it's not a doll's fault that she's so sexy and enticing.

This seemed to be the default place to store me away now, kept out of sight, but on my part it was sheer bliss to be treated like this, my mind lost in my fantasies, all the cares, worries and stresses of work now completely forgotten, this was my place of sanctuary, where I was shielded from the outside world, my box was a very special, safe space for me, but also the sex was good, to be taken and used by him, my owner, it fed my inner submissive being, leaving contented and satisfied.

He'd come in and check on me, and then shake his head and wondered about how I'd come to like being his toy, a mere plaything. Whilst in real life, he knew that I was a headstrong woman, business orientated and an executive with my company, responsible for millions of dollars. Yet, here I was bound in a box, looking for all the world like a plastic sex doll, and enjoying being treated like his sexual plaything.

My boyfriend or should I now say 'owner', used me a couple of times that weekend, mostly after he'd spent many hours working on his project. I think I was just some sort of pressure release for him, available should he feel the need, he'd unstrap me from the box, then pick me up and carry me over to the bed and climb on top of me and use me for his own pleasure, either with me face down or on my back. He didn't make me climax all weekend while he used me, it was more about his own sexual gratification, although I had some very nice orgasms of my own whilst tied inside of the box.

But I was happy, I was just his sex toy, and it gave me great pleasure to see him enjoy and use me. This was what I had desired to happen, to be used and then put away afterwards, to be useful to him and fulfil his needs, and I got great enjoyment from being kept and treated this way by him. I could indulge my own fantasies while locked away inside of the box, and it was a wonderful distraction for both of us from the everyday work-life that we both experienced.

On Sunday morning he insisted that I come out of the doll and relax, and he said that we needed to talk. I was feeling a bit edgy about what he'd want to say, maybe he was getting tired of me, that keeping me as a doll in the box was becoming boring for him. After a quick shower, and washing the doll suit, leaving it to dry, I sat on the stool in the kitchen, still naked, drinking the coffee he'd prepared and waited with dread what he'd say, the pit in my stomach opening my angst that left me thinking that maybe we were done.

As it turned out, my fears were groundless, he'd wanted to say that he loved having me here this

weekend, and he apologised for basically ignoring me all weekend, leaving me locked away in the bedroom and that maybe we should start spending some more time together, outside of the doll. My fears eased, and my stomach stopped flipping, I smiled at him and replied that I'd love to be here every weekend if he'd have me.

He then said that maybe we could also go out more, see and do things together, but that I would still be his 'Cindy' love doll whenever I wanted to be. I moved over to him and placed my arms around his neck and kissed him. He smiled, picked me up and carried me to the bedroom where we made exquisite, splendid love for the next hour or more, just exploring each others bodies. I drifted off to sleep afterwards very contented, dreaming of dolls and boxes, whilst he left me to return to his work.

When I awoke, I grabbed a quick drink and then walked naked into his study, which was now my usual state when staying at his place, my hair still tussled from our previous lovemaking, he smiled and said, "You look lovely!"

"I'd look lovelier covered head to toe in latex," I replied, "as your dolly".

Ten minutes later I was 'dressed' back in the doll and tightly strapped back inside the box. I remained this way until early evening when he finally released me from the box, but still inside of the dollsuit he carried me in his arms out to the kitchen, where he placed me face down on top of the table where I just lay there waiting for him to use me, and use me he did. He quickly entered me from behind, his manhood thrust deeply into me from the rear, I was already well lubricated from my time in the box, just the slight frisson of pain as he entered me, giving way to the pleasure thereafter. He began pumping himself into my opening, it felt very carnal, and animalistic to be taken and used by him this way.

My body moved slightly on the table as he pounded into my soft flesh, my breasts pressed hard against the table's rigid surface, my hardened nipples rubbing against the latex dollsuit and the solid tabletop. He held my head down with one hand and my waist with the other. I was in sheer bliss and waited for the inevitable to happen, which didn't take too long, I felt his member began to thicken and start to pulse, and he was soon spurting himself deeply within me.

He left me where I lay on the table as he withdrew himself, zipping himself up and walking over to the coffee percolator, leaving me feeling used and discarded, but I was satisfied and very happy that he had taken me this way. I still couldn't move, it was as if my body couldn't respond to any of my commands to move, not that I had any desire to move. I laid there for fifteen minutes before he came over to check on me, I smiled at him through the latex that covered my face and thanked him for using me, telling him how much I'd enjoyed it.

The weekend ended when we decided to go out to a restaurant for a meal, afterwards, he took me to my home by taxi and left after I'd entered my apartment building.

* * * * *

Intro to Latex

Throughout the week we were both very busy at work so we didn't see each other, and I missed not being enclosed within the latex doll and used by him, but I also seemed to be developing a craving for latex, the feel of it against my own skin, it becomes another layer of my own body. the

heightened feeling of sensuality that I experienced from wearing the suit, my body and sex reaching new levels of pleasure, leaving me wanting more.

So summoning up the courage, I called into an 'adult store' on my way home one night. I had never been inside one before as I had visions of dirty old men in raincoats thumbing through magazines, those with girls in various stages of undress and positions unimaginable. But I was pleasantly surprised to find that this store was run by a young woman, the atmosphere was welcoming, and the place was well-lit. But I went bright red in the face when she walked over and asked if she could help me. I at first stuttered then blurted out something about latex. She held my arm and told me not to worry, it's okay to be here, don't feel embarrassed.

She led me over to racks of clothing, I could smell the latex from a distance, the aroma of the rubber sending delightful signals to certain parts of my body. She explained to me the various items as she withdrew them from the rack, from catsuits to straitjackets she seemed to have them all. I liked the feel and the look of one particular catsuit and asked if she had it in my size, she said yes and asked me if I would like to try it on. I again stuttered and considered heading for the exit, but she quickly ushered me towards the changing room, she pulled the curtain closed telling me to take off my clothing while she retrieved my size.

When she returned I was just folding my work clothes over the back of the chair, just in my bra and undies, when she told me that I needed to take off everything except my panties, I was extremely embarrassed at this, but the thought of wearing the latex again overcame my fears. Soon she was helping me get into the catsuit, it was black in colour and had a semi-gloss sheen to the outside, it felt great as it slid up my legs, my mind slipped back to being enclosed within the doll, and I could feel my pussy tingle, the folds of my sex began to awaken and becoming inflamed and aroused as the suit slipped over my body, hopefully my panties could keep back the wetness I felt down there.

I knew that I just had to buy this, and once it was fully on and zipped closed, I realised that this was what I was looking for, though not another doll suit, this still gave me the same feelings inside that I felt when encased inside of the doll. or at least very similar. I walked about the room looking at myself in the mirror; the assistant disappeared outside, leaving me to enjoy my inner feelings, and shortly returned with some more latex in her hand. She told me that the hood would complete the outfit, I sat down as she slid it down over my head, closing the zipper at the back, it was nice & tight enclosed totally within the latex.

I just had to get this, it felt so good, she then asked if I would like to see some other items that would compliment the suit. I ended up not only purchasing the suit, along with the hood but also some locks to secure me within, a vibrating dildo and butt plug, leather cuffs for both wrists and ankles and a penis gag. Plus a corset, that she had placed around my body to show off just how good my body looked in the latex suit, much to the delight of one or two customers that had walked in while I was on display, I think that I made her night with my purchases, I know that she had made mine.

I couldn't wait to get home to try everything out and left the store still wearing the catsuit under my coat, along with the corset, the tight feel making me quite worked up. It was deliciously wicked of me to venture outside covered in latex. As soon as I arrived home, I sorted through my new goodies and was soon suitably bound within the latex catsuit and hood, my two holes below plugged and vibrating nicely, my lips stretched around the penis gag. Bound and squirming in erotic pleasure on my bed on to several intense orgasms that night.

I awoke in the morning, I'd managed to undo the locks binding my cuffs together before, exhausted and thoroughly sated, drifting off to sleep, but still leaving the leather cuffs around my limbs, also the gag and plugs were still firmly in place inside me, though now run-down, their batteries used and spent, just like how my body felt. It had been a very good night. I got off the bed and walked my latex-clad body into the bathroom, where I started to run a bath to ease my aching body before work, and also clean off the sweat and other fluids from my overnight exertions if you know what I mean. I removed each item carefully and placed them in the sink, I would attend to them later.

Now taking off the latex hood, my hair was a matted mess flat against my head, after releasing my waist from the tight confines of the corset, missing the feel of being so securely held by it, lastly and reluctantly off came the latex suit. As I lay there in the bath I reflected on the few hours I'd spent self-bound within the latex, my hand drifting down to my pleasure centre, playing there as I relived last night, my climax came fast and furious. As I came back down to earth as my body recovered, I thought to myself that I would definitely have to have a repeat performance of last night.

* * * *

Self-pleasure

During the week I again explored the latex catsuit that I'd purchased recently, the overwhelming urges that called for me to again encase my body in the soft, slinky feel of the latex as it covered every inch of my body. Pulling the cool material over my limbs, covering the pink flesh in the blackness of the latex catsuit, the suit clinging to every part of my body, an all-encompassing embrace over my entire being.

With the hood covering my head entirely completing the overall covering of my body, replacing mere flesh with smooth black latex. I looked at my reflection in the mirror and admired the way that my body looked, it was as though someone had poured the black liquid all over my body, covering it in a shiny surface, without blemish.

I loved the way I looked dressed in the catsuit and felt a delightful tingle as my hands ran over my latex-clad skin, touching myself through the latex gloves running over my new outer layer, its warmth seeping through to my fingers as they ran over it, It gave me both a wicked and delicious feeling throughout my body, the caressing of my body sending signals to all the right parts of my body, each responding and reacting in perfect harmony.

I moved over to the bed and began my further preparations for the night. I picked up the dildo, and after lubricating it pushed it home deeply into me, filling my soaked slit with its girth, the initial coldness of it dissipating as it slowly began warming to my inner body temperature. Testing the device was working by turning the switch, it came to life within me, the intruder gently vibrating, throbbing within my inner being. I could have just laid down then and there to allow the pleasure to wash over me, but I wanted more. I needed to be bound.

After switching the vibrator off I picked up the butt plug and gingerly placed it within my rear passage, the feeling of fullness as it sank deeper within me, a welcome accompaniment to the other now filling my pussy. I had overcome my fear of using my hole back there it seemed, going from never experiencing being used that way, to full-on enjoyment, my sexual awakening and journey

continued, or should I say corruption, I felt that my attitudes had changed greatly.

Now that I had both holes filled, again the overwhelming desire to lay down and just enjoy myself came over me, it would have been so easy, but also disappointing and over so quickly, this was supposed to be more of a slow-building fire, not a raging inferno, that would come later, many times I hoped. But first I needed to feel tightly restrained, the thing that I needed was laying there on the bed patiently waiting to enclose my body in it's tight grasp, bound limbs were one thing, but this felt like a whole other level of restriction.

Wrapping the corset around my waist, and bringing the fastening to the front, I began closing the hooks over the eyelets, closing the busk and pulling the corset tighter around me. Next, I reached behind and grasped the lacing pull loops, having practised this at home alone I found that after that first time, it was easy for me to do, though if I wanted it to be really tight and restrictive, then finding a useful hook or doorknob to put the laces over and walk away from the hook really tightened the corset. But not tonight, this was more for pleasure and not torment, so I restricted myself to just using my hands.

Happy with the comfort and feel of the corset holding me firmly, I finished off the lacing, tying the ends and taking a moment to admire the way that I looked in the mirror. But before I simply threw myself down and switched on the toys inside of me, I needed to get on. I quickly picked up the leather cuffs, I was in a hurry to bind myself, my resistance to seek self-pleasure was starting to take hold of me, my sex wanting me to give myself over to the 'pleasure-side', but I wanted to be bound and helpless before gaining any sexual indulgences.

First, came the ankle cuffs these were placed around my lower limbs and locked on, I then connected them together with a small padlock, and my ankles were now securely bound, testing any movement that I had when wearing them, I found that I could only take small steps, and nearly fell over when trying to walk too fast. Next came the wrist cuffs, these again were locked on with small padlocks, and I had another lock to help connect them behind my back when I was ready for that part of my self-bondage.

Picking up the penis gag I opened my mouth, willingly inviting the invader to my parted lips, the thing that would take away my ability to call out, to speak, I was to become its slave and suck on its length within my mouth, my saliva began flowing at the prospect. Fastening its straps behind my head, I could feel the hard member in my mouth, pressing down on my tongue, I imagined it was real and that I'd been forced to suck and pleasure him. A tingle went throughout my body, and a mini-wave of delight shivered through me as my knees went weak.

Regaining my senses, I lay down on the bed and, slightly struggling with the restrictions caused by the corset, I picked up a wide leather belt to tie around my knees, keeping my legs tightly bound together and leaving me with much less movement. I was a slave to bondage, and to my other lover latex, both of them had taken over my body and mind, and it seemed that they used me in whatever cruel way that they saw fit.

I moved myself into the middle of the bed, as I didn't want to fall off if I rolled around too much during the night, what with the gag in place, I certainly couldn't call out for help, not that anyone would be able to hear me through the walls anyway. Now finally ready, I went through my mental checklist, doors locked, power off, answer phone on. It's amazing what runs through your head, one minute you're deep in sexy thoughts then mundane things like, 'have I turned off the power'.

I settled myself down on the bed and rolled over to lay face down, as I wanted to secure my arms behind my back, it makes me feel more helpless and pushes my breasts forward into the bed, both my nipples hardened and rubbed against the bed covers in response. I wondered if I should try some nipple torment next time to add some more spice to my alone time, I'd seen them in several bondage images and though they looked painful, it still made me think that it would add that extra thrill.

But getting my mind back to what I was doing, I placed my hands behind me and held the lock in place, the connection was nearly in place, the moment of no return, should I do it and have to wait until morning to find my keys or should I just stop now and pleasure myself. Without another thought I quickly closed the clasp of the padlock, securing my hands and arms behind me. Now fully bound, I had no choice but to lie there and enjoy myself until daylight when I would be able to see where I'd thrown the keys somewhere in the bedroom.

I pushed my breasts deeper into the mattress, I loved the way they felt as the latex covering them stretched slightly, holding them firmly in its grasp. The vibrator within me was now busy slowly working its magic on me, the rear plug was being squeezed by my anal muscles as my body worked in unison towards the ultimate goal and heaven. I was deeply involved in what I was doing and never heard the front door to my apartment open...

Chapter 4: Stranger in the Night

All the rooms were dark as they moved through the hallway towards my bedroom, their footsteps making little noise as they continued to approach the very room where I lay bound and enclosed in my self-involvement, too engrossed to hear any noise other than the small groans behind my gag that I was making as the pleasure within me intensified.

The door crept open slowly, but my head was turned the other way, even so, my eyes were tightly closed and I wouldn't have seen the opening of the door. They came into the room and were greeted by the sight of a black-clad figure of a woman tightly tied and thoroughly enjoying herself, moving around on her bed, her hips gyrating and her bottom moving deliciously within the latex, a lovely sight to see, intoxicating and inviting.

They watched as the black-clad bound creature moved more intently and came to a dramatic climax, the earth seeming to move for the woman, slight noises coming from behind her gag which muffled her groans as the orgasm overtook her with its intensity. Her body seemed to shiver and shake, her muscles convulsing as the waves of pleasure ran through her being reaching a peak before finally collapsing back to the bed that she was lying on, no longer moving, she seemed to be spent of any energy now.

* * * * *

Coming back down to earth I had just experienced one of the best orgasms of my entire life, the combination of the latex and the bindings pushing me over the abyss. As I lay there recovering after reaching a peak I hadn't thought possible until now, and with the final waves of pleasure running through me, I was suddenly overtaken by the feeling of another presence, that feeling you get that someone is there watching you.

I quickly turned my head to see if my feelings were right and there stood before me in the semi-darkness was a figure staring at me laying here, maybe they were still trying to take what vision lay before them. The whole world seemed to stop at that moment, when it suddenly hit me that I was tied up by my own hand with no means of escape, with someone standing beside me who could do anything they wanted to me at that moment. A feeling of dread and fear, my body which had just provided me with great joy, now switched to shock and fright at being caught like this, all feelings of sexual enjoyment replaced in an instant by distress.

I was quickly held down to the bed as the intruder made his move; his hands moved onto my latex covered body, and with their strong grasp, they held me down. This was quickly followed by his body landing on the bed, one of his hands roaming over the latex and my body, feeling its way around. He checked on my bonds and satisfied himself that I was secure and wouldn't be able to resist whatever advances he desired to make of me.

Trying to scream, but only a muffled sound came out past the gag, its length in my mouth ensured my silence as the solid fake rubber penis pressed down my tongue, and filled my mouth. Betrayed by my own hands, the bondage that I had so rigidly applied was very effective at taking away any ability that I had to resist this assault on my being, the gag stopping any form of communication from me, or to cry out and stop what they were doing to me.

Up until now, I had enjoyed the feeling of having three solid intruders within me, and my pre-organic dream was being used by three people at once, taking me for their own desires. But this had come at a cost it now seemed, for I was unable to call out, the gag was very effective in stopping any sounds coming from my mouth. The cuffs now locked on my limbs had betrayed me, I was now available to whoever this person was, I was theirs for the taking.

He moved his body around on the bed, his hands moving over me, still feeling his way around when he found the zipper to the rear of the suit. A feeling of trepidation overcame me, my body paralysed, as I heard the slow sound of the zip being opened, but my fears were turning to one of expectation, what was I thinking. How could I enjoy being used like this by this total stranger, my body began to betray me as I felt yet more moisture build up between my legs.

As the suit opened and gave way, the hand moved inside the latex and found my anal lover still firmly in place. I could feel the fingers move around the edge, tracing the outline of the butt plug. I found myself torn between wanting the stranger to rip it out of me and use me, but also liking the safe feeling I had that it was in place, and nothing could remove it, or so I thought.

But it took mere seconds for the plug to be withdrawn, the strong hands pulling overcame my weakened defences, leaving me with an empty feeling as it left my warm body, but quickly turning to fear of what would happen next. I felt his body move on the bed, and he climbed onto me, pressing me into the bed, his weight holding down against the mattress.

Then I felt his hard member push up against me, my already wet hole was about to have the real thing pushed deeply with it, not mere plastic this time but real flesh. I prepared myself for the inevitable as his penis parted the recently vacated hole and entered me. Pushing himself deeply within me and bringing more of his body weight onto me, I was going to be used by him for his pleasure, and there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

Laying there on the bed as he pushed himself within me, his original slow movements giving way

to more rapid thrusts as he began to enjoy using this tightly bound package of female anatomy, I began to feel my pussy start to grip tightly on the vibrator still enclosed within its wet folds and still working away driving me ever onwards. Was I starting to enjoy this?

As he continued with his assault on my bound body, I felt the beginnings of an orgasm start to well up within me. The feelings in my rear became more intense as his member began to expand as he got closer to his own orgasm, this in turn turned me on more, bringing me closer to climax. Just then he came within me and continued pumping into me as his orgasm continued, I then felt myself being overcome with my own tumultuous climax as my body shook in response, my anal muscles closing and clamping down on the intruder as the waves of pleasure crashed through me.

I lay there with him still on top of me, his penis still held deep within me, my muscles still clasp ing involuntarily as my orgasm subsided. He held still until I finished and then rolled himself off of me. I began to come back to my senses and again realised my predicament, alone, tightly tied with no escape I was at his mercy. It was then that he moved, he quickly got off the bed and began to wrap the sheet around my body until I was enclosed within a cocoon of the satin sheet.

I could now no longer see and what limited movement I had was now gone. I was tightly enclosed within the grip of the sheet, as he continued to roll me over and over until he could not get the sheet any tighter around my body. I then felt him tie something around my ankles, waist and shoulders, tying me within the sheet. All I could do was lay there and await the outcome, but now safely cocooned in the satin, my body currently no longer available to his wanton desires.

He moved around my apartment, going through each room. I hoped that he was a burglar and would take whatever he wanted and leave me. But this was not to be. I heard him come back into my bedroom and then go through my cupboard; he moved things around until he found whatever it was that he was looking for. What happened next is beyond what my fantasies to date had ever hoped for.

Trussed Turkey

I was moved off of the bed and onto the floor, the sheet was untied, and I was unrolled from its tight confines, revealing the tight latex bound captive again. I was then rolled over by his strong hands until I was face down to the floor, still tied with the leather cuffs while he checked my bound limbs were still tied. Next, he rolled me over on my back and grabbed my ankles, bringing my knees up to my chest, he ran rope around the back of my thighs and around my back, holding them in place.

My legs were held tightly against my chest as he tied me into this position, I feared that I would have trouble breathing with his weight bearing down on me, and the tight corset around my waist, but as he finished tying me, he moved off and it was easier for me to breath. My feet then felt something wrapping around them as he began tying them tightly down against the back of my legs. I was then rolled over again onto my knees, I was tightly tied in a frog-like position, with my arms still held behind me by the leather cuffs. I felt like a Christmas turkey just waiting to be stuffed, but then he'd already done that to me.

He moved around me and placed something beside me, I couldn't quite make out what it was in the darkness. He then picked up my bound body and carried me over towards whatever it was on the floor, and as he placed me in it I realised that it was a large gym bag that I had in the cupboard.

I tried to struggle but to no avail, as he pulled the sides of the bag over my body and quickly began to pull the zipper closed. My fear was that I was now being kidnapped and would never see my family and friends again. I cursed myself for being so stupid as to tie myself up and make such an easy target.

As the bag closed around me, sealing me within its black interior, whatever light was available was now gone. I was just a package now, people would just see a bag, not the person within. He could take me wherever he wanted, and there wasn't a thing I could do. I felt him pick up the handles of the bag and carry me to whatever fate now had in store for me. He moved me out towards my front door and placed me down, I couldn't move, I was his to do with as he wished.

But again my body started to betray me as I began to feel the deep stirrings within my loins of pleasurable sensations, my breasts felt tender, my sex was far wetter than before, the vibrator still gently throbbing away inside of me sending my arousal higher, my mouth seemed to be sucking on the penis gag more, maybe to swallow the excess saliva that I seemed to be producing, or was this actually turning me on. Why at a time like this would my body want to behave the way it was, maybe I wanted this, after all, I did enjoy being my boyfriend's love doll and bound into the box.

The box that I would likely never see again, I was to be somebody's real love toy, I would have to submit to their whims, and there didn't seem much hope at the moment that I could do anything about it. I was brought out of my thoughts by the bag that enclosed my still latex and tightly bound body, being picked up. The gag still silenced me, and the magic wand was still moving within me, only the anal intruder was missing from my self-bondage session.

The bag closed tighter around me each time that he picked it up and moved me somewhere else inside the apartment, then they would place the bag down and then unzipped it before dumping what must have been some of my things inside with me, the objects covering my bound body and hiding me from view. These combined with the gag silenced whatever noise I could make.

Taken

Finally, I felt myself being carried out of my apartment, at this point, all hope left me, but my body strangely became more aroused. His footsteps were close to my ear as he walked down the hall towards the elevator. The familiar 'ding' as the lift arrived, was a sound that I thought I may never hear again. He moved into the lift and placed the bag on the floor, the doors closed, and I was off to wherever he was taking me. The lift doors opened, and I thought I heard more people get into the lift, I tried to make some noise, but it didn't seem to bother them that a woman would be tightly enclosed within a bag.

The next sound I heard was the outside street noise as he moved out of the building. He walked swiftly to the roadside and hailed a cab, I was then dumped in the trunk as a piece of luggage. The sound outside drowned out the instructions he gave to the cab driver. The cab moved off, and I began to feel every bump and pothole in the road, I can tell you travelling in the boot is not a comfortable way to travel, especially bound tightly within the confines of a bag that barely contains my female latex-clad body.

We had travelled some distance when the cab stopped, and I heard the boot lid opening, this was my last chance at freedom, I had to let the cabbie know that I was there. But alas it wasn't the driver that collected my bag from the boot, he'd paid the driver, and then the boot was opened by

remote from the driver. Curse modern technology. Now I knew that I was his. He moved into a building and again we went into a lift, so I guessed it was an apartment we had entered, this gave me some hope that I could contact someone. The bag again rested on the floor of the lift. And again more people entered the lift as we rose up the building. I tried to make contact by moving in the bag, but a gentle nudge with his foot told me to stop whatever I was doing.

The lift stopped, and we arrived at his floor, I was picked up and carried the short distance to his apartment. He opened the door, and my fate was finally sealed, from now on I was his to do whatever he pleased with me. He placed the bag down and must have removed his coat because I was left near the door, he walked away leaving me, well after all I was just a package now, something that he could take his time to deal with.

Listening to try to gain some clue as to where I was being held, I heard through the bag as he moved around the apartment, but he never spoke so I guessed that he lived alone, but now he had something to play with contained inside the bag. Then the final sound of a door closed and then nothing, was he going to leave me this way, didn't he want to use me, why did I feel rejected at this point. But I now had other more pressing concerns, as my legs were starting to hurt from being tied the way I was, and the gag was beginning to push towards the back of my throat and I worried that my ability to breathe would be restricted.

I'm not sure how long he left me there on the floor in the bag, I must have drifted off to sleep, my dreams during my slumber were of me being bound and abused whilst kept as a latex slave by my captor. The sound of the zip opening woke me from my dreams, cooler air flooded into the bag, I must have been very musky by now. All that sex and no shower, plus the latex was causing me to sweat. He pulled me from the bag, I could see that it was now daylight outside, my eyes were at first blinded by the sudden exposure to the light, I had spent what remained of the night within the bag. Then a sudden realisation hit me, I knew this apartment, I had been here before...

Latex Slave

I had spent the rest of the night enclosed within the dark interior of the bag, my movements limited to slight wriggles, this must have looked funny from the outside, luggage that moves. When he opened the bag, at first, my eyes were blinded by the sudden daylight. As they adjusted, I began to realise that I knew this apartment, I had been here before, and my kidnapper was someone I knew. Then I saw his face as he smiled down at me, it was my boyfriend, the same one that tied me down in a box dressed as a latex love doll. Huge waves of relief overcame me, I was safe, or at least I thought I was.

He picked me up and carried me, still a tightly bound package, into the spare bedroom, then he placed me down on the bed and began untying me from the compact position that I was held in. My legs sighed in relief as they were finally able to lower themselves down. He rubbed his hands over my latex covered body, putting some feeling back into my limbs after being kept in restrictive bondage all night.

I was still bound as I was by my own hands, and he seemed to be in no rush to release me from my self-imposed bondage. Indeed he just rolled me over onto my stomach and climbed onto the bed next to me. He'd decided to use me again; I guess the sight of my tightly bound, latex-clad body had been too much for him. With little finesse he grabbed at the zipper at the rear of the catsuit and pulled it down, exposing my rear again to him.

Quickly he rolled over on top of me, again pressing me into the bed and drove home his now solid member into my abused rear hole, still wet from his previous spending. At least I was well lubricated, I thought as he continued pushing himself within me. He didn't last long, maybe he didn't want to or felt the need to, but I soon felt him cum within me. I had been used by him again, I felt delighted and contented at the same time, like the cat who got the cream. I was his to do whatever he wished to. He lay on top of me for a while before eventually moving off and laying down next to me.

It took some time before he spoke, he told me that I was now his kidnap victim, a mere sex toy to be used by him at his whim, to do whatever he wished to me. I was now just his bound captive, a sex slave to be enjoyed, to be taken by him when he desired.

Well, he certainly has a way with words and knows what buttons to push in me, as when he said that a delicious tingle ran through my body. The thought that I was to be his slave sent me crashing into a long-awaited orgasm. On the scale of things, it was minor, but it was enough to sap what little strength I had left out of my body. He just smiled at me as he watched as the moment passed through me, he knew just what strings to pull to send me over the edge. I wanted to be his, whatever his terms and conditions.

Maybe looking from an outside perspective this looked stupid, with me bound in latex, toyed with and kidnapped by my boyfriend, others would have been screaming rape or help, but here I was willing myself to submit to him body and soul. I wanted to be his, I had realised this since he had first found me inside his love doll. That seemed like ages ago now but only had been a couple of weeks. I had never fallen for someone like this before.

He held me in his arms, and he spoke about finding me last night, he told me that he was completely taken aback when he walked in on me, bound and enclosed in latex. He said that he had thought about phoning me first, but had then decided to surprise me instead, but it was him that got the bigger surprise!

It was at that point that my bladder decided to remind me of its presence and break the mood. I wanted to pee urgently, it would be too late by the time he'd untied me, so I was carried to the toilet and placed down on the seat. The rear of the suit was already undone so I could let myself go. Whilst sitting there he began removing the gag, saying that I must be thirsty by now. He gave me a drink and was about to begin untying me when I stopped him, he looked at me for an answer.

"I thought you told me that I was to be your sex slave, your kidnap victim, something to be used by you and that I should be kept suitably bound as you desire," I said to him.

He looked at me and asked what about work?

"Well, I could call in and tell them that I would be tied up for the day." I laughed, then I continued, "Please I want to be kept tied up by you and be your kidnap victim for the rest of the day, that's only if you don't mind having a bound sex slave available for you to abuse at your whim."

He left me and quickly came back with the phone, I called first followed shortly after by him. The rest of the day was ours.

“Please all I ask, is for you to use me as you want, I am yours for the day as a victim of a despicable, evil kidnapper, keep me bound and gagged, when not taking advantage of me,” I said, “but at the end of the day please return me to my apartment the same way that you took me”.

I was kept tied the rest of the day, in a variety of positions and all of my holes experienced several uses. I was left bound to the bed when not being used, and he was resting. At one stage, I was bound by my ankles to the rack in the closet, left suspended upside down and later he used my mouth for his pleasure. I really felt like a sex toy, there was no will on my part as I was kept bound, and each time he changed position, he took care not to fully untie me.

Several hours later, I was again placed in the bag, into the back of a cab and delivered to my door. He took me inside and bound me as he found me, inside my catsuit, tied hand and foot. Before he put the gag in I asked him if I could travel as his baggage again, to which he replied: “At your service ma'am!” He then placed the gag back in my mouth and rolled me over on the bed. He placed the keys on the floor and left me as he found me.

We had now found something else we had in common, he was my Master and I was his latex loving slave girl.

Chapter 5: The Return of the Doll

After I'd untied myself in the morning, I had to stretch my muscles after being bound for so long. The tight enclosure in the bag and the various positions that I had been kept in caused several aches and pains; but nothing that a good massage could fix. A long hot bath and several coffees later I was out the door and on my way. I'd completely forgotten about the marks left by the bondage, but it was too late by the time I'd laid down naked on the table, and the masseur began to use her hands on me. She noticed the marks and commented that I must have had a lot of fun!

I must have gone bright red at the discovery, but she reassured me that she too loves to be tied; in fact, she told me that she offers a unique and very special service for select customers. With that, I felt the cold enclosure of leather cuffs against my wrists as she tied me down to the massage table. I was speechless, let alone able to move; my body again betrayed me and I lay there accepting what this woman was doing to me.

Her hands felt soft and smooth as they continued binding me to the table, her hands would move over my skin, caressing my naked flesh, this was very different to the rough binding at the hands of my boyfriend, more refined and unrushed, well I suppose that she wouldn't be thrusting herself deep into one of my available holes once bound like he does. Once she had attached my limbs to all four corners of the table, she resumed the massage, but only after undressing from her uniform.

Now both naked, she oiled up my body and continued running her hands over my glistening skin. I was getting incredibly turned on by this activity. I had never let a woman touch me this way before, why now. Maybe my sexual side had been awakened by the bondage sessions with my boyfriend, maybe I just wanted to be more open to other people. The massage continued as she rubbed my back and down my legs, the feelings were wonderful. She worked at my sore muscles, kneading them back into life. She finished at my feet before she undid the chain holding my ankles to the table, but I wasn't to be free for long as she rolled me over and re-attached them to the table.

She now commenced rubbing my front, paying particular attention to my breasts, my nipples responding to her touch, she bent down and kissed them, gently sucking them into her warm mouth, alternating with her wet tongue dancing with my hard nipple, and the heat of her breath stoking the fires within me. I could do nothing but lay there and let this woman take advantage of my bound body, but I was enjoying it immensely.

She worked her way down my body, missing out on the epicentre of my being and drifting down my legs, teasing me and leaving me panting as she toyed with me. But I didn't have long to wait for her to return to my favourite spot. She took to my little nub like a duck to water, her soft, gentle caresses moving me ever closer to climax. Bound as I was, I could not move nor did I wish to, I was again in heaven.

With her continued playing of my body and gradually bringing me to the boil, I came long, loud and hard, she quickly shoved a towel in my mouth to soften my cries of joy, and this sent me further over the edge, again and again as waves drifted over me as she continued her expert touch, her fingers buried deep within me, pushing me further, my body convulsing upwards, my muscles straining against the the cuffs holding me to the table.

I wasn't sure how long I'd been tied to the table, but my legs were very wobbly when she released me, and I staggered to get myself dressed. She smiled at me as she helped me get dressed, and I thanked her profusely for her services. I left her a very generous tip and said I would return again soon. I left the salon with the biggest grin you could ever imagine.

I spent the rest of the day reflecting on what had happened to me during the last 48 hours, the thrill of binding myself in latex, the capture at the hands of my boyfriend and used for his pleasure and then the 'special' massage session that I had just experienced. What sort of woman had I become, my sex drive seemed to take on a new life after finding the sex doll and becoming her in person, maybe the doll had exerted some influence over me, and now my previous inhibitions were a distant memory, I was now more willing to try new things and desired sexual release, whatever it was I was loving every moment.

After some much-needed sleep, I felt the desire, more like the overwhelming need to get back into the doll, my dreams had seen me enclosed in my dolly box, the pink outer covering of the box with gold lettering describing the contents – Cindy love doll. That's me, my mind said to myself, my thoughts drifting off into being the best damn sextoy I could be for my master. In my dream, I could see myself as the doll, my master picking me up and using me and then putting me away again afterwards. It seemed like it had been some time since I was last enclosed in the doll's grasp.

* * * *

Now I was awake I felt the same desire that I had experienced in my dream, after a quick shower I was on my way over to his apartment and my date with the doll. My plan was to get myself 'dolloid up' and present myself to him when he returned home from work. The first part worked out okay; I had the key to his apartment and let myself inside. Walking quickly through to the bedroom I could see my goal, inside of the dresser drawer was the doll skin that I had worn so many times and had brought us both immense pleasure. Quickly I slipped out of my clothes, they were roughly thrown in the same drawer, my desire overcoming my every thought.

The feeling as the smooth latex slid across my naked flesh was exquisite, the goosebumps and shivers up my spine gave my body an incredible sensation, and my feet were followed by my legs as the doll skin covered me in its all enclosing grasp. By the time I had covered my thighs, I was in the first throes of an orgasm, I had to stop myself from falling as my legs started to give way under me and I steadied myself on the edge of the bed. The overpowering desire had worked its magic on me, and I was wanting more.

Clearing my mind, I began to enclose my arms in the doll, and my hands popped into the gloved section of the doll. I then realised that this doll didn't have fingers just a hand, but then again, why would she need fingers! Strange the thoughts that run through your mind at times. Working my arms into hers, I then brought the skin up against my shoulders, my breasts making contact with the cold material of her skin making my nipples erect in the process. I could feel the first pangs of another climax, but this one would wait until I was fully ready inside the doll.

Determined I pressed on with enclosing myself within her, my desire to become the doll driving me forward. Next came my head as I bent my neck and pushed my own head into hers, I manoeuvred her facial features around to fit mine, my mouth and nose had to be positioned properly for me to breathe as this doll needs air for another reason, not inflation.

Satisfied that the doll skin was fitted correctly, I moved my hands behind me to close the zip that would finally envelop me within the doll suit. I was now Cindy the Lovedoll again, and I ran my hands over my rubber-covered flesh, feeling the wondrous sensations that came from being enclosed again. I lay down on the bed and continued playing with my/her body, my nervous system seemed to be heightened, and the merest touch sent shivers throughout my body and made its way down to my sexual centre.

As I continued playing with my more sensitive parts, my hands cupping and squeezing my breasts, my fingers toying with my nipples, gradually my other hands worked its way down, finding the flesh there hot and wet, my fingers rubbing my little pleasure button, and drifting down to the entrance and then alternating between them. The resulting climax came in a blindingly flash of light, my body stiffened and raised my back into an arch lifting the middle part of my body momentarily off the bed, the sensational orgasm ran through me like an express train and then I must have blacked out.

When I came too it was getting dark, I was at first confused as to where I was and especially the slightly numb feel of my skin, then I realised that I was still enclosed in the suit and was lying in his apartment. I relaxed and got my thoughts back, then remembered the climax I had just enjoyed, the sheer all-over bodily experience that I had received. I began to get aroused again from just thinking about it. It was strange that I'd passed out from the climax, something like that had never happened before, but then again maybe the orgasms hadn't been as good before either!

But I had to get myself ready for him when he returned; I wanted him to find his dolly ready and waiting. I could just lay here as I was dressed inside the doll, the pink flesh covering mine, but that seemed too simple I wanted something else, something was missing from this scene.

I moved myself off of the bed and began walking to the kitchen; I was feeling very thirsty and needed a drink. As I walked from the bedroom, my foot hit the side of a box, cursing myself for stubbing my toe, I continued onto the kitchen. After quenching my first and a quick pitstop in the toilet I walked back into the lounge, there on the floor was the doll box that he had made for me, left over from our last playtime, its pink outer casing and the gold lettering declaring the contents to be "Cindy Lovedoll".

'Cindy,' I thought with a smile, 'that's definitely me, especially the sin part'.

I had spent many hours inside this box, sometimes strapped down with the lid closed over me but the clear plastic was allowing not only me to see out, but others to see the delicious contents inside the box. I had never really taken a good look at the outside before and the detail that he had gone into in the making of this container. I hadn't taken too much notice of the other words written on the side of the box, "Realistic Life-Sized Doll", "Anatomically Correct", and the best one was, "3 Life-like Holes Available to use". I laughed when I read that, how much more 'realistic' could they be, but it certainly was a labour of love, and in my mind, the solution became clear, I should get myself ready in the box for his return.

Boxing

So my mind now made up it was time to get the dolly back into the doll box, getting in would be the easy part but how would I get myself strapped in? First things first, I moved the box back into the bedroom; it seemed that was where it belonged. No point having a doll outside of the bedroom unless you want everyone to see it, and use it. So, I placed the box on his bed with the idea that he would easily find me, I did think about putting it on the floor, but what if he didn't discover me, I could, of course, call out, but that wasn't what good dollies do!

No, the bed was where he would easily find me and hopefully use me for his pleasure, the delicious thoughts running through my mind at the prospect of what was to come. Placing the box in the middle of the bed, I picked up the lid and placed this next to it, ready for my eventual use. Now I put my mind into how I wanted to be presented to him on his return. I looked at the straps inside the box and had to figure out how I was going to use them on myself, having some experience in self-bondage does have its uses after all, and after an initial trial and error session, I managed to figure out how to do this.

I was expecting him to return in less than an hour from now; he usually keeps to a schedule at work and at home. However, I had not spoken to him today and didn't know if he had any plans for tonight. Anyway, I really wanted to be inside the box, and the desire was building up within me, the feeling of being enclosed and just an object for his pleasure was starting to get my juices running again.

Without another thought, I placed myself into the box, no need to dress the doll in clothing tonight, though he may want to do that to me later. I began tightening the straps around my ankles and then below my knees, next came my thighs, and as I brought the strap tight against my plastic-covered flesh, causing my thighs to close together, I felt my sex start to tingle.

Now to get myself laid down inside the box, I still had the straps around my waist, chest and neck to complete, but first I would have to manoeuvre the lid into place because once bound I wouldn't be able to finish this task. Reaching across the side of the lower part of the box I picked up the lid, checking that everything was okay in the bedroom I pulled the lid across the top of the box and positioned it over the top of me. The lid began to slide down covering the inner part of the box with the pink-coloured outer layer with the plastic seethrough above where I could see out but only directly above me.

I moved my hands up to my neck and fastened the strap that held my head in place, making sure that it wasn't too tight and uncomfortable, even though I only expected to be here for at the most another hour. I hate it when you tie yourself, and then after the first few minutes you find that something is causing discomfort, a rope tied a little tight, a strap pulled that extra notch, it plays on your mind as you lay there bound, the enjoyment wanes as your thoughts focus on this irritant. The joyous moment turned sour because of this. But not tonight, I would make sure of that.

Now that the neck strap was done I wiggled my partially bound body to bring the lid closer to me and finish off the packaged look. The lid settled into place, and I moved my arms down my side to begin fastening the waist straps. These were left loose enough that I could wiggle my hands through to enclose my wrists. The last strap was around my chest, again, this was closed with just enough room to push my arms into and complete the binding. I had done this to myself before, though not enclosed in a box as I was now.

It took me some time to get my arms through the straps around my chest, I may have made them a little tighter than I wanted to, but then I wanted to be tied and waiting for him to find me. And loose straps wouldn't do! After that I just pushed my hands into the waist strap, the first one was easy but the second one took some jiggling to get all the way through, but when it did, it popped into place. I was now bound inside the box, the straps holding my body against the bottom of the box, a dolly waiting to be used by its owner. All I could see above me through the clear plastic was the ceiling, and my thoughts drifted off into fantasies of being used as a sex doll by several people.

I must have dozed off, I looked above me only to find that night had fallen and the room was now dark. There was still no sign of him having returned to the apartment, and I began to wonder if he would be coming home soon. After what seemed like a couple of hours, I resigned myself that he was held up and would be late getting home. Maybe work had kept him back and remember that I hadn't told him that I would be here, especially like this; otherwise, he would be here now. A thought struck me that maybe he had gone over to my place and was waiting for me there. I decided that I would continue to wait; it was cosy and warm inside the doll suit, enclosed inside the box. I felt snug and secure, this was my place, and I wanted to be here.

I must have laid there all night without realising, drifting in and out of sleep, my thoughts and dreams intermingled into one, with the main focus on me being just a sex toy. The artificial skin of the doll had long since merged with mine we had now become one, my warmth was her warmth, and the rise and fall of my chest was the rhythm of her breathing. I was that sex doll, both in mind and body. Daylight above me brought me back to reality, where was he? Why hadn't he shown up at his own apartment, my thoughts turned to the fear that something may have happened to him, maybe he was in an accident, but they would have tried to contact me on my mobile phone, and I hadn't heard it ring. What to do now?

Well, my body decided that I needed to pee, though not urgently but now would be good. I would have to get myself reluctantly out of the situation I'd placed myself into. But that's where fate stepped in, you see it was nice and warm and snug inside the doll and enclosed in the box, trouble was my limbs had swollen ever so slightly from being enclosed for so long. The tight straps that had kept me secure all night were now causing me to continue my stay, I tried to move my wrists and hands to get them free from the waistband that secured me to the base of the box, but try as I might, especially with the limited space inside of the box, I could not get them through the strap. I wriggled my body and tried to get myself free only to cause myself to get more frustrated and angry that I'd placed myself here, I was stuck.

I had to give up and take a rest; my body had begun to overheat from my exertions, enclosed the way I was inside the plastic suit and the box. Also, the struggling had brought out my sexual nature too, I was starting to get very turned on, here I was tied by my own hands, unable to free myself and the very subject of so many of my past fantasies. However, I was unable to reach myself to gain any pleasure from the situation, which just added to my frustration in placing myself here in the first place. I began to calm myself down, trying to think cool thoughts, maybe that would enable me to get myself free from the bindings. And where was he, surely he should be here right now, more thoughts went through my head at what could have possibly happened to him.

So there I lay, bound inside the box by my own hand and enclosed in the doll suit waiting for my release in more ways than one. No matter how hard I tried to get myself free I couldn't get my wrists through the straps, having them held at my side by the strap around my chest didn't help either, this limited my movements and the confines of the box completed the job. I resigned myself that I was stuck, and would have to await his eventual return. I really had become the object of my desires, and I was now just a doll enclosed inside a box awaiting someone to come along and use me.

Cindy 6: The Missing Doll

Later that day I finally heard the sound of someone moving about the apartment, hopefully, I would soon be free, as my own body's pressing desires needed to be attended to. But at the moment they didn't seem to be in any rush to enter the bedroom, I lay there and listened to the sound of voices talking, and I wondered who was inside of the apartment, and did I really want them to find me like this.

Eventually, the bedroom door opened, and a woman entered the room, once she switched on the light, she could clearly see the box and the lettering on top describing the contents enclosed within. She moved closer to where the box lay on the bed, and then looked in and saw the sex doll strapped down inside.

And then spoke. "Urgh! Gross big brother, leaving your sex toys out for people to see."

I wondered who this person was, and remained still and didn't dare to move, even though my body desperately desired relief at that moment, I no longer cared, as I didn't want myself revealed to this woman; especially after I heard her comment about her brother, this must be his little sister, maybe she was here for a visit, something that he hadn't told me about.

Then some other voices entered the bedroom, "What the...?" Another female spoke, "Your brother is into some freaky stuff."

"Yeah, seems that way, even though he said that he had a girlfriend, he still keeps this thing laying around." The other female, who I now knew as his sister said.

"That's sick, why would you need a sex doll when you have the real thing?" Asked her friend. "Is he a pervert?"

"No, he's gentle and kind, you'll see later when he gets home from Mum's house." The sister replied. "In the meantime, what do we do with this... thing?"

"Well, I'm not sleeping in the same room as that, and we definitely need to change the sheets after finding this thing there." The other said, and then continued, "We could throw it in the trash."

The fear of them throwing me away, disposing of me as just an object, one that seemed to disgust them both, nearly overcame my reluctance to move or speak, and I nearly gave myself away, but was saved when the sister replied that the doll belonged to her brother and that we couldn't throw the doll away.

"But we need to put it somewhere, your Mum will be here soon and will be staying in the spare room, so we can't put it in there. And it definitely isn't staying anywhere in this room, too freaky, it

may come to life and kill us all.”

“You watch too many horror movies! The chances of this thing coming to life are zero, it’s just a thing, a sextoy for his pleasure, and nothing more.” The sister said while laughing.

“Horror movies or not, that doll has to go.” The other demanded.

“I know let’s take it down to the basement, he has a storage locker down there, all of the apartments do, we could stash it away and then clear up after.” The sister said.

“I’m not carrying that sex doll in that box, it screams sexual pervert, what would others think when they see us carrying it?”

“True, we would have to cover it somehow, and we’d need a trolley, I think that the janitor has one of those.” The sister replied.

“Couldn’t we wrap it in something and then get the janitor to take it downstairs for us, I’m sure that we could use my feminine charm to get him to do the grunt work. After all, it worked on you.” the friend replied.

“You always seem to have guys, and me, twisted around your little finger!” The sister said, “Okay, you go ring the janitor for the trolley while I look for something to cover this thing with.”

When they returned, I heard them speaking to each other. “Okay, the only thing that I could find big enough were these trash bags and some tape.”

“Great that should work.” Said the friend. “The janitor will be here soon.”

“Okay, great, now all we have to do is cover the box.” The sister replied. “You grab the box one end while I place the trash bag over it.”

“Gross, do I have to touch the box?” her friend replied.

“Here you have the bag and I’ll do the box, okay?” The sister said.

Inside I felt the box shifting slightly, my mind torn between wanting to be set free but also not giving myself away and embarrassing not only myself but my partner as well. Trapped as I was inside the box, dressed as his sex doll, and waiting to be used by him when he was supposed to return home. Now those plans are long gone from my thoughts, if it was anyone other than his family I may have spoken and asked to be set free, but the humiliation that we would both face overwhelmed any desire on my part to reveal myself. I lay there and tried to remain still as they moved the box and I watched as the trash bags encased the box and hid it from view.

“You have to be quick, this box is heavy, the doll must weigh more than it looks.” Said the sister.

“I’m moving as fast as I can, I just don’t want to touch the box, you never know what gross thing that he’s done with this thing.” Her friend replied.

“The quicker we get done, the sooner we can do some gross things of our own!” The sister replied,

"Before big brother gets home."

"Cool, that sounds like fun." The other replied.

Sealed Away

In the end, they had to use several plastic trash bags to cover the box, some ripped on the corners in their haste to get the box covered, while they needed more to cover the entire box. Unseen by me inside they added tape to the outside to make sure that the bags sealed the box containing the doll inside. Now any hope of me gaining my freedom was gone, I was sealed off away from the outside world, covered in the blackness of the plastic bags, nobody would know that inside was a tightly bound female dressed as her boyfriend's sex doll, waiting to be used by him.

The next sound that I heard was a male voice, "Is this the package that you want stored?"

"Yes, please, if you could take it down and place it into storage, that would be great." The sister voice said.

"It's rather large, I may need a hand with it." The male voice replied.

"I'm sure, with your help that we could all move it downstairs without too much trouble, it looks like you have big strong muscles." The other female voice replied, using her flattery on the weaker male mind. "And it's not that heavy, I'm sure someone with your body could easily lift it."

"The three of us will make it easier." Said the sister, her voice now more commanding.

The box moving startled me, and I must have let out a little squeak of surprise when the box was picked up, hopefully, it wasn't heard by those outside, I would have been mortified if I was found out by them all. I tried to remain as stiff and still as possible, not easy when they seemed to fumble carrying the box with me inside out of the bedroom.

"There, see, easy as." The friend said. "No problem at all, I knew that your big strong arms could carry such a light-weight box."

"More awkward than heavy, still soon be on the trolley and out of your hair." The male voice replied.

Feeling more movement of the box, it was now placed upright, luckily for me with my head at the top and not at the bottom. The straps around me tightening and holding my doll-suited body to the rear of the box. The strap around my neck tightened and I feared that I would be strangled by it, but luckily once the box was on the trolley it was tilted back and eased the tight strap around my neck, though just enough to enable me to breathe, it held me tight and cut off my ability to call out.

The trolley then moved across the floor, with the box now strapped down and secure the janitor could easily move it on his own. Inside I felt the rumble as the trolley moved across the carpet of the apartment, then the much smoother tiles and I knew that I was now outside in the main corridor and on my way to whatever fate awaited me. The final bump was when the trolley entered the lift to take me downstairs to the basement.

But as the lift doors opened, I heard a familiar voice, that of my partner as he said hello to the janitor, and then introduced his mother who was here to visit. After the usual pleasantries, they were on their way and the janitor pushed the trolley into the now vacant lift. The sound of him whistling a tune as he carried out his latest task, and the dropping feel deep down inside my tummy as the lift decided. I knew that I was stuck.

Again, as much as I wanted to get free, I didn't want to reveal myself either, especially to his own mother, how well would that go down. Not only was I dressed as his sex doll, but I was contained inside the box that he had made to keep and store his sex doll in. She would forever wonder who this strange woman who seemed to have her son involved in kinky stuff was, certainly not the sort of girl that would be suitable to marry into the family.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the sound of the lift doors opening, we must be down in the basement I figured. Then the trolley moved and I was being taken somewhere, though I didn't know where or could see where I was, the outer covering did well to hide the contents of the box. A couple of turns later and the trolley stopped, and the box again became upright, causing my breathing to again become restricted, so much so that I eventually blacked out and didn't feel the final movements of my box as the janitor placed it into the storage locker.

Stored Away

Luckily there wasn't too much room inside the locker and my box was placed flat on top of some old furniture that we had stored in here, so I lay flat with my back resting on the top of whatever was beneath me. The locker door was closed and locked by the janitor, and the only other person with a key was my partner, I would be stuck in here for the foreseeable future, and hopefully, I would be rescued by him at some point, but when?

Eventually, I recovered from my blackout, and tried to move, but found that I was still tightly held by the straps inside the box. I couldn't see out or where I was but as I listened all I heard was silence, with the occasional sound of machinery in the distance. I now knew that I had been stored away down in the basement, the box containing my dollsuit clad body would eventually be found, and hopefully, his sister would let him know what she had done with me.

But upstairs in all of the excitement of getting together, I was forgotten about, when he arrived home he saw his sister and her friend had moved into the main bedroom as they had planned, not thinking that they may have found the doll box that he'd hidden away under the bed and out of sight. But he was more concerned with getting everyone comfortable and enjoying their visit, making sure that they had what they needed and not worrying about anything else at that moment, especially not the doll encased inside the box down in the basement.

It was much later in the evening when they had returned from a restaurant that things started to fall into place. He had tried ringing me on my phone but was unable to get a reply, not knowing that my phone was switched off so that I wouldn't be disturbed while being his doll. Unable to get in touch, he was disappointed that he hadn't been able to introduce me to his family, and he said that to his sister when his mother had retired early to bed, tired from her trip.

"Shame that you didn't get to meet her tonight, you'll love it when you do." He said.

"Yes, it would be nice to finally meet her, after all you've told us about her." His sister replied.

"She means a lot to me." He said, "My whole world at the moment, apart from you all, I mean."

"If she means so much, then why do you still keep a sex doll in your bedroom?" His sister finally asked, something that she had wanted to find out about, "I don't understand the need for something artificial when you have the real thing".

"Oh!" he suddenly said.

"Yes, we found your doll, waiting for you inside the box on your bed. It freaked my girlfriend out finding it." She replied.

"What did you do with it?" He asked, now starting to realise where I was, and had been found.

"We got the janitor to dispose of it." She said, "After all you don't need it anymore."

"No, you can't have..." he replied with a look of shock on his face.

"Had you there, big brother, she's safe and stored away down in the basement." His sister teased.

Making his excuses he quickly left the apartment, dashing to the lift, he quickly got in when it arrived but was closely followed by his sister. "I'm coming with you."

Knowing not to argue with her, he had more important things to see to, he wondered and dreaded what he'd find when he got to the storage locker. All sorts of questions and scenarios ran through his mind at that moment. His sister could sense that he was troubled, but couldn't understand why, and tried to reassure him that his doll was safe, all the while wondering why he looked so concerned.

When the lift door opened in the basement he quickly made his way to the locker, fumbling with his keys, his hands shaking and his sister took them from him and wouldn't let them go until he explained himself and why this sex doll meant so much to him. He knew that he was stuck, there was no way that he could hide the fact that he and his girlfriend liked to play games with her as the doll. He took his sister by the arm and then started to tell the whole story to her, telling her about how we both liked to share our fantasy of me being nothing more than a sex doll for him to use and play with. Then he explained to her about the box containing the doll, and then the penny dropped.

"Quickly, we have to get her out!" announced his sister.

"That's what I plan to do." He replied.

Reaching for the lock, they soon had the door to the locker open, looking inside he couldn't see the doll box, which to him was bright pink and gold. "Where is it?" he said.

"There in the plastic trash bags, we wrapped it so as not to let the janitor know what my pervert brother stored in his bedroom."

"Quick, we need to get her out." He then said as he grabbed hold of the box.

Swiftly they moved the box from the top of the furniture and out into the corridor, they both then began ripping the outer plastic that concealed the box inside. Hoping that the contents were still alive and undamaged. The top of the box was quickly removed, and the doll was revealed to both him and his sister, still strapped and unmoving inside.

"She's not moving..." he said.

"Untie her and get her out." His sister said, slightly disturbed that there was a woman inside the doll. And slightly fearful that she may have accidentally killed her brother's partner.

Inside the box I had felt the movement, I had been drifting in and out of consciousness while stored inside the locker room. The return of fresh air started to bring me around, though still tightly strapped I couldn't move and I seemed unable to speak at the moment, my mouth dry and my throat sore. I could only watch as the light entered into the box as the outer covering was removed, then with the lid removed I could finally breathe clean air and started to come round.

Concerned with my lack of movement his sister asked, "You're sure that this isn't a real doll, she looks like one."

"Yes, I'm sure." He replied, slightly relieved that I was still alive, his initial worries now gone from his thoughts.

It was then that I took my first deep breath, quickly the straps were removed and I was lifted from the box, held in my partner's big strong arms.

"Good to see you're still with us." He said, I smiled in reply.

"Sorry that we had you stored away." I heard his sister say, "We didn't know..."

After I had recovered some more and finally had been given something to drink, I began to feel better from my ordeal. He had tried to remove me from the suit, but with the key upstairs in the apartment, the only way to do that was to destroy the suit, which I told him that I didn't want to happen. It seemed strange being there with another woman, while I was dressed as a sex doll, my naked latex body on display.

"Sorry, but we have a slight problem here." Said the sister, who was introduced to me as Jane. "There's no room upstairs for her to stay, with Mum in the spare and us in the main bedroom, and you on the couch, where is she going to go? Especially dressed as a sex doll."

"But she doesn't want me to destroy the suit, so I could take her back to her apartment I suppose." He said, looking at me and his sister for answers, "And I guess that you don't wish to be seen by my mother dressed as you are?"

"No, thanks that would be too much," I replied.

"Well, we can't take her out in public either in the suit or naked, there are just too many people around." Jane replied, "What do you suggest brother. Mother was wondering where you were

when I got the drink, so we need to do something soon.”

“I don’t know...” he started to say, but then I cut in.

“I can stay here, inside the locker. Until things get quieter.” I said, “And you can then take me home.”

“What? No...” he said.

“It’s seems like the only option right now.” Jane agreed with me.

“It’s safe and warm, I’ll be okay,” I said. “And it’ll only be for a short time.”

“My thoughts exactly,” Jane said. “And we need to get back upstairs before Mum starts looking for us. We can come back later for her.”

“You’re sure?” he asked me.

“Yes, I am, but on one condition,” I told them.

Here I am strapped back down inside my doll box, tightly held to the rear of the box looking like just another sex doll waiting for her owner. After they had returned me back to the box as I had requested, they placed the top back on and even covered the box with an old blanket to hide me from view. They had then relocked the storage locker and had both returned back upstairs to his apartment. Leaving his sex toy safely hidden away and out of sight.

I was later freed, and a couple of days later finally managed to meet his family before they left to return home. It was a bit embarrassing to see his sister again, but she never brought up the subject about me being her brother’s sex toy. We had a great time but I was pleased to see them go, either due to the fact that his sister knew and may have told her girlfriend, but they never let on, but I was happy to get our lives back to normal and the doll box out of storage.

Cindy 7: Moving Day

We had lived together for some while now, and I had effectively moved into his apartment, though I still kept a lot of my belongings at my place, including furniture. I had spent plenty of my time inside the doll suit or tied in my own latex catsuit, and we’d even bought more rubber costumes for me to wear for his delight as well as my own. But the best times were when I was enclosed inside the doll and I became Cindy again. Most of my thoughts, dreams and fantasies revolved around being that doll.

He had surprised me one day when he returned home early, I was working from home, completing some important reports that had to be filed before the month's end. But I never managed to finish them that day because I spent the night bound again as Cindy, the Lovedoll and enclosed back in my box, after he had used me again for his (and my) pleasure.

As I lay there after the last strap had been tightened, he announced that he’d been promoted to special projects manager with his company. It was something that I knew that he’d wanted for some time. The only drawback was that it would involve moving to another city over six hours

away, which wasn't really a commuting distance.

Whilst this was initially good news about the promotion, there, of course, was the downside with the move, what would become of our relationship and especially our special playtimes! He leaned into the box and kissed me before picking up the lid and closing it down on top of me, sealing me inside. I could see his face through the clear Perspex cover that made up the top half of the box and made it look just like a real dolly's box. He looked sad when really, he should have been happy with the promotion. He left me lying there, bound and enclosed within the box and headed off out of the bedroom.

I could do nothing at this stage other than lay there, bound as I was and covered head to toe in the plastic skin of the doll suit, I was in my little heaven, one of my favourite places to be, secure, enclosed, safe and used by him. I loved being his sextoy and relished being taken by him for his pleasure and maybe left as a good dolly should be, after he had finished with me, either bound back in my box or just discarded on the bed.

Here I was a woman with great intelligence, working in a high-powered position and respected for the achievements that I had done for the company reduced to a mere sex object and loving every minute of it. My girl pals would never understand it, why did I let myself get into this situation. They would think I was mad.

As I lay inside the box my mind drifted into fantasies and long-held dreams, of being a plastic love toy, used and played with and desired by many people, each one using me for their pleasure but being denied mine. In the end, they disposed of me just as a piece of garbage, my deflated plastic body lying in some dumpster awaiting collection. I must have woken as the truck moved me in my dreams and the box moved at the same time in the bedroom. He had lifted the lid off of the box and was undoing the straps to take me to bed. After he had finished with me, he rolled over and quickly fell asleep, just one of those things that men manage to do after sex. Women want cuddles, chat, have coffee etc.

I couldn't sleep and lay there deep in thought about his promotion and what it would mean for us as a couple, we'd been together for some time now, much longer than my previous relationships, this felt like a special bond between us, and I didn't want to lose him. But I knew that we would not be seeing as much of each other if he lived five hours away from me, plus who would tie me up as Cindy! I couldn't live with that thought, I had to find a solution to the problem, well that's why I get paid the big dollars at work.

I spent most of the night checking things out on the net, looking at airfares, car hire, hotels and anything that I could think of regarding our situation, to make things work between us. But I must admit I spent some time looking at doll sites too! Well, a girl's gotta dream.

The sun rose, and its light spread out into the apartment, I was still on the computer when he awoke and walked in on me. He looked over my shoulder at what was on the screen, shaking his head and went off to make coffee. I had one of the doll pages up at the time and the other screens about the city he was moving to minimised.

It wasn't until I got to work that morning that the solution presented itself, something simple but would enable me to move with him. My company was taking over another which had its office in the same city, I could be part of the team that moved over there to establish the company's transition. I just had to work on one or two people to make this happen, which proved no problem.

Arriving back at his apartment, I couldn't wait to give him my news, I had hinted it to him in an earlier telephone call but decided to break the news during dinner. It turned out that dinner was out at some swanky restaurant along with some work colleagues who spoke shop most of the night and it wasn't until later that I gave him my news. He was delighted that I could go with him, but he stipulated that it would be only on one condition – that I marry him! After screaming down the restaurant and both of us jumping around like mad march hares, his work buddies finally worked out what we were both excited about and the congratulations flowed along with more champagne.

New Future

The next morning, we both staggered out of bed, after celebrating a bit too much the night before, we didn't manage to consummate our decision that night nor the next morning either! Several cups of coffee later we managed to clear some of the fog away from our heads and realise what we had done, we had not only decided to move to a new town but also get ourselves married in the process.

We had to start planning what we needed to do, he was due to move within a couple of weeks, and I was shortly to follow a week after. We'd be moving into a house provided by his company for their executives, so that solved one problem. We sat and discussed matters relating to the marriage, what we'd need to do etc.

The weekend went by in a blur, we seemed to be on the phone, seeing this person, visiting that person and generally organising our move to the new location and getting used to the idea of getting together. Very little sex and especially bad no bondage was experienced by this love slave that weekend, we arrived back exhausted from trying to get things done and visiting relatives, friends etc.

Monday morning arrived too fast, and we were soon back into the swing of things. That week was spent mainly at work, taking on the new responsibilities for the takeover meant many hours in meetings, reading reports and making decisions about what needed to be done with the new company. So, we didn't get to see each other until later in the week.

Making some time to see each other, we spent some quality time relaxing in bed, well him relaxing and me bound ever so tightly in my black latex catsuit, the hood covering my head, my arms tightly strapped behind me in a reverse prayer and my ankles tied to my thighs. I could not move a muscle and was loving every second of my extremely tight situation, especially as I had my toys deeply inserted and doing their magic on my body.

I had really needed to be tied, what with the pressures from work with all of the changes and the desire that I craved to be tied and find relief from the stress was starting to overwhelm me, and he had been able to see this and take control of me. Plus the fact that he could fuck me senseless whilst unable to resist him did have some part of his desire to tie me up. Well, he did like to take advantage of me or was that the other way around!

The time had come for my own move, the truck had arrived at my apartment and was already loading my goods and chattels on board. The thought of all those boxes was starting to get me antsy for my own box, the one that contained me while wearing the doll suit. For a short while, my mind

drifted off into fantasy but was brought crashing down by the removers, accidentally dropping a box of glassware. It was insured, so no matter. But the moment was lost, gone in a second. A few hours later all of my stuff was gone too, off to storage in the new city, to be moved into our new home when we moved.

Now I had officially moved in with him, my apartment leased out, and we got to spend a bit more time together, especially at the end of the day. I got to spend some quality time enclosed in the box, and he got to spend time with his favourite dolly and sex toy, which was a bonus I guess. Any time that I find myself tightly bound and wearing latex, either the doll or my catsuit was good in my books, and what made it much better was being used and then discarded afterwards, especially when stored back under the bed in my box.

But the time for his moving day started to get closer, and we had to start packing his stuff into more boxes. The removal people arrived to help pack things the day before the move was due to happen. They were great at wrapping things and storing them, they took most of the work away from us so we could concentrate on what went where and which room it was supposed to go to. The end of the day came quickly, and the removal people left after most things were boxed away, ready for the move.

Moving through the apartment in the maze of boxes and packaged furniture, we managed to find a spot to settle down for the meal that we'd ordered via the local takeaway. That finished we cleared up and drank the last drop of wine from the bottle, celebrating our last night in our old city. We cuddled up close together and made love for the next hour or so, just simple touching, fondling no ropes lovemaking. It felt unusual at first, I suppose that you get used to being bound up for sex and after a while expect that to happen every time.

I must have dozed off because I awoke to him moving around the apartment and dragging something across the floor. He said that the removal truck would be here in a couple of hours and he wanted to get everything packed and put away before they got here. Funny I thought we'd already done that. That's when I saw the box he was moving, and then he told me the last thing to be put away was me, well Cindy really.

"You want to pack me away inside the box?" I questioned him.

To which he just nodded his head and smiled, that smile that tells me that I'm about to enjoy myself again, that smile that melts my heart every time that I see it, the same smile that lets me know that we share the same devious thoughts about keeping me as his sex doll, oh what wouldn't I do to see that smile.

But I thought he was crazy at first, packing me away to be moved to the new house inside a box, but not just any box it was Cindy's box. I was going to be her again and become just another package to be delivered, just another object, one of his possessions. I felt my pussy tingle and the first signs of moisture between my legs. My tummy started to get that warm fuzzy feeling that you tend to get when you know that something good, something very sexual is about to happen to you. He wanted to pack me away inside the box, and transport me as just another part of his furniture to the new location.

My mind was thinking should I or shouldn't I, just a minute I must be crazy if I was willing to get myself tied and enclosed inside a box and shipped with all the rest of his goods to the new city. But

I recalled my time stored away downstairs in the storage locker when his sister had found her brother's sex doll all boxed up and lying on the bed when she visited, even though it was involuntary on my part, well at first, I found that I liked being stored away like that, and had asked to remain there after he had rescued me.

Crazy or not it wasn't long before I found myself climbing into the doll suit, the doll's skin covering my own now naked flesh, my clothes quickly discarded and the sex doll was now in its place. Soon my head was covered, and her facial features became mine, her skin became my skin, and he was closing the zipper at the rear sealing and locking me inside of her. I was now Cindy again, his love doll. And very soon I would be safely put away in her/my box.

Fun Bunny

This time I was to be dressed specially for the occasion, and he'd bought a new outfit for me to wear whilst inside the doll suit. He opened the package to reveal a bunny girl's outfit complete with bunny ears and fishnet pantyhose. After I had put on the fishnets, let's put it this way, it was far easier and quicker than to let him do it. He then helped me slip into the one-piece bunny girl outfit, more like a tight bodysuit that was cut high and revealed more than it covered. It held me around my waist, a bit like the corset that I wore, but without the stiffness.

The bow-tie next was easy to slip around my neck, the elastic holding it in place, next came the bunny ears that fitted over the top of my head, how they were going to fit inside the already cramped space inside the confines I didn't know, maybe he hadn't thought that part through. The final piece was the shiny high-heeled shoes, which he slipped over my plastic covered feet.

I was now Cindy, the bunny-girl lovedoll, the sight in the mirror was one of pure sexual fantasy, and I was surprised that he didn't take me there and then. I pointed out the part that he missed was the bunny girl's tail, which he then found in the bottom of the box that he had bought the costume, with that in place I really looked the part, and I couldn't help but wiggle my tail at him to tease him, well a doll has to hope that her owner needs to avail himself of her "3 wonderful holes", which advertised the product inside my doll box.

He picked me up and carried me over to the box, ready to place me back inside again, but I told him that I wanted something from him first, something very important to me and something of himself.

"I want to take you inside of my mouth, to taste you one more time before my owner puts me away, sealing me away again until he wishes to use me." I pleaded.

He placed me down on my knees in front of him, and he stood there in front of my face as I reached for the zipper on his trousers and slowly pulled it down, revealing the desired package that lay beneath, and my desired goal. I soon had him in the palm of my plastic covered hands and then into my waiting wet mouth, which formed an O around his now very swelling member. I took great delight in the pleasure that I both gained and gave to him, my tongue brushing against the underside of his tool as he moved himself in and out of my warm, wanting mouth.

Before long he was grasping at the back of my head, his hands firmly holding me in position as he shot his seed deep into my throat, I held my breath as his firm shaft hit the back of my mouth, attempting to push down into my throat, his semen then began flooding my mouth as he reached his

climax and I began swallowing down what I could of him, I didn't want to waste a drop of the precious fluid, sucking and cleaning him of every last bit.

The moment ended when he finally removed himself from me, I had savoured every moment of it, and now had his taste in my mouth which I hoped I would still savour on the coming journey to our new home. I had given him one last head job before being packed away, something to remember me by until we met at the new house.

"Thank you, master," I whispered, my throat slightly hoarse from taking him so deep. It was the first time that I had called him by that term, usually as his doll I used 'owner', but now I seemed to have revealed myself to him, my submissive side enjoying my subservient position, on my knees in front of my master/owner, and a little shiver of delight ran through my body. Though I think he thought that I was just playing my role, which maybe I was, but deep and hidden far down was the desire to submit myself to him.

But the moment was soon gone, he told me that we needed to get on before the removal people turned up and saw him putting his sex doll inside of her box. He then told me of his plan, that I was going to be packed away as Cindy, strapped down in my box, and closed inside and then he had another plain outer cardboard box to place me into and seal closed with tape.

No one would know that I was there, all I would be was another package for the removal people to transport to the new house. I told him that I had dreamt of this day after my time spent in the storage locker, how much I had enjoyed being put away in storage like that, and my desire to experience that again. But this was over and above one of my ultimate fantasies that was about to be realised, I was to be transported, taken and delivered by others who didn't know that I was inside, to them I was just another object.

He picked me up and placed me down into the doll box and began strapping me down inside, tightening the straps around me to fasten me in place and then he placed padding around me to protect me from any bumps and bruises during the move, after all, I was just another box to the removal people, not a living, breathing woman, with soft, delicate skin. Just as he picked the lid of the doll box to cover me I made one more request.

"Please gag me, just in case I let out a squeal or make a sound, you know... if I... well, let something slip during..." I asked, the doll skin currently hid my blushes from him, but I guessed that he knew what would happen to me on the journey over as he had witnessed me orgasming inside of the box before.

He laughed and reached behind me to pull my bunny tail free, stuffing it into my mouth and then taping it over, covering my mouth until he was satisfied that I couldn't move nor make a sound, he picked up the lid and closed it down on top of the lower part of the box, I was once again just a sex doll enclosed within a box, this time ready for shipment.

He picked up the box containing his sex doll and carried it over to the outer box, which was just plain brown cardboard like he had said, the doll box slipped inside with little room between the two boxes, it was a perfect fit. As I looked out from my position inside the doll box, I could see the flaps of the outer cardboard box and his smiling face as he looked down on his doll.

With a final wave and closed them down, I heard what I thought was the tape gun we had used on

the other boxes, as he sealed his doll into the new box. A label was then attached by him giving instructions to which room I was to be moved to and another declaring the contents to be 'fragile', which he later showed me in some photos that he had taken while preparing me for shipping.

That was it for the next two or so hours, he busied himself around the apartment, and I was left alone waiting to be stowed away along with the rest of his goods. Just another object in his collection, something contained within the confines of a box. I did have the thought in my mind that maybe he would leave me tied this way and get the removal people to take the rest of the boxes, thinking that I would be next. But in reality, he would just release me for our journey. I settled into fantasy mode again and had delightful images of me being moved around as just another object, of being found by the removal men and used for their pleasure.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of voices from outside my box, the removal people had arrived and started to take the belongings out to their truck. I heard several boxes being moved near me and instructions from my master and owner as to what was to happen to them. Then I felt my box being lifted, I was being carried out of the apartment to the lift along with his other possessions, and without another thought, I was now on my way to the new city dressed as a bunny girl inside my plastic doll suit, bound in a box and sealed inside another. This was real, he was really going to ship me.

I was transported down in the elevator with other boxes and taken outside to the truck, where my box was loaded along with others. My box ended up on the floor with other boxes piled on top of mine. Other furniture and possessions were loaded and placed alongside, further and further out to the rear of the truck, the heavier stuff thankfully loaded towards the rear. When finished straps were placed inside to hold things down and the rear doors closed. I was now just another box within the confines of the removal truck, and it was not long after that I faintly heard the truck engine start and felt the motion of movement as they drove off with me inside.

I really was just another object, a possession, a living sexdoll enclosed in her box. I wondered when I would be released...

Chapter 8: A Series of Unfortunate Events

We had been living at our new home for several months now, settled into our new life and responsibilities, while his new role went well, my job didn't turn out as I expected, the commuting distance between work and home was much longer than expected from where we now lived, so in the end I stayed away in motels during the week and returned home on the weekends.

The hours involved were also far longer than I was informed or anticipated, the company as it turned out, was far deeper in debt than we first thought and it took me a lot of work to get the financials right and on track so that the company could legally carry on trading, this didn't go down too well with some both in the new company and back at head office, but my task was to merge the company into our own, that's what I get paid to do, and stress about.

Of course, this also means that our playtime (and sex) was limited by our short times together when I came home at the weekend, but worse still, was that we no longer had the Cindy, love doll outfit for me to wear, and spend some quality time as his sex doll, the box that he kept me inside

of was gone too. It was a great blow to me and my partner, especially me, as I used my time as his doll for stress relief, I suppose he did too but in other ways, but he still benefitted from keeping me tightly bound, and available to him, while I wore my latex catsuit, so that made up in some way for the loss of the doll suit.

Oh, I suppose that you want to know what happened, well, if you recall the mad idea was to transport me as just his sex doll in her box for the journey from his old apartment to the new house, with me dressed again as his bunny girl lovedoll, bound by the straps to hold me in place and gagged, at my request, inside my doll box, he then sealed away inside another box to hide the contents and then transported by the removal didn't go as well as he had planned.

The trip took far longer than was first anticipated, there were roadworks and other things that delayed the truck carrying me and his other possessions to the new house, and well, to my dismay, this dolly leaked, badly.

By the time that the removal truck arrived at the new house, it was already late evening, the guys were tired from their long journey and were happy that they had arrived but the plan now was to leave the goods on the truck, the guys would be staying at a local motel for the night and that they would return in the morning.

Even though the idea would be appealing to me in normal circumstances, the fact was I needed to get out of the box, otherwise something bad was about to happen, remember that last meal, well my tummy certainly did. Though at this moment I was unaware of the events unfolding outside of the box.

My partner was in two minds when he found out the news from the removal people, but he was concerned more with my well-being and safety than my desires to remain as just his sex doll, which was sweet of him, but obviously, he wasn't aware of my pressing need at that moment.

Thankfully he asked that the guys just dump the stuff in the garage, and he even paid them more money to do so, so they reluctantly took him up on the offer, the extra cash suddenly wiping the tiredness from their bodies. He had given them the excuse that the house had come fully furnished, even down to the cutlery, so there was no need to unpack the boxes, they could just be stored inside the double garage to be sorted out later.

It didn't take the guys too long to unload the truck, though my box again got buried under several others, and was near the back of the pile and against the wall. As he couldn't get to me at the moment, not without giving me away I guess as he could hardly get his sex doll out of her box with the others around, that wouldn't look strange now would it. So he pitched in and helped the guys move the goods into the garage, with his help and supervision it went much quicker, and once it was all done, he paid them the extra and thanked the guys for being so helpful. They were just pleased to take the money and leave.

Once they were gone, and the garage door was closed, he started going through the pile of boxes inside of the garage, moving many of them out of the way so that he could get to his goal, the larger box that currently contained his sex doll/girlfriend, still bound and hidden away inside her container.

It took him a little while, the phone kept interrupting him in his quest as his family rang to see how

the move was going and asking about the new house, he couldn't be rude and hang up on them, so this caused even more delay in my recovery but eventually, he managed to pull my cardboard box clear.

Delivery

Inside my container I was wondering what was going on, the truck had finally come to a halt and all movement had stopped, but there was no sound of anyone moving the stuff out from the truck, I had visions of the truck being left in some carpark, left there overnight while the removal people went for a meal and possibly sleep somewhere.

The journey had been very long and I guessed that it was very late now, possibly too late for the delivery to happen, though I had no idea of what the exact time it was, stuck inside the two boxes I didn't even know if it was dark outside, it was inside where I was still strapped in, at least when I had been stored under the bed in my box I still managed to see some daylight.

My drifting thoughts were interrupted when I heard the sound of the truck's rear door opening, then it seemed that things were finally being taken out of the truck, hopefully by the removal people and not some thieves who came across the truck where it was parked, who knows what would happen to me should they open my boxes and find me here. My mind now lost on the possibilities of what they would do to me, how many would use me and what would they do with me afterwards, well a doll can dream.

Eventually, my current dreams were thwarted when I felt my box being picked up and carried a short distance, and then placed down, the sound of more boxes being placed on top of mine let me know that I might be here for a while longer. The faint sounds of conversation and instructions from my partner let me know that I was safe, for now at least and that I had arrived at our new home.

Unfortunately, the pain in my tummy was getting worse by now, and I didn't know just how long I could stop the inevitable. Well, as you can guess nature won, and this dolly leaked, it really felt like I was deflating inside of the box. Most of it was contained inside of the doll suit, at first, but of course, it took a while to unpack the truck, and then he had to find my box among the many others piled high, by that time things had spread.

It was a bit of a nasty surprise when he finally opened my box, at first he had thought that maybe I had died on the journey, it certainly smelt that way, but no I was still alive but wishing that I wasn't, the embarrassment of him finding me like this was just too great. The suit hiding my shame. But he was very kind, understanding and considerate, I found out later the food had the same reaction as mine, but he had the benefit of a nearby toilet, which I unfortunately didn't.

Once I was out of the suit and standing in a hot shower, the evidence of our last meal in our old home going down the drain, the doll suit we found later was ruined, no amount of cleaning could get the smell out of it, the box too was no longer useable, so it too ended up in the rubbish tip, my last vision of Cindy was the trash bag that contained her body as she sunk under the other trash that we dropped on top of her at the local dump. It was like the death of a very good friend.

So that was the end of that chapter of my life, though we still had the latex catsuit and he kept me bound and used, when we found the time to play, but it just didn't feel the same, and I guess that

he knew this, but tried to please me anyway. The bondage was nice, the gag and the corset felt good, and him taking me for his own pleasure, and mine sometimes did fill in some of the gaps, but nothing could replace Cindy.

Chapter 9: New Beginnings

As I previously said, work seemed to keep me away from home more, spending several days during the week in a motel after work as the commute to our new home was just too tiring for me. The weekends were our only time together, and even then, other things got in the way of our play sessions, so I had to be content sometimes with a quick fuck before heading back to my stressful job.

The job was very demanding, when our company took over this smaller one, the idea was to use their production capacity and knowledge to enhance one of our own, which shared similar engineering manufacturing, making the merger more productive and beneficial for everyone concerned. It was hard to let a few workers go, but the finances for this company didn't stack up, and some changes had to be made. I tried to make this as painless as possible and spoke with several of the workers, but while they agreed that the company needed help, some didn't appreciate when I made those changes.

Still, that was what I was sent here for, but unknown to me others back at our head office had other plans, so for all of the long hours that I had put in and sacrificed my own time to be with my new husband, it didn't matter to them. I was called back for a meeting with the top bosses, who informed me of their change of plans, well it seemed that they had wanted this anyway, the plant was to close and the work taken overseas to one of our factories over there, which meant cheaper.

This didn't go down too well with me, after all of the time that I had spent there and getting to know the workers, I basically flipped out and told them where they could go, and it wasn't put in polite terms either. I spent the next two weeks away from home winding things up with my job and my old apartment, I wanted nothing more to do with this place and sold everything I had.

I had spoken to my husband after my rant, and he agreed with me and then told me that while I had quit my job, that he had been promoted again, so there was no need for me to work unless I wanted to for now, which was a relief.

Finishing up I headed out of my old town for the last time and drove to our new home, the worry and the stress of the past few weeks had taken its toll on me and I guess that he could hear that in my voice when we spoke on the phone.

I didn't want him to see me like I was, and on my way, I managed to find a parlour that would help me relax, if only for a little, and they say a change is as good as a rest, so I left the shop with a new hairstyle and colour, dusky blonde she had called it, but all I saw was the same colour as Cindy wore, that'll do I thought.

Not too sure what he thought of my new much shorter pixie-style hair, though the colour change was more of a surprise when he eventually saw me. But he was just pleased to see me, though he did see through my disguise, and knew that I had put my body and soul into my work, only to have it taken away with a click of a pen. He noticed the haggard look behind my mask, and seemed concerned that I was okay.

"I'm just pleased to be home, with you, my darling husband and keeper of my soul, and desires..." I told him as we hugged, which seemed to last forever, but eventually, all good things end.

He told me that he had a special surprise for me, he'd been working on it while I had been away and now it was ready. This perked me up hearing this, I wondered what he'd been doing while I was away, my thoughts were him with other women from his office, after all, who could resist that smile, his charm and the feelings of power that he seemed to exude over me, I wonder if they felt that too.

Grabbing my hand he guided me upstairs and towards our bedroom, I half expected to see another doll box decorated like the last one, but when he uncovered my eyes to reveal the surprise I found a rather ornate large bed had replaced our old one, this one made from dark timber, with headboard and footboard, there were wooden knobs on each corner, my thoughts turned immediately to my bound body stretched by by them, tied spread-eagle over the bed to the four corners.

He looked at me as I took in the surprise, there was a slight look of disappointment at there being no replacement doll box, but he could see me looking at the bondage points on the bed. But there's more to the bed than it first seems, he told me, though I guess you can see some advantages to this bed over the old one, he laughed.

Walking closer, my hands began caressing the wooden knob closest to me, my thoughts of being bound taking hold of me. But I must have pressed something as the bed started moving, the footboard part of the bed started to rise up, much to my surprise and looked back at him for answers.

"Watch," Was all he said.

Turning back I saw that the footboard had finished moving, and then a large oblong box started rolling out from underneath the bed, the black finish reflecting in the light showed the high-gloss finish, though I still had no clue what was going on. When the black box stopped moving, my husband walked over and released some clips on the side, he then opened up the top part, which then revealed the contents within.

"Oh my..." Was all I said as I looked inside.

Inside the box was solid packing foam which had the shape of a body cut out of it, the size roughly the same as my own body. But when I looked further inside I could see the body of a silicon sex doll, why would he buy one of those I wondered. The rest of what had just happened was forgotten for the moment.

"You've bought a sex doll." I exclaimed, "Why?"

"Feel it." He told me, which felt more like a command to me.

My hand reached down to touch the new doll where it lay enclosed within the packing foam, a feeling of jealousy running over that she was in my place, the doll looked solid from my point of view, just like the one's that I had seen online. The silicon of the doll seemed to be very high quality, so I guessed that she had cost a fair bit to buy, judging again from what I'd seen in my internet searches. The skin felt cold when my hand made contact, but what else did I expect, she was just a

doll after all.

"Yes, I can see that it's a sex doll," I said, my hand now touching the doll, "but what does that have to do with me?"

"Have a closer look," he replied.

My hand began exploring the silicon skin of the doll, I began to wonder if we would be having a three-way session with him, me and the doll, maybe this is why he had bought the doll. Again, to me, this just felt like a silicon doll would feel like I guess, not having much experience of touching them, my last doll experience was more latex than this type of material. Looking back up at him, I still wanted some answer from him about the surprise.

"Oh, here just pick it up," he said, bending down to help me.

I expected the thing to be heavier than it was, but this took me by surprise, this doll seemed to weigh very little, in fact, it was so light that I dropped it and fell over, only to be caught by his hands and lowered to the floor as we all tumbled over. Now that the new doll was out of the box and lying on the floor beside me I could see that was in fact hollow inside, the way that it had lay inside the box fooled me into thinking that this was solid.

"It's just a skin," I said to him.

"Not just a skin, it's your new skin," he replied.

Rolling the thing over I could see an opening up the back of the doll, the zipper went from the lower back up towards the head, here I could see another zip fastener, and I looked at him puzzled.

"When you're inside, the top runs down to the neck, to meet the other, closing together behind your neck rather than your head like previously," he told me.

My mind was awash with thoughts of me becoming his sex doll again, I had missed this so much, and I never had expected to see something like this ever again, especially something this so well put together, the last one was just an inflatable that we had converted, well one that I had butchered and he had fixed up afterwards, but this looked well made and had one purpose, to seal me away inside.

"Well..." he asked.

I threw my arms around his neck and pulled him over on top of me, my face tight against his own, my lips thanking him, with many kisses and squeals of delight. But he eventually pulled himself free of my clutches, before things got too heated, he said.

"Time for dolly to be put away," he then told me.

My heart pounded in my chest at the thought of becoming his doll again, a certain area between my legs letting me know that it was becoming even more aroused at the thought, and not just from our passionate embrace, my mind awash with visions of me dressed as a sex doll. With a slap of his hand on my rear, I was told to use the bathroom before anything else happened.

Quickly doing my business and then grabbing a rushed shower, my desires building at the prospect of becoming a doll, not just a doll but his sex doll again. I was about to start applying some talcum powder to help put the new suit on, but was stopped by him, he had been watching me in my excitement at what was about to happen.

He then handed me a bottle of liquid and told me to rub it over my body, while he did the harder to reach parts, though I'm sure that I could quite easily reach some of the spots that his hand ventured to, but I was so turned on by now that I didn't care, my body was his after all and he had explored every inch of it.

New Skin

He helped me start putting on the new suit, it was much tighter than the last one, I guessed that was because it was new, not that he had deliberately made it slightly smaller, which I found out later. But I didn't mind, the tighter the better, that was my motto, especially when it came to bondage, or being encased inside of a doll skin, like I was now doing. The liquid helped ease my limbs into place, and soon my legs were encased inside of the new suit.

When it got to touch my crotch, my sex burst like a dam, and I had to hold onto him for support as the waves of pleasure ran through me, my body shaking as I rode out the wonderful sensations. I looked slightly sheepish up at him as I started to recover, but he just smiled and told me that he was happy that I was getting to enjoy my new doll, as he would be soon.

Now that the suit was up and over my hips the danger of another climax passed, it was safe to continue with the rest of the re-skinning of my body, I would soon be a doll again I thought. My arms were next, and then my head, as he continued to help me put on the new skin, and as we progressed he smoothed over the parts that needed it, plus it gave him a chance to molest his new doll.

Once everything was finally in place, he walked behind me and started to pull the lower zipper closed, the suit tightening around my body as he did so, squeezing me in a very delightful way, every inch of my skin felt alive as the skin enclosed me in its grasp. With the zipper pulled up my back, he then switched to the other and pulled down, sealing my head inside, it was only when the two zippers met that I heard the familiar sound of a lock closing, I was now secured inside of the doll.

He ran his hands down my back, and over my encased body, smoothing any missed parts, but also unknown to me closing a small flap over the zipper to hide it from view, so when I eventually did get to see where the closing was supposed to be it was no longer there, I was now just a silicon doll, there was no seam in my back, I had been transformed from woman to sex doll, anyone seeing me would only see the doll, not the person inside.

"Well, how does it feel?" he asked, looking at my transformation.

"Wonderful!", I replied while I continued to look at myself in the mirror, amazed at the feel and look of the new skin as it covered my own, even I could only see a silicon sex doll looking back at me in the mirror, if I hadn't experienced putting the suit on I would have thought that this was just another sex doll, it was just so realistic.

The suit seemed to contract some more as the heat of my own body, it felt as though the skin was merging with my own, tightening and restricting my movements, the silicon skin was becoming my own, or so it seemed to me inside of the suit, it was becoming a bit harder to move, I was more rigid than when I had been Cindy, and looked at him for more answers.

"Well, the liquid that you put on was actually adhesive, not lube, the skin will be sticking to your own by now, making the suit a tighter, smoother finish," he told me.

"What, I'm stuck inside here?" I managed to say, my mouth now harder to form words. "Forever?"

"You wish!" he laughed, "No only while you're inside the suit for a short while, after that it'll start to degrade, then you just need to soak in the bath for a while and the glue becomes liquid again, and we can get you out," he informed me.

"Really, literally, I'm stuck in the doll until you release me," I replied.

He was a bit unsure of my reaction to this part of the process, he had wondered how I would feel being stuck like this, I would either be angry with him or...

"Wow!, Thank you, my precious owner, this dolly wishes to thank you for being so clever to think of something like this." And I threw myself at him, gradually falling to my knees seeking out what I needed at this moment.

Finding the object of my desire I held his semi-erect member in my hands and started to kiss the end as best that I could, but all too soon I couldn't resist my urges and he was fully engulfed in my warm, wet mouth, with my tongue playing with the underside of his manhood, my teeth gently teasing the upper ridge of him. My mouth working on the top part of his penis soon moved lower and I was a happy contented dolly when I had his full length inside of my mouth.

His hands came around to hold my head and he pushed himself deeper in my mouth, further towards my willing throat, I relaxed myself there wanting to take him as deep as possible, but he was already fully engulfed in my mouth by this point, and I knew that when I did this to him that he wouldn't be able to last too long, try as he might to hold off the inevitable, he would soon be cumming.

Cleaning him up afterwards, I was reluctant to let him go, but he was spent for now, and I was a very happy dolly for pleasing my owner, I wondered what we'd do now. However, I didn't have long to wait as he picked me up in his arms and carried me back to the bed, thinking that maybe he'd be using one of my other features very soon.

Stored away again...

But as he got closer I could see the wicked smile on his face, and he moved me towards the base of the bed and the waiting open cabinet that I had found the dolly inside of. He lowered me down, the soft foam below me easily taking the weight of this new doll, and providing some comfort to it when the time came to put the dolly away. The sides of the foam now coming into my peripheral vision, the perfectly cut-out holding the doll in place inside of the box.

Once he had lowered me so that I lay on my back inside the box, he started to adjust how I was laying there, also he started to fasten some straps that I hadn't noticed when I looked at the doll the first time, it seemed that not only would I be stored away inside the box but I would be strapped down to prevent any chance that this doll could escape, not that there was any will on my part for that to happen, I was content to lay there and watch my owner as he put me away. He had used me and was now finished with me until he needed me again.

Once the last strap was done up, he checked them all again, I felt his hands on my ankles, below and above my knees, across my thighs close to where my sexual centre lay below, just a mere inch or so from his fingers were at that moment. But I was to be denied any touches there for now at least, his hand moved over my waist and then below my breasts, and above, judging by the number I was well secured. The final one around my neck prevented any movement of my head.

"There we are dolly, all ready to be stored away," he said to me.

He watched as a shiver of delight ran through me, he certainly knew what buttons to push on me to get the right reactions, and his hands drifting over my new silicon body only enhanced the feelings that I was getting. It would have been nice for him to continue to play with me, but my owner had other ideas.

“Well, dolly, you're just too distracting and I need to get on with other things, so it's time to put you away, for a while at least.” he smiled as he said that.

I just lay there not wanting to move or to speak, I was contented in my new place, this was something that I had missed now for a while and something that we both seemed to know that I needed at the moment, any negative thoughts now long gone, I was back in my world, where her doll serves her owner and doesn't care about anything else.

“Enjoy!” Was the last thing that he said to me as he closed the lid of the box. At first it was dark inside with the top closed, but once the latches had been fastened on the side, the panel in front of me became clearer, though still dark, but I could see his face as he looked in on me.

The next vision of him was of him standing up and reaching over to the bed, it was then that I realised what he had just done, the motor that had brought the box out from under the bed was now taking the box back under the bed, and me along with it.

I was now truly just a sex doll again, being put away by my owner. I looked up and saw him one last time before the box slipped under the bed, when it finally came to a stop I heard the final sound of the footboard part closing back into place and I was now hidden away, under the bed, just a doll in her box again, and loving every part of it.

Chapter 10: Wicked Cindy

During the next two weeks, I spent most of my time inside the new doll skin, the adhesive worked really well in sticking the silicon to my own skin, the more rigid outer skin limiting my movements, but most of the time I was just content to either sit, lay down or even stand around being the doll. He would find me in various places, when not stashed away in my new box, and admire me in my new skin or take me and use me, which is what all good love dolls are for.

It did a while to soak in the hot bath to get the glue to become liquid enough for me to slide out of the suit without taking part of me with it, I did imagine that my own skin would stick to the silicon and that it would be painful to remove, like when I visit the beauty parlour and had them perform a Brazilian wax job on my pussy, which if you didn't know stings like heck, but the results afterwards are worth it.

It took me about two months to get over my last job and find another, I found out when I started there that some of the guys who had transferred from the old factory had put in a good word for me, kindness pays after all. But before then I had plenty of time to explore my new doll skin and my relationship with my new husband, slash owner and master of all my desires.

Changes

The new house that his company supplied also came with contractors who cleaned the house once a week, which was usually scheduled for Wednesdays, so if I was still in my doll skin I would just get myself put away inside my box for the day while they were here, and then get released when my owner returned and wanted to make use of my special features, which he did.

I was very happy to spend some much-needed quality time stashed away as his sex doll, strapped down in my box and stored away under the amazing bed that he had designed and had made. You would never have known from looking at the bed that it had a secret panel, behind which there lay a large container, inside of which was a very contented sex doll, happy to be stored away and await further use.

After a weekend of blissful delight at returning to my new doll skin, I had been wearing it since Friday evening, the glue had now dried sticking the silicon to my own skin, making me and the doll as one, plus again making my movements harder on my part, not that dollies should move themselves, that's the job of their owner. But the sex had been great, I felt well used by the time Monday morning rolled around and lay there on the bed recalling what we had done the past few days, my fingers gently playing with the soft outer folds of my pussy, not in any rush to bring myself off, but just relaxing and enjoying the feelings.

But my fantasies were interrupted when I heard the sound of a vacuum cleaner outside of the bedroom in the corridor, the cleaning people were here, then I remembered that the contract had been changed by his company, these were the new contractors and they would be coming every Monday and Friday. And here I was still stuck inside my doll skin, it would take a while for me to get myself out of it, and by the sounds of things they would soon be in the bedroom.

In my panic I could only see two options, one was to lay here and pretend that I was just really a silicon sex doll, which when I thought about it would embarrass not only me but my husband too. The other option was to enclose myself inside the box, I had managed to find a way to activate the mechanism to put myself away, though I couldn't use the straps as machinery only allowed me enough time to climb inside and close the lid.

Jumping from the bed, I knew that I had very little time left, and this seemed to be the only option for me at this moment. So I moved over to the box and tapped on the control knob twice, this would give a little delay before the box slid back under the bed, but just enough time for me to get inside. Getting myself in the box and closing the lid down, I had just managed this, before I felt the box moving, taking me back under the bed again. The final sound as the footboard closed behind the box, sealing me away and hiding me from view.

Just in time as it turned out, as the cleaners entered the room just as the last part of the footboard closed, hopefully they didn't catch a glimpse of that happening. Listening from where I lay I heard the cleaners vacuum the floors, then they changed the bed, removing the sheets that I had just been lying on and had been taken several times by my husband/owner that weekend. I hoped that they didn't notice the stains of our sexual juices on the sheets, I would have been very embarrassed if I wasn't stored away below them.

I wondered what they would think if my box accidentally slipped back out from its hiding spot, would they make use of the sex doll that it contained or would they be horrified at finding me. My mind again drifted off to many visions of my body being taken and used by several people, including women, which surprised me, what had I become, I certainly had changed since that first day at discovering his inflatable love doll, my sexuality had blossomed and grown into a new form, the petals bright and free, open to all sorts of new ideas.

Eventually, the sounds of the cleaners faded, they had finished cleaning the bedroom and adjoining bathroom and had now moved elsewhere. All was quiet now in my little part of the world, sealed away and contented to continue lying here in my box, one advantage I did find in not being strapped down was that I was able to use my fingers to great effect, seeking out my little nub and gently playing with it, building myself up slowly until reaching the culmination of my efforts and reaching the high point, my orgasm lasting for several minutes until overwhelmed I passed out.

Stuck

When I came too, I had no idea what the time was, or even if the contractors had finished cleaning. It was lovely and warm inside my new box, the packing foam holding me in an all-encompassing hug of my body, limiting what little movement I had inside of the box. It felt nice and safe to be contained inside here waiting for my owner to come and play with me, he'd release me and...

Then I suddenly realised that my owner/husband was away this week, he had left early this morning to catch his flight, and he was now several hours away from me. The problem with putting myself away inside the box was that I couldn't get myself out, I would usually be content to lay here and wait for him to come home and find me, and then take me for whatever he wanted to use me for, much to my delight.

But he wouldn't be home until at least the weekend, and I was stuck here by my own hand, sealed away inside of my box and hidden from view, the only two people in the world who knew about this were him and me, and maybe whoever built the bed, but even then they wouldn't be aware that I was currently stuck here, with no way to free myself.

My emotions went from cursing my stupidity at putting myself here, to despair that I would never be free again, and sorrow that my husband would find the body of his wife, dressed as his sex doll, locked away in my box when he returned. How could he explain that to the authorities, he'd probably be blamed as no one would believe that he kept his wife as a sex doll, locked away in a box; and he would spend time in jail. In the end, I ran out of tears, and just lay there stunned, waiting for whatever fate had in store for me.

Usually, we talk to each other every day, especially when one of us is away somewhere on business, he said that he loves to hear the sound of my voice, but in reality, I found out from him later, that it was after his sister had stored me away downstairs in the basement of his old apartment, that he was worried about something like that happening again. So when he didn't hear from me on Monday night, he tried again during the day on Tuesday when he could, but he got no reply, just my voicemail.

Now worried that I had done something to myself or had an accident, but with him being stuck where he was for the week, he had contacted his sister, Jane, she had moved to the same city where we now lived, and she and her partner Louise were both nurses at the city hospital.

Rescue, of sorts

As I lay there resigned to my own stupid fate, unknown to me things were happening out in the real world, after not hearing from me he had just assumed the worst and asked his sister to check up on me. Lying there inside my box a strange calm had come over me, even though it had been stupid of me to panic and basically throw myself into the box, I had come to accept that this was where I would remain, just a doll waiting.

My thoughts were broken when I found the box starting to move again, I hadn't noticed the foot-board part or heard the sounds of footsteps from outside of where I lay, so I assumed that the mechanism had decided to set me free, or that my husband had returned after his week away, was I still alive, surely I couldn't be after spending the week in here.

When the box opened I looked up at the face above me, it was his sister, Jane, how did she know that I was here? And then she spoke.

"Thank god that you're still with us, I don't know what he'd do without you." She said, and continued, "He was worried that something like this had happened to you."

Breathing a sigh of relief that someone had found me, I would live after all it seemed, and I asked her, with my voice slightly hoarse, "How did you know where to find me?"

"He told me that you may be stuck in here and told me about the release button, I must say this is a big step up from your old box," Jane replied. "And you still play at being his sex doll I see." Looking down at my silicon body.

"Mmm, yes..." slightly embarrassed at revealing this to her.

"Well, we best get you out of that suit then," she told me, "I don't have much time as Louise is downstairs looking through the kitchen cupboards to make some lunch, we just finished our shifts before we headed over."

"I can't..." I replied.

"Why, is it because he's not here, don't worry I'm used to seeing naked females, after all, I am living with one." She laughed. "But seriously, we need to get you free before Lou finds out."

"Doesn't she know about me? After the basement thing," I asked.

"No, that's between you and my big brother, and a little secret between us, I'm not sure what she'd think seeing you like this," Jane said to me. "So let me get you out, quick before she comes looking for me."

"I can't!" I replied.

"Why? You just need to remove the suit and you can join us for our late lunch, which was put on hold to rescue you." Jane asked.

"I'm stuck," I answered.

"Stuck, stuck how?" Jane queried, "Stuck as in locked on, like the last one."

"No, I'm glued inside the suit," I told her slightly embarrassed at revealing this to her.

"Wow, you two have really stepped things up a notch or two, so the suit is glued to your own skin?" she asked.

"Yes, I need to soak in the bath for an hour or more to get myself free," I responded.

"So, my brother glues you inside the suit, and you allow this?" Jane asked, "But then why would that surprise me any more than finding you again as his sex doll."

"Sorry that you had to find me like this, it's really humiliating to be discovered like this, I'm really sorry that you had to find out." I cried, with small tears running down my silicon skin.

"Now, none of that, what you two get up to in the privacy of your own home is between you both, so dry those eyes," Jane said. "Now we have a problem, as we're staying the next few days until my big brother returns, mainly for me to keep an eye on you, but Louise doesn't need to find out about your secret."

"Thank you, and it would be good to have some company around the house." I returned, "But as I said I need a couple of hours to get free, and I doubt that I could suddenly appear after you two have been here for that long."

"I know, I'll take her shopping or for a meal to her favourite place, that'll give you some time to get free, but she's currently cooking by the smell of things, so we won't be going anywhere for a while." Jane responded, "So what do we do in the meantime."

"This seems to be my only option," I said, looking back at the box.

"Surely not, but I guess another hour or so wouldn't hurt, and I can hear Louise starting to look for me," Jane replied, the sound of her partner's voice downstairs echoed through the house saying that lunch was ready.

As I lay back down inside of the box, I asked Jane, "Could you strap me in place?"

"You're weird, you know that don't you," she laughed, and then fastened me down.

Closing the lid, she said, "See you soon."

Once closed she pressed the button for the mechanism to start and I watched through the clear part above me as her face disappeared to be replaced by the underside of the bed, the final sound again as the footboard slid down into place, hiding me away again. Just in time, it turned out as the sound of Louise's voice entered the bedroom.

"I was wondering where you were..." her voice broke off when she saw the new bed, "Wow, that looks very expensive, your brother and his wife must make a lot of dough to have something like this."

"Well, the house isn't theirs." Jane said, "So I guess that they spend their money on other things." And then she thought, 'Other things that are currently hidden away.'

Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard Louise's voice, "What are these for, I wonder?" She had found the wooden knobs, and had the same ideas that I had when I first saw them, "Are your brother and his wife into kinky stuff? These look like bondage points to me."

"I wouldn't know, he doesn't share his sex life with me," Jane responded, "And anyway you mentioned lunch was ready."

"Yeah, but now my appetite has changed and I want to devour something else, seeing these has given me an idea, and with your brother away..." Louise looking at the bed suggestively said.

"Yes, okay maybe later..." Jane started to say but was stopped by her partner.

"No buts, Missy, strip, NOW!" Louise told her in a firm manner.

Laying under the bed listening to their conversation, I began to realise that it seemed that Jane and I share similar interests, we are both submissive to our partners, me to my husband and her to Louise, her Mistress it turned out. As she was commanded to strip, I felt the inner pangs and stirrings of my own submissive side begin to stir, I wondered what it would be like to be dominated by her.

Jane started to say something, but I heard a slap and then all went quiet. Shortly afterwards the sound of someone climbing onto the bed above me, and then the movement stopped.

"Right bitch, lay there while I find something to bind those beautiful limbs of yours, and make you my helpless slave again," Louise said.

She found the drawer where we keep the bondage gear, luckily though the latex stuff was locked away on the other side of the bed in the bigger drawer. The base of the bed had built-in drawers, handy to keep stuff like our bondage toys, latexwear and even sex dolls out of sight and stored away.

The footsteps around the bed let me know that she was binding the limbs of her submissive plaything, Jane, down to the bed, spreading her to the four corners of the bed, the ropes tied off and holding her in place, just like I had been many times myself, so I knew what Jane was going through, bondage wise that is, not the woman to woman stuff, though pleasant memories of my time on the massage table came back to me.

I could only lay there inside my box as I heard them above me, they seemed to be enjoying each other, though reluctantly on Jane's part, it seemed, I think that she was embarrassed that I was just a few inches away from what was going on, and she guessed that I could hear what was happening on the bed above. Hopefully, I wasn't cramping her enjoyment, but it seemed that after a while I was forgotten about, as the cries of joy echoed through the bedroom.

It wasn't until the following day that Jane was free and able to release me from where I lay in my box, she told me that she and Louise were off out for some retail therapy, but would be back later. This would allow me the time to get myself free, and put things away she told me, just text when I was ready for them to return.

I smiled and thanked her, and I said, "Sounded like you two get along really well!" and hugged her, my doll skin against her own now-clothed body. "And we share something in common too."

"I'm not sure what you mean," she laughed, "Yes it does, now go and get free, we'll talk shop later, just us two subs together."

* * * * *

Later when they came back, I think Louise wasn't too happy to see me there, I think that she wanted some more playtime in our bed, and I sensed that Jane did too, they had bags of stuff with them, some of which I knew contained more bondage goodies, as I had bought some stuff from there too.

"Hello, ladies, great to see you," I said as I hugged them both, Louise lingered slightly longer in holding me, but I was happy to be accepted by her.

"Good to see you as well," Jane replied, "I was wondering where you were?" Giving me a knowing look as she said that.

"Oh, you know tied up with things, couldn't get away," I replied, a smile forming on my face.

"Yes, things have a way of doing that," Louise responded, not sure of what was happening between me and Jane.

Breaking the spell, I asked, "Have you two eaten, I was just about to."

"Well, I wouldn't say no," Louise replied, and Jane just nodded.

After lunch was over, I spoke with Jane while Louise made use of the bathroom, "Looks like you two have some more stuff to explore each other with?" I said looking at the bags of shopping.

Jane's face went red when I said, "Don't worry I won't tell, your secret is safe." I told her, "And to make it easier for you to play in our bed, I'm off to surprise my own Master, my bag is packed, well a few items of sexy underwear, that's all I'll need the next couple of days, so the bed is yours."

"Thank you, Louise was so looking forward to some more playtime," Jane responded and hugged me. "It'll mean a lot to her, and me."

Just as Louise walked back into the kitchen, "Seems like I can't leave you two alone..." she laughed.

"Don't worry, she's all yours," I said, "Now you two play nicely while I'm away."

"You're leaving, already..." Louise asked, though happy that I wouldn't need my bed later.

"She's off to surprise my brother, and give him a gift," Jane responded.

"Gift?" Louise looked confused.

"Myself wrapped up in sexy lingerie," I proudly replied, picking up the small case and heading towards the front door, I turned and said, "Have fun you two, I know I will."

* * * * *

Arriving at the hotel where my husband was staying, I thought that I would surprise him in the hotel bar, I knew that he liked to end the business day there. I could see him there but wanted to surprise him with something that I'd thought of on the way over here from the airport. So slipping into the nearby ladies' room, I changed into the new outfit that I'd bought, first came the stockings, lacy underwear and hold-up bra, my twins looked stunning under the firm grasp of the underwire bra.

The sexy black dress seemed to reveal more than it hid, it clung to every curve of my body, and I knew that I would need to keep my modesty by pulling the hem down as it was short down there and the slightest wrong move could reveal the stockings and suspenders underneath, and other delights higher up. Fixing my make-up and making myself look good, and feel even better inside, I knew that I'd fuck this chick that I saw in the mirror, with a few final adjustments, I was ready.

Steeping out of the ladies' bathroom, I didn't see the person catching me walking from where I had just transformed myself from wife to female escort, but they had seen me and walked behind me as I made my way to the bar, their eyes watching my every move. It was a bit hard to walk in the new shoes that I'd bought, my time in heels had been limited lately so I hoped that I could muster this and not fall flat on my face.

As I got closer to my husband I could see the faces of the other males that were there with him, I had attracted their attention as I walked into the bar, along with the other males sitting at the tables with their own partners, who also looked at me, some in disgust at the way that I was dressed, other seemed to wonder what it was like to be dressed like that.

When I reached my husband, the guys around him looked astonished as I touched his shoulder, and asked if he'd like to buy me a drink. As he turned and looked at the woman who had just touched him, he didn't seem to recognise me at first, maybe my makeover was that good, and just as he was about to say something, I was grabbed from behind and I was spun around away from him.

"Okay, lady, that's enough from you," I heard the guy say, then felt my hands pulled behind me and the cold snap of metal handcuffs encircling them, it was very quick.

I turned to face the man who it appeared had followed me into the bar, and had grabbed me and put the handcuffs on me. "I saw you leaving the ladies, and followed you here, I expected that you'd be hitting on some of our customers, we get girls like you all of the time." He told me as he showed me his badge, "Hotel Security."

"Now come quietly and don't make a scene," he said to me, and spoke into his radio, "I've got a hooker here, could you contact Vice and get them to pick her up."

"Wait! There's been a mistake..." I pleaded.

"The only mistake you made was coming into this hotel to ply your business," he responded and started to pull me away.

It was then I heard the sound of my husband's voice, he had gotten over the initial shock of seeing me, especially dressed the way that I was. "Stop!" he shouted.

The hotel guy turned and said, "Look pal, I don't want any fuss, she's caught red-handed trying to get you to pay for her."

"That's my wife," he responded.

"Your wife, sure, pull the other one, I've heard them all," the security guy argued, "Don't feel sorry for her, she's just a whore plying her trade."

I shook my head desperately at him and signalled for him to stop what he was trying to do, he was after all with his clients entertaining them, and me showing up like this was a really bad idea, I felt humiliated and embarrassed that I had caused a scene in front of his guests, and thought that maybe I could downplay this and talk with the security guy quietly on our own

I turned to the security guy and said, "Please, just get me out of here."

"Sure, walk this way," And he guided me from the room, turning my head I looked back at my husband, who seemed clueless about what to do in this situation, and he went back to talking to his clients.

I was taken out through a door to the back part of the hotel, and down to where the security team had their office. I remained quiet as he took me there, not sure of what I was going to do to get myself out of this situation.

"Okay, sit here while we wait for the vice squad to turn up," the guy told me.

"Look, there's been a mistake here, can I explain..." I tried to say, wriggling in my handcuffs.

"Listen, I don't care, you were caught red-handed, so now just don't give me any pathetic excuses, and no I don't want any special favours from you, you've come to the wrong hotel," he replied.

The police showed up not long after, and the guy was just about to hand me over to them when my husband and the hotel manager came into the room.

"Release her!" The manager told his security guy, "She's his wife."

After a lot of explaining to both the police and security, I was reluctantly let go, but with a firm warning not to play my silly games inside the hotel again. I was really happy to see his face again, even though I had embarrassed him in front of his guests and the other people in the hotel bar.

He told me as we travelled up to his room that he had told his guests that he seemed to attract dubious women in his life, which they all laughed about and went back to their drinks, thinking that indeed I was just some prostitute looking for business, eventually, he made his excuses and came to find me, hoping that I wasn't on my way to some holding cell before appearing in court.

When we got into his room, well, let's just say that he got his money's worth after I told him to "get comfortable", and that he was very pleased with what I did that night and the services that I provided him with so much so that he "booked" me again for the next night.

I laughed and said, "I may be busy, I'll have to check my schedule."