

# Last Minute Souvenir

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Singapore is so darn nice, Terry! We should come next year, too” Barbara, a pretty Aussie lady in unambiguously touristy getup, turned to her husband, as they were both strolling as slow as only tourists can, through the more urban streets of the city.

Barbara, or ‘Barbie’ as Terry affectionately called her, had similarly blonde hair to the famous doll, running down her chest but currently caught in a lazy bun with a scrunchie, to counter the intense South-East Asian summer heat. She had her comfy Birkenstocks on, and a pair of equally comfy (but still short) shorts on, paired with a lazy spaghetti-strapped crop orange crop top.

Even at 42 years of age, she was still a doll herself, with her slim, slender body kept in great shape, even if her C-cups had drooped an inch from their ‘starting spot’ and a few spots of cellulite had appeared around her nice asscheeks. The crop top allowed sight of the woman’s flat belly and cute bellybutton, with an oversized linen bag strapped across her body, holding all of couple’s stuff that Terry was too lazy to carry. Her shorts showed off her firm, shapely, ‘sunblocked’ legs, which glistened under the heavy sun.

The insultingly white woman’s vacation tan was bordering on burn, with some red spots on her shoulders, her thigh and her pretty cheekbones, the later peaking underneath her chunky sunglasses. The redness didn’t seem to faze her.

“Sure, sweet cheeks” Terry replied to her without facing her, absorbed in the visually dense scenery around him. His round, hairy belly peeked between his colorful, summery buttoned shirt and his trousers. At 50, the middle-aged man’s appearance betrayed his good life, his full belly and receding hairline with greying sides not bothering him at the slightest. He had an untrimmed, greying beard and his cracker-white skin was, similarly to Barbara, fighting sunburns. The laid back man was wearing a wicker fedora and cargo shorts, not checking if they matched.

With the afternoon sun still up on the clear Singaporean skies, the Caucasian couple strolled through a crowded street market, with tents and carts set on either side of the carless roads. Some sold touristy souvenirs, other local delicacies, others clothes or other goodies on 'competitive prices'.

It was Terry and Barbie's last day of their 2-week, South-East Asia tour, with their flight arriving that night, heading back home to Melbourne.

Whenever someone asked, the couple said they were retired, hitting the jackpot with some 'good investments'. Though they were technically retired, their past profession was much shadier, since Barbie and Terry were smugglers, transporting precious (and often illegal) goods through the border.

You never reaaally retire from a life outside the law, but the couple were happy to coast on their spoils for the time being. Hence the frequent trips and the general chill mood.

"Oh my god, Terry, look at that precious thing" Barbie leaned in and whispered, slack-jawed by the sight of a gorgeous Singaporean girl, helping her mom out from behind a food stand, about 5 yards from where they stood.

The 18-year-old, petite little girl, about 4'11", possessed a light brown, flawless Asian complexion and dark-brown, straight hair that reached down her slim waist. A pair of gorgeous, almond-shaped, brown/green eyes decorated her adorable, spotless face.

With her hastily ponytailed hair and dressed in a plain white top, stained with oil grease and some grey basketball shorts and short-heeled sandals, the girl was not exactly trying to look her best, as she was bringing her mother a plastic bowl full with some balls of dough filled with something, which the woman, whose hair of same shape and color to her daughter was caught in a colorful hairband, was then deep-frying in a big pot of bubbling oil.

Still, her exotic (to the two pasty whites) beauty could not be hidden behind some grease stains or loose-fitting clothes. In her slim, lightweight physique, the teen could not have been more than 100 pounds. Her cute, small, B-cup titties poked through her top by a small, low-quality bra and her and nice, tight and round ass could not be hidden from her top and shorts, her legs underneath firm and velvety smooth in their Asian complexion. The looseness of the top's fabric around her waist betrayed a perfectly skinny waist.

“I thought we were not gonna take any souvenirs on this trip” Terry replied to her with a phrase that had different meaning for them. For the past decade, the Aussie couple had developed a ‘habit’ of smuggling human ‘artifacts’ back home, during their trips abroad. They would keep the forced ‘immigrants’ as their personal sex slaves, for 2-3 years, around the time they would get bored of them and sell them at the trafficking market for a crispy clean profit.

It was a good plan, considering not only the fact that the (then) 20-21 year old girls were always a high demand on the sex slaver rounds, but also the fact the fact that they came pre-trained by the white couple for a life of sexual servitude. Terry and Barbie made a pretty buck each time.

The couple had sold their latest asset, a ‘2002 Chinese model’, a couple of months back and though they were not actively looking for a new toy, the adorable little thing Barbara had laid eyes on what changed all her plans.

“Terry, I want her” the blonde said to her husband with that imploring expression and tone that a wife has with her husband when she sees a dress she MUST HAVE, through the store’s window display. Terry stared at the blissfully ignorant teen, going back and forth the cart’s stand, helping her mom out with a sweaty forehead, but a wholesome disposition. “She *is* very pretty” he said, unable to lie to himself or his wife.

“Ok, how do you wanna do this?” he asked Barbara, implying he had been convinced to go through with this abrupt heist.

Watching from afar, Terry and Barbara’s ominous surveillance was camouflaged in the sea of swarming people, locals and tourist moving on both directions. The couple didn’t have to wait too long, before the mom had to leave the stand to go fetch something from the family caravan, parked about 50 meters away from the main road.

The barren sides of this road were full of different trailer cars, since a lot of these street salesmen and women had no steady home. The random spots of grass betrayed the presence of a park at some point in the past, now mostly gravel and dirt.

“I really like your hairpin, what’s your name?” the always less intimidating Barbara approached the stand the girl stood behind, removing her sunglasses (since being unable to see someone’s eyes was a

non-verbal signal to distrust them). She had spotted the cute ladybird pin on the side of the girl's hair, keeping her dark-brown, silky straight hair away from her eyes.

"Thanks. It's Chao-Xing" the street-smart girl replied in somewhat competent English. Speaking to hundreds of strangers every day, a lot of them English-speaking folk, she did not shy away from social interactions. If anything, chatting with tourists often got them to buy something, so she often engaged them. *"Good thing she knows a word or two of English, not that she'll need to learn a lot more words besides suck, lick and shut up"* Barbara pondered in her head.

"It's really cute" the smiling white woman squatted to take a better look at the hairpin and to be on the same eye level with the girl, eliminating the intimidating height difference between her 5'9" frame and the girl's 4'11". She wanted to earn her trust and body language played a major role in that.

She also did so to steal a good sniff of the young soon-to-be-slut. Past the oiliness and the doughy fumes of the pot next to Chao-Xing, she got that priceless natural perfume of a barely ripe, beautiful girl, that youthful, feminine sweetness. Her silky hair smelled like a heavenly dream. Barbara couldn't wait to make the little bitch hers.

"You're so pretty, you know that?" Barbara said like an aunt who can't help herself but be charmed. "Thanks, are you hungry? you want a tasty food?" The pretty girl moved on from the compliment, trying to sell some treats with her half-broken English. If she wasn't getting anything out of the interaction with the weird white woman, she would scrum.

"I'm fine, thank you, but since it's my last day in Singapore, I wanna gift something to you" Barbara said in a fake-discreet, 'don't tell anyone else' tone.

"What?" the girl asked, curious, but still apprehensive. "I got the new iPhone" the woman pulled the phone out of her big linen bag and showed it. "But I can give you the previous model, if you want it". The cute Singaporean girl nodded with still some doubt, but her pretty eyes lit up at the prospect of a free, expensive phone.

"It's in me and my husband's caravan, though" the blonde tourist added, her face turning to the direction of many parked caravans, presumable of which was hers. "He wants to keep the phone for himself, but I'm sure that if we go together and he sees you, his heart is gonna melt and he'll give it away. I'm sure of it!" the taller woman winked at the young girl, as if they were already conspiring together against Terry.

Chao-Xing looked at the bright-smiled woman with a lightly deflated frown. Getting an iPhone was not gonna be as simple as she thought. Her mom always told her to never leave the stand with anyone, but she really wanted that phone. She always had a lousy, 10-year-old model and she wanted to be cool like some other kids in her high-school.

Barbara could see the conflict in the girl's grimacing expression. She could swear she could see the little devil and angel version of the little girl fighting on the girl's shoulders. "Ok, but quickly" the girl put a caveat to not be late and hear her mom's scolding. "We'll be back before you know it" Barbara said, letting the teen lead the way with a hidden grin painted on her face.

The short Asian girl and the blonde Aussie woman walked into the caravan-filled area of the park. No people seemed to be around and the ruckus of the market was now softer coming from behind them; you just didn't have to yell in order to be heard now.

"It's that one near the trees" Barbara pointed to one caravan on the far end of the park. The girl followed suit, right behind the 'nice' lady, but as soon as they passed a different caravan, a set of strong, hairy arms grabbed the tiny girl and yanked her sideways, concealing her in the direction of the crowded street!

"MMMMMngfff! NNNGGHH!!!" the pretty girl flailed her beautiful, shorts-clad legs, as Terry pinned her air-lifted body against his own much larger one with one hand, and keeping a chloroform-soaked rag tightly pressed over her pretty face with the other. Her pretty, green-brown eyes shifted rapidly behind her from either side, struggling to meet her assailant, as both her weak hands tried in vain to pull Terry's overpowering grip off her mouth and nose.

"Can't believe you kept chloroform in your bag" Terry did not appear to have trouble addressing his wife, whilst also knocking out the squirming teen in his grasp. He stood with his back against the empty caravan longer side, providing full cover from the street market.

"You never know when you might need it" Barbara replied cheekily as she approached the helplessly air-kicking girl. Chao-Xing's cute, wanna-be-sexy, 2-inch-heeled sandals had already flown off both her pretty feet, which with her short stature could not reach the ground. Though their victim looked pretty incapacitated, Barbie helped her man out by firmly grabbing onto each of the Asian cutie's flailing ankles, and keeping them secured on her waist's height, safe from kicking too much.

“MNnnngggg! MMMmmmm!” the 18-year-old girl still fought her much stronger kidnapers, but soon, the sedating effect of the chloroform fumes took hold, and her kicking did not require any real strength to be contained. Her beautiful, slanted eyes got heavier and heavier and her muffled moans could not make it out in an audible manner, anymore.

A few moments, later, they closed and the small girl fell limp onto Terry’s secure, carrying arms.

“Let’s head to the hotel, we got some prep work” Barbara said what her husband already knew, as he turned over to have the ‘sleepy’ girl in his arms, like a parent carrying his too-lazy-to-walk child around town. Barbara tossed a beach towel over the unconscious girl, covering her top-half and concealing the Asian girl’s identity, making the couple less suspicious. After all, it was still too sunny out here.

As they both headed out from a remote part of the road, all that was left from the abduction scene were Chao-Xing’s ‘adult’ sandals.



In their hotel room, with a few hours left before their flight departed, the smuggler couple got to work setting up their newest acquisition. An 8kg-category, dark-green, hard-shelled luggage bag was laid on the bed, with its top unzipped and open. Though it was only 55x40x23cm in dimensions, it would have to fit a (barely) adult-sized person.

Needless to say, it was not gonna be comfortable.

Placed inside the bag was the still unconscious, completely undressed body of the 18-year-old street-food girl. With her legs folded and her neck turned awkwardly on one side, she barely fitted inside as it was. Her already insufficient space had been made even less so by a dark, inch-thick foamy padding that appeared to line all the sides, as well as the lid of the travel bag, 'stealing' even more precious space from the girl.

But things were gonna get it even more snug for little Chao-Xing, since any possible wiggling and struggling should be eliminated, in order to avoid suspicion.

"Ice" Terry simply said and his wife obliged, handing him three soft icepacks full of this gelatinous, blue liquid sealed inside them, which stayed cold for long periods of time. With the packaging their toy would soon receive, overheating was a concern, so they had to be safe. This wasn't their first cutie-smuggling rodeo, and the couple knew exactly what needed to be done.

The man grabbed the defenseless girl's knees and pried her lifeless legs open, exposing her (of course, virginal) virginal, vice-tight pussylips, without a cute, small, curly dark-brown pubic bush the only sign of hair on the girl's perfectly smooth genitals.

"Can't wait to stretch this nice pussy" he mumbled, trying to ignore his rising semi-erection, as he plopped the icepack right on the girl's crotch (famously a heat-emanating area of the body) like a bag of frozen peas on a bump. The girl would have certainly squealed and jumped from the sudden freezing cold right on her pristine 'hot spot', but now she remained unresponsive, due to the effects of her chemical sedation. Terry folded her legs closed and turned the knocked out girl on her side inside the bag, taping two more icepacks on the girl's tummy and her lower back.

With these safety precautions out of the way, it was time to tie the little Asian bitch up. Terry started from 'the top', taking care of the girl's skinny arms. Young and full of 'moldable' elasticity, Terry brought them behind the girl's back and fastened them in a very strenuous reverse-prayer bondage, wrapping tape around both her folded arms until the poor girl's elbows were all but touching. Again,

poor Chao-Xing would definitely cry out from the painful strain her arm were in this position, but she was still out cold. She would wake up with this pain already lingering on her precious body.

Terry then made her now peaceful, but inevitably 'fidgety' fingers useless by wrapping both hands in a singular, duct-tape mitten, covering them from her wrists up to her fist-balled fingers.

With the most 'annoying' part of her anatomy secured, he focused on her head, wrapping silver duct tape tightly over the girl's softly closed eyes and around her head, sealing them in darkness as Barbara worked from the bottom up, securing the middle of the girl's cute, small feet together side-by-side, wrapping the duct tape multiple times around her soles and her bridges, fusing her feet together.

The blonde cougar was doing the same to the teen's delicate ankles, synching them together with more tape, when she registered some soft shifting from her 'wrapping project', just as Terry was returning from the bathroom, holding his sweaty, stinky pair of boxer briefs on one hand and his wife's equally 'walked in', much smaller pair of panties. The couple had been wearing them all day whilst walking around town, so they had really soaked up their bodily moisture.

"Apa yang... sedang berlaku?" (What's...happening?) the young girl's disoriented, weak and raspy from the sedation voice was heard, instinctually speaking in her native language. "Our princess is up" Barbara notified her husband with a smirk and a pointing nod.

"Relax cutie-pie, no need to bother yourself with questions" Terry spoke, certainly not understanding word the girl said as well as not caring how much the girl understood him, and the next moment he shoved his filthy, swampy underwear past the blindfolded girl's surprised lips.

"MNNNNfGGGHHK.....GGKK....!" the vile sensation and taste of the middle-aged man's ass-sweat made the girl immediately gag and choke on her stuff-gag, as she blindly tried to shift her face away from whatever these people were doing to her, her bound arms nowhere to help her, locked against her spine. The XXL-sized male underwear had no trouble fully filling her small, girly mouth, with Barbara's balled-up panties being the cherry on top.

"Hush, now. Just gnaw on mommy and daddy's undies until we get home" Terry spoke as he pressed another long strip of duct tape over the moaning teen's lips, then wrapped it around three times with ruthless tension, sealing the disgusting stuffing inside the poor girl's mouth.

"Mmmmmmm!" the girl's cries kept coming out, more pitiful than shocked at this stage. She had no way to avoid tasting the two strangers' 'crotch juice' with the layers of tape keeping them in her mouth.



Barbara felt her own panties dampen, watching the naked little cutie squirm inside the tight confines of the bag, and now also her cruel tape bondage. Her taped cries were magnificent. Barbara was certain she would last them a good while.

The couple always liked taking the mantle of 'mommy' and 'daddy' with their much younger slaves, even though they did not do much parenting to any of them, unless perhaps you count ass-spanking them until their tight, round cheeks were a pulsing red as parenting.

"Should we leave her with a...toy to pass the flight?" hot and bothered, Barbara suggestively lifted a pair of metal nipple clamps in her hand, connected with a short chain. "Of course, she might get bored otherwise" Terry smiled back at his wife. He loved her sadism and how much it matched his.

Anxious nasal breathes left little Chao-Xing as she felt the 24-years-old woman place her hands on her small-titted chest and 'puff' her pink nipples up with her red-nailed fingers, before crushing each of them with the mean clamps. "MMMMnnngggghhgg!" another moan of agony left the gagged girl, her tight tape-mitten wiggling in place behind her back.

Barbara pondered whether the girl had felt as much concentrated pain before this moment. Whatever the answer, she could guarantee the little bitch things would get much worse when they reached Melbourne.

After the small pause of admiration of their taped bundle of agonizing young flesh, Barbara had no issues binding the bottom side of the girl's suddenly anxiously mobile knees, taping them together then doing the same on the top side of them, on the bottom of the girl's thigh, rendering Chao-Xing's knees completely inseparable. And because more tape can never hurt, she also taped the middle of the girl's thighs together, creating a nice, tight 'monoleg' of duct tape.

That icepack pressed on her pure sex was not going anywhere now, with the involuntary squeezing of their new doll's thighs.

"MMMMGGGFFFFFFFFFFFF!! MNNNNNGG!" the hopeless teenager cried out, now overcome by a rising panic, feeling her body's freedom get smaller and smaller and her senses fewer. She flailed her slim, fused legs and shook her cute chest left and right, trying to get off the bag. Terry easily pushed her back down to the bag's bottom side, keeping her pretty, tape-wrapped face pinned by his (in comparison) giant hairy palm. It did not quiet her struggles, but they did not care.

As Terry held the anxious bitch still, Barbara forcefully folded the girl's taped legs at the knees, then her husband pressed the girl's upper body to come and meet her thighs, essentially forming the bound

girl into a nice, tight ball. Barbara pushed the girl's shins and Terry pressed down on her delicate back as far they could, to keep the tension for more duct tape to be wrapped around Chao-Xing's lower shins, then go around the girl's legs and behind the middle of her back, securing this squirming, crying little ball. They then did the same higher up, over the girl's reverse-prayed wrists (further pushing them between the girl's delicate shoulder blades) then around the top of her shins, making an inescapable balled-up bondage at two points around the girl's body.

At each point, they circled the duct tape 6 or 7 times, getting enough width and tension so that the poor girl could never straighten her painfully folded legs or lift her clamped chest, which was currently in firm contact with the lower front of her touching thighs.

"Got the tube?" Barbara asked Terry and he soon handed her a clear nasal breathing tube, the kind you see at hospitals. Terry held the 'shifty' little bitch's head in place (which only caused more heavily muffled cries) as Barbara inserted the two small tubes into her nostrils, then secured them by placing the two edges over her cute ears. To make sure the tube wasn't dislodged by a furious head-shake, she secured it with a few pieces of duct tape stuck over the girl's 'tubed' nose.

A single, 3-mm-wide tube was now the only source of oxygen the tape-gagged girl had.

The couple looked down at the poor (their poor) Singaporean hottie squirming (or rather, trying to squirm) inside the small luggage bag in the adorable, rounded shape her body had been twisted and bent in. She seemed pretty immobilized in most people's eyes. Only experienced smugglers of living cargo like Terry and Barbara saw the 'gaps' in their bondage, the spots that could be improved upon.

Every gap needed to be filled to ensure complete immobilization. So the spare cubic centimeters between the nude young woman and the thick padding that surrounded her were filled with bubble wrap.

Barbara and Terry worked diligently to 'shelve' bubble wrap into every nook and cranny that allowed for even the faintest of struggles, since that over time could cause the luggage bag to make shake even the tiniest bit and the smuggling couple couldn't have that.

After bubble-wrapping their fragile 'cargo', Barbara and Terry taped this final layer of packaging (made up mostly of air) around the balled up Asian girl, only allowing for a little hole for her breathing tube to pass through. A small plastic hole attached to the inner side of the bag's zipper line was used to thread the breathing tube through and then a little vice-screw element ensured it was secured there, with access to the air outside of the luggage bag.

“Hang on hot stuff” Terry places his paws on the girl’s bubble-wrap covered, but otherwise bare, bubble-ass. A faint, gagged whimper of indignity was all the ass-groped (and severely nipple-pinched) woman uttered, before the lid of the bag was pulled over her. The zipper was closed all around, except for that tiny opening that the tube barely peeked through then Terry placed a small padlock through the two zipper sliders, locking them together and preventing any ‘unfortunate’ accidents of the zipper sliding open.

With Chao-Xing left in solitude to deal with the soring pain of her crushed extremities and her clamped nipples, as well as the gag/cough-inducing ‘pacifier’ stuffed in her mouth, Barbara and Terry checked out of their hotel room. They had a flight to catch.



**\*BING BANG BOOOOONG\***

The recognizable jingle preceding an announcement boomed through the airport's speakers. Clad in a pair of skin-tight, fashionably torn, light-colored jeans and a white top that showed off the vacation tan on her arms, Barbara's heels clicked alongside her husband. Barbara was wheeling a luggage bag alongside her, a small, dark-green one.

They had already dropped off their larger bag, but they would carry the small one on the plane. Just in case the nicely hidden breathing tube, poking in between the padlocked zipper sliders, did not accidentally fall inside the bag during its rough, tumbling around journey. It would be a great pity to come home only to discover that their precious souvenir from Singapore had asphyxiated to death mid-flight.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMGNGNNN!" the triple-packed teen's wailing cries could not even make it out of the luggage bag, let alone reach any sympathetic ears of fellow travelers. Blocked by her captor's filthy underwear shoved deep into her mouth, then a generous amount of duct tape, THEN by the soundproofing padding that coated the inside of the bag, her cries for help reached no one.

As for her desperate struggling, it met a hard stop at her strict tape bonds that forced her into the most crushed of fetal positions, with her arms reverse-praying for anyone to notice the slightest nudge on the luggage bag's exterior. None was visible.

The couple patiently waited in line for the baggage scanner, exchanging excited smiles of anticipation. They could not wait to get home and break their new toy in.

When their turn was up, Terry lifted the (heavier than one would assume) bag onto the conveyor belt, placing it on its longer side. "Take a big, big breath now, sweetie" Barbara stealthily whispered near the bag, unsure if she could hear her, before pressing the two zipper sliders closely together, and blocking the air from the tube. It was necessary to obstruct the tube from the airport staff's 'investigative' looks.

The little bitch would get lots of 'breath-holding training' in their custody, might as well start now.

Indeed, the unsuspecting, darkness-drenched girl found her oxygen source compromised, with her new 'mommy's' warning never reaching her ears.

"MMMMnnnnnnng!" her gagged cries could not be more imperceptible now, with the girl fully suffocating, writhing inside her snug case. All the airport agent saw slowly move across the belt and into the little x-ray box, was a completely stationary dark green bag, like all the others. Once it went through the x-ray scanner, he saw an even plainer sight. Socks, underwear and clothes, all nicely folded and packed. He

didn't even give the bag a second glance, as it moved past him and out the back end, storing a smothered, 18-year-old Singaporean girl inside it.

"Thank you very much!" the Australian couple said to the staff with a wide, polite smile as they grabbed their luggage. The experienced smugglers were no idiots to allow their valuable cargo to be discovered like that. The padding that coated the inside of the bag also housed a lining of special, mirroring materials, that deflected x-rays like those used in customs and airports and hid the real contents. To put any suspicions to rest, they instead project an image of an inconspicuous, 'normal' luggage bag.

"All clear" Terry mumbled once the couple had wheeled their - ready to burst- captive somewhere on the duty-free section of the airport. The woman squatted next to the bag and re-opened the sliders of the zipper, putting her pointer finger not over it, but close to the tube. "She's fine" Barbara uttered nonchalantly, sensing the air needily coming out of the thin tube and meeting her fingertip.

They continued wheeling their Singapore souvenir towards their gate. As they waited for their gate to open, Barbara had the little green luggage bag placed between her seated legs, as if cradling a prized possession, not letting it out of her hands. She was getting wet, again, not only from the power trip of keeping the bound, gagged, and hopelessly squirming girl between her white legs, but also imagining all the fun she and her husband would have with the cute little whore.

She could already imagine grabbing those silky, dark-brown, perfectly straight hair and yanking them (along with the teen's face) towards her dripping, bushy, white cunt, before feeling that set of inexperienced (only for a little while) beautiful lips begin to pleasure her, with the threat of imminent violence making them more eager.

She had to momentarily leave Terry with their bagged 'catch' and go to the airport restroom for a quick self-fingering to let off some steam.

When the gate finally opened, the couple scanned their passports and rolled their carry-on towards the door that led to the bus. "I'mmm not sure this luggage will fit" the pretty, Singaporean agent at the gate said with a troubled frown. "Don't worry, it's the standard size. We've carried it onboard many times" Terry reassured her.

But the stringent bitch (in the couple's eyes) was not convinced, and was not allowing them to bring it with them. Barbara was secretly exchanging worried looks with her hubby, their return trip going south before it begun. "Just bring the measuring...thingy" Terry said, and the agent wheeled in the cage tester. Terry lifted the bag (and the 90-pound teen) effortlessly in the air with one arm and placed over the placeholder. It got stuck half-way, not sliding all the way down.

"MMMMMMMMGGG!" Chao-Xing knew something was happening to her, but could not know what. Still, it was more than a good reason to start wailing her heart out again. "You see, sir, it's not fitting" the agent tried to be polite, not hearing the girl's moan coming through the luggage.

"It'll fit" an annoyed Terry stepped down hard with the sole of his shoe. "GNN... a gagged, breathless groan came from the packed girl as the man fully stepped on her, crushing her ribs and her lungs. The large man pressed down on the luggage until it slipped inside the metal frame. "There, told you it'd fit" Terry turned to the agent with a victorious expression.

Barbara sighed deeply in relief, her eyes stuck on the luggage.

Inside the plane, Terry opened the bag compartment above their seats and placed the bag inside. As the passengers around them were also putting their stuff away and getting settled in their seats, Barbara could not help but unlock the bag's zipper and slide it enough to be able to peek inside, if just for a moment.

"MMnnggnngg!" the nose-tubed, bubble-wrapped and tape-bundled, naked girl moaned as she registered the movement around her, shifting her blinded face towards the narrow opening. Her gagged cry did not register to anyone, with the sound of the plane's waiting engines muffling most sounds.

"We made it little one! Can't wait to play with you" Barbara leaned in and whispered to her tape-packed slave, so that only the girl and no one around could hear her.

"It's a seven-hour flight to your new home, so I brought you something to keep you company; mommy's pussy scent" the blonde hottie said and pulling the breathing tube slightly out of its securing hole, placed her own panties, soaked with her own horny sex juices only a few minutes ago, over the tube's hole and tied the underwear off on it, making sure that the wettest part of her panties was right over the tube's hole.

"Bon voyage!" she whispered and the girl's final gagged call for help was suddenly drowned by the zipper (and therefore the soundproof padding) encasing her once more. Barbara flipped the bag around so that the pantie-knotted tube was on the inside of the luggage rack, out of sight of any

passenger or flight attendant. She could already picture the blinded, bound and gagged girl being tortured with the new, 'intimate' smell of mommy's wet pussy. A scent that would become as mundane for Chao-Xing as a fresh-brewed, morning coffee was for Barbara.

Going 'commando' under her sexy jeans, Barbara sat next to Terry, with a soft smile, safe in the knowledge that her screaming sex toy, stashed a few inches above her head, would have no choice but to sniff the 'perfume' of her horny discharges with each nasal inhale, for the 7+ hours it would take for their plane to land to Melbourne.

