

Don't Disturb

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Kinktober 2023 - Day #25: Closet/Storage

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

DRIIIIIN

The doorbell of Michael's front door disturbed the relative peace of his 2-room apartment. It was about 7 in the afternoon. He wasn't expecting anyone. "Dammit, again..." the couch-sprawled man rolled his eyes, having a good clue as to who might it be. He tossed his phone aside and got up towards the door.

"Hi Mrs. Lawrence" the young man said with a sign and a very labored smile. In front of him was a grubby old lady with rollers on her white hair and a matching set of a long robe and slippers. She was his downstairs neighbor.

"I heard noise again" she said with her arms crossed, clearly annoyed. It was the third time this week she had knocked on Michael's door. "I'm really sorry Mrs. Lawrence. My puppy sometimes gets bored and jumps from the bed to the floors" he gestured towards the closed door of his bedroom, where the puppy was supposedly confined in. "Gimme a few weeks and I'll have it trained, I promise" the young man said apologetically. Mrs. Lawrence let a small grunt, not changing her frown as she walked away.

The door closed. The man looked irritated at having to deal with this scolding. He made a B-line for his bedroom. Upon entering, no animal of any kind could be seen in his room. The window's blinds were only half-open, giving the room a dim vibe. The bedsheets had not been made since the morning he got up, a disheveled mess on the foot of the bed. His PC monitor was on, with a downloading bar moving slowly. A new hot game had "dropped" and he couldn't wait to get his hands on it.

STOMP

A heavy thud was heard from inside Michael's closet, the sound muffled by its closed doors. Michael already knew that these noises were the source of his neighbor's complaint. He slid the door open.

Inside was a pretty, white girl, around 20, with a slim body and beautiful, auburn wavy hair that were half-obscuring her face the way they draped down over it. She was fully naked and bound in a very compromised position. Her wrists were tied together with rope behind her back and hoisted into a painful strappado, the rope hitched to the metal closet bar above her head. Her elbows were also roped together, in a way that fused her skinny arms side-by-side, rather uncomfortably.

The strappado bondage forced the girl to bend over forwards, but she was unable to lower her head too much, as another bar-tethered rope ended in a snug noose around her neck, forcing her to constantly have to balance the pressure between her aching shoulders and her squeezed throat. The closet was not deep enough, the girl forced to stand profile to fit inside the small, wider space.

"What have I told you about making noise?" he scolded, more annoyed than mad. "Mfffggff...nfhhh!" the girl slanted her pretty brows at him like a puppy getting caught with its face in the trash, her speech completely muffled and unintelligible. Not only was a huge, black ballgag tightly wedged behind her teeth and buckled snugly, but over her mouth and nose was tied a cotton rag, made out of one of Michael's tops that he had cut up. It was visibly damp with streams of droplets moving down the girl's neck, then pretty, C-cup chest. Just that small outburst made her panic for fear, her nice tits heaving up and down for more air, as they dangled from her bent over chest.

After the first day, Michael had discovered that the girl was still too loud for his neighbors' liking. He'd dunk the cleave in water then wring it out before pulling over the helpless girl's face. The water stuck in between the fabric's pores as it covered her nostrils and (along with the noose) made her fight for every breath, putting to bed any aspiring screaming.

"Do I need to take off your shoes?" Michael "asked" with lots of meaning, glancing at the girl with warning eyes, then at her footwear. A pair of dark, slutty, 4-inch-heels with a 2-inch platform was the only item of clothing on the poor girl's body. Her ankles, as well as her knees, were snugly roped together, forbidding any individual steps. Still the half-waterboarded girl would occasionally sacrifice some of her precious, debilitating stamina for these short half-jumps, stomping both heels on the closet floor in a desperate attempt to alert people. She had done 4 or 5 in the last half hour though, which got pretty irritating.

Without spending her scarce air on another moan, the heavily bound and gagged girl urgently shook her head left and right, with eyes wide with fear. Losing her heels would mean losing 2 whole inches

from the (barely existent) slack on her strappado-ed wrists and her noosed neck. Not only that, but in order to make those 2 inches 4, she'd have to stay constantly on the balls of her pretty, pedicured feet, since the heels were currently doing this job for her.

"Hmm" Michael gave a soft, confirming grunt, sliding the closet shut. A barely audible whimper was heard from the young woman, whose eyes pitifully kept meeting her captor's until they were plunged back in the darkness of her cramped storage.

"Oh, finally" the young man mumbled as his eyes fell on the PC screen. The download had been completed. Jumping on his computer chair, he booted the game up, tossing his feet on the desk. No stomping of any kind was heard from his closet now, or during the next couple of hours he grinded through the first levels.

Michael looked at the time. It was 9.40. Whew that went fast. Time to order some food. Then, probably get back to some more gaming until the first AM hours of the night. It was around that time when he'd feel his balls... itch to be drained. Kristie would then be "taken out" to fill her very singular purpose, then back to the closet she'd go, until the next time. And the next one.

He threw a glance towards the innocuous (from the outside) closet. Nothing out of the ordinary suggested its contents. She hadn't eaten since morning. He figured he would bribe her with a pizza slice if she did an extra good job sucking him off.

It usually did the trick.