

Escape the Party

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“So to recap, Marcus’s class will bring the sound system and the DJ. Brian’s class will bring beers and Madeleine’s class will bring Vodka and Scotch...is there anything else?” Tory asked her sister.

“Uhhmmm... the party lights should be here by afternoon and we’ll stop by the grocery store for snacks later, so I think we’re settled” Chloe replied with a satisfied smile. While it was expected that teenage sisters bickered and fought a lot, Tory and Chloe were getting along great. The two cute blondes, 16 and 17 years old respectively were gearing up for a sweet house-party, inviting most of their school. It would be a real riot, not the boring, wholesome stuff that parents expect from their children.

“Why are you two so secretive? You better not be thinking about throwing a party again...” their mother, Marissa walked in the living room, her bag on her shoulder and her sunglasses on, ready to go out. She was a real knock-out, despite her 37 years. She had the same light-blonde hair as her two daughters, though in contrast to their long, wavy locks that reached their chest, Marissa’s hair was short and straightened, one side a bit longer than the other, barely touching her slender neck. Her fit, slim body was covered by a buttoned blouse that let some peek into her bosom and high-waist mom jeans that traced the curvature of her slim waist, her FINE backside and her shapely legs. A pair of sexy, but classy 4-inch sandals decorated her feet.

But Marissa was used to more dazzling outfits, being in show business. Marissa was a famous escape-artist, her spectacular, odd-defying stands capturing the hearts of audiences for more than 15 years. Her motherly duties had not deterred her career, as Marissa as often touring the country, along with her sister and assistant, Diana, also a skilled escape-artist.

“I’ve told you so many times that a party here is out of the question” Marissa repeated in a stern voice, both hands at her waist. “Don’t worry mom. We were just organizing a study session with some friends...” Tory reassured her mother with an angelic innocence. “Good...” the mother’s nervousness evaporated and she turned around and exited. Tory and her sister exchanged a mischievous look, followed by a wide smirk.

It was 8 A.M and though it was peaceful in the huge villa, the party preparations would soon start. Tory and Chloe were chilling in the living room. They were giddy about the upcoming festivities, but they still had one last issue to “take care of”. That issue was their pest of a mother, who was currently in the kitchen storing dishes, dressed in the same, casual, but flattering outfit as before. If only she had a date, or a show so that she was out of their way.

The pretty escape-artist was wearing earphones, listening to music from her phone, mumble-singing to herself as she tidied up. She was completely unaware of her two daughters sneaking behind her.

“NOW!” Marissa heard a familiar girl’s voice over the sound of cheerful music and the next moment, she felt a soft towel being roughly pressed over her face, covering her nose and mouth. The towel was soaked with some ether the girls had found in the garage

The plate she was holding smashed onto the floor, as Marissa was pulled backwards. “Uhg!” Tory let out a groan as she brought her mom down on the floor with her. “MMffff! MMMMMMMMGGG! NNNNGGffff!” the ripe woman’s pretty, green eyes widened in shock, realizing who her assailants were. Tory had wrapped her legs around her mother’s torso and was keeping firm pressure with both hands on the rag over the “milf’s” mouth, pinning Marissa’s head against her own chest, so that the woman had nowhere to turn. At the same time, Chloe grabbed on Marissa’s wrists with both hands, pinning them down on the floor. As much as Marissa grasped with her only free hand to remove Tory’s rag, it was not possible.

“Sorry mom, but you wouldn’t understand” Tory apologized to her mother, though the relentless way she was smothering her showed little remorse. “MmmmNNNgghh! NNNNNGGh!” Marissa moaned furious, gagged by her own daughter. She struggled with all her strength, kicking and flailing her shapely legs and heel-wearing feet in a frenzy. Even though she was much stronger than each of her teen offspring individually, both were managing to hold her down, albeit by still beating lots of sweat. With the sedative fumes of the ether being sharply inhaled in her struggle, their job became increasingly easier, as Marissa became weaker and weaker. “MMnnnn...nnnnn...nnnn” the 37-year-old cougar’s moans softened. “It’s ok mom, just breathe in...” Chloe cooed her mother, pulling away the woman’s wrist, now too powerless to exert any force.

The woman’s pretty heels went from frantically slamming against the kitchen floor to lifelessly sliding across it, as Marissa’s legs had no strength left in them. After a few last twitches, the woman fell limp on her daughter’s arms.

“Uuuff...” Chloe sighed relieved, still panting from the struggle. Tory gently pushed her unconscious mother off her, standing up to look at her unresponsive form. “Not telling me I can’t wear my mini-skirts when I go clubbing now, aren’t you?” Tory trash-talked her sedated mom. “I know how we’ll get back at

her” Chloe smiled devilishly. She then knelt by Marissa’s side and begun unbuttoning her blouse. “Nice... bitch will get a taste of what having a dress-code feels like” Tory chuckled and went straight for her mom’s jeans. Pretty soon, Marissa was left with only a pair of purple lacy panties and a matching bra.

“That’s better” both teens agreed, then brought some thick-hemp rope, taken from Marissa’s “escape tools” and begun tying their unconscious family member up. “I have no idea what I’m doing” Tory said, as she wrapped the rope around her mother’s slender ankles. “Me neither, just make lots of knots and keep a tight tension. Little Miss Houdini over here finds herself tied up all the time. She’ll be alright” Chloe commented.

Lots of rope was wrapped around Marissa’s ankles and wrists, securing them behind her back. Though amateurs, the girls knew enough to also bind the woman’s knees as well as pass rope snugly both over and under her breasts, pinning her arms to the body. Chloe then brought a brand new bag of cotton puffs from the bathroom, along with two pieces of 2x2 inch wide, rectangular Band Aids. Tory opened her mother’s ineffective jaw and her sister started stuffing Marissa’s mouth with cotton. “Sorry mommy, but your whining would disturb our party” considering how loud the music would soon be, the irony of that statement was not lost on the young blonde.

Soon, the girl had to push the cotton pads with her fingers, to keep them from falling off the side of the knocked out woman’s pretty lips. More than half of the bag’s contents were now filling Marissa’s mouth. Tory came back with one of Marissa’s head-scarves, a yellow one with roses on. She slowly lifted the unconscious woman’s head, enough to wrap the scarf between her teeth and over the cotton, sealing all that soundproofing puff in, before tying it off tightly behind her head, above the nape of her neck. “I think she needs one more” Chloe advised and Tory got another scarf and tied it tightly over the first, this one placed tightly over the woman’s lips.

Finally, the two sisters gently pressed the Band-Aids over the woman’s closed eyelids, making sure the sticky part made contact all around the eye. “Alright, grab her legs” Tory said, going for the KOed woman’s under-arms. The two girls groaned as they lifted the bound, gagged and unconscious woman from her ankles and arms. Not that Marissa was heavy by any stretch; she was as slim and slender as ever. Her weight was simply a lot for their skinny princess-y-arms. They carried her to the basement, plopping her on the cold, dusty floor.

“Let’s go. We got a party waiting upstairs” Tory winked at her sister, who closed and locked the basement door behind her.

The girls' home party was now at full swing. Whether around the pool, or in the vast living-room-turned-into-dance-floor, Marissa's home was full of young people living it up! Loud electronic/dance music was blasting from large speakers and alcohol flowed liberally.

"Finally, you made it!" the girls give a big hug to Sophie, their cousin and best friend. "This shit is dope! How did you pull this off?" the pretty, long-haired brunette asked. The three were always really close, as well as a real handful to parent, often referred to as "the triple threat" by Marissa and her sister, Diana.

"Well..." Tory and Chloe exchanged a naughty look. "Our mother is a little...tied up at the moment..." they said, proceeding to explain their plan. "Haha, sweet! Will it work though? She IS a professional escape-artist, after all" Sophie commented. "Naaaah, it'll be fine" Chloe waived her off. "She's trussed like a thanksgiving turkey".

"Hmf..." Marissa lifted her heavy eyelids, as she slowly came to her senses. She only saw dark, as her pretty greens were stashed behind the sticky Band-Aids. Last thing she recalled was getting ambushed by her own offspring. Now she found herself tied up and gagged in the basement, dressed in only her undies, no less! "Gmmmf!" most of her annoyed groan was muffled by the thick wall of cotton packed in her mouth and snugly kept there by two scarves. The woman could hear the humming low-end of the loud music, coming from her own house. The nerve on these brats! Not only did they tie their own mother and left her here, they had to humiliate her by removing her clothes.

The woman needed her veteran knowledge in the art of escape. She didn't need to look at her bonds to undo them. Marissa started rubbing her ankles together, feeling that the rope somewhat slack there. The knots on her wrists were sloppy, but they were also incredibly tight. Stupid teens had no clue regarding blood circulation. She would need more time for these.

After 15 minutes off tiring, continues rubbing, blondie managed to loosen the rope around her ankles. "MMMMMMMMffff!" she groaned as she pulled her bare feet through the rope. Her legs were free!

Well, relatively. Rope still bit around and over the woman's knees. She could only walk in small, penguin-steps, which only added to her vulnerability. The semi-naked woman strained to get her body over her knees, then stood up. She wanted nothing more than to find these rascals and teach them a lesson!

Tory, Chloe and Sophie were partying like there was no tomorrow. The party wasn't even at full attendance and the girls' mansion was already thrashed. Beer cans floating in the outdoor pool, cigarette ash and mud all throughout the living room's "nice" floors, spilled drinks on every sofa and couch. The three teens could not care less. They weren't the ones that would clean up the next day. Mom always had housekeepers over.

"We should go check on mom" Chloe said, despite already having a little beer buzz. "I'll go with you" her cousin Sophie said. "I wanna see what you did to Aunt Marissa" she said with a naughty smirk.

With her arms still bound behind her back and her mouth still heavily gagged, Marissa slowly made her blind way over to the basement door, almost tripping on the steps multiple times. It was locked, as expected. No worries. The woman moved her flexible, rope-tied hands forward, reaching for the steel underwire of her bra. An average woman would have no way of getting her fingers there, but Marissa was not your average damsel in distress. With patience, Marissa managed to pull the thin wire so that it tore through the bar's fabric, and was now sticking 2 inches out. She sighed for ruining such a nice pair of undergarments, but she had bigger problems.

Awkwardly squatting half-naked against the key-hole, the bound woman threaded the wire through, and begun fidgeting. Trespassing locks was a given proficiency for any self-respecting escape-artist. "Gnnnnnn" Marissa moaned in her gag, feeling her knees tremble for fatigue and her patience running thin, after two full minutes struggling. Her right boob was forced to press against the door, for the wire under it to reach deep enough through the keyhole. Marissa hoped the basement didn't have security cameras, though it probably did. What a humiliating state to be in...

Finally! Marissa heard the click of the lock. She was free!

Sophie and Chloe left Tory partying and headed towards the basement. They stopped to chat with a few girls they came across. After shuffling through the crowd, they made their way towards an empty hallway that led to the basement.

As soon as they turned the corner, they flinched as they almost bumped heads with a wrist-bound, doubly eye-patched Marissa. The two scarves were resting coiled around her neck and a bunch of saliva-soaked cotton was lying on the hallway's carpeted floor. Marissa had managed to scrape her over-the-lips gag against the hallway's wall and spat her gag's stuffing out. The ropes around her wrists and her

knees, which was force-sticking her covered breasts out and her shapely thighs together, had stayed strong.

The woman's eyes widened like a deer in front of the headlights, at the sight of her daughter and niece. A few feet from where she stood, where the girls had come from, was a roaring crowd of people, all potential rescuers. The frozen beat passed when Chloe and Sophie exchange a look and before Marissa could stick her head out of the hallway, the two girls bodied her down on the hallway floor, dropping her on her back. "HEEEEEEEEEEEELP!" was all the woman got to utter, before having the wind knocked out of her as she hit the floor. The loud music of the party drowned her calls for help.

"SOMEBODMMMMMMMMMN! HLLLLLP! Nnnnnnn! Mmmmm!" the woman's desperate screams were snuffed when Sophie smothered the woman's mouth with her hand, then the woman's moaning was further muted when Sophie pinched her aunt's nose with her thumb and index fingers, effectively smothering her. The hand that was gagging the woman also served to forcibly pin Marissa's head against the carpeted floor.

Meanwhile, Chloe promptly straddled her mother's very exposed belly, keeping her from bucking like a deranged donkey. She also pressed both her hands on her mom's half-presented breasts, pinning her chest and keeping the struggling woman from getting up.

Not that Marissa didn't try. She put up quite the fight, trying to throw the young girl off her, but despite the repeated thrusts of her alluring, child-bearing hips, Chloe rode out the storm like a skilled cowgirl. With her mom's hands still secured behind her back, Marissa was at a great disadvantage. "Hush, auntie! Just a little more and you'll be sound asleep!" Sophie tried offering some comfort to the distressed adult of the house. Marissa only shot her with panicked eyes, her moans kept from escaping either her mouth or nose; she was quickly running out of air, her pretty face turning more and more red.

Chloe turned her head every so often behind her back to check for any incoming "witnesses". Thankfully, no one had the slightest clue of Marissa's peril. The mother's pretty greens started rolling up towards her head, with too little oxygen to offer any resistance. Sophie was keeping a tight seal on her nose and mouth. Feebly dragging her beautiful, pedicured feet across the floor, Marissa's eyelids fluttered before slowly closing.

"I thought you had fucking tied her up" Sophie caught her breath, standing up over the knocked out woman. "Shut up! Get her out of here before anybody sees her. Then we'll get Tory" Chloe replied defensively.

Diana hummed a song behind her car's wheel, dressed in a pretty blue dress; some sexists would say maybe too short for her maternal role. She was returning from a date, though there probably wouldn't be a second one. The 35-year-old, black-haired lady had a lean physique and a limber body, useful for all the sneaky, snake-like movements an experienced escape artist has up her sleeve.

Diana's way home through the peaceful suburban road always went past her sister's estate. As she approached her sister's home, Diana spotted the bright, strobe lights and a mix of a partying ruckus with dance music become louder and louder as she moved closer. "What is going on?" she mumbled to herself, remembering that her daughter, Sophie had left to visit her two cousins earlier in the afternoon. She told her they would just chill and watch a movie. Diana had to check this out. Marissa never allowed parties under her own roof.

"You are in sooooo much trouble! When I get out of these, you'll be grounded until graduation!" Marissa tried parental scare-tactics, though her current helpless position did not help her cause.

Though her matching, lacy purple underwear remained, the rest of her "outfit" was different. Instead of ropes, lots and lots of black electrical tape was wrapped around her wrists, elbows, ankles and knees. More tape over and under her breasts squeezed her breasts through the tightly wound sticky fabric. Looking up at her captors from the seated level of the garage floor also did not help her appear imposing.

"Shut her up" Tory talked over her mom's whining. With her mom still spewing threats, Chloe grabbed the first dirty rag she laid eyes on and violently stuffed it past Marissa's teeth, the blinded woman unable to anticipate the assault. "Don't you dare...donmmfff, Mmmmmmmfff!" she tried spitting the thing out, but Chloe kept her hand over it, holding her from turning away by the nape of her neck.

With strict tension, Tory and Sophie started winding electrical tape around the blonde's head, until the tape was almost cutting the corners of her lips with each pressure, pushing the rag deep towards her throat. "Lt muh gggguh ruht' nnnnugg!" (*Let me go right now!*) The woman moaned angrily, choking immediately after.

"Hush, mom, it's almost 12 now and it's not polite to skip your bed-time" Tory quipped, sealing her mother's eyes behind a couple or rounds of black tape and causing more furious moans. The teen's eyes were sparkling with newfound sadistic glee.

Diana parked her car and approached the gate. It was wide open and people were still joining the party. Though her shapely body and pampered appearance drew all sorts of adolescent eyes, her age made her stick out amongst teenagers like a fly in milk.

After the 5th time of ringing the doorbell with everyone too riled up to answer the door, Diana sighed and moved to the side of the house, towards the kitchen back door. A few teens looked at her as if she was lost. "This is crazy. Where the hell is Marissa?" Diana wondered, making her way through the partying crowd. More and more teens passed by her, one bumping into her and spilling some of his beer on her precious dress. "Hey!" was all Diana got to utter, the young dude not even registering her.

Just in case anyone stumbled upon their unwilling guest, Chloe came up with the idea of leaving a little note. It simply read:

Practicing some new escape methods. DO NOT untie me for any reason.

EVEN IF I ASK YOU TOO

Given Marissa's profession, it was plausible. The girl folded the note into an inverted V-shape and placed it on the hood of Marissa's fancy BMW, above and beyond the floor-ridden woman's reach. They then left. All this booze wasn't gonna drink itself.

Diana made her way through the more secluded hallways of the house. She opened door after door, but Marissa was nowhere to be found, nor where her nieces or her daughter. From one of the doors could be heard shuffling sounds, but as the brunette opened it she discovered two teens making out inside a small supply closet room. They were startled to be discovered, though Diana simply scoffed and closed the door. God knew what similar escapades her daughter and nieces were partaking in.

After checking all the rooms, Diana gave the garage a try. "Might as well" she thought.

“What...the...?” the brunette’s brow raised when she saw her sister struggling on the floor, bound, gagged and with nothing to wear but her bra and panties! She looked tired from all the wiggling, drops of sweat visible on her forehead. She had made little progress on her escape plans.

“MMMMMM! PLLLLLLLhhh! UNTUU’ MMMM” (*untie me*) Marissa renewed her moaning, as soon as she realized she wasn’t alone. Diana approached her sister hesitantly. What was all this nonsense about? She then spotted the little card, resting on Marissa’s car.

“Hahahahah! Somebody is really nervous about tomorrow’s premiere” Diana let out a relieved sigh and a chuckle. “I get the blindfold, but why the gag? Are we going for a damsel-in-distress theme?” Diana teased her overzealous sister, squatting over her bound, semi-nude form. “NNNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGG! MMNHHHH!” Marissa’s muffled moans sounded urgent, realizing it was her own sister that had discovered her. “Nonono... you keep at it until you’re out” Diana booped her sister’s nose. She knew how nervous her sister always got if there were any doubts about her ability. “NNNNN! UTH NNN PHCTHHH! PLLLLH” (*Nooo, it’s not practice! Please*) a deeply frustrated Marissa failed at communicating the reality. Marissa’s sister then got up and headed back to find Sophie. She was never one to keep her dear sister from a challenge.

Diana reached Marissa’s living room. The music could not be louder here. She immediately spotted Tory, Chloe and her daughter Sophie, relaxing on Marissa’s long leather couch, already dirtied with all kinds of liquids. They were taking a break from dancing, laughing with some “guests”. Sophie was full-on flirting with a young guy, whose hand was “casually” resting on her dark-pantyhose-covered thigh. Next to her, little Chloe was going shot for shot with another girl. Gone was the oppressive regime of “Dictator Marissa”!

“Girls! What are you doing?” Diana approached them.

“Relax aunt! We just put up a little get-together” Chloe grossly underplayed the chaos around them. “Guys, I don’t know. Did your mom agree to this?” Diana remained skeptical. She always liked being the “cool aunt”, but now she was having a hard time going along with all this. She was conflicted. “Yes, of course!” Tory jumped in, putting a pause on her own flirt. “We would never throw a party without asking” she made a face signaling “obviously”. “Hmmm” Diana wasn’t fully convinced, her arms folded and her lips pursed.

“Mom, it’s fine, really” Sophie tried reassuring her mother. “If you don’t believe us, Aunt Marissa signed off on our party. We have her approval on paper. The note is in the kitchen. “Ok...let’s see that note” Diana replied, confident that she had called their bluff. In any case, some proof that this party wasn’t an unsupervised circus would put her at ease. “After you...” Sophie mock-gestured to her mom towards the kitchen. As her two blonde cousins followed behind, Sophie shot them a deadpan, suggestive look.

While Sophie fake-searched the drawers for the note, Tory and Chloe anxiously but silently waited for the two random girls to refill their very alcoholic punch. "It's somewhere around here..." Sophie stalled, while Diana was standing behind her.

After a few seconds that felt like days, the two strangers left, so it was only the four of them in the kitchen. "Now!" Sophie shouted and an unsuspecting Diana was jumped by all three teens and pulled down on the floor, behind the kitchen counter. Sophie quickly wrapped her arms around her speechless mom's neck, putting her in a strict choke hold. "Gnnnn, h...heelp" Diana's lips formed the word, but barely any sound escaped her daughter's asphyxiating grab.

Meanwhile, Tory and Chloe kept their aunt's "fidgety" hands from pawing at Sophie's hold. Like Marissa, Diana was stronger than all of them, but now that wasn't enough. "St..stop struggling mom! Jes...!" Sophie whispered in her mom's ear while being jerked along by the desperate woman's struggles. Though she managed to keep a snug lock around her throat throughout the "ride". "Nooommm..." Diana's soft pleads for release was put to rest by Tory's hand copping over her aunt's agape mouth. She was now properly red in the face. Her flailing heels banged against the kitchen counter, but after a few moments, they were too weak.

"Theeeere you go..." Sophie cooed as she felt her mother's move seize. She bent her head over and gave the unconscious Diana a little kiss on her temple. "Let's stash her with the other buzz-kill" she told her cousins.

Posing their ragdoll-ified aunt as a hammered party-freak and pulling her along with each arm around their shoulders, Tory and Chloe managed to get the unconscious Diana in the garage. Marissa was a few feet from where they'd last left her, "scooping" all the dust of the floor with her lively struggling.

"MMMMfff! HHELFF!" she pleaded to anyone who had run into her. "Shut your trap. We've brought you company" Chloe enjoyed bossing her mom around for a change.

"I think my mom would wanna get out of this dress and be more comfortable, don't you think?" Sophie winked at her accomplices. In seconds, Diana's pretty cocktail dress was bundled on the floor, revealing her killer bod, along with some sexy, lacy, dark-red underwear. Diana had put her "best" panties and bra on, in case her date-night had ended up differently. She was expecting someone else, not her young family to peek at them.

“Quick, she’s waking up” Sophie pointed the emergency out and all three overpowered the dizzy brunette. Tory jumped on her aunt’s red-lace covered, perky butt, quickly pulling the woman’s arms together behind her back as Sophie and Chloe passed numerous coils of tape around her wrists and elbows. “Girls, please...don’t do thisMMMMmmff!” Diana’s more civilized approach failed too, as Tory placed her hand over the woman’s mouth. Pitiful moans escaped the foxy 35-year-old, as the two teens wound more tape around her legs.

“We need something to stuff her mouth with” Tory said, not finding any piece of fabric around the garage. “Wait” Sophie came up with an idea, pulling off her Vans and then her ankle-high socks. She balled them together and handed them over to Tory, who shoved them with little regard in her aunt’s mouth. “It’s not enough” Chloe contributed, removing her own pair of socks from her All-stars and Tory added them to the pile nesting in Diana’s busy yapper.

Similarly to Marissa, Tory then wrapped tightly the shiny black tape around the woman’s lips, forcing them half-open but sealing all the dirty socks inside. “Sorry for the taste Aunt Diana. Mom hasn’t done laundry in a while” Chloe blamed her mom for wearing the same pair of socks for two days straight. Diana strained to turn her neck around to face her niece, looking up at her with angered, but desperate brown eyes. She didn’t like her gag’s “flavor” one bit.

Sophie approached her mom, turning her over on her back. “Night-night mommy” Sophie squatted over her mother and wrapped a couple of coils around the bound woman’s eyes. “MMMMMMMMFF!” Diana shook furious, causing her full breasts to jiggle in her sexy, Tinder-date lingerie.

“Let’s tie them together” Sophie suggested and the two grown sisters let out a worried whimper. The girls lifted the moaning pair of women and propped them so that they were resting on each other’s backs, sitting on the floor. They then wrapped more tape around the women’s chests (both over and under), tying them snugly together and pressing their shoulder-blades painfully together. In the end, they were a nice duo of damsels in increasing distress.

“Hmmm, something’s missing” the girls didn’t seem satisfied. “I got it” Tory said, wanting to add her own personal touch to their family’s bondage. She was wearing a cute skirt and dark pantyhose combo, but wild as she was feeling, she kicked off her shoes before pulling at the ends of her pantyhose. She would not be the demure little nun her mom wanted her to be! She stretched one leg of her pantyhose over her blinded, unsuspecting mother’s head.

“MMMMMnnnuug!” Marissa moaned as the black, semi-transparent nylon covered her entire head and pressed against every inch of her delicate face. After all Tory had small, skinny thighs. The young girl made sure to pull the fabric all the way down there was no slack poking from the top of Marissa’s head. Her face was now encased with the bottom part of the pantyhose, the one covering Tory’s feet.

“Don’t worry auntie! There’s one more legging for you” Tory told the worried Diana. The girls then stretched the second leg of the pantyhose, still attached to the first, over Diana’s face, until she too was feeling the nylon that was rubbing against the girl’s feet all-day long, surrounding her face.

Tory made a simple knot with the pantyhose, securing it snugly around each damsel’s neck. With their hands safely stashed behind their back, there was no way in hell any of them could remove that nylon hood by themselves.

Only vacant space inside these nylon hoods was the part between the women’s forced open lips. This needed fixing. The teens brought the back of the damsels’ heads together, then begun coiling more black tape around their heads, passing it again between their teeth, making sure to leave no slack whatsoever. After 5-6 coils, they had formed a shared tape-gag for Marissa and Diana, one which also bound their heads together. The poor women’s faces were contorted by the relentless tape driving the nylon further against their pretty faces. This last row of tape formed an indentation of the dark, see-through fabric, between the poor women’s lips. The two only whined though their liberally packed mouths, now conjoined.

The two sisters threw pathetic, muffled curses, unintelligible to their teen captors. The girls found funny how one woman raising her head caused the other’s to tilt downwards, due to their shared head-bondage.

“Shush mom. You always told me it’s not polite to complain in front of other people” Sophie warningly nudged Diana’s head, putting pause to her mom’s incoherent whining. The bound brunette snorted, defeated. She hated admitting it, but making her daughter more vindictive would only bring more bondage her way. It was the last thing she wanted.

Sophie enjoyed the table-turning. It was usually her mom that ordered her to be quiet. Sophie was tired of her mom keeping tabs on everything she was up to. Diana couldn’t help but be slightly intimidated by this new Sophie. What kind of young girl treats her mother this way?!?

“You two better behave yourselves” Chloe tossed another “mom” phrase as the trio departed, leaving the two underwear-clad sisters to their misery. The party was heating up and the girls wouldn’t miss it for the world.

The bass of the music pounded endlessly from a distance, taunting the two women for their failure at disciplining their rowdy children. Marissa and Diana periodically exchanged moans, more as a way to vent their anger than any actual attempts at communication. They weren't completely alone, though. Marissa had the smell her older daughter's nylons filling up her nostrils. Diana never thought she'd become that intimate with her young niece, her tongue simultaneously "savoring" a couple of dirty balled-up socks. In their bondage, the women's attractive legs could only bend at the knees and little else.

But the young girl's had forgotten a crucial tool for any escape-artist. Their hands! Not only were the women's fingers free to roam around the small vicinity of their bondage, but with their backs against each other, the two sisters could get access to each other's bonds!

They didn't need to exchange any words to communicate the escape plan. Marissa let her sister do the work, as she blindly felt for the seam of the tape around the woman's wrists.

After 30 tedious minutes, Diana found the tape's seam and started picking at it with her fingernails. "MMMfff...nnggg...mmmm!" she groaned with each attempt, her hand contorted in a weird way to reach behind her sis' hands, where the seam was. All Marissa could do at this point was wait and hope. After 15 more minutes of "working" at the tape, Diana managed to get a good grasp on the end and peel it off. Working patiently, she uncoiled it again and again. It was a painstakingly slow process, but they were making progress. "MMMMMMfff!" with a final groan, Diana freed her sister's wrists.

But Marissa was not free just yet. Her arms were also bound at the elbows and her upper body was tightly tethered to her sister's. "Uhl puh uh wuh w tu" (*I'll pull away the tape*) Marissa tried informing her exhausted passenger in peril. While her elbows were almost touching, if she could reach the tape around her chest with her free hands, she could untether herself from Diana and therefore release herself.

"You'll pull what?" Tory's cocky voice made both the blindfolded women's hearts sink and a defeated whimper escape their gagged lips. "I think she said the tape" Chloe added. All three girls were standing above their two pitiful captives. "You're being a real nuisance and making us miss our party" the girls scolded their bound and gagged moms. "Hand me the bag" Tory said and her cousin obliged, handed her over a medium-sized, clear plastic bag.

At the sound of the crinkling plastic, Diana and Marissa both let out more gagged whines and bobbed their half-exposed bodies left and right, in a cute chaotic desperation. Tory ignored both the women's moans and placed the bag over both their touching heads. "NUUuuuuugh! GUUuuuuh!" both sightless women increased their struggles as they felt the plastic touch their faces. Chloe then tied some rope around both the women's necks, tight enough to not let any air escape or enter the bag, while not strangling the poor women.

Both women began flailing their fused legs in panic at the sudden oxygen deprivation. Marissa desperately tried clawing with her free hands towards the rope around her neck, but with her elbows still tied and more tape around her chest, she was not within reach. "Just give them a couple of minutes" Sophie estimated.

"Sooo, how are thing going with Shaun?" Chloe asked Tory with a naughty smile, the three girls still standing a foot away from their suffocating moms. "We made out!" Tory put her hands under her chin excited. "When I returned without my pantyhose, he seemed much more...forward. See mom? You have no idea how boys work" Tory did not miss a chance to get back at her preachy mother. In different circumstances, Marissa would give her daughter a stern scolding for this lewd, reckless behavior. But right now, she was too busy to deal with her daughter's love life, sucking in plastic instead of air.

While the three besties shared some more "spicy details" from tonight's events, the sister duo, one following shortly after the other, seized their "anxious" shuffling and their bagged heads slumped over to the same side, clear plastic enveloping and sticking to their contours of their nylon-encased, taped faces. "Ok, remove it. I'm not in the mood to start walking to school" Chloe treated her mother like a slave/chauffer.

The girls ripped the plastic from the incapacitated ladies. "We gotta separate them" they all agreed.

Marissa's green eyes opened. Thankfully they were uncovered. The lingerie-clad milf was splayed on the bed of one of the many guest-rooms in her manor. Though unlike most, these rooms were separate from the main-house, in a small complex located on the back end of the house's grounds, largely unseen from the partying folk. Unbeknownst to Marissa, her sister was similarly stashed in the room next door.

Going through their mother's bedroom, the teens had discovered a box full of steel cuffs and shackles, kept there for escape-practicing. They had come in handy, since Marissa's arms were currently wrist-

cuffed above her head, the cuffs passed through the fancy, wooden head of the bed. Her hands were taped together with plenty of duct-tape, prohibiting any sleight-of-hand tricks. Each of the woman's ankles was shackled to the corner posts on the foot of the bed, forcing her legs to spread rather suggestively. Tory and Chloe couldn't resist the chance to degrade their strict mom. Though the room's door was locked, any man who accidentally stumbled upon the Mrs. in such an exposed, "inviting" state, would surely get the wrong idea.

"MNNNNNNngghfff!" Marissa screamed into her new, but equally noise-suppressing gag. The girls had used whatever they had found in the room's private bathroom. A large, but extremely porous and light bath sponge had been crammed into a third of its size to fill the woman's mouth. A thick bathrobe belt had been wrapped twice over it and a couple of strict knots had been made behind her head, keeping the damsel from spitting it out. Marissa's body was stretched to its limit, the shackles and cuffs leaving minimum slack. "MMmmnnn!" through the wall, Marissa could hear the gagged protests of her sister.

As the blonde escape artist checked her restraints, she noticed that the cuff around her right ankle hadn't been properly locked. While the rotatable C-shaped part was circling her skin, it was only a few "teeth" down the mechanism's serration.

Marissa's gorgeous greens sparked with hope! She knew a way to get around a faulty hand-cuff. In fact, getting out of these used to be an old act of her show. She positioned her ankle in the right away, then gave a quick, violent jerk to the ankle-cuff. "GNN!" Nothing. "GMM!" Another strategic, sharp yank. Nothing.

"WOOOOOOOOOO!" Chloe was dancing all over the place, having the time of her life, alongside her two besties. All three teens had a nice buzz going. "This party is the shiiiiit!" Sophie screamed at the top of her lungs.

"MMMNGG!" At the 14th pull, Marissa's ankle-cuff gave in. Her right leg was free, albeit at the cost of a bruised ankle. She had already clocked the night-stand drawer beside her. She had put all her eggs in

the hopes that this drawer contained the keys to her restraints. The drawer was on her left, though. Her dexterity and elasticity would need to come to the rescue. The woman groaned as she raised her right leg over her body, turning it as much as the other two bondage points allows. Her pedicured toes wiggled as she strained to reach the drawer's round handle. She was sooo close!

"Hey guys..." Sophie blurred out whilst taking a dance break on the couch, "Should we check on our moms?" she said with a half-slurred voice, as if having a stoned epiphany. "Nooooo! Leave those nosy bitches be!!!" Tory cheered loudly. "I mean who escapes cuffs? This is the shit police use to arrest people...right?" Chloe chimed in with a flawed, drunk logic.

"HMmfff...hfff...ffff" Marissa panted, relieved. She had almost pulled a hamstring, but she finally had managed to open the drawer. Even more crucially, there was a key inside! "GNNNNNNNNNNFFFFF!" the blonde woman screamed into her gag as she stuck her foot inside the drawer. She had to pick the key up with her toes. Pulling the drawer off would cause it to fall on the floor, and then Marissa's bedding for the night would be settled.

Marissa recalled an old trick she and Diana had, where they had to untie a rope knot with their toes. That muscle memory would prove rather useful right about now.

"Fine, we'll come check with you! Only because you're not fun when you worry" Tory and Chloe gave in to Sophie's requests to give their parents a peek. "I'm taking my beer with me though!" Chloe yelled as they made their way past the pool and onto the freshly cut grass, now littered with tons of trash.

“FFFFff...fffff...ffff” Marissa panted into her mouth-filling sponge-gag. The key to her freedom was precariously being carried between her big and her index toe. Any sudden movement and it would drop on the floor. Marissa moved her leg slowly over to the bed. After all this, she still hadn’t passed the toughest challenge. Unlocking her hand-cuffs with her foot. Getting a better “toe-grip” on the key, once it was on the bed, the tired, bound woman lifted her right leg and moved her wrists as close to it as they would go. She threaded the key inside the lock and turned it with her toes!

Click her hands were free! The woman immediately started pawing with her tape-mittens at the robe-belt gag until it was pulled down. “Phtewww!” she spat the expanding sponge and biting at the end of her tape, begun freeing her hands. “The nerve!” she mumbled to herself, sheathing with anger at her kids, as unlocked her other ankle. These fucking childish games were over! She would save Diana and they would both give their daughters a good ass-whooping.

Marissa jumped off the bed. She opened the door into a small hallway. Diana’s moans became clearer, coming from the next door. Marissa opened it to find her lovely sis bound in the same manner she was. “FFFFfgmmm?” Diana looked at her with a look of relief and surprise. She wasn’t that lucky to have faulty bondage.

“I’m sick of this charade!” Marissa’s anger was still going strong, even as the blonde bombshell searched for her sister’s key. “When I get my hands on them...” Marissa kept mumbling to herself, as she approached her bed-ridden sister with the key in hand.

“MMMMMMNN! BHHHHHHDDDYUUUHH!” Diana’s pretty brown eyes widened and her moans became louder. “Relax! I’m getting you out” Marissa could not understand the sudden fuss. “NNNN! THRUUUH! TRNNNUUUUUUUHH!” Diana shook her head frantically, her eye-line going over her sister’s shoulder.

Before Marissa could turn her head, she was a petite, familiar hand, forcefully grabbed her mouth from behind. “MNNNNGG!” Marissa was pushed forward by three rampaging teens, until she was lying belly-first across her still shackled sister’s lap. Chloe and Tory put their whole weight on their ambushed mom, the older gagging her with both hands while the younger one had both her hands pressing Marissa’s nose shut. Both girls spread their small dressed bodies over the woman’s scarcely clad one. Marissa could have easily tossed one girl off of her, but two was a stretch.

It didn't help that Sophie had run behind the blonde pile and grabbed Marissa's ankles, to put the brakes on her rather expected kicking. She was pulling Marissa's ankles downwards with all her weight, so that her 37-year-old lean victim would have no chances of overcoming her hold. All Diana could do was watch her only hope of escape passing out and let out angry, defiant moans.

"MGgggg...mmmggg" the poor show-woman had been greatly overpowered, her protests not even leaving her body, despite their strength. Her two daughters had a relentless two-handed vice on her nose and mouth. Wherever she turned her head, Tory and Chloe's smothering dainty hands were there. The lady's struggles only drained her limited energy quicker.

"I told you... we should have... checked on them" Sophie's words were being interrupted by her aunt's violent attempts at flailing her legs. Thankfully, a few seconds later Marissa's legs lost their strength and she wasn't giving Sophie any trouble.

"Hey look, she's doing what she always does to us" Tory added insult to injury, by signaling to her sister how mommy's eyes were rolling to the back of her head. A different kind of eye-roll.

When Marissa's grip on their attackers' hands loosened and her arms flopped down by the bedside like a dead fish, they knew she was out. Diana was shooting daggers towards them. Knocking out your parents was the sort of misbehaving that detention was probably null.

"Guys, look what I found in this closet" Chloe turned to them with a dropped jaw. What the two girls saw put a smile in their faces. They would finally take care of these pests for good.

Marissa's spacious place had a small attic above the 1st floor. She used it to mainly store career memorabilia and other props she had no use for anymore. It rarely saw any visitors nowadays.

But today, despite what might seem at first glance, it was full of life. The "goodies" that little devils had found in that closet proved too tough of a challenge. The "attire" was only meant to be used for practicing purposes, though neither performer had ever managed to escape any of the individual pieces, never mind the whole "getup" all at once.

Each party-popper was placed inside a black, leather straitjacket, her arms crossing under her breasts and the straps buckled out of reach behind the back and padlocked. This time, the keys were thrown in the pool. Unfortunately for the two sisters, the girls did not neglect to fasten the crotch strap of the

straitjacket through their legs and over their lace panties, in a very “mean” buckle-setting nonetheless. The poor women had to deal with quite the wedgie, given by their own offspring.

Next, their legs were placed inside black, leather leg-binders, a tight leather sack that reached their thighs and featured 4 different rows of leather belts within it: One around the ankles, one under the knees, one over and the last at the edge of the sack at the upper thighs. Each belt was tightened to form a perfect, snug fit around each lady’s alluring naked legs. The ends of the belts were fed through sheaths at the sack, so it was impossible to undo.

Lastly, their heads were completely encased in some black, leather hoods, with only two small nostril holes for them to breathe. But not before each damsel had their daughters wireless ear buds stuffed in their ears, with the party’s music streaming in real time (and at full volume) to them via internet.

The girls had raided Marissa’s drawer, taking their mother’s panties. They used at least three pairs to gag the blonde landlord and three more for her “chatty” sister. After they were sealed inside with a few raps of cling-film, the hoods were placed over their heads, every lace on the back tied with absolutely no slack. Only thing that discerned the two bound damsels was the color of their ponytail sticking out the back of their hood.

Each escape-artist was suspended in the air from one of the 45-degree angled beams of the attic. A metal ring on the back of the straitjacket and another at the middle-point of the leather leg-sheath were the two points from which the women were literally hung from.

The two were putting on quite the show, even if no one was there to enjoy it. Any struggle only caused the faintest swing effect, reminding each woman her utter helplessness.

The first light of dawn was just starting to color the dark sky, but Tory and Chloe’s house party had not died down just yet. The three girls were dancing their asses off, drinking, smoking, making out with cute boys, having a blast! Free from their mothers’ short leash. Free from judgment.

Tory, Chloe and Sophie were surely in for some hefty punishment, but there was need to dwell on that. Until then, it was party time!