

Kinktober 2021 #22 Help/Duct Tape

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Good morning, you must be the new help” Barbara opened the front door of her lavish mansion to greet a pretty, Puerto Rican young woman, already dressed in a soft blue-gray maid’s outfit, with a white apron and cap on her head. “Good morning Miss Lawrence, I’m Vela. It’s an honor to work for you” the woman spoke, her long dark brown hair caught in a modest working-girl bun. Her slightly darker skin glistened under the morning light. The young woman eye’s had a spark in them. She was holding a big plain leather bag on her side, presumably with all the essential tools a good housekeeper needs.

“Please...” Barbara gestured inside. The blonde, Caucasian woman in her mid-30s had a fashionable short haircut that exposed her beautiful neck. She was dressed in a stylish flowy dark-green jumpsuit, the pants exposing her beautiful ankles and her 5-inch-tall, expensive heels. She had a gorgeous, 5’9” physique with a flat belly, some perky B-cup breasts and a tight ass.

The rich woman had made her own fortune, and didn’t mind not sharing it with a romantic partner, having the whole mansion to herself. As Barbara showed Vela around while informing her of her duties, the Puerto-Rican girl took in the luxurious surroundings, her head turning so much that her neck was a bit sore by the end of the “tour”.

Barbara had just gotten out of her huge, golden faucet shower, a towel wrapped over her head and another covering her from the chest down. She put on some deodorant and skin lotion and scrubbed her face with a special soap, like she always did. She brushed her teeth and flossed. But as she opened the bathroom’s door, connecting to her bedroom, she was surprised by a silencer pistol pointing at her from not too far. “Vela, what is this?!” Barbara replied shocked, seeing her maid wield this weapon. “Cut the crap, rich brawd. Hands were I can see them” Vela spoke with a collected, determined tone. She sounded like nothing like the demure girl Barbara had hired this morning.

Barbara obeyed with a worried look. “Nice” the much younger woman simply commented with the softest smirk, as she pulled the towel concealing the blonde’s nudity, her head-towel following. Her hair was still half-wet from the shower, as was her cute, blonde little bush.

“Take a seat” Vela motioned with her pistol towards one of the mahogany, leather-seated chairs decorating the wealthy woman’s bedroom reading table. Barbara approached the chair slowly and took a reluctant seat. Vela’s leather bag was already on the floor, and the brown girl unzipped it to reveal plenty of coils of duct tape. “You...you don’t have to hurt me” Barbara spoke rather calmly, considering her predicament. “No sweetie I won’t hurt you” Vela replied monotone, almost instinctively, as if she hadn’t even heard the woman’s plea. “Arms on the armrests” she simply ordered and when the blonde lass obeyed, she started wrapping coil after coil of duct tape around Barbara’s wrists and the chairs wooden armrests. “P...please” Barbara implored, this time with a bit more urgency, but Vela simply moved on, securing her forearms fully across the armrests, with more tape below the elbows. “You’re getting annoying” Vela said with the same coldness as before, and produced a half-dirty cleaning rag she was probably scrubbing the kitchen counters or something with, minutes ago. “NooGGMmmmHhhh!” the girl roughly shoved the rag inside Barbara’s mouth, then before the chair-bound woman had a chance of spitting it out wrapped more tight duct tape around her face, sealing it in with multiple snug coils that made Barbara’s cheeks cutely bulge over the tape.

“MMMMFFF!” Barbara sounded rather undignified, whining behind the tape. She tried pulling her arms off the tape, which gave no slack whatsoever. The maid-dressed girl knelt on the woman’s naked feet with another roll of tape. Barbara pulled away once she saw the girl grabbing her ankle. “A-a-aaa...” Vela stopped her like one would let a restless pet to stop, shaking her head while pressing the tip of her silencer against the woman’s bellybutton. The deadly danger made Barbara legs much more still, as her captor wrapped plenty more duct tape around her ankles, securing each to the front chair-legs. She then did the same to woman’s shapely calves, right were the chair-legs met the seat, forcing the rich damsel’s legs rather spread.

“We don’t want you going anywhere now, do we?” Vela said, this time in a more playful tone, as she got back up behind the bound, naked blonde and wrapped more duct-tape just under her exposed perky tits, coiling the rest around the chair’s back so that Barbara’s back pressed firmly against the chair’s. Finally, she made sure the woman’s hips could also not move anywhere by wrapping more duct tape around her lower abdomen and the lower back of the chair. Barbara was not getting up from that chair any time soon.

With her target out of the way, Vela started going through the woman’s drawers, tossing any of the plentiful, pricey jewellery into a sack. The cute, french-maid-like, blue-gray attire of the young woman who had tied her up and was now robbing her right before her eyes, made things only slightly more surreal for Barbara. “I’m pretty sure you don’t need all of this here” Vela addressed Barbara without looking at her, whilst turning a whole drawer of golden and silver accessories over to let them fall into the sack. Barbara only watched her valuables disappear into Vela’s sack, snorting at the indecency. She periodically tested the strength of her tape-bondage, finding it inescapable and getting more frustrated.

“Oh, what do we have here?” Vela’s brows rose as she saw a Magic Wand-type vibrator, stashed in the deep end of Barbara’s underwear drawer. “Someone is a lonely, lonely girl...” she waived the vibrator at a completely embarrassed Barbara. “HMMFff...ffhgh!” she let out a muffled whine, feeling even more vulnerable than a bound, naked woman could already feel. “Well I don’t know how long it will take me to rob you, so best occupy you with something” Vela said, slowly walking to a wall socket and plugging the sex toy in, then walking equally as ominously towards the “chair-ridden” lass. “Mmm...MMM!” Barbara’s eyes widened as she saw the Puerto-Rican girl place the sex toy flat against the leather seat and between her spread thighs, pressing the head snugly against the woman’s exposed sex. She then secured it to the seat with 4-5 strong layers of duct-tape over the handle.

“MMMMmm...MMMMMMM!” Barbara was now frantically shaking her head, pleading the young woman with her eyes. Vela simply savored the rich bitch’s pleading for a moment, then flicked the ON switch on the vibrator, “hitting” Barbara’s pussy with a strong wave of continuous vibrations. “NNNNNNNNNGGG!” the poor woman twisted and turned in her wooden seat, trying to move her crotch away, but either finding the back of her chair or the unyielding tape circling her body, she was unable to avoid the sex toy’s stimulating touch. Barbara got red in the face, both from the utter humiliation of having her very private sex aid used against her by this burglar, as well as the sudden heat her sudden arousal was bringing to her body.

“I’m gonna go skim the other rooms now. Seeing as your house is pretty huge, it might be a while” Vela said, giving Barbara the “attagirl” type of encouraging double-slap on one cheek, before leaving her alone in the bedroom.

40 minutes later, during which Vela had collected and stashed all of Barbara’s lightweight valuables in the trunk of her car, the pretty, young “maid” returned to find the short-haired milf-type in a poor state. Her chair had toppled over on the side, from the woman’s insistent struggles to get free. But the woman was as tied as before. On top of that, she looked sweaty, drained and visibly tormented by the enforced sexual stimulation. She had never used that thing for more than 10 minutes at a time!

“Phmmm MMmk t httt!” (Please make it stop!) Barbara pleaded the girl who had a large turkey sandwich on her hand. “Can’t understand a word you’re saying” Vela replied while chewing, appearing utterly uninterested in aiding the miserable lady. Many droplets of moisture were visibly dripping from Barbara’s crotch, running down her, now vertical, seat. The duct tape was still hugging the woman’s wrists, arms, ankles, calves and mouth as tightly as before.

Vela squatted over the floored damsel, not bothering to pick her chair back up. “Thank you very much for doing business, ma’am” she lifted an imaginary top hat over her head. “I hope you don’t mind me keeping the maid outfit. I’ll use it with my boyfriend” she winked and went to stand up.

“MMMM...mMMM!” Barbara motioned her head signaling down towards the torturous toy buzzing against her sex. “Oh you want me to turn it off?” Barbara nodded furiously. Her body language couldn’t

be misconstrued. Vela brought her hand on the vibrator's switch. Barbara followed the girl's hand with anticipation.

"Yeah right! See ya around, bourgee!" Vela psyched the woman out, getting up and leaving her sideways on her wooden chair. "Mnn...NNNNN...MMMMMMMMMMMMMM!" Barbara's moans could still be heard from behind the locked door of her bedroom, as the young Puerto-Rican girl made her way out of the mansion.