

Burping Frog Publishing



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A Packaged
Holiday

First Class Shipping

The crate was delivered outside her front door. It looked innocent enough. There were the usual markings: warning about fragile and arrows to indicate which way up it should be. It was perched on one of the short ends with the door facing her. As she circled it she saw in big letters on the bottom.

“Help I am upside down!”

It brought a smile to her face. She had once seen that on the bottom of a box carrying a sewing machine. She hoped that the carriers took notice of such things. There were also holes drilled periodically all over. Were all these markings for real or were they just for her benefit? It seemed outrageous to think that a normal commercial courier would transport such a cargo? Perhaps they do not need to know the exact contents? She pulled off the envelope with her name on it to reveal the return address: Black Acre Castle, in Cumbria. She vaguely wondered if it really was a castle. Cumbria was over eight hours drive. She would not have enjoyed driving herself there. It remained to be seen how she coped with the designated transport.

Josie went back in doors leaving the crate incongruously on her door step. There was no way she could move it, besides it was to be collected again in a few hours time. It would be an overnight delivery.

Josie opened the envelope. It contained the final travelling instructions. She read it twice to make sure she fully understood them. She immediately threaded a house key onto a chain and put

it around her neck. That seemed to be the most important measure for now. She then made herself a light meal.

She had sunk most of her savings to pay for this adventure holiday. She had researched the company carefully, even contacting several satisfied customers. She had discussed it on the chat forum and everything seemed to check out OK. By all accounts she was in for the time of her life. With just a few hours to go she could hardly contain her excitement. Rosemary thought she was mad, but then again Rosemary was engaged to be married. Josie had no current male interest, in fact the only sexual companion she had was her trusty vibrator. There was only so much you could do on your own. She could spice things up with self bondage but she was not prepared to invest in expensive toys, besides there may come a time when such things were not necessary. The brochure promised minimal human contact, and what there was would be anonymous. There would be no cocks or semen to cope with just the impersonal caress of machines, but what machines! She could only imagine what it was like to be pounded mercilessly by a mechanical dildo or shocked into submission by electrodes. She would be subject to water tortures in the knowledge that it was being meticulously monitored for her safety. She had even opted to try a prolonged mummification. Such things were beyond her normal capabilities. Such things she had watched on the Internet in wonder. These things she would now experience for herself. There would be no safe word and no remission. Her vital signs would be continually monitored. Unless her body failed her she must endure. She had undergone a vigorous health and fitness test before her booking had been accepted. They now knew her body better than she did. Her knowledge would increase as the week progressed.

The evening dragged slowly by. Josie emptied her bladder and her bowels. There were no comfort breaks in this mode of transport.

The clock showed nine forty-five. Josie removed all her clothes. She was not accustomed to moving around her own house naked let alone venturing outside! With a touch of vanity she examined herself in the full length mirror of her bedroom. Her body was

not exactly hour glass shape but neither was it overweight. She exercised regularly and had firm muscles. Her chest was flat with only the slightest signs of breasts but her nipples were large and naturally erect. Her black hair was neither long nor short with a gentle wave. She wore light make up to emphasise her eyelashes and complexion. She was only five feet one inch tall; the inch being very important to her. She was strictly speaking a virgin although her hymen had been pierced by other objects many years ago.

It was only a small distance between her front door and the unusual sanctuary of the crate. She had not even examined the accommodation. She checked again that the key was in place dangling from her neck. She would need it to re-enter her home when the holiday finished.

She took a deep breath and opened her front door. The crate was before her. A glance around proved that no one was within her eyesight. There was a short path from her door to the open gate and the road beyond. It was a quiet residential area. She knew her neighbours and had told them she was going away. She had not bothered them with boring details.

She tapped her date of birth into the small number pad and there was a feint click. She opened the door which was deceptively heavy. The delivery man had been very accurate with his placement. She was confronted with a padded silk lined interior that was lightly indented to a human shape. There was a belt dangling in two parts where her waist would be. Two padded metal cuffs were at the ankle and two more positioned to the sides where her wrists would hang. It was clearly tailor made to fit her.

Josie closed her front door, checked it was locked and turned swiftly so that her back was in the crate. She placed her ankles individually against the cuffs which shut onto them. There was no obvious method of release. She was already committed. She fastened the belt around her waist, then pulled the door towards her. She had not examined it and was a little disconcerted to see what amounted to a face mask heading towards her. She could not avoid it. She opened her mouth. The instructions had warned of a tube going into her throat, she should have guessed that it would

be surrounded by a mouth filling gag. They would not want care-less squeals to be heard by the carriers. One of the options had been to be put to sleep for the journey but Josie had declined. She wanted the full experience of being transported, naked, restrained and anonymous. The tube would, no doubt, have carried the knock out gas but instead she breathed in oxygenated air.

It occurred to her that she could have been walking into a trap. All the recommendations could have been false, but her payments would be traceable and her friends knew where she had supposedly gone. She dismissed her fears.

A recorded message played through two small speakers:

“Welcome to Black Acre Adventures we trust that you will enjoy your time with us. For your own safety please make sure you are fully secured.”

Josie let her arms drop to her sides allowing the bracelets to encircle her wrists. There was definitely no turning back now. The message continued:

“May we remind you that the button near your right hand switches on or off the music and the one near your left hand will release a small sedative if you find yourself feeling anxious. Please be assured that your entry has activated a tracking signal and the carriers have confirmed collection. Have a safe journey.”

Josie noted that they stopped short of wishing her “an enjoyable journey”. She might enjoy it, she might not. Only time would tell.

It was pitch black. Josie could see nothing. She was aware of the padding all around her. Although she had never been in such an enclosed space she felt remarkably calm, even secure. With the belt, the cuffs and the face mask she was effectively restrained. She could move her fingers and swivel her feet but both movements were pointless unless she wanted some music perhaps? For now she stood in silence. She must wait.

She did not hear the truck pull up. The first she knew was when the crate suddenly tipped backwards. She let out an involuntary cry that was stifled by the wadding in her mouth. The precautions had been necessary.

The collection person or people, she could not tell how many

were handling the crate, were not gentle. Perhaps they really were unaware of the cargo they were carrying? She was jolted back upright and then had the sensation of going up, as in a lift. Then the crate was manoeuvred against the side of the truck and probably secured. She found the twisting motion a little unnerving. She hoped that the crate would not fall over. There was a faint roar as the engine started and then an almost comforting vibration as they travelled. She tried to identify any turns or stops but soon gave up. She must trust that the journey would go according to plan.

Boredom soon set in. She had nothing to see, nothing to hear and nothing to do. She tried the music. It was mindless so called “relaxing” music. She would have preferred some tunes she could identify and follow. Maybe she slept? To be honest she was not certain.

She became aware that the vehicle had stopped and that she was being moved. Surely they had not arrived already? She identified the downward movement then a short distance then the crate was put on its back. This was a little more unnerving. She was sure she was moving but she could not identify the method. Suddenly the crate tipped so that her head was definitely lower than the rest of her then it was manhandle upright and secured. She must have been transferred to another, presumably bigger truck. That must have been some sort of conveyor belt? The roar was less distinct this time and the vibrations fainter.

She was sure the truck stopped once for a prolonged period. Probably a comfort break for the driver. The time dragged on. Her mouth was dry from the packing and the passage of air but there was no means to moisten it.

After what seemed like a lifetime she felt the crate being moved again. Presumably she was being transferred to the local delivery truck. There was a prolonged period when she was left flat on her back before it was again stood up and the now familiar sensations of going up and being edged to the wall were repeated.

The final leg was much longer than she had expected but eventually she was aware of the crate being unloaded again. She found herself on her back again being wheeled on a trolley, she guessed.

Then after some left and right turns she was totally confused and gave up. The box was stood up again. As she heard the click of the lock she suddenly remembered that she was naked!

The light was blinding, she could not focus. Before she knew it a blindfold had been placed over her head. Perhaps it was for her comfort? More likely it was to protect the identity of her captors. She did not want to know them.

She opened her mouth and it was filled. With no vision she could not anticipate what was going to happen to her. There was a sharp prick near her throat followed by some tape being pressed down. She had been told to expect this. It was her health monitor. If there was one thing she was afraid of it was needles and medical procedures. If she had a lapse of self control the gag camouflaged it. She was already regretting including a visit to the medical centre on her agenda, but it was now too late for second thoughts. She was here. She was under their control. She would either enjoy or endure the coming week and to a greater or lesser extent that was the whole point. She was on a voyage of discovery to find out what she did or did not enjoy.

Her manacles were released, then her wrists were locked in front of her with what she assumed were handcuffs. They were definitely metal. Pulling at them seemed pointless. The handlers were firm but not rough. No word was spoken. She allowed them to lead her through unseen corridors until there was the sound of a key in a big lock. She was encouraged inside and the handcuffs removed. She stood still. The door was closed and locked behind her. She waited just to make sure that she was alone then removed the blindfold. Blinking in the unshaded light, she glanced around to confirm that she was alone, and removed the gag. She could not decide what to do with the offending items and let them dangle in her left hand.

It was clearly supposed to be a cell but if you overlooked the flagstone floor, bare bulbs and barred windows, it could be a hotel room. It was big and airy. In one corner were the shower, basin and conventional toilet. Opposite was the bed area with a large iron bed, bedside cabinet complete with lamp, and even a fur rug.

There may have been some things dangling from the four posts but she would investigate later. Of greater interest was the slightly incongruous table, with a white linen cloth, laid for breakfast. The crockery was hotelware, with matching teapot, cream jug and sugar bowl. She dropped the gag and blindfold on the table for now and sat down on the upholstered chair, poured herself a cup of tea and sipped it with pleasure. She chose her cereal and coated it in milk. This was almost civilised!

She did not rush her breakfast. She was ravenous but it was clearly not going to be removed until she had finished. There was an information pack next to her placing which she read carefully. There was an itinerary, which she would go over more carefully later, some general information about the castle, its history and the background to the Company. There was a fire drill notice which, she noted, was repeated on the back of the door. She looked for the complimentary gown which was hanging near the bed. Some flip-flops on the floor beneath it. On the other walls were displayed various BDSM paraphernalia that she guessed were not just decorations. There were a couple of free hooks which would accommodate the items on the table. For now she continued her breakfast. She buttered some toast and chose some rough cut marmalade from the selection provided. She was just finishing her second cup of tea when the alarm bell started up. Immediately she heard the lock on her door click and the door open slightly. She glanced down at the instructions again and walked purposefully over to the gown and footwear.

The escape route was clearly marked. There were several other guests in similar attire either in front or behind her. They ended up in an open courtyard with big grand iron gates on one side and the building covering the other three sides. Her name was checked by a person who would not have looked out of place at a five star hotel.

Eventually the person announced that the drill had been successful and everyone was to return to their rooms. Josie counted twenty-four other guests, some male and some female. There were clearly some couples and several loners like herself. No one

attempted to speak to her and she was not interested in making their acquaintances either. She retraced her steps and closed the door. It clicked satisfyingly behind her. She glanced around her room again looking for some specific markings. They were to the left of the door: a pair of hand prints and two footprints on the floor below them. She placed her hands on the wall and adjusted her feet. Her balance would be forced onto her hands just enough to keep her steady. She stood back up and strolled back to the table. The breakfast things were still there but she was not hungry any more. The tea pot was cold. There were facilities for making tea near her bed. There was also a large flat screen TV on the wall which would be easily viewable from the bed. She walked over to the bed and confirmed her suspicions. Yes, there were four manacles dangling from the bedposts. The information pack had stated that night time bondage was optional. If you wished to indulge you would be released by the maid in the morning but you were free to sleep as you wished. Josie had no interest in night time bondage. The bed looked quite comfy. The coverings were as requested: a light duvet. She definitely would not be using the manacles. She would spend much of the day restrained in one way or another without sleeping in bondage as well. She removed the key from around her neck and put it in the bedside drawer. It would be perfectly safe until she needed it again.

She returned to the table and checked the schedule. She glanced at the clock. There was barely time to use the loo before her first session. She discarded her coat and shoes leaving them in the middle of the floor. She had no idea whether such untidiness would be frowned upon.

She managed to empty her bladder and her bowels again, cleaned herself up and then walked purposefully towards the door and to the left. Right on cue, as if she had instigated it, a loud buzzer sounded and a rotating red light flashed over the door. She took up her position and waited.

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