

A woman with blonde hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a red corset and black stockings. She is bound with white rope around her chest and waist. She has a black collar around her neck with a red cherry in her mouth. The background is a light blue curtain.

Burping Frog Publishing

Home Sweet Home

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an erotic novel of bondage and submission

Chapter 1

Tasha walked at a steady pace her stiletto heels clip clopping in perfect rhythm. She hardly glanced at the familiar surroundings, pairs of houses, each slightly different, staring silently back at her. Who knows what secrets lay behind those rose curtains or the bright red door? The lawn that had become overgrown, the house with ever changing brightly coloured hanging baskets, the unmoving caravan, the iron gates that did not quite meet properly. The wall with missing coppice stone. Mr. Franklin must have a new car. The twitch of curtains at no 54, that woman really should get a life! Just another street in another town or city?

No. 75, her house. Double glazing, frosted glass front door, neutral beige curtains behind silky net curtains. The crazy paving had seen better days, but it was neat and tidy. The two plant pots either side of the door had strong looking baby conifers. It was her home.

Inside the temperature was warm, she liked it that way, it fitted her way of life. Once inside she kicked off her shoes: that was enough of that torture for one day. The coat, blouse and pencil skirt came off next. The coat was hung up tidily, the rest would be collected up for washing. She looked at herself in the full length hall mirror. She had a remarkable figure, enhanced by the stiff corset that forced her tummy into shape, black stockings and suspenders. She looked more like a dominatrix than the submissive she really was. She had just enough eye make up to enhance her blue eyes. The slightly pink lip gloss was enough

to attract attention and the feint touch of blusher enhanced her round cheeks. She pulled the clips out of her long black hair and shook it loose. A tug of the string and the corset slackened, she encouraged it apart. Finally the bra, suspenders and stockings. Vanity came to the forefront as she surveyed her now naked body. It was good.

Her shower was upstairs. She trotted upstairs and allowed the warm droplets to wash away the stresses of a day in the office. She would have happily stayed there all evening but knew this could not be. A vigorous rub down and a fight with her hair and she was ready for the evening and night to come.

No. 75 Beech Avenue was Tasha's house. She owned it, at least most of it, the Building Society still had a small claim for a few years yet, but she did not live alone. She had met her soul mate at a party. Lovely Mel, a dream come true. Tasha knew where she would find her, but first she padded around the house checking that all the chores had been done. They shared this duty, negligence had its own punishment. Tasha shivered at the thought of the chastity belt, cold heartless steel that spelt a week of denial. She had been forced to wear it once and that had been enough. She had made sure that she never shirked her responsibilities again. Mel had now had to wear it three times. Tasha wondered whether Mel did it deliberately. Surely not! Mel was not as sexually driven as she was and self torture was part of their lifestyle but chastity did not fit with Tasha's ideals.

Having satisfied herself that all was in order she headed for Mel's bedroom. Sure enough there she was in her standard rubber latex body suit. Tasha liked to be naked, or near as. The idea of being encased in rubber did not appeal, especially with the heating setting that they had agreed on. She had got used to seeing Mel in her suit and had to admit that it was visually stunning the way it hugged her curves and made her breasts stand out. She was wearing a hood as well so that only her eyes were visible, following Tasha's every move. Were they pleading for release? Or hoping that Tasha would let her be for a little bit longer? Mel was a nurse. Her shift was due on in just over an hour so Tasha

would have to release her from her self-imposed tortures soon.

It had long since amazed Tasha the things people will do to themselves. She was sure that if someone else was responsible there would be calls of cruelty, even assault, but Mel had done this to herself. Tasha was just as guilty mind you. Just thinking about how she planned to spend the night made her juices flow. It was Friday so there would be no work to go to tomorrow. It would not matter how little sleep she got. Mel was also off for the weekend for once so once she had slept they would have all Saturday night and Sunday together. If she slept at the same time as Mel it would affect no one. She doubted that she would sleep much tonight.

Tasha and Mel did not play together. They shared many other interests from music, through to shopping. They enjoyed each other's company. They were not lovers, they were friends. They were also each other's release mechanism. It had crossed Tasha's mind that they had no emergency back up. If Tasha got run over, or suffered a heart attack Mel would be stuck until someone broke the door down. Her will included a cautionary clause but how long would that take?

Mel would probably enjoy it right to the end. Maybe they should talk about it sometime? For now she had to work out how to extricate Mel from the position she had got herself into.

There were various special additions made to number 75 Beech Avenue including numerous eyebolts, rings, and bespoke furniture. Looking at the way Mel's arms were pulled out behind her suspended from one of the ceiling rings counterbalanced by a weight Tasha was in awe of her ingenuity. Mel's legs were held apart by a spreader bar that was bolted to the floor, her body was bent forward as her arms tried to relieve the pressure on them. A tube came out from her behind leading up to an empty enema bag. How long had she been holding it? There was no sign of any stimulation to her vagina, this had been a test of endurance.

Tasha went over to the weight. By raising it Mel could stand up but Tasha could not hold it and release it at the same time. She retrieved the fallen stool which the weight nestled onto allowing

Tasha to unclip it from its chain, how she had managed to knock it over was anyone's guess. Tasha kept hold of the chain and eased it up slowly to allow Mel to keep her balance. Tasha now addressed the spreader bar. Each ankle was buckled in place, no locks needed, Mel could not release them with her hands behind her back. The tube was next, ensuring that the butt plug was not disturbed. They did not want a mess on the carpet. The key to the handcuffs was on the table. With her hands free Mel grasped for the zipper at the nape of her neck. She could not move it. Tasha smiled. Mel had forgotten her request to be locked in for the day. The key to that small, almost insignificant padlock was in Tasha's purse.

Mel gave a muffled groan. The hood she had chosen for the day included a gag with a protruding tube to breath or eat by. She was locked in it until Tasha decided to release her

"You neglected to tell me what you were planning," Tasha giggled, "my handbag is downstairs. I was going to let you stew a bit longer but perhaps not? I'll meet you in the bathroom."

She resisted the temptation to give Mel an encouraging tap on the bum. Actually Mel needed no prompting, she looked quite comical struggling to reach the toilet with a plug holding back her urges.

The sound of the flush signaled success. Tasha nipped in to release the padlock and then retreated to allow her to shower in peace. Tasha then busied herself getting her harness ready. She could get into it alone, of course, but it was easier with Mel's help. There were several locks to which Mel had the keys to, one of which had accidentally shut. Mel came down stairs looking suitably like a Staff nurse.

"So are you going to tell me what you are planning for this evening?" she asked pointedly.

"Let's just say I'm not expecting to sleep much and will need your help when you get home."

Mel started buckling Tasha into her custom made harness.

"You had a delivery the other day, I assume you intend to try it out."

“Guilty as charged,” Tasha giggled, “I might let you have a go next week.”

“All done. Now don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” she said turning to get her coat.”

“That gives me plenty of scope,” Tasha quipped. “Don’t be late or I might need your professional services as well,” she called after Mel as the door slammed.

Tasha was now left to her own devices in more ways than one. She could not resist a glance again in the mirror. The sight that greeted her was more to her liking. She had taken leather work classes just to be able to complete this masterpiece. Starting at the collar which was locked in place the harness followed her contours like a black outline. A metal ring encircled each nipple. The pressure of the harness forced the nipple through making it swell, the result was that they were permanently hyper sensitive even to air currents. The rings were part of what amounted to a skeleton bra that held her C cup breasts firmly in place. Her belly was crossed by two straps leading to the belt, also locked in place. The problem had been with the crotch support. It was necessary to have a strap running between her legs to give the harness stability and stop it riding upwards, but a single strap prevented bodily functions and sexual stimuli. This was a bondage harness not a chastity device. Tasha had had to completely remake it with two straps held apart by a small connector that nestled between her pussy and her ass hole. She could both use the toilet or insert objects without having to shift the straps or dirty them either. The unique addition was the continuous chain that ran from the front of the collar through four cuffs, two for the wrists and two for the ankles. These too were locked in place although the chain moved freely. The chain allowed enough movement for most activities but if she was carrying something in both hand her gait was severely shortened. The higher she reached the closer her hands and ankles had to come together. She had a disability aid to help her reach objects that would involve stretching. Clipping the chain together at different points could render one or more of her hands or feet useless. Added to this there were numerous D

rings sewn into the harness to attach limbs to or tether her body to something with. Over the previous months since completion she had used every one including making a pseudo Japanese rope harness. For someone who enjoyed being naked she had been pleasantly pleased with the way the rope cocoon felt.

The first order of the day was to have something to eat. Neither Tasha nor Mel were gourmet cooks but they did usually do better than a frozen readymeal. While in the kitchen it was necessary to wear a full length apron to avoid splashes. Her nipples were suitably teased and irritated by the rubbing cloth. Washing up and laundry followed. Her last chore was to Hoover the living room. Her duty done her body was ready to eject all unwanted remnants of the day's nourishment. She was now free to enjoy herself. An ironic turn of phrase if ever there was one.

The machine was sitting in the corner of her room waiting for her. A wonder of modern engineering. Its main component was a phallus mounted on a leather arched seat. The phallus was multifunctional, able to rotate, pump up and down, vibrate and emit a mild electric shock. There were several settings allowing for individual or multifunction use. By hooking it up to a computer it was possible to program virtually any combination or duration. This was a top of the range model, and Tasha had waited nearly a year to get it. She had programmed it to start up at 3 a.m. and go through a random sequence of functions getting more and more intense as time progressed. By the time Mel got home Tasha would be either in seventh heaven or some sort of hellish sensual overload. Time would tell which it would be. Tasha herself would not be able to stop it.

She had prepared for this evening carefully. There were several bungee chords attached to the walls either side of where the machine was placed. They would be easy to hook onto her harness and hold her steady while allowing enough movement to squirm. Getting onto the machine was actually the hardest part as her chain made mounting difficult, but first she had to fit the drool gag while there was enough chain to allow her hands behind her head. It had holes to ensure free movement of air but it was

very effective at preventing understandable speech. Why when no one was around? Because she liked it. It gave that extra feeling of helplessness.

Once astride she had to raise her ankles behind her to allow her hands enough movement to finish securing her in place. The mechanical aid was invaluable in picking up each of the chords. Next she pulled a strap under her thighs making her hug the seat. Her feet slipped into adjustable stirrups either side of the seat that Tasha had set to the highest level. She put a clip onto the chain just above her breasts so that as her hands went behind her the chain dangled over each nipple. The final move was to secure her hands behind her back, this was done in two stages. The first was to engage the spring clips on her cuffs, designed to open inwards so that pushing together opened them but the spring then snapped it closed. Her fingers could not reach the clip to open it again. She was already helpless but there was a second spring clip at the back of her belt. She was now adept at guiding her linked wrists towards this clip and engaging it locking her hands to her belt.

Tasha looked at the clock. It was only just gone 9. It would be six hours before anything happened. She immediately regretted her decision to make her wait. The phallus was deep inside her but she was not in a position to use it. She had no means of purchase to jump up and down with her legs bent and her ankles almost level with her bottom. All she succeeded in doing was jangle the chain which brushed over her sensitised nipples. The frustration was delicious but it would get tiresome after a while and she had a long time to wait.

It was times like this when Tasha wondered why she did this to herself? She spent hours immobilised in one way or another. Usually there was a sexual reward, but for most of the time she just waited, unable to move or affect the events she had set in motion. The waiting was half the fun, possible more than half. The expectation or in this case uncertainty of what was to come. The knowledge that she could not prevent it if she did not like it. The self control needed not to indulge in fruitless struggling which always had some sort of penalty attached to it. Her libido

was high enough from her anticipation, every touch on her nipples just heightened it still further. There was an ache in her groin that the motionless phallus encouraged but did not scratch or satisfy. Despite the bungee chords she still had to use muscles to hold herself upright. She could not relax.

Was she mad? Why had she not got a boy friend or even got married like other people her age? She was not ugly. She kept herself in good shape, in fact the use of the corset gave her a very good shape. She had had boyfriends of course but no one had gone further than trying to get her pants down. The only person who understood her was Mel, and that was because Mel, like her, indulged in self bondage, although Mel tended towards the pain rather than pleasure side. She longed to meet the man who would not so much sweep her off her feet, but understand her. He would have to be commanding but not selfish, self assured, and self sufficient. She hated men who sponged or were lazy. Her man would work during the day and be tended to by her in the evening. She would want bondage of course, the harness, the times of immobility, but she must be given some time to herself before being fucked or played with. Men do not seem to know the meaning of patience or self control. Maybe that sort of man does not exist?

Tasha really enjoyed the times with Mel. They went out, they went to the cinema, they listened to music. There was no sexual overtones and no pressure to perform. They enjoyed each others company. Tasha had never met a man who was not preoccupied with the organ between his legs, except Michael and he had been the complete opposite. He had no interest in sex at all and even less in her bondage. She had dated him for 6 months and never set foot inside his home or he in hers.

She was getting tired. She had been up since six this morning getting Mel into her rubber suit and then getting her self in to her corset, with Mel's help of course. She was on her feet most of the day, at least she was not on them now. Still several hours to go. Perhaps she should make sure the clock was not visible next time? No the point of final countdown was glorious.

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