Bound for Christmas

-by Alvo Torelli, 2016

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Bambi Drude stared down with dread at the assortment of frightening objects spread out on her big king bed. She frowned at the confusing page of instructions and looked over the objects again, shivering. She bit her perfect full lip and concentrated harder than she was used to. She turned the paper this way and that, trying to make sense of the crude diagrams that went with the lines of text. It was too confusing. In frustration Bambi crumpled the instructions and violently swept everything off the bed and onto the floor. Immediately she chastised herself for her fear and frustration - surely she could get her confused little brain to overcome her trepidations and figure it all out! She took several deep breaths. Calmer, Bambi piled the objects back on the bed.

At least Bambi was confidant that her outfit was sexy. She'd saved up for the beautiful negligee of diaphanous red fabric trimmed in white faux fur. The negligee barely covered half her ass, not that it really mattered since the fabric was completely see-through! The tiny satin red panties she wore under it only barely covered her pubic region and her half-cup lacy red bra lifted her large perfect globes of flesh as if to present them to the viewer. Bambi checked herself out in the bedroom mirror. Her nipples, clearly visible through the negligee, contracted into hard points as she pondered what her young husband would think when he saw her dressed in such a scandalous Christmas outfit. She was sure he would particularly like the finishing touch on her outfit - a lacy white garter belt that held up silken candy-cane thigh-high stockings. A shiver ran through her taut young body as she admired herself and thought of how badly she wanted to please her new husband for Christmas.

At barely seventeen, the petite young bride Bambi Drude looked forward with excitement to the first Christmas with her new husband, Haden. She looked into the reflection of her pretty round face, checking that her minimal makeup was just right, her dark red lipstick wasn't smudged and her long thick blonde curls were all in place. She'd already checked the whole vision before, but once she got started on her plan she wouldn't be able to make any last minute adjustments. Once again she looked perfect - every man's dream of the ultimate sexy Christmas kitten. Bambi realized she couldn't procrastinate at her mirror any longer or she wouldn't have Haden's present ready for him when he came home from his late Christmas Eve shift as a security guard. He was due just after midnight! Again, Bambi shivered at the thought of her frightening plan. Haden would be so excited - his greatest desire come to life - but could she really do it? She was so frightened. Then again, maybe he would be so excited that she would finally get ..., but no, she mustn't think such things. Besides, she wasn't sure such things were even real.

Bambi carried the note that she'd written for her husband into the entryway and taped it to the mirror over the table where Haden would leave his keys when he returned. In her boudoir, she retrieved the confusing instructions, then sat on the edge of her bed and smoothed them out to start back at the beginning. She could start with the shoes - that was simple enough - nothing to be afraid of. But as she slipped on the bright red platform high heels she could feel the trepidation building up in her young body. With two inches of platform and a spiked five-inch heel, Bambi wasn't sure she'd be able to stand in the shoes - much less walk in them. But the really scary thing about the high heels was the way they wrapped tightly around her ankle and could only be buckled with tiny heart-shaped padlocks. Her heart leapt into her throat as she snapped the little locks in place, securing her into the awkward shoes.

Panic struck immediately. Bambi could barely control her trembling hands as she scrabbled to retrieve the tiny key that would unlock the evil padlocks. She fumbled in terror, dropping the key twice before she could manage to unlock the first padlock. She was panting and dizzy by the time she got both locks undone and the tight shoes had released her shapely little feet. Her heart beat like a locomotive.

*I'm being ridiculous*, Bambi scolded herself. *They're just shoes. Sexy, crazy, inescapable shoes - but just shoes!* Taking deep breaths and telling herself to get a grip, Bambi slowly pulled the evil shoes back onto her small feet and then carefully snapped the tiny padlocks back in place, securing herself into her frightening footwear. She fought back the feelings that told her this was a bad idea. It helped to stand and admire herself in her mirror again, marveling at how long and sensuous her fine legs looked. And she was so tall, nearly five foot three! Even her posture was different, accentuating her perfect small ass and her substantial breasts. A sudden wave of terrible shame spread through her mind as she realized how slutty and naughty she looked. What would her daddy think of her? Her mother would probably faint.

Bambi realized she needed to hurry. Haden would be home any time. But the moment of truth and the enormity of what she was committing herself to made her hands tremble and her heart race. She still wasn't sure she could do it, but she so wanted to please her husband for Christmas. Bambi steeled her nerves and settled herself in the middle of her big bed. She smoothed out the instructions she'd crumpled and concentrated on the diagram that showed how to tie the soft rope to her ankle. It took three tries to get the rope looped and tied around her left ankle just exactly like the diagram, but eventually she accomplished the confusing task. Then she passed the rope once around the bedpost, across the end of the bed to the other bedpost and back to her right ankle. Bambi's hands were trembling almost too hard to repeat the complicated loops and knots required to secure her right ankle. When she was done Bambi could still move her legs freely, but she couldn't get her ankles closer together than about a dozen inches. So far it was only her ankles that were bound, but it was already almost more than the young blonde could stand. Bambi had to fight a burning desire to remove the awful ropes. But Haden would be home any minute and she was only halfway done with the final preparations for his Christmas present.

Oh why did her young husband have to have a thing about tied-up girls? Why had he begged and pleaded for her to let him bind her, just a little bit? "Just a pair of handcuffs," he'd implored. The idea frightened Bambi into near catatonia, but it was what he wanted so badly. So just this once, surely, she could give him what he wanted - even if it made her heart beat a thousand times a minute and terror gripped at every fiber of her being. She loved him so much! And maybe, maybe, if she could just pull this off she'd get her first ever... No, no, it was too much to ask. And it was probably not real anyway!

Barely overcoming the intense need to release her bound ankles, Bambi scooted her fine young ass backwards on the bed until she could rest her back against a pile of pillows mounded against the ornate headboard. The rope securing her ankles grew taught as she retreated and she was forced to open her legs wider, until her sexily clad feet were held more than shoulder width apart. She only hoped the vulnerable position would please and surprise her husband.

It was time to get on with it and complete Haden's present - Bambi's complete and helpless bondage - at least she should appear to be helpless. Even before the shy beautiful girl had agreed to marry her high school sweetheart, he had hinted about his dark and secret desires. In a desperate attempt to find some fulfillment in their sex life, Bambi had decided to give in to Haden's odd hunger. But the thought of being helpless in the hands of anyone, even her young husband, was terrifying! It would take every ounce of her willpower to continue, but she was determined. She stared at her instructions again and shivered at what she still needed to do.

Bambi's small young hands trembled as she picked up an evil looking ball gag. This terrifying device was even worse than the shoes she'd locked onto her little feet. Not for the first time she thought they must have made a mistake at the store - Torelli's Emporium - where she'd ordered the collection of bondage equipment for Haden's Christmas present. Surely the huge red ball was too large to go into her mouth. But Bambi knew that one of Haden's fondest wishes was to see her gagged. It made no sense to her - but she was determined to make this the best Christmas of his life. Stretching her mouth open as wide as she could, and squeezing with all her strength, she just managed to get the big plastic ball past her lips and teeth. It filled her mouth and nearly choked her. She wasn't prepared for the way the gag cut off her ability to breath. In panic she tugged at the straps to get it back out! She spluttered and coughed with relief once she was able to breath again.

Again, young Bambi had to chastise herself for her cowardice. Why was it, she asked herself, that each step towards her goal, each loss of control, caused her that much more panic and terror? Was she a baby? Didn't she love her wonderful husband enough to do this for him, no matter how frightened it made her? Closing her eyes tight, and with a huge breath of air, Bambi forced the hated ball gag back into her mouth and quickly pulled the leather straps behind her neck where she fumbled with the buckle until the horrible device was firmly strapped around her pretty head. She carefully pulled her thick blonde curls out from under the black straps, trying not think about how frightened she felt. Bambi's petite nostrils flared as she concentrated to breath slowly through her nose.

The final step of her bondage was at hand and Bambi couldn't put if off any longer, no matter how much she wanted to. The handcuffs Bambi had purchased were lined with soft red faux fur. When she'd first opened the package of equipment she was delighted to discover that the cuffs, as well as the huge ball gag, perfectly matched the deep red of her sexy negligee, pleasantly fulfilling her need to accessorize. But the simple pleasure of color coordination was no longer enough to overcome her growing dread. Shaking almost uncontrollably, Bambi cuffed one furry handcuff to her left wrist. Then she pulled the handcuff through the metalwork of the headboard, just behind her head. Twisting to look over her left shoulder, she checked and then checked again, to make sure she could reach the small key she'd hung on a piece of wire secured at the back of the headboard. Everything was in place. There was nothing to stop her from completing her husband's gift. The clock beside her bed said 12:14. It was Christmas morning! Haden would be home any second. She could do this. She could!

Click.

Noooooo! Oh god, no! I'm trapped! No! I can't breath! Calm down. Slow breaths. No! Panic! I can do this. No, no, no, I can't! Yes, yes you can! No! I can't! I can't! No, no no!

The phone rang.

Bambi tried to scream at the unexpected sound, but hardly a sound escaped her pretty mouth. The phone rang again. She scrabbled after the key, panic and shock overwhelming her. Where was the damn key? The phone rang again. She tried to calm herself, but she was overcome with dread. The phone rang again. Bambi struggled after the key and plucked it off the hook with a gigantic sense of relief. The answering machine clicked on and Bambi's little-girl voice sweetly asked the caller to leave a message.

"Hey baby." Haden's voice. "Did you already fall asleep baby? Listen, I'm really sorry but Jackson called in sick. I'm sure he's faking it, the fat bastard, but I can't leave until his replacement comes in. I'm stuck here until four. I'm really sorry - I know how much you wanted to be together to start our first Christmas."

The trembling, voluptuous girl in the hot negligee, bound in her own bed, froze in place as she listened to her husband's bad news. Almost four more hours? Thank god she had the key, she could never stand four hours of her self-imposed restraint.

"And listen, baby, I really wanted to surprise you, but I though I'd be there. You see, well, damn it, it was supposed to be a huge surprise cause I know how totally into that stuff you are. I mean, so, I got you what you really wanted most for Christmas and for fun I arranged for Santa Claus to deliver it himself. I just thought you'd really get off seeing Santa. I know, it was stupid, but you're always talking about how much you loved all that stuff when you were a kid. So, whatever, your present should get there pretty soon. I hope you like it - and say hi to Santa for me, ha! Love you babe, see you soon. Can't wait to find out what you got me. Can't wait to see how much you like your surprise! Gotta go."

*Surprise? Santa Claus?* Bambi was too confused for a moment to understand what was going on. Haden was coming home several hours late and he'd sent 'Santa Claus' over? With Bambi's surprise present? What could it all mean? The enormity of her situation suddenly overwhelmed Bambi's little brain. She was still handcuffed to her bed, in an incredibly revealing and sexy outfit! When was this 'Santa' supposed to arrive? Was the front door locked? Oh god, he could be here any second! Who would Haden send to their house in the middle of the night?

Panic overwhelmed the young bride. She almost dropped the small handcuff key. Dread suffused her small body and she trembled uncontrollably. Again and again she tried to fit the key into the tiny hole, twisting and turning. She hadn't taken into account how much harder it would be, with her ankles bound to the foot of the bed, to twist around enough to see the cuffs. Why had she ever thought it was a good idea to secure them behind her head? She was so stupid.

*Oh god, oh god, please, please!* Bambi's fear and frustration mounted with each trembling failure to unlock her horrible bonds. No, no, oh god! Finally she had the key in the lock and was trying to turn it when it slipped from her trembling fingers and popped out, leaping into the air. Nooooo! She twisted painfully to catch it, but the key bounced off her arm, then her face, and then fell into her ample cleavage. The small, cold key rested firmly between Bambi's perfect round melons of soft smooth flesh - safely out of reach.

For the next five minutes Bambi tried everything her terrified mind could think of to retrieve the little key nestled infuriatingly between her large breasts. With each passing moment her panic increased. No amount of tugging, twisting or turning got her any closer to her maddening goal. She managed only to settle the key deeper into the firm depths of the large globes of her warm flesh, where it tickled her unmercifully. Bambi's chest heaved enticingly as her panic brought on heavy breathing and she came to understand that her worst fears were realized - she was hopelessly bound.

And then Bambi heard the doorbell ring. She redoubled her useless efforts to retrieve the tiny handcuff key. The bell rang again, and a few moments later yet again. Bambi froze in horror as she heard the unmistakeable sound of the front door opening, creaking on the hinge she'd asked Haden to oil a hundred times.

Astin Cink was first surprised, then annoyed that no one answered the bell at the small house. He rang it again, holding it down for several seconds. The damned suit was heavy and hot despite the cool of the early morning hour. What a weird gig he thought to himself, again; doing midnight Christmas deliveries dressed as fucking Santa Claus. But it was work, and he certainly needed to make some cash - unless he wanted to go back to knocking over convenience stores. Come to think of it, in this get-up, he could probably get away with that! Nobody would ever be able to identify him under the scratchy Santa beard and flowing white mustache. All they'd be able to say was "some black guy in a Santa suit." He rather liked the idea of being anonymous and unidentifiable. But why the hell wasn't anyone answering the fucking door? He had three more deliveries to make this morning and he didn't want to get fired on his first day on the job. He rang the bell again, almost violently. He impatiently tried the door, thinking he could just leave the stupid present inside. And if no one was home, maybe he could find a nice strong drink before he ran to his next delivery.

Surprisingly, the door opened and Astin stepped into the entryway, pulling the beribboned present behind him. There was a note taped to the mirror over a small table. In a rather childish handwriting, in cherry red ink, the note read:

"Darling, Merry Christmas! I can't wait for you to see your special present - all wrapped up and waiting for you in the bedroom. Hurry my love! -Bambi."

Okay, what the fuck, Astin thought and listened carefully for any sign the house was occupied. But the house seemed completely still - not a sound, so he left the present secured to the front door and wandered down the hall. He found the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, helping himself to a cold Bud. It was warm in the house and his heavy suit was hot, so the cold beer was refreshing. Draining it, he took another and then started to explore, aimlessly. He doubted there was anything worth stealing in the small simple house - certainly not anything worth losing his new job over. But you never knew - maybe something in the house was worth unemployment. In the living room he found a video camera and picked it up, but it was a couple of years old and would be relatively worthless to a fence. Still, he carried it along out of habit.

And then Astin heard the noise - very faint, from the other end of the house - muffled and high pitched. He froze, ready to dart for the front door. But the noise went away, then came back, very faintly. Curiosity overwhelmed caution. It was such a strange and pitiful sound - he had to know what it was.

Astin passed a darkened bathroom as he went down a short hallway towards the sound. On the other side was a bedroom, empty. He came to what must be the small house's master bedroom, where the door was slightly ajar, light streaming out into the hallway. The sound came again, a bit louder, more clearly now a strangled moan of fear. Carefully, Astin slowly pushed the door farther open.

A stunningly beautiful, petite, young blonde girl with a fantastic rack was on the bed. Her outfit was outrageous and incredibly sexy - transparent red cloth trimmed with white faux fur that did nothing to obscure large orbs of flesh cupped in a bright red bra and the tiniest of red panties between her open legs. Her mouth was wide - trapping a huge red ball gag, and her eyes were almost as wide with terror - a terror that just made her all the more erotic. Her ankles were tied by ropes to the corners of the bed and her arms were pulled behind her head where they were handcuffed to the headboard. Astin had never seen anything so fucking awesome and sexy and exciting and just fucking awesome in his life. He'd never even imagined anything so fucking awesome. Without realizing he'd done it, he turned on the video camera and began to capture the amazing sight of the captured beauty on the big bed. He stood dumbfounded as the girl stared at him in horror, desperately yanking at her bonds in a futile effort to escape.

Astin Cink couldn't believe what he'd found in the quiet house in the early minutes of Christmas day. But he recovered his composure quickly. A hundred thoughts and ideas swam through his brain - too quick to remember. But three things stood out: since the pretty young girl was securely bound to the bed, someone else was surely in the house; in his Santa costume Astin was completely anonymous; and, the girl was fucking awesome and made his dick so hard that his Santa suit was tented. The first thought was the one that needed immediate attention. Moving silently, Astin set the video camera onto a dresser, still pointed at the squirming and moaning girl, then he quickly checked in the master bathroom for another person. Nobody. Uneasy, and unhappy at leaving the stunning bound woman, Astin did another sweep of the entire house. No one was else was home. And then he stumbled again across the note by the front door. "- all wrapped up and waiting for you..." The girl was alone! She'd bound herself on the bed, as a present to her "darling." It was incredible. Astin carefully locked the front door to the house, checked to make sure the package he'd brought to the house was still okay in the entryway, then returned to the bedroom. The girl was just as stunning as he'd remembered, and she was still struggling against her bonds, wide-eyed with terror.

Astin admired the pretty girl but he couldn't help wondering how much time he could afford to stay in the house. He couldn't get caught there! And where was the girl's idiot lover? How could he possibly leave such a luscious and erotic bimbo in the lurch? What to do, he thought. Then Astin noticed the blinking light on the answering machine next to the bed. He pushed the button to listen to the recording and all became much clearer. Whoever the guy was, he was stuck at work for over three more hours. Astin had the place, and the hot bound girl, all to himself.

And she was expecting him - or rather she was expecting Saint Nick. Surely it wouldn't be fair to deprive her of her idol, Santa Claus, would it?

Something much worse than Bambi Drude's worst nightmare was happening. She'd quickly discovered that her natural fear of being bound and helpless was far worse than she had known. And now her favorite icon of childhood, Santa Claus, was standing next to her bed, leering down at her like she was something to eat. And he was black! The poor girl's mind, never too bright to begin with, was overwhelmed and stressed to the breaking point. She had no idea that the emotions coursing across her face were incredibly erotic - at least to any man who enjoyed that sort of thing. And what man doesn't?

"Well now," Santa said to Bambi, "I've had a lot of presents left for me on Christmas morning - cookies, milk, chocolates, that sort of thing - but never my very own girl, and all tied up in the prettiest package." He leaned in closer and slowly ran the fingertips of one hand up along the inside of Bambi's stockinged leg, from her foot all the way up to the tiny triangle of fabric protecting what little modesty she had left.

"Mmmmm!" was all Bambi could get around the tight gag. The touch of Santa's hand ramped up her feeling of vulnerability. How could she have put herself in this terrible position? "No, no, no," she tried to scream as Santa's finger played across her stomach under her negligee. She yanked even harder at her handcuffs and her ankle ropes as his hand made its way up to her bra and cupped one breast, then another, fondling her through the silky fabric.

"Oh ho ho! What's this?" Santa cried. He fumbled with Bambi's large breasts, kneeling on the bed in order to bring his other hand to action. "Do I sense buried treasure in these wonderful mountains? What could be hiding here?" Despite Bambi's frantic squirming, Santa pulled the cups of her thin bra down to bunch up under her breasts, lifting the wonderful orbs. Not satisfied, he untied the three simple straps that closed her negligee across her front and let the pretty red fabric fall to her sides.

Bambi screwed her pretty eyes shut, unable to stand the sight of jolly fat St. Nick staring at her naked breasts. She blushed deeply. Even her husband had rarely seen her breasts. She always wore her bra when they were together. Bambi had never felt so vulnerable and humiliated in her life.

But Santa was far from done. "I think we're getting warmer. Where is the treasure hiding?" he continued. The little handcuff key Bambi had dropped was clearly visible against the pale white skin of her breasts - partially peeking out from the depth of her cleavage. But Santa pretended he couldn't see it and instead he slowly trailed his fingers over the girl's soft smooth skin, causing her to react violently, especially when he tweaked her pert nipples. "Ho ho ho! It must be here. I just need a closer look!"

Bambi's young mind reeled. Santa Claus was abusing her tender breasts! No, worse than that, he was leaning in closer and his massive white beard and mustache tickled her sensitive skin terribly. *Oh god!* He was sucking her nipple into his mouth. Santa Claus was some sort of deviant! His tongue swirled around teasingly as his mouth and teeth pulled painfully at her delicate flesh. Bambi was terrified, but an exciting flash of electricity coursed through her inexperienced body and she couldn't stop herself from arching her back. Her eyes snapped open in shock and her nipples hardened in a way she'd never experienced. *What kind of magic was this?* Haden had never touched her like Santa was, much less used his mouth and tongue on her. Bambi thought her huge breasts were only good for grabbing and squeezing - but this was so different, so personal, so stimulating, so, so, so... Bambi would have moaned with terrifying pleasure if she hadn't been gagged.

Finally Santa came up for air and stared down at his pretty, frightened, self-bound captive. Bambi shivered at the bright gleam in his eyes. With a hearty ho-ho-ho Santa plucked the small handcuff key from between her stupendous breasts and held it up for her to see. "Ah! My treasure at last," he chuckled. "So kind of you to give me the key to yourself! I'll treasure it forever - or at least for the time being." Bambi's heart sank as she watched Santa take the tiny key, the only means of her escape, and place it in his coat pocket. But Santa was far from finished with pretty Bambi, and she knew it.

"Mmmmm! Mmmmm!" Bambi tried to scream around her gag. Santa did the unthinkable - he removed her tiny panties, cutting them away with an evil knife he pulled from deep in his red trouser pocket. She turned bright red with embarrassment. Santa looked directly at her pussy, spread wide by the awful ropes she'd tied to her own ankles. He admired the tiny patch of silky hair she'd just shaved into the shape of a small heart, leaving her nearly hairless. No one but Haden was ever supposed to see that! Even the thought of showing herself to Haden had caused her to nearly panic - and now Santa was practically touching her private place. Oh god! No! Santa really was touching her. He was stroking the space between her legs, running his fingers through the fine hair. "Mmmmmm!" *No! No! This can't be happening. Oh God!* Santa parted her lips and ran a finger through her wetness.

"Ho ho ho!" Santa crooned. "How thoughtful of you to make sure my present was all warmed up and ready to go!"

Bambi squirmed violently under Santa's touch, but her bonds prevented her from escape. She had no idea how sexy her manic thrashing made her look.

Santa unexpectedly slipped two fingers into Bambi's wet snatch with a fast, deep thrust. Her back arched and she screamed into her gag. Every muscle strained against her bonds. Despite her thrashing, she could see how Santa smirked behind his fake beard and mustache. He fucked her with his fingers quick and hard. He stared into her pretty, terrified eyes and then did the unthinkable. Santa brought his face down between Bambi's legs, closer and closer to her abused little pussy.

*What is he doing? Oh god, oh no! What does he want? Aaagghh!* Santa's scratchy beard tickled Bambi's inner thighs, but the real shock came as something warm and wet swiped across the top of her pussy. *No, no, no! It's impossible. It's disgusting. This can't be happening!*

Even as he continued to finger fuck Bambi, faster and faster, Santa raked his tongue across the poor girl's clit. He tortured the little nubbin, teasing it out and swirling around and around. Her juices were lovely and flowed freely as her body responded to Santa's expert stimulation.

*Oh god, oh god, what's happening? What's happening?* Bambi was overwhelmed with terror and some new feeling - something taking over her mind and her body. She wanted to fight it. It was wrong! It was so wrong and the Santa who was causing it was deviant, horrible, perverted! She couldn't give in to him. She had to be good. She had to....

Seventeen-year-old, self-bound, gorgeous, voluptuous blonde Bambi Drude had the first orgasm of her life as her body shivered uncontrollably under the terrifying attentions of a complete stranger - a black man dressed as Santa Claus.

What a wildcat, Astin Cink thought as he stood back and watched the gorgeous blonde writhe through the end of a massive orgasm. He remembered the camera and he grabbed it, bringing it in close to capture the mix of emotions on her face, then panned down across her fantastic bound body to immortalize the wet, swollen status of her recently finger-fucked cunt. God, he thought, she is going to be so tight. Nobody has stretched this little bitch out!

He really loved the look of fear on the girl's pretty face. Who knew abject terror could be such a turn-on. It must be driving her crazy to know that she put herself in this vulnerable position! But it just added to the fun. *What was her name again? Bambi! God, what a stupid cunt-name. Bambi the self-bound Bimbo!* Ha. He loved it.

Astin put the camera back on the dresser, making sure it had a good shot of the bound babe, then he went to get himself another cold beer before the next round. He was pretty sure that leaving her on her own, helpless, would just amp up her anxiety.

Bambi tried hard to get control of her panic. She'd been horribly defiled by the fake Santa and she was fairly certain she'd actually allowed him to give her an orgasm! She was so ashamed and humiliated - and now he was gone, leaving her helpless on the bed. She concentrated on breathing through her nose, willing her heartbeat to come back down towards normal. *Oh god, where was he?* As much as she hated and feared him, it was torture to be left alone like this.

The petite girl tried her bonds again, but it was no use. She'd followed the directions too perfectly. If only she could get herself free before he came back. But no amount of tugging or twisting had any affect on the tight ropes or the evil handcuffs.

Panic was once again overtaking Bambi as Santa finally, mercifully, returned to the bedroom. But the sight of him did the opposite of calming her - it sent her panic through the roof. For Santa had returned with half of his costume missing - the lower half. He still wore the bright red, white-trimmed jacket, but his pants and boots were gone. Thus there was nothing to hide Santa's enormous, erect, curving black penis.

It's difficult to gasp when you have an over-sized ball gag strapped into your mouth, stretching your lips, making your jaw ache and making you nearly drown on your own drool. But the expression of a gasp lit up pretty Bambi's face nonetheless when she took in Santa's gigantic phallus. *It was impossible.* The only dick she'd ever seen was Haden's - five inches long at it's worst, and hardly bigger than a hot dog. The cock she was looking at now must be ten inches long and as big around as her wrist!

"Ho, ho, ho!" the fake, black Santa chortled at Bambi's erotic expression of terror. "Do you like what you see, princess? I bet you can't wait!" Santa approached Bambi and towered over her quivering form. "Oh yeah, I can see you're ready for it. Aren't you? Ha! Why else would you tie yourself up for Santa? Ha!"

*No, no, no, this can't be happening!* Bambi thought. But even as she did, the evil Santa pulled two of the pillows from behind her back and pushed them under her round ass. In the process, her arms were stretched higher above her head until she was nearly hanging from her handcuffs and her ass was lifted well off the mattress. Her legs were forced even wider apart. *What's he doing? No, no, what?*

In her new position Bambi felt even more vulnerable and exposed - and indeed she was. She looked up to find that Santa was kneeling between her legs, towering over her with his huge erect cock pointing out over her stomach. She tried so hard to scream, but the gag was simply too big and stifling.

Please Santa! Please don't rape me with that huge thing!

Astin Cink looked down at the gorgeous little white bimbo, with her fantastic boobs and her terrified face. What a package to find all tied up and waiting! If she didn't want to get fucked, then why had she put herself in this position?

Aston swirled the head of his cock around in the entrance to the babe's pussy and enjoyed the sight of her writhing and fighting, as if there was anything she could do to stop him. God, she was going to be so tight! He had to force his big cock inside of her, stretching her open. He loved the way her back arched as he started to invade her.

Once he was a couple of inches buried into the warm little cunt, Astin grabbed the girl by her hips and lifted her ass even higher. He wanted to stay upright so that he could better see the look on her face when he buried his cock in her cunt as far as possible. *God, she's tight! Fuck me, this is going to be good.* But he waited, letting the anticipation build up, moving his cock in and out only half an inch. He let it sink in that the petite girl was completely in his power - helpless.

Oh god, Santa's cock is so big! It's too big. It's going to rip me apart. Oh god, please, no! This is wrong, this is wrong. Why is he waiting? What's happening? Please! I don't understand. Aaaagghhhh!

Santa's cock speared into Bambi's young pussy and every muscle in her body contracted at the terror of the massive invasion. It felt like he was pushing up into her lungs. He slammed into something deep inside of her - something Haden's little prick had never touched. As Santa pulled back it felt like two feet of cock was slowly being extracted. He slammed into her again. Aaaagghhhh! Then again. The pain was frightening, but also exciting. Ohhhhh!

Bambi's white-bearded black rapist set up a steady, quick pace as he fucked his long thick cock deep into her pussy. The pain of him ramming into her inner organs soon gave way to intense, but unwanted, feelings of pleasure. He was so big! He filled her up so much! The stimulation of his fast, violent fucking was too much for her young, dim mind to handle. Bambi felt that same strange sensation building up and building up.

Oh god, oh god, what's happening?

Climax overtook Bambi. Her body shook violently as wave after wave of orgasm coursed outwards from her raped pussy. For the second time, Santa gave her the gift of total sexual satisfaction and Bambi couldn't stop herself from reveling in it. It was so wonderful! So amazing! Even as tight as her pussy was, she squeezed even harder at Santa's magnificent tool. Her body was begging him to fuck her on and on forever. Whatever it would take to keep this marvelous, overwhelming sensation going.

But Santa was only human, after all. And the sight of the hot blonde bimbo under his complete control, bound writhing on the bed as she had a massive climax was incredibly stimulating. Not to mention how tight her pussy was as it gripped his cock! Wave after wave of incredible pressure rolled along his long tool as he thrust deep inside her.

Bambi felt Santa cum, explosively, deep in her young womb. He pushed in hard and deep and his huge cock throbbed inside of her as blast after blast of his hot baby seed deposited inside her. Even with her orgasm still flooding her brain, she felt panic at the thought of Santa's semen filling her unprotected body. Had she taken her pill? She couldn't remember! But still, Bambi quivered in ecstasy and despite her terror and disgust she wished that Santa would just keep fucking her forever!

Pulling his long and very satisfied cock from the girl's tight pussy, Astin twisted and cleaned it off on the outrageous candy-striped stockings she wore. She was still coming down from her orgasm. Her face was a contrast of emotions - fear, pleasure, excitement, revulsion - her eyes glittered. *God she was hot!* *Was he going to have time to use her again?* The hot little babe made him want to do all kinds of stuff he'd never had a chance to do before.

Astin rose and grabbed the camera. He panned across the girl's hot, raped body - making sure he got a close shot of her fantastic face, then zoomed out to show, again, how totally vulnerable she was. He stopped the camera and backed up the tape to watch himself fucking her. It was amazing! He couldn't wait to show this to a couple of friends. They'd be so fucking envious.

A loud, impatient noise came from the front of the house and Astin froze, ready to run. But he realized it was just the present he'd delivered. Still, his heart raced and he realized he needed to be more careful. What time was it, after all? How much longer until the dumb bimbo's idiot husband came back? The noise came again and Astin realized he was going to have to do something about it.

And that's when Astin Cink got a really great idea.

Bambi watched the half-naked Santa leave her again. She concentrated to get her breathing under control and cursed the nasty gag one more time. *Why in the world had she put the gag in her mouth?* For that matter - why had she done any of this? She'd set out to give herself to her new husband - fulfill his fantasies - only to be used horribly by some guy in a Santa suit. A guy with a huge cock! A guy who really knew what he was doing. Another shiver passed through her young body at the recent memory of her wild, overwhelming orgasm as Santa had raped her. What was wrong with her?

Hopefully the evil Santa was gone - fleeing into the night before her husband returned to find him. But no, the video camera was still pointing at Bambi, on her bed, as the little red light teased her unmercifully. "You're not just tied up, Bambi," it said. "You're on film! What are you going to do if he takes the film with him, Bambi? Eh?" *Oh god!* The thought was unbearable.

Bambi looked up as Santa walked back into the room. For half a second she was grateful to see that he'd put his trousers back on. She didn't have to be mesmerized by the sight of his huge phallus - tortured by the memories of how much she'd liked him ramming it deep inside of her. But her relief lasted only half a second when she saw what the awful Santa led into the room just behind him.

It was a huge, beautiful dog - an Alsatian. There was a big red bow tied to his black and silver collar. Santa led him in by a leash, smiling evilly behind his bushy white beard and mustache. As Bambi watched, Santa plucked a tag from the dog's collar and held it up to read to her.

Even before Santa read the tag, Bambi knew that the huge canine was the present her husband had gotten her for Christmas. She'd been begging for them to get a dog - making up all kinds of excuses, like feeling more secure at home alone while Haden was on the night shift - but never in her dreams had she imagined getting such a huge, fierce beast.

"Merry Christmas, baby," Santa read from the tag. "This is Thor, and he's a real sweetheart - I promise." Santa looked into Bambi's frightened eyes and said "Oh yeah, a real sweetheart, I'm sure." Then he patted the bed between Bambi's trembling knees and said "Come on Thor, good boy, come on!"

The huge dog leapt onto Bambi's bed and her heart felt like it stopped cold in her chest. *Oh my god! NO! NO! NO! This can't be happening!*

Santa unhooked the dog's leash, stood back, and grabbed the camera from the dresser. The look of terror on the pretty girl's face had to be preserved and shared!

A strong smell of wet, recent sex and desperate fear rolled off of the woman on the bed. It was intoxicating. The big dog, Thor, might have marveled at how the small woman struggled uselessly against the ropes and handcuffs if he was anything more than a big dumb canine. As it was he only sensed the terror she gave off - fear of him. That he could understand and appreciate. Thor felt a familiar stirring in his loins. Clearly the bitch was cowering and offering her obedience. It was time to take possession of this unexpected gift.

Thor stepped forward and towered over the bound woman. She made muffled sounds indicating her fear of him. That was as it should be. But she kept staring into his face with her huge, glistening eyes and that was unacceptable! What was wrong with her? How could she cower and challenge at the same time? It was not to be tolerated! Thor let out a low, menacing and commanding growl and bared his long sharp teeth in the recalcitrant bitch's face.

With a mewling of terror, the woman snapped her eyes shut and struggled to turn her head away from Thor's beastly power. Finally, the big dog thought. To reward the cowering bitch for her obeisance he stepped back, drop to his belly between her outstretched legs and ran his huge tongue along the inside of her thigh, above the colorful silk stockings, and up into the odiferous valley of her wetness.

No, no, no! This can't be happening! It's impossible. Oh god, no, please! Please!

The huge dog's strong rough tongue raked across Bambi's cunt lips and sent massive waves of shock and disgust through her young body. She couldn't stop her body from arching her back and digging her heels into the mattress, giving the awful beast even better access to her cum-oozing slit. She dared to sneak a peek only to see Santa capturing her horrible humiliation and degradation on camera. She flicked her eyes down towards the dog and was met with another horrifying growl of displeasure. She snapped her eyes closed again, which only amplified the sensations from the dog's fat tongue as he slobbered at her juices.

"God damn, that's the most amazing thing I ever saw," the evil black Santa proclaimed. "Wow, look at that tongue!"

Indeed, the huge tongue was invading deep inside Bambi's recently raped cunt. And his cold wet nose kept rubbing against one inner thigh and then the other. Hot and cold combined to torture her. But Bambi's body was betraying her, already. Bambi's inexperienced young body was telling her that the torture wasn't torture - it was something wonderful, something fantastic. Already her thighs were quivering in anticipation.

No, no, please no! Not from a dog! I can't. Please! NOT FROM A DOG!

But the dog's rough tongue scratched hard across Bambi's clitoris, as if he was actually trying to take her over the top. And over the top she went. A huge, undeniable climax flooded her mind and body. Her perfect seventeen-year-old body convulsed under the dog's savage control. As she bucked on the bed in uncontrolled spasms of lust her big perfect breasts bounced about like balloons released into a whirlwind.

Bambi screwed her eyes closed and screamed in a long, tortured scream that came out of her gagged mouth as a muffled "MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

"Oh yeah, this shit is gettin' real!" Santa proclaimed.

Bambi snapped open her eyes to find herself eye to eye with her canine master and his menacing sharp teeth. She'd learned her lesson and she immediately ducked her head as much as she could, looking down to avoid his eyes. But this just gave her a much more terrifying sight.

The huge mongrel was straddling her body, standing over her like a conqueror. And as Bambi looked down, between her white skin and his soft brown fur she saw something that turned all of her other terrors into minor annoyances. The dog's huge scarlet phallus had slipped from its furry sheath. It pointed straight at her, only inches from her unprotected, lubricated, warm tight cunt!

No, no, no. Pleeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeease! This can't be happening! Oh my god! No! AAAAAAAGGGHHHHH!

Thor grasped Bambi's waist, hunched his massive back and he made her his bitch. He claimed her, as only an alpha can fully claim a subservient bitch. There was nothing subtle or gentle or romantic about it. He slammed his hot red cock into her, embedding it fully in one swift, violent thrust. And then, feeling that he had found his mark, he started fucking his new bitch as only a dog can fuck. The speed of his thrusts was like the action of a sewing machine. His thrusts were almost too fast to see. And every thrust went from the tip to the root of the thick, eight-inch red cock.

"MMMMMMMMM!" Bambi screamed as the dog skewered her faster than her mind could follow. The dog was big! Not as long as the awful black Santa, but just as thick. And he fucked so fast. She'd only barely begun to come down from her orgasm when Thor took her, and now she writhed and quivered, humiliated by a dog-cock induced climax. But there was nothing she could do. No matter how defiling or degrading the experience her body told her it was magnificent.

"God damn that's hot!" Santa declared, pouring fuel on Bambi's fire of misery.

Oh god, what's happening now? What's... Oh my god! OHHH!

The beast's cock swelled even thicker inside the petite woman. It stretched her farther than she thought possible. Impossibly, Bambi's panic increased. It felt like he was going to tear her apart.

Two things happened in very quick sequence. First, the dog thrust his cock as deep into Bambi's tight pussy as he could get, straining against her cervix and holding fast to let the knot at the base of the cock balloon inside her. The knot was impossibly large and only later, when it was pulled from her tight snatch would Bambi realize just how large. But in the moment it felt as if someone had inflated a volley ball just inside her pelvis. And second, a rush of hot pressure filled Bambi from her very core and she knew that the canine beast had committed the ultimate act of defilement of her, his new bitch. He had let loose his vile, hot dog-cum deep in Bambi's womb. And from the feel of it it was a massive release of his repulsive doggy-seed.

And through it all, Bambi quavered in orgasmic ecstasy.

Astin Cink didn't remember when he'd dropped his Santa trousers again, but his long straining cock was in his hand and he stroked it furiously even as he carried around the camera to get all the best angles of the little white slut's defilement. He'd hoped to get the dog to lick her wet pussy - but having the dog actually rape her was beyond his wildest imaginings. And he had the whole thing on film! It was going to be worth a fortune.

That was all wonderful, but Astin's cock was ready to explode! He would happily take the blonde bimbo again - maybe even use her ass - but the big dog was still tied to her. What the hell, maybe he could use her mouth. Yeah, that would be hot!

Astin started to kneel on the bed next to the girl, but the big dog snapped at him and gave off a growl that was as clear as if he started talking. "Mine!" the big dog had stated emphatically. Astin jumped back, out of the dog's reach. But as long as the huge animal was tied to the bitch, Astin still had some room to maneuver. He went to the head of the bed and knelt next to Bambi's gorgeous face, out of the dog's reach.

Bambi looked up at Astin with more wide-eyed terror. The dog's knot must be scaring her to death, he thought. Damn, she was so pretty and hot and fucking sexy - even with a dog's cock rammed up into her tight little cunt. Astin couldn't wait any longer. The camera pointed down at Bambi's fantastic, erotic face and he stroked his long cock with vigor. He came spectacularly. Hot, thick ropes of cum cascaded out of this feverish cock and streaked across the girl's face. Again and again. Her face was quickly coated with Astin's jism.

The dog growled low and menacing at the interloper and Astin quickly backed off again, afraid the dog might pull out of the girl and come after him. But his climax had been spectacular and he couldn't help but taunt the girl over the way he, too, had defiled her.

"Ho, ho, ho," Astin chortled in his best belly-laugh impersonation of Santa Claus. "What wonderful Christmas presents you've given me, my dear. A nice hard fuck! A first class peep-show and now, the perfect cum dump! You truly are Santa's best delivery ever! Sorry I can't clean you up, my dear. But maybe your new lover will clean up his new bitch with his tongue!"

The nasty, stinging words were barely out of Astin's mouth before he realized that the dog was struggling to pull his swollen cock out of the bimbo's cunt. He backed away but he made sure he was getting it all on film. Bambi arched her back in agony and screamed into her gag. The dog pulled and strained until a huge knot, the size of a softball, along with eight inches of hugely swollen red dick plopped out of the girl's pussy all at once. A stream of thin dog cum immediately poured out of her.

It was all so fucking amazing! Astin couldn't believe his luck. He was concentrating so hard on filming every second of the girl's humiliation that he didn't immediately realize he'd gotten too close to her again. And that's when the huge dog attacked, instinctively recognizing a rival to his possession of the hot bitch.

Thor lunged and knocked Astin to the floor. Astin scrabbled back and leapt to his feet, grabbing his Santa trousers as he bolted for the door. The dog gave chase and Astin barely beat him down the hall to the entry room. Thor managed to get the leg of the trousers in his teeth and Astin spun around as he was pulled up short, hanging on to the trousers for his life. A black man running down the streets of this neighborhood with his dick flapping in the breeze was not going to go over well, not even at two in the morning. Thor pulled at the trousers and Astin pulled back, but he needed both hands. He lost the camera, but he got two hands on the trousers and ripped them away from the growling monster. He was out the door, slamming it in the dog's ravaging face a second later. He had to duck into the bushes to pull his trousers back on, then he sprinted for his van and squealed away from the little house.

The camera lay on the floor of the entryway, filming sideways down the hall as the huge dog quietly padded back to the bedroom where his new bitch was waiting for him.

Haden Drude finally got home on Christmas morning, but not until nearly four. He was exhausted from an extra half-shift, but he was also excited to see his beautiful young wife and find out what she thought of the present he'd gotten her. He sure wished he could have seen the look on her face! Little did he know that later, on film, he actually would get to do just that.

It was a bit odd that the front door wasn't locked, but that was probably just from the excitement of Bambi meeting Santa and greeting her present. She was such an airhead and she was always forgetting stuff like that. It was one of the reasons he'd decided to grant her wish and get her a dog. She really would be safer with a big, protective dog around the house. He'd like to see someone try to come in and attack his wife with Thor there. Ha!

Why the hell was the video camera in the middle of the floor? "Bambi," Haden called out - loud enough for her to hear him but hopefully not loud enough to wake her if she'd fallen asleep. "Baby?" He picked up the camera and then he saw the note taped to the mirror. What the heck? he thought. Why would his present from Bambi be in the bedroom instead of under the tree in their little living room. "Baby?" he said one more time, a bit louder, but he didn't hear anything in return. She must be asleep.

Haden headed to the kitchen for a beer, where he was surprised to find three empties on the counter and only one Bud left in the fridge. He just chocked it up to Bambi getting distracted, as usual. He could get another six pack later, no problem. He chugged the beer, then decided it wasn't too late to tip-toe down the hall and crawl into bed with his sleeping wife. It did occur to him that he hadn't seen or heard the dog since he'd come home. He figured the big guy was probably exhausted and was curled up next to the bed - 'cause he was sure Thor and Bambi would were going to really hit it off. Thor was such a great dog.

As he tip-toed down the hall, Haden stripped off his work clothes and left them in a pile. Naked, and excited to see his wife, with a bit of a stiffy going on in his small cock, Haden pushed open the bedroom door, hoping it wouldn't creak. He stepped into the room and stared in amazement.

For the third time that fine Christmas morning, the huge dog fucked Bambi in that ferocious way that only a possessive alpha hound could fuck. Her back was arched and every muscle strained at the vicious but glorious attack. Bambi Drude, who'd never experienced anything like an orgasm before this fateful Christmas, had lost track of the number of massive climaxes she'd experienced as she was raped over and over again - with incredible tongue lashings in between that keep her arousal nearly constant.

Bambi was at the point of mental and physical collapse at the moment her husband tip-toed into the bedroom to find her self-bound on the bed, with the huge dog Thor raping her with everything he had. As Haden stood, stunned, the dog completed his tie with his bitch, yet again, and flooded her insides with his hot, thin, dog-seed.

Looking over the dog's massive shoulder, Bambi saw her husband standing, gaping and naked. His little cock stood straight out from his body, pointing at her as if it was accusing her of some terrible crime. Her husband's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets and he couldn't speak. He turned bright red and then, surprisingly, he fainted dead away at the foot of the bed.

*My savior,* Bambi thought and then her eyes rolled back in her head as another wave of ecstatic orgasm claimed her mind and body.

Part II: December 24, 2016.

Beautiful Bambi Drude was excited, as she always was in the final hours of Christmas Eve. Her makeup was perfect - an hours work! She had a new negligee, red and diaphanous, with faux white fur along the trim - as usual. She was nearly ready for the best night of the year. It was the twentieth anniversary of that fateful first Christmas eve night, the first time she'd carefully, and terrifyingly, bound herself helplessly in her bed.

At thirty-seven, Bambi was still an incredibly hot piece of ass - with a fantastic set of breasts that hadn't sagged a millimeter. And she knew it. She turned and flashed a brilliant smile at one of the hidden cameras. There were six cameras, to catch every angle of the night's festivities. Bambi shivered at the thought of being filmed, again, when she had no idea what might happen soon. She licked her ruby lips, adjusted her huge breasts and blew a kiss to the camera.

Bambi had chosen the stockade for her bondage tonight. It was such an evil, desperate device. And once she was in it she would be totally helpless and vulnerable. It was terrifying. She loved it. But it was so terrifying that only twice before had she chosen to use it on Christmas morning. Bambi knew that the evil stockade had the tendency to bring out the very worst of a man's deviant desires. Haden made the stockade for her himself, welding the stainless steel device to the exact right size for his tiny, gorgeous wife. It was already in place in the middle of her bed, secured by hidden supports that bolted it down. Bambi sat on the edge of her bed and stroked the cold, frightening steel. Again, she shivered.

The clock in the hallway chimed midnight. It was Christmas. There were only a few more minutes. Santa would show up soon - a new Santa - a stranger. Oh my! Bambi shivered - to put yourself into the hands of a complete stranger, helpless, bound and powerless - it was so terrifyingly wonderful.

But she still had a few minutes. Bambi pulled out her Christmas scrapbook. Twenty years of binding herself for the deviant use of complete strangers - strangers arranged by her wonderful Haden. Strangers hired to deliver a surprise, early morning Christmas present. Strangers who couldn't resist the opportunity provided by finding a voluptuous, hot, terrified young woman bound seductively in outrageous Christmas lingerie.

Bambi flipped through the scrapbook. There was Astin Cink - although she never did know his real name - the first of three black Santa's who'd come to her over the years. Her first Santa. The man who started it all when he terrified her, raped her and set a dog on her. It made Bambi tremble to remember how terrified and humiliated she had been.

She turned the pages, slowly. There was the tall, thin Santa, her third, who'd been the first man to ever use her ass. Oh, it had been so exciting and so frightening. And there, a couple of pages later, was her one and only female Santa. Hadn't that been an exciting surprise? The woman had raped Bambi brutally, with a huge strap-on dildo Haden had left at the scene. Bambi reached out to stroke the photo, remembering how vulnerable she'd been as the woman brought in a huge Great Dane and helped the dog take her in her ass.

Bambi turned more pages, reverently, remembering all of her wonderful Christmas morning surprises. Stranger after stranger - totally in control of her petite form - torturing her body and her mind endlessly, then introducing her every year to a new, huge canine. Oh! There was her seventh Santa, the one who had left her helplessly bound on a giant X, only to return twenty minutes later with three friends! That gang-bang was one of the highlights of Bambi's Christmas experiences. A few pages later she fondly reminisced over the man who'd figured out how to force himself underneath her splayed, bound body, so that he could take her in the ass at the same time the huge Bernese Mountain dog fucked her from above. Such a lovely picture.

Did any of the Santa's imagine that they were filmed as they raped her? Did they know that Haden and Bambi watched the events over and over, reveling in her helplessness, getting off on how the Santa's took advantage of her? And every time, without fail, the Santa's wanted the dogs involved.

So many wonderful, frightening, stimulating memories! Here was Bambi in the stockade for the first time, shivering in fright as a fat, short Santa knelt behind her and started to fuck her with ferocious need. He was the same Santa who wasn't satisfied to have her fucked by the German Shephard he'd delivered. He'd gone exploring the house and discovered the kennel in back, where eight huge dogs were kept - eight of Bambi's wonderful Christmas presents from her wonderful husband, Haden. She loved all of them! It was only too sad that her lovely Thor was no longer with them. But what a rush to be raped, repeatedly by nine different dogs in one night, while a fat fuck of a fake Santa made her swallow his cum over and over again for hours! Oh, god! She was so excited.

Bambi chuckled at another set of photos, from 2012. That was the strange night when Santa immediately untied her and then begged for her to tie him up in her place. She'd really gotten into it - raping his ass with the strap-on, then coaxing the night's big dog to take the man as well.

And finally, Bambi touched a picture at the end of the book with trembling fingers. It was the Santa who had shown up with the whip. How had he known? Oh, the pain, the wonderful, wonderful pain!

It was time. Bambi slid the book back into the bottom drawer of her dresser and she faced the bed. The evil stockade waited for her. Her heart was beating so fast and her nipples were so stiff they ached. Her pussy was a sopping mess. She moved to the middle of the device, settling on her knees and carefully spreading her legs wide until her ankles were positioned over the bottom half of the metal circles that would encircle her ankles. She carefully closed the top half of each cuff over her ankle, binding her tight. The click as the lock of each cuff caught sent a slash of terror through her body and she had to fight, as usual, not to tear at the horrible metal that bound her. But she knew it was no use. The key was safely out of reach on the dresser - there only in case her visitor wanted to use it.

Still kneeling, Bambi picked up her trusty huge red ball gag. Even after all these years it was a struggle to get the big red ball past her lips and teeth and she immediately felt saliva filling her mouth, trying to choke her. But with practiced ease she secured the awful straps behind her head and pulled her thick blonde curls out from under the tight leather.

The neck was next. Bambi leaned forward until her stomach was resting on the small padded platform and then her neck was resting in the top half of the loop. This part was so terrifying. How could she do this to herself? She would be completely helpless. Oh god, oh god! She pulled the top half of the stainless steel hoop over her neck and heard the ominous click as the lock engaged. She was trapped! Even if she didn't bind her wrists she would be helpless - at the hands of a complete stranger and his (or her) deviant, nasty, horrible needs.

But she did bind her wrists. She brought them down to the level of the mattress, resting her elbows and placing her wrists into the spring-loaded cuffs. She wasn't sure she could do it. Her panic was overtaking her faster than she could handle it. *Oh god, please, please, oh god, no, no, don't!* But she did. She pushed her wrists down and the cuffs sprang closed.

Bambi was completely immobilized in the bondage stockade. Her large breasts felt heavy as they hung under her. The barest hint of fabric covered her inviting, open sex. Arrayed behind her was a collection of toys - anything a would-be rapist might want to use - even a small whip. Everything was perfect.

She was just in time. Bambi heard the doorbell ring and she stiffened in fear and anticipation. It rang again, then again, impatiently.

Oh who would it be this time? What would he, or maybe she, want? What new horror would Bambi have to face? *Oh god, oh god, what was she doing? No, no, no! Please, let me go! NO!*

Bambi heard the sound that nearly stopped her heart every year. Her panic escalated until she could barely manage to breath. She heard the creak of the hinge her husband had never, ever, oiled. A complete stranger, anonymously disguised as Santa Clause and delivering a new huge randy dog, crept into Bambi's home, wondering what he might find inside.

The end