Feed the Fire

Tue Jan 1, 2008 03:5972.24.168.81

Nightguy

Claire lay quietly in the trunk of the car as it made its way down the

highway. She didn’t know where she was going, and that made her nervous. But

then she felt she had good reason to be nervous because she was also naked and

bound. Ropes bound her hands and feet behind her, pulling her into a tight

hogtie, and her nude body was also encased in a burlap sack that itched

wherever it touched her. And while just being in the sack and in the trunk

would have been enough to blind her, she also had a pad of some sort taped

over each eye, rendering her blind.

All of this had her heart racing and despite the cold trunk she sweated

slightly as she pulled at the ropes that bound her. But her captor had done

his work well, they were far too tight to slip off, although Claire figured

that with enough time she could eventually escape. But escape to where?

She figured they were driving pretty fast, and every minute meant another mile

between her and her home.

How long had they been driving now? It was easy to lose track of time when you

couldn’t see and all you could hear was the rush of the road below you.

Every so often though, the car would slow and make a turn, and eventually one

of those turns led to a stop. They had arrived.

Claire braced herself for what was to come. All through this journey she had

wondered what her captor had planned for her, and was very nervous. Her active

imagination had conjured up many tortures that she might have to suffer, but

what did happen hadn’t entered her mind.

She felt, more than heard, her captor get out of the car, and all was silent

for a short while before she heard a fumbling at the trunk lid. It opened and

through the burlap sack she felt an instant chill as the relative warmth of

the trunk was swept away by lots of cold air.

Arms reached around her to pick her up, but before they lifted her she heard

her captor’s voice. “Not one sound.”

Afraid to speak, she stayed silent as she was pulled from the trunk, although

the ropes that bound her bit into her skin rather savagely. She only made a

small whine from the pain, but that was enough for her captor to speak once

more. “That’s gonna cost you.” He said.

Mentally kicking herself, Claire managed to stay silent as she was carried a

short distance and placed on a hard flat surface. It was easier on her wrists

and ankles now that she had been put down, but the surface was cold and the

sack did little to protect her nude body from the cold air. Claire wondered if

he was going to just leave her to freeze like this, but just as she was

starting to really shiver she felt something thick and soft laid over her,

protecting her from the cold, and she was glad.

There were more sounds, and soon she felt straps holding her down, pressing

her against the hard surface she lay on.

She wished she could see so she could find out where she was, but the pads on

her eyes did too good a job of robbing her of her sight. So she was again

surprised when she heard a motor start up close to her head, and with a lurch

she was moving again.

It took Claire a moment to figure out what was going on. She knew she was

being towed by something, with her bound to a trailer of some sort. What it

was that was towing her and where she was been taken, she had no idea. But if

the cold was any indication, maybe it was a snow mobile.

She had ample time to think about it though, for it seemed to her that they

were going a long way. And it wasn’t by road if the lurching and sliding she

felt the trailer doing was any indication. Her captor was taking her some

place very isolated.

The trip didn’t seem to last as long as her journey in the car, but long

enough to feel that civilization was far being them when everything came to a

stop. When the motor shut off it all became quiet, very quiet, and Claire

could easily hear her captor climb off his machine and move about in the snow

outside, for the crunch of snow underfoot was unmistakable.

This scared Claire. No doubt her captor was well dressed for snow, but being

naked Claire had no protection at all.

What was being planned for her?

She heard her captor walk away, and while he was gone she once again tugged at

her bonds. But she was still securely tied, and the straps holding her to the

trailer made any sort of movement even more difficult. Still, she kept trying

until she heard her captor return, and lay still and silent as the straps and

blanket were removed.

Once again her body felt the chill of the outside air and Claire had to stifle

a moan as she was picked up and carried a short distance, up some steps, and

placed on another hard, cold surface.

“Not one move,” said her captor.

Claire swallowed, but obeyed, and she lay quietly as the burlap sack was

opened and pulled from her naked body.

It was pretty cold without the sack and Claire began to shiver again. Still

she didn’t dare move or protest her treatment. She lay still as fingers found

her skin, brushing lightly down her sides and across her bare buttocks, before

moving on to untie the ropes that bound her.

Soon, all that was left on her was a single rope loosely binding her wrists

and the pads taped to her eyes, and she heard her captor stand up.

“Not until I’m gone,” she heard him say, and after the squeak of a closing

door, she felt she was alone. She didn’t move though until she heard the snow

mobile start up and the sound of its motor fade away into the distance. Not

until she was sure she was alone, and the cold forced her to, did she move.

She sat up and in less than a minute her hands were free. She carefully peeled

off the tape that held the pads to her eyes, and for the first time in hours

she was able to see where she was.

What she saw wasn’t encouraging.

She had been left in a small, one room shack, maybe twelve feet by twelve feet

in size. In one wall were two windows and a door, but that was it for getting

to the outside. Inside there was very little, a shelf with what looked like

supplies, a small pile of chopped up wood, and a large pot bellied stove with

a fire going in it. There was also a small cooking pot hanging on the wall

near the stove, and on the door were written two words in chalk.

“TWO WEEKS.”

“Shit,” Claire said, her first word for hours.

She got up from the hard wood floor and moved to the stove, which was putting

out a decent amount of heat. Claire figured that her captor must have just lit

it because the room was very cold, but the stove would eventually warm up the

small room she found herself trapped in, and trapped was the word.

After warming up a little, she padded over to the windows and looked outside.

All she could see was snow and bare trees. Evidently she was deep in some

forest, but where she had no idea. The shack sat in a natural bowl of some

sort because the ground sloped up everywhere from what she could see.

Everything was covered in snow, including a large pile of chopped wood about

twenty yards away from the shack, and what looked like an outhouse another

twenty yards in a different direction. Deep snow too, if the tracks left by

her captor were any indication, almost two feet deep in front of the outhouse.

“Shit, shit!” Exclaimed the naked girl, hugging herself against the cold.

She wondered how far away help would be, but figured that it really didn’t

matter. Without clothes she would not get very far at all in this environment.

Help could be on the other side of the hill, yet out of reach when freezing to

death was a real option.

Claire did try the door though, and it opened easily enough, letting in a

blast of cold air that made her shut it again. She wasn’t locked in, but that

didn’t really matter.

She was trapped.

So she turned her attention to what was in the room.

First, she added some more wood to the fire, thinking that she was going to be

doing a lot of that if she was going to be there for two weeks. And her

examination of the pile of wood stacked nearby told her that she would

definitely be heading outside to bring in more! Unless she wanted to just give

in right then and let the fire go out.

Which she saw was another problem. There was nothing to light the fire with.

She HAD to keep it going to survive, which worried her greatly, and she

wondered if she could do it.

But then again she had to, what choice did she have?

Shaking her head she moved to the shelf. On it were bundles wrapped in wax

paper, and Claire hoped it was food. It was, but only just. Claire recognized

it immediately when she opened one of the packages, a disgusting item called

Prison Loaf.

This was the stuff fed to inmates in some prisons when they complained about

the food, and this stuff made pretty much any meal seem great in comparism.

Made up of carrots which are finely grated and mixed with wheat bread, fake

cheese, spinach, beans, raisins and other ingredients to create what Claire

thought smelled like the food they serve in the elephant cage at the National

Zoo. It was disgusting, but would also keep her alive fairly well, as long as

she could stand to put it in her mouth.

She figured there would be no problems making what she had last two weeks.

“That asshole,” she said, referring to her captor, because she knew that HE

knew she hated the stuff, and now she was forced to eat it.

But then that was the point, wasn’t it. For Claire wasn’t some kidnapped

maiden held at the mercy of a unknown assailant. No, Claire was in fact on

vacation, a special vacation planned just for her by a friend of hers that was

always happy to help Claire out when she needed it. This friend was the only

one that knew about Claire’s fetish for bondage and forced nudity, and she

trusted him implicitly when it came to letting him take over and expand on

whatever crazy scheme she came up with next.

Such as…being trapped naked someplace with no hope of escape for at least a

week.

“Well it looks like Doug really outdid himself this time, the bastard,”

chuckled Claire as she rewrapped the loaf.

Of all the things she had expected, she hadn’t thought of being trapped alone

in a small shack in the middle of a winter wonderland, where she would always

be one step away from freezing to death.

Yes, she had gotten her wish, she was trapped.

Claire was soon to find out though that her captor wasn’t done with her

misery, for when she looked for something to drink, she found nothing. Nothing

that is, except for the little pot hanging on the wall. And she realized that

this was to be her only source of water, for with the put she need only step

outside, scoop up some snow, and then melt it on the stove.

This she did, steeling herself for the brief exposure. And that reminded her

of one more thing she had to deal with. There were no toilet facilities in the

shack, just the outhouse twenty yards away through the deep snow.

“That Bastard!” Claire growled, looking at it through the window, a pressing

need now making itself felt.

To use it, she would first have to dig it out. But she was naked, without even

shoes to protect her feet. Could she do it?

Claire knew it could be done, she had often surfed websites showing naked

women out in the snow. And if they could do it, surely she could.

But then, they were probably well paid for it.

Then again, Claire knew that for her it would be a matter of life and death.

Not the getting to the outhouse part, unless she wanted to REALLY make her

small shack miserable for the next two weeks, but eventually she would have to

go outside to get more wood for the stove. So going outside was not an option

she could skip.

“...,” she said, up on her toes now, her indecision letting her physical need

build.

Well, there was no time to dig out the outhouse right that second. So she

again braced herself for the cold, opened the door, and stepped outside.

There was a small porch covering the door to the shack, so there was little

snow to block the door. But the air was pretty cold and Claire didn’t care for

that all that much. But she forced herself to go down the steps and into the

knee deep snow where she spread her legs and peed where she stood. She would

have squatted more, but that would have been too much for her right then.

However she did notice something she hadn’t expected. The snow itself, while

obviously ice cold, was not as cold as the air. She had expected it to be the

other way around, but it was easier to take than she expected which made her

happy. But the air her body was exposed to was cold enough to make her quickly

head back in, and she stood shivering for several minutes by the hot stove as

her wet naked legs dried and got warm again.

She hated the thought of going out there again, but it was something she

simply had to do.

Doug had set things up very well, not only was she trapped in this situation,

but she was also being forced to work at simply staying alive!

So as she warmed up she put together a plan.

First, the outhouse. Once she got the door clear it would be pretty easy to

keep it clear unless there was a big snow fall. So the hard part would right

now, at the start. Then she wouldn’t have to worry about it as much as she

dealt with her other problem, wood.

She wondered if she should just work on bringing that entire pile into the

shack with her, rather than slip out to get wood only when she needed it. But

decided instead to just bring in as much as she could in a several trips until

she couldn’t stand going outside again.

She knew she had to watch for cold burns and frost bite, and she also knew

that she couldn’t stay out so long that her body temperature would drop too

far. That meant exposure in minutes, not hours. The same factors that wouldn’t

let her escape would prevent her from building up a huge stockpile of wood

inside the shack.

Just the thought of this made her miserable, yet what else could she do?

So, gathering her courage and a flattish piece of wood to use as a shovel, she

went back out and waded all the way through the deep snow to the outhouse

where she franticly dug away at the snow that blocked the door. Her digging

kept her warm and she almost forgot about the cold as she focused on her task,

and with a cry of celebration she shifted enough snow to open the door and

slip inside. Not that there was anything in there to be really happy about.

A wood floor, a plank with a hole in it the right height to sit on, and that

was it. No toilet paper or anything else. The only thing that could be said

about it was that it kept her out of the wind, otherwise it was pretty cold.

Swearing under her breath, Claire got out and ran back to the shack. Only once

inside did she realize just how cold she had gotten, and she stood as close as

she dared to the hot stove in order to dry off and warm up. The shack had

noticeably warmed up since she had been left there, but only up close was

there enough heat to push back the chill of being outside.

This time she felt the urge to cry. Doug had placed her in many challenging

situations in the couple of years she had known him, but this one seemed

overwhelming.

How could he expect her to do this?

But she knew she had to, and she knew that Doug would know that she had it in

her to finish what she had started.

Only once had Claire begged Doug to stop a game she had started with him, and

he punished her by refusing to help her again for six months. It was only then

that she realized just how much she needed these games to rescue her from the

mind numbing blandness of her regular life, and how much she needed Doug to

deal with her the way he did.

At one point in the couple’s relationship, they even tried dating each other.

But things simply didn’t work out, it never felt right to either of them. So

they went back to what worked. Claire and her submissive games, and Doug

taking her ideas and running things according to their agreed upon rules.

He had never broken a rule, never taken advantage of her or done anything to

betray her trust. But he was also very good at taking Claire to limits she

thought were a lot smaller than they were, and making her find out something

about herself that she wouldn’t have done without his help.

She was very, very glad to know Doug, her life would have been awful without

him.

So while she would curse his name every once and a while, and feel that he was demanding too much from her, she knew, deep down, that she would get through whatever he had planned for her. She had the strength, she could feed the fire.  
And she did.  
Each day she made five or six trips out to the wood pile, disturbed snow showering down on her naked body as she pulled an armful of wood out for the trip back to the shack. She would also make the journey to the outhouse several times a day, the God awful prison loaf keeping her pretty regular. Although she did have to use snow to clean herself up because of the lack of toilet paper, another indignity she had to suffer.  
Otherwise she stayed inside, keeping the fire lit and healthy. Sleeping little at night afraid that it would go out, but otherwise settling into a routine of sorts.  
With nothing else to distract her, no comforts to speak of even, she at first did a lot of thinking but eventually simply let her mind go silent, her focus on the fire and staying alive. After a week she reached what she liked to call her sub space, and dealing with the immediate was all she felt a need to do.  
At no time at all did she see another human being, and the solitude felt good to her. She felt like she was being cleansed, and as difficult as life was, she became glad of its simplicity.  
Naked, alone, with nothing to deal with but feeding the fire and feeding herself, she found peace.  
When she heard the approach of the snow mobile, Claire felt invaded for a moment, her peaceful world shattered. But she quickly realized that her time there had to end sometime. There was still plenty of wood, but food was running low. And now that the outside world was making itself known to her again, she began once again to miss things like, a comfortable place to lie down, real food…and even clothes.  
But she knew she had a few minutes before it was all due to end, so she took the time to feed the fire once more before tidying up what little she had.  
Then, according to the rules, she took her position in the center of the small room and knelt on the hard wood floor, head down, knee’s spread, hands behind her head. A submissive posture that she knew her captor would expect to see her in when he came in.  
And this was how she presented herself when the door opened once more, a cold wind blowing in behind her visitor.  
He left the door open, but Claire didn’t move from her position. Instead she remained still as the temperature dropped, as Doug walked slowly around her.  
“Is it time?” he asked her, knowing that in the end it was her fantasy, her game.  
Claire surprised herself by actually needed to think a moment about it, before nodding.  
Doug produced the burlap sack and held it open while Claire crawled into it. This time he didn’t bind her first, but he did seal up the end of the sack before picking her up and taking her out to where he had parked. He lay her on the trailer, and as before covered her with an insulated blanket before strapping her down.  
He went back to the shack to look at what she had left behind, and smiled to himself as he glanced up toward a dark corner where a wireless camera sat hidden in the wood work. Not for a moment had the inside of the cabin been unobserved during Claire’s stay, Doug being worried that despite her best efforts that the fire would go out and she would freeze to death. So he kept an eye on her, the camera’s receiver warm and safe in the house on the other side of the hill, not a hundred yards from the shack yet completely out of sight.  
He could have been here in minutes had anything happened, but she hadn’t needed to know that and he wasn’t about to tell her. He might use this place again for one of her games, and he knew that her isolation was important to her.  
Still smiling, he dampened down the stove as best he could before walking back to where Claire lay covered and strapped to the snow mobile’s trailer. In an hour he would have her back to his car, where he would transfer her to the trunk for the drive back down the mountain to warmer temperatures. There was no need to dress her or bring her completely back to reality yet, he had no clothes for her anyway.  
For Claire, this was all a part of the game, and as the snow mobile started on its way, Claire, snug in her burlap cocoon, felt proud of what she had done.  
She had succeeded to feed the fire.