**Laura's Humiliation**

by dazed

Laura surveyed the bed very carefully. Everything was in place. It had been a very stressful week at work, and she was glad to see Saturday come. She was going to use the morning as some "me" time. Unknown to even her closest of friends, Laura had a secret fetish for being tied up. She was fascinated with bondage, and the idea of being helplessly restrained and at the mercy of someone else. It was her guilty pleasure.

She had researched it carefully and purchased some leather cuffs for her wrists and ankles. All the locks used the same key, so she only needed one. She laid the single key on the nightstand by the bed, closed the curtains, and locked the front and back door. She returned to the bedroom and began undressing. Just thinking about it was making her horny and wet.

Once naked, she laid her clothes over a chair and crawled onto the bed, where she began fastening the cuffs to her wrists and ankles. Once locked, she returned the key to the nightstand, ensuring she could reach it, and closed her eyes, conjuring up twisted fantasies of being bound naked and subjected to forced orgasms over and over as her helpless body was used.

The longer she lay there, the wetter she became between her legs. She strained at her bonds, testing the tightness and restraints of her self-imposed bondage. Suddenly her attention was drawn to the sound of car doors closing and voices talking and laughing in the distance. They were coming towards her house. She listened intently and gasped as she recognized some of the voices.

Laura had competently forgotten that she was hosting the welcome wagon planning committee today. Six women were standing at her door. She could hear the door bell ring. Her heart raced as she reached over for the key. In her nervous haste, her hand struck the key sending it over the other side of the desk and onto the floor, far out of reach. Laura was trapped!

Her only solace in that moment was the fact that she had locked the door. If she didn't answer it, maybe they would leave. She would make up an excuse and apologize later. It was then that she heard the front door open and the voice of her neighbor, Amy calling out.

"Yoo Hoo, anyone home!"

Laura again panicked. Amy was on the committee and she knew where Laura hid her spare house key. Laura was nearly in tears as she heard the footsteps coming up the steps to the hallway leading to her bedroom.

"Laura, you home?" Amy called out.

Laura wanted to scream for them not to come in, but to add to her dark desires, she had stuffed her mouth with a pair of her panties before binding her arms and legs. Now she was spread eagle, butt naked on her bed with six women about to burst into her bedroom.

"Oh my god!"

"What the hell?"

"She's butt naked!"

Laura's faced was etched in shame and despair as the women stood there ogling her body.

Amy rushed to the bed and yanked the panties out of Laura's mouth.

"Who did this to you? Were you robbed? Did they rape you? Someone call the police!" Amy blabbered.

"No!, it's alright. Don't call anyone. Please, reach me the key on the floor over there. I'll explain later," Laura replied shamefully.

It was then that another lady spoke up. "I bet she tied her own self up!"

"Did you?" Amy inquired almost in disbelief. "I want to know the truth!"

Shame again filled Laura's face as she nodded yes. "Please, this is so embarrassing. Promise you will not say anything to anyone about this, and hand me the keys so I can put some clothes on, please!"

Amy walked over to the other side of the stand, bent over and retrieved the key, but rather than hand it to Laura, she stood and looked at the other women.

"What do you think we should do. Give her the keys and let her dress, or punish her for being so naughty?"

The other women laughed and called unanimously for Laura to be punished for her lewd display.

"Please, No! Let me put my clothes on," Laura begged, only to watch Amy slip the key into the pocket of her jeans.

"In due time, but first, we are going to teach you a lesson," Amy beamed.

The six women walked back into the living room and began rummaging through the boxes of crafts and things they had brought to find something to torment Laura with. As luck would have it, they found a plastic bag full of feathers that had never been used.

Laura gasped as she looked up to the sight of six smiling women holding feathers in their hands.

"You ticklish?" Amy asked as she grinned wickedly.

"No. no, you can't do this. Let me up, please!" Laura begged as she tried to move from side to side.

In no time, she was surrounded by the women, and her entire body was being assaulted with tickle torture. They tickled the nipples of her tits, tormented her belly button and lower stomach, under her arms, behind her knees. One woman even took particular delight in running the feather over Laura's sensitive clit.

"Stop!, oh stop. I beg you. I can't take it!" Laura sobbed as she writhed on the bed in agonizing torment.

The women were merciless, attacking the soles of her feet, the crack of her ass, anywhere they could use a feather to inflict torment on the naked woman.

Stop! Oh god, I'm gonna pee myself!" Laura squealed in panic as the women laughed all the more.

When the nightmarish tickle torture was over, Laura lay gasping, her breasts heaving up and down, and her body covered in beads of sweat.

Amy reached into her pocket and retrieved the key, but before handing it to Laura, she picked up Laura's clothes and handed them to one of the other women.

"I'm going to let you undo yourself, but you are not permitted to dress the remainder of the meeting. You must stay naked, since you obviously enjoy it," Amy beamed.

As the women planned their next activity, Laura sat naked between them, feeling shamed and uncomfortable. Before they left, they made Laura dance in the middle of the living room to get her clothes back. They even took pictures of her moving her body and shaking her ass for them.

When the women finally left, Laura collapsed onto the couch, and flushed with new found shame at the ordeal she had went through, and vowing to get rid of those cuffs the very next day.