**Mindy's Moving Day**
Mindy looks around her bedroom: the stripped bed, the bare walls, the boxes and boxes of personal effects carefully labeled “For Donation.” Then she goes one last time to her dresser for a few items to pack in her overnight bag.

“Must remember to get someone to do this for me from now on,” She reflects, “After all, I can certainly afford it… and a brand new wardrobe as well!”

She glances through her sparsely-packed overnight bag, filled with just enough things to get her to the resort. She checks her plane ticket and – there! – the brand new checkbook with all her lottery winnings carefully deposited… enough to live a life of Luxury from now on!

“…so this is the last day of my old life,” She muses, “The last morning in this old house!” She looks around at the boxes, furniture and clothing that are all going o the Salvation Army. “Much better just to give all this stuff away to charity, now that I can afford better.” Likewise with the house: Mindy told Kerry, the Real Estate Lady, just to get a fair price for it and take care of all the details.

KERRY: Something about that woman… not the normal, hustling, fawning type. Her commanding presence, raven-black hair and vivid green eyes – and that tiny hint of mischief in her smile – sticks in Mindy’s mind as she tucks her ticket and checkbook carefully into her bag, thinking of the resort where she’ll relax for a few weeks while she decides what to do with her life.

Then, as she looks in the dresser drawers one last time, Mindy spots the handcuffs and ball gag!

“Can’t have anyone finding these!” she smiles as she thinks of her forays into “accidental” nudity, and the occasional bondage games… recalls with a pleasurable shiver how tightly she tied herself up last time… somewhere here there should still be a pair of high heels, a soft leather scarf – and the collar and leash!

Once the thought enters Mindy’s mind, she can’t shake it: “How about one last nudie-tie-up here in the old place? The movers won’t be here for hours, and my flight isn’t till…”

In short order, Mindy is clad only in a pair of high heels and a soft leather thong; her knees are hobbled with a soft leather scarf, she’s ball-gagged, cuffed, collared and leashed! She looks at herself in the mirror like this, seeing her pert breasts jiggle, her bare bottom bounce, and the leash flip about as she tries to turn her head in the wide, neck-arching collar, imagining that some hunky guy is tugging on it (Or maybe even a sexy gal – how about that Kerry?) as she minces about in her restraints. And she tingles with delight at the gentle caress of the soft leather scarf wound tightly about her knees, thrilling at the sexy swish it gives her hips as she moves among the boxes.

Time passes. Finally Mindy decides she must get loose again. But she can’t resist one last naughty bit: still in her skimpy attire and hampering bondage, she scoots carefully downstairs to the kitchen for a knife to cut her knee-hobbling scarf, tingling at the thrill of moving about practically naked in this hampering condition.

But no sooner does she reach the kitchen than she hears the front doorbell!

“Good Heavens!” she thinks, “Who can it be? Can’t let anyone see me this way! Maybe if I stay quiet, they’ll think no one’s home…” Heart pounding, Mindy crouches among the boxes in the kitchen and waits quietly for them to go away. But then there’s a key in the lock! “They’re coming in!!! What to do???”

Mindy hears the voice of Kerry the Realtor, “…left the key out front… moving today… real steal… shall we start upstairs?”

Horrified, Mindy hears them enter her house. She looks hopelessly down at her nine-tenths naked body and her awkward bondage. “Now what? Mustn’t let them catch me!”

Carefully, quietly, Mindy flips the latch of her sliding patio door and eases it open. She’s often been glad of the high fence and tick hedges around her back yard, but never more so than now as she slips outside and rubs the door closed with her bare bottom. “Now if I can just hide out here till they go… there’s the ornamental pond…”

Mincing cautiously across the lawn, acutely aware of the breeze across her naked breasts, Mindy reaches the pool and carefully lowers herself in. But “DAMN, it’s too shallow! Maybe if I try to get down in the muddy bottom…” she squirms down, feeling the icky mud soak into her high-heeled shoes and skimpy leather thong. But she realizes she’s only half-hid at best, and Kerry’s bound to bring her potential buyers out here… “No good! I’ve got to find someplace else…”

Dripping, mud-covered, her bare skin wet and glistening, shivering with cold and writhing in her wet bonds, Mindy somehow pulls herself out of the pond and makes for a thick spot in the shrubbery where she can hide and watch. As she scampers, the now-wet leather thong sags down below her hips, and the water-swollen knee hobble slips down to her ankles, nearly tripping her as she dives into the bushes. “Ouch! Darn those branches! Gotta wiggle deep inside here and hope they don’t see me! At leastways I won’t stand out so much, covered with mud like this!”

More time passes as Mindy cowers in the bushes: wet, filthy, naked, bound, gagged and terribly afraid of being discovered like this. “How embarrassing to be seen this way!! Must stay hidden! Surely they won’t be too long… will they? And when they go I can sneak back in and never try anything like this ever again!”

Then Mindy’s heart sinks as the Salvation Army truck pulls up.

She watches despairingly from her deep cover as husky, sweaty, hairy guys haul out boxes, furniture and all the rest. When the men take a beak for lunch, Kerry and the prospective buyers finally leave, but Mindy still can’t risk trying to sneak back in; just the thought of those guys seeing her – like this! – sends shivers up her naked spine.

So Mindy keeps crouching there in the bushes, sensing the breeze across her mud-covered, hampered form, tugging helplessly at her handcuffs, feeling the leather Gee-string dry and shrink below her bare bottom, but afraid to try to loosen it… or the tightly-knotted leather scarf that has slipped to her ankles…. Till at last the evening shadows lengthen and the movers leave. A plane passing overhead reminds her of her missed flight. “Oh well. There’ll be others. Main thing now is to get back inside!”

But as she crawls out of the bushes, Mindy finds that the once-wet scarf/knee-hobble that slipped to her ankles has dried and shrunk – pinning her high-heeled feet together! And hat awful Gee-string also slipped and shrunk… it now ties her thighs tightly side by side! “I can’t even stand up, much less walk anyplace!” she realizes, “And my hands are still cuffed behind me! How will I ever get to the Door?”

It’s a l-o-o-n-g, slow, worm-like crawl across the lawn, feeling the soft grass tickle her mud-covered breasts as she inches along, forced by her self-bondage to raise her bare bottom high as she slides her knees up under her, then \*flopps!\* forward, breasts slapping the grass, as she gathers strength for another step.

Curl…slide…and \*flopp!\*… curl… slide \*flopp!\*

“Ooogh! These things are tight! Gosh, what a picture I must make, crawling around all dirty and naked like this! Me, a woman of wealth! Tons of money, and here I am, tied up nude and helpless in my own back yard! Now I know what they mean by ‘Poor little rich girl!’ Must make it to the door!”

But when Mindy finally reaches the sliding patio door, she finds it locked! “Damn that Kerry and her thorough, organized mind! Now what??”

Then Mindy remembers the key hidden out front.

It’s dark and late before Mindy feels safe enough to worm her way around front, out to the mailbox at the curb, get ever-so-slowly to her high-heeled feet and retrieve the key. Then slowly down on her belly again, and more worm-like, as-wiggling, boob-slapping crawling down the walk to her door. But at last she gets in and slams the door shut with her bare bottom!

Inside, the house is empty but not completely dark, as the movers left a few lights on. Remembering that the curtains are gone, Mindy lower herself to the floor and crawls once again as best she can across the open, empty carpets. “The place looks so big and strange like this, with all my stuff gone!” Carefully, she makes her way upstairs.

WORSE LUCK!! “The overnight bag is gone – with all my checks and passbooks and cell phone and plastic! And … and my clothes!” Mindy realizes, “They’re all gone, too! There’s nothing left here at all! No clothes, no ID, no money… and no handcuff key! Everything I own is gone and I can’t even untie myself!”

Images flash through Mindy’s mind: she sees herself trying to get help, crawling with that ankle-bound, ass-raising motion that is now her only form of travel, out the door, down the street, all the way downtown to the Police… covered with dirt, her damp skin glistening under the harsh street lights, she imagines herself trying to explain all this, trying to prove her identity…

“Quite a fix, isn’t it?”

The voice scares Mindy out of her skin and she jumps – as best she can – and turns to see… Kerry!

Standing there in her smart business suit, Kerry smiles with mock severity at the helplessly displayed Mindy.

“You’re just lucky I caught a glimpse of you scampering out the back when I came in to show the house,” she chides as she produces a pair of heavy shears and cuts away the awful gee-string from Mindy’s thighs and the knotted leather scarf from her ankles. Mindy breathes a sigh of relief as Kerry removes her painful high heels and pulls her to her feet.

“To the shower with you! You’re filthy!”

“What’s she doing here?” Mindy wonders, “And why doesn’t she take off this awful gag and remove my handcuffs? And my collar?” But she follows obediently as Kerry takes her leash and helps her into the shower.

The warm water feels SO GOOD! On Mindy’s tender flesh as Kerry slathers soft liquid shampoo all over her hampered form.

“That’s better,” Kerry smiles, “but REALLY! A girl your age, out playing naked in the mud! When I saw all your clothes and the overnight bag… well honestly, Mindy, I’ve heard of Careless, but do you realize in the course of a single day you’ve managed to lose everything you own? Since you kept your cards, passbooks and PIN numbers all together, it was incredibly easy for me to transfer all your assets into my personal accounts. I’ve even sold your house! And you used to be so wealthy… now look at you: nothing left but a dog collar – and you can’t even talk!”

“Let’s see…” Kerry dries Mindy gently, then casually takes the leash that still dangles from her collar, slips it around, down Mindy’s back, and ties it to Mindy’s handcuffs – after puling them high up to her shoulder blades! She pauses for a moment to admire the way this forces Mindy to arch her back, thrusting her breasts upwards. “There! Now at least you won’t trip over your own leash. But I honestly think you need a keeper!”

As Mindy steps nervously from the shower, she finds she has to bend forward just to see in front of her, sticking her bare bottom shamefully out behind her, swishing lewdly with every terrified step. Kerry smiles even wider, puts on a single soft leather glove, and pushes Mindy’s round, pink bottom, propelling her gently but firmly out the door.

“Come along now,” Kerry pushes a bit harder, cupping her gloved hand under Mindy’s delicate cheeks, “On tip-toe. And raise those knees high – higher!” And Mindy scampers forward, her back arched tautly as the leash tugs on her cuffed wrists with each prancing, tit-swinging, butt-jiggling step.

“I’ll take you to my place for a bit,” Kerry smiles, “It’s a large, wooded estate, and you can run about in the nude as much as you wish while I decide how I’m going to spend your money.”

Mindy moans through her gag in protests as Kerry eases her out the door and locks it, trapping Mindy outdoors naked once again. Mindy darts behind the shrubbery near the porch and cowers there while Kerry continues:

“Of course, you don’t have to come with me if you don’t want to,” Kerry’s eyes widen just a bit at the sight of all that naked Mindy-flesh, almost glowing in the pale moonlight. “But really, I’m afraid you’ll get terribly chilly traipsing around town in THAT outfit!”

She walks boldly out to her car and waits by the curb.

“Well?”

Mindy cringes in the shadows, fearful of being seen. “Some new life!” She thinks, “Here I am, left without a stitch of clothing or a penny to my name! And I’m tied up! Uh-oh! She’s leaving! I better run!”

She sprints desperately for the car, her bottom bouncing delightfully in the soft night as she pants around the ball gag, breasts heaving with the effort of her bondage, shivering as she thinks of her “new life” and she says to herself,

“I have just got to plan these things more carefully!”