O M G !  
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April 2006  
  
This is my first story. I know I am not a good writer, but I have 2 stories to tell. Only this  
one can go here. The other will end up on Gromet’s Plaza when I’m done with this one.  
  
Part 1  
O M G ! There’s the door! It’s the weekend at last! Out of here until Monday!  
  
“Sue! I’m glad I caught you. I need a favor.”  
  
Damn, I thought. So close. Ray, my boss. “Hi Ray”, I said. “Ready for the big game?”  
  
Ray looked nervous. “We just got an emergency/rush order in and they need it shipped tomorrow.  
I know it’s Saturday and the big game between the shifts and all, but I thought since you weren’t   
playing and you could use the extra money, you’d come in and run it for me.”  
  
I thought a moment. “I’d like to, Ray. I could sure use the overtime money, but I’m not trained  
or authorized to ship it.”  
  
Ray looked downcast, then suddenly perked up. “Tell you what. If you come in and make the order  
up for me; move it to the loading dock with the hand truck; I’ll stop in tomorrow night after the game  
party and ship it out.”  
  
“Alright. Who else is coming in?” I asked.  
  
“Nobody. Everyone is going to the game. Here’s my cell phone number. Call me when you start and   
every hour or so, so I know you’re alright.”   
  
“Okay. Leave me the paperwork on your desk.”  
  
“Thanks Sue, I really appreciate this.”  
  
“That’s okay, you need to be at the game, I don’t. Frankly, the extra money is going to help a lot.  
You know the situation.”  
  
“Yeah. See you Monday. And thanks again.”  
  
I continued out the door, and made my way across the parking lot to my car deep in thought. I pulled out   
and headed home juggling the chores I was going to do Saturday, mixing them in with the ones for Sunday, when an insignificant thought brought her mind crashing to a screeching halt. What? I missed that.   
What was that? Come on Sue, I thought, run through the “to-do” list again.   
  
Laundry  
Empty the dishwasher.  
Dust  
Vacuum  
Go through the bills and pay the ones I can this week.  
Grocery shopping  
Hardware store for some rope for Sunday night’s bondage fun.  
  
STOP! That’s it!  
  
That’s what? I asked my “inner demon”.  
  
You’re going to be all alone in that huge building. Let’s do something outrageous with this opportunity.  
  
Oh wow! Wouldn’t that be great? Let’s see, what to do, what to bring with me tomorrow. This needs to  
be thought through very carefully.  
  
Handcuffs and keys. No, just one. Keep the second one at home just in case.  
Rope – No. Use the Avis strap that’s there.  
Red ballgag  
My old work smock. Yeah, I can rip or cut it to shreds.  
Scissors – No. Find a knife there. I think there’s a box cutter on the handler’s bench.  
Blindfold. No, it wouldn’t be safe.  
Corset. No, naked. That would be exhilarating.  
  
Let’s see, how about wearing old clothes in and keep another set in the car, just in case I think of   
something tomorrow. Yeah, who knows what might come to mind while I’m there. It started to rain   
on the way home and when she got to her complex parking lot, she had to park half way across the lot.  
She didn’t care, she was getting too excited having things come together into a plan. I need to grab   
something quick and easy for dinner and start getting my stuff together. One of those frozen pizzas  
should be good. While dinner was cooking, so was I. GOD! The anticipation is killing me, but no   
touching until tomorrow. It’s going to be a long night.  
  
After dinner and dishes were done, she got down to business. First thing I need is the duffle bag to cart   
the stuff in to work. Also a small bag for the second set of clothes on the floor in the backseat of the car.  
Okay, open the bags and start filling them. Handcuffs and keys into the duffle.   
No, wait. Living dangerously, remember. Daring. Leave 1 key here on the dresser.   
Done.  
  
  
Where’s the shirt and jeans I use for painting? Yeah, set them out for the morning to wear in. An old bra  
and panty with them. Socks. Extra set for the car.   
No. You’d be in too much of a hurry to bother with underwear. Just a pair of shorts and t-shirt.   
Yeah, done.   
  
\*\* Author’s note: In case you haven’t picked up on it yet, Sue doesn’t wrestle with her inner demons.  
She pretty much goes right along.  
  
My old sneakers for the morning and the slip-on sandals in the car. The ankle cuffs with D ring and lock   
in the duffle. The ballgag with the strap lock as well. What else needs to go?  
Whoa! Spare car key into the magnetic key holder and stuck under the back bumper. Better do it now  
before I forget.   
  
Damn! The key is too long. I’ll tape the key to the holder and attach it under the bumper to the bracket.  
At least that’s still metal. I hold the key on the cover and wrapped it twice with a 2 inch wide piece of  
scotch tape. I grab my umbrella and run down to the car. I didn’t want to kneel on the wet asphalt so I  
squatted down behind the car and reached under to feel along the inside of the bumper. When I felt the  
bracket holding the bumper on the car, I stuck the magnetic holder with the key to it. The wind starts to  
grab the umbrella as I get up and it throws me off balance. I overcompensated and ended up sitting in a   
puddle. Ooohh! The cold water on my tender spot, on top of the anticipation about tomorrow, is driving  
me nuts.  
  
Get up, Sue. Finish packing for tomorrow.  
  
Now that I was completely soaked, I walked back to my apartment to change for bed. The clothes “plopped”   
on the floor of the bathroom. A hot shower to get the chill out of my bones; dress for bed; lay out my clothes for   
tomorrow; set the coffee timer for 6:45; set my alarm for 7:00; and get some sleep.   
  
Midnight - I can’t stop thinking about tomorrow.  
  
1:38 am – The anticipation is killing me. (tee hee)  
  
2:48 am – The itch between my legs is getting to be unbearable! (chuckle chuckle)   
  
3:54 am – AAUURRGG !!! ( HA HA HA HA HA )  
  
7:00 am – R R r r r i i i i n n n g g !!  
  
Time to get going. I grab my blueberry muffin and cup of coffee and scan the paper in the kitchen.  
  
Fifteen minutes later I dress in my painting clothes which consist of an old bra, panty, socks, paint   
spattered t-shirt, and tattered jeans. I dug through the back of the closet for my ripped sneakers.   
I’m ready. ( FINALLY )  
  
I grab both duffels; my entry gate pass card; my keys; and I’m out the door.  
  
At some point I should probably say that I’m five foot seven and one hundred and five pounds. ( Cough )  
Okay, okay, one fifteen. Light sandy blond hair that I wear short, well just above collar length, with big   
green eyes. Being 32B-24-36 (Hmmmmm??) OKAY 38, I don’t get too many drooling tongues.  
  
I caught myself squirming in my seat and getting worked up again. Luckily, it was only a short fifteen  
minute drive to the plant. I pulled through the parking lot to the back of the building. I plan on parking  
in the back because there is a shrub-lined sidewalk about 200 feet along the building between the parking   
area and the door. It’s not much, but in case something goes wrong and I need the clothes from the car,   
it’s better if there’s some cover.  
  
I swipe my pass card through the reader and wait for the click of the lock to release so I can open the   
door. Working my way through the cubicles of the office area just inside the door, I notice that the   
cleaning crew has already been through. That was a relief. I never gave them a thought. Having them   
catch me would be my worst nightmare. When I got to Ray’s, I decided to call Ray and tell him I’m here  
and starting to get everything together. Picking the paperwork off the desk and went through the factory   
until I reached the machine I needed to run. It’ll take me about fifteen minutes to power up the equipment   
and get the supplies I’ll need for this order from the warehouse area. (Warehouse ? Why not strip now and just wear your old smock? You could put your clothes in different open boxes around the building.)  
I had that T-shirt over my head before I even thought about it. (This is why you’re wearing old clothes,  
isn’t it?) YES. I toed off my sneakers, slipped the jeans over my hips and down my legs. I pulled off my   
bra and knickers, then pulled the smock from my bag and slipped it on. I gathered up the clothes, the order  
packet, and headed for the supply area. As I was walking past the loading dock, I dumped my jeans in one   
of the open boxes coming in from a supplier. After closing the flaps, the sneakers went into one on another pallet. The shirt went into a third pallet, the bra in a fourth, and the knickers into a fifth. Now to get the supplies I need from the next section. Once I get the assembly and packer running, I can start to play. (Why wait? There’s a box cutter knife on the desk there. Go ahead, and shred that smock, use the Avis strapping to tie your ankles and make a short hobble. Tie your wrists together behind your back. That way you can still pull the pallet truck once you load a pallet with the supplies you need.) First, get an empty pallet and put  
it on a pull cart. Check the item list on the packing order sheet and start loading the pallet. Wow, some of   
this stuff has been here a while judging by the thick coating of dust on the boxes. Good thing I kept the  
smock on for this. Okay, the supplies are loaded. Now it’s time to start the fun.  
  
  
Continued in part 2.