

Play Time

A tale of horror and obedience.

written by

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inspired

by

Ms Sally Bend

Dark, it was always dark.

Even when it was light, it was shadowed and indistinct.

Sally held the bars of the cage, thin wooden rods that could have easily been broken to make an escape. They moved under her grip, bent a little and she watched the darkness. The ghostly shapes of the furniture, the vague patterns on the walls, the soft toys piled in heaps or arranged on shelves ready for play. The cot where another dolly slept, softly breathing, still with the occasional moan as dreams haunted her empty head.

She turned her head and watched the mobile moving slowly. Like planets orbiting a sun that had long since burned out. Indistinct shapes that could have been anything in the darkness, but she knew. Had seen them turn in the low light and shivered in anxiety. Cute animals, adorable childish caricatures that nevertheless threatened and laughed at her helplessness. Unicorns with futa additions, smiling bears that nursed erections and a travesty of a clown that crawled and displayed his naked ass for the others. They turned in their slow dance, each chasing the other with no hope of ever being caught.

Everything in the crèche a menace, everything a threat that menaced her strength to resist.

Crèche from hell, a dark, soft quiet inferno that threatened her mind.

The dolly in the playpen, primed and appealing. Bunches with lace gathering them, the stiffness of the frock and the rasp of lace on her thighs. The single fetter from collar to the eyelet in the floor of

the pen. All of it spoke of how powerless she was how she had been cast back to a childhood that never existed with such consummate ease that even the events that led to incarceration were vague.

She had arrived, small case in hand, knocking on the door, without ever realising that these were the last moments of freedom. The smartly dressed old woman that opened and muttered a few words in Italian, the cool flagstones that decked the lightwell amidst luscious plants and delicate frescos. She had followed her guide with a few stuttered words and been led to a room that was tastefully furnished, hung with paintings, walls hemmed in by delicate chairs and furnishings. The old woman, fussy as she plumped a cushion and spoke again, clearly indicating the sofa. Sally had sat, embarrassed at her lack of words.

Was this really a cheap room to let for the three days that she would be in Milan?

Luxury surrounded her, Sally felt so out of place. In her travelling clothes, long skirt and low heels, loose jacket, pockets stuffed with the few small purchases that she had already made. She sat alone and waited, the occasional sounds of movement that resolved as the woman finally returned followed by a maid with a tray.

Biscotti and coffee, all presented on elaborate plates, silver spoons and pourers.

Sally pulled the paper where she had written the address and held it up for inspection.

"I feel as if I'm wrong here," she had said, but the woman read it and nodded as if to confirm that the address had been arrived at. "Er, thanks. I love the house..."

It was the maid that answered.

"The room is ready in uno momento," she said in a soft voice. "Mistress offers you a little refreshment... for you."

Sally had taken the tiny cup and sipped the bitter coffee. Espresso, not her thing, intense, bitter and filling her senses with aroma. A small sip and a biscuit to balance the bitterness. The mistress of the house sat on the small easy-chair opposite and crossed her legs. Grey haired, plain but expensive clothes, high heels and a delicate wisp of stocking at the ankle. She spoke to the maid who it seemed would be the translator.

"She asks if you are really from America," the maid had said.

"Oh, yes. I'm American. Why does she ask?"

More in Italian, perhaps a little more animated.

"Because you are not at all like an American..."

Sally sipped again at the coffee and nibbled at the biscuit. Perhaps the mistress of the house was not happy that a trans was in her house? She looked both stern and somewhat stiff, from a generation that would not understand gender fluidity.

"Not like an American?"

Better to keep it simple.

“Quiet and polite,” said the maid, translating. “A perfect guest... perfect for her.”

“Thank you,” said Sally as she upped the cup and tasted the last dregs.

“I am so glad that I chose this room...”

The mistress spoke in Italian again and smiled. Every movement she made was almost studied. Her leg crossed with the other in a smooth movement and her long thin fingers fluttered as she spoke. Sally felt that forty years ago she had been a great beauty, even though now she was still attractive in a mature way.

“You will stay for a long time?” said the maid. “You will be very happy here, the mistress can see that.”

“Just three nights,” replied Sally. “The flight is on Friday morning...”

The maid translated again, and the woman smiled and replied.

“You were chosen very carefully,” said the maid. “Perfect for us here...”

“I’m sorry, I don’t understand,” said Sally. “I booked for until Friday. I can’t miss the flight... I have to get home.”

More Italian. Sally almost felt that she could understand a little as the two women spoke. Something about the airport, something about America...

“You write some books?” said the maid at last in her imperfect English. “Mistress is very interested why you come to Milan in Italy?”

Sally watched more coffee being poured.

“I’m here for the book show,” she said. “The first erotica fair in Milan... and of course I want to see this beautiful city. It’s my first time in Italy...”

She settled in the chair a little and tried to relax. It seemed that this interrogation was just something that would have to be gone through, maybe an Italian thing?

“The castles and palaces,” said Sally, “and the show of course...”

Her head felt heavy and Sally struggled to open her eyes. A little more coffee would help and she drained the bitter espresso and reached for one of the hard biscuits. She saw her hand stretch, but somehow it was just out of reach! Her legs were heavy, her lips struggled to move.

“God, I’m so tired,” she said. “After the long flight...”

The mistress spoke at length and the maid listened carefully and paused as she brought her English to bear.

“Mistress says that a special room is ready for you now. She thinks that you are a bellissima addition to her collection and promises to look after you...”

Sally’s head was swimming. Even holding her head straight had become an effort as she struggled against the clouds gathering in her thoughts.

“Collection?” she muttered.

It seemed that the maid did not need an answer from the woman that smiled thinly as she watched Sally slipping away. The long fingers tapped on her knee slowly, the curved nails pitter-patter on the nylon at her knees. An almost hypnotic rhythm as the maid spoke.

“You will be the tenth,” said the maid with a small sad smile. “Each picked carefully from a different place, each one so happy to be her toy...”

She tried to stand, but her legs would not answer the call. Her hands lifted and tried to press her up, but they were strengthless and simply came to rest on the arms of the chair.

“The theme that you will be in is ‘Pretty Dolly’,” announced the maid as Sally’s eyes closed at last. “Eager to be played with, ready for playtime with Mamma and Papa...”

Sally had one last wild thought. What would her publisher say when she did not show?

There was no more.

There were no windows, just a single door that was almost in reach. A door that had no handle, no hinges and no obvious way of opening. The room was no more than four by four metres in extent, a delicate cell where the collectables were kept.

And herself?

Sally inspected her clothes, the thin chain that kept her in the playpen and kneeled to look down at herself. She pulled at the frilly dress, the layers of lace that plumped it like a ballet tutu. The candy-striped woollen stockings and the pretty flat shoes with their bows and pearls. Her hands burrowed under all the stiff lace, up her naked thighs where she felt the smooth touch of steel under her fingers. A curved shape that enclosed her totally, hung from her groin and clasped her balls.

A small whine.

In the still of the room it sounded like a cry and the dolly in the cot turned in her sleep and pulled up her knees to her chin. Sally felt a tear and wiped it from her face before realising that even her face had become part of her new role. Smooth latex that was a second skin, from lips to eyes, she explored to discover the zippers that could cut sight and mouth, and she wondered what face she had been given.

No stranger to strangeness.

No outsider to fetish.

Sally knew what this was, and the knowledge was alarming. This room, this crèche, this cell was nothing more than a pleasure prison. A place where the inmates awaited violation, a soft malevolent fantasy for enjoyment of confinement. Her hands moved instinctively to the collar and discovered the tiny padlock, the steel under soft leather, the lace that bordered skin and collar. A small tug was enough to realise that the delicacy of the shackles was more than she could ever break. She suppressed a wild urge to break everything around her. Toss the little cushions away, tear down the bars of the pen, scatter the soft toys heaped at her knees, but it was all futile! It would lead to punishment, of that she could be sure. The bin of wicked canes by the door announced the threat that was implied.

She sat back on the floor of the pen. A soft thin mattress that was warm under her knees and she tugged at the chain again as if the links would part and escape was a possibility. It was just ten minutes since she had awoken, ten minutes to understand her fate and Sally knew that it was not one that she would relish! Despite the fantasies, despite her writing, despite her love of fetish and submission, the reality of it was almost overwhelming.

This was not part of her fantasy, she was trapped in that of another.

For a few minutes, she sat and gathered her thoughts, before inspecting the playpen itself.

Scattered cushions, soft and silky, a few soft toys that had been arranged around the edges, she felt as if the mute audience was mocking her and picked one up to discover that the little monkey in her hands sported a soft cock that was longer than her palm. She dropped it hastily and inspected all of the toys in her pen. Each endowed with its own sexuality. A cosy cunt for a finger in the ragdoll, a slack prick hanging between the giraffe's legs. Now she turned to survey them all and noticed the vast teddy bear that sat in the far corner from her. Vast, as big as Sally, the bear sat and watched her and she felt intimidated.

Sally moved and touched it.

In the gloom, the bear was grey with lighter patches at feet and hands. Its mouth a deep black hole, its eyes buttons as big as dollar coins. Hesitatingly, her hands explored in the dark. Slid from paws between legs to discover if it too belonged in this wicked collection. The fur was so smooth, light to the touch, silky in texture and as her hand slipped up, it gave to surround hand and wrist with comforting closeness. Between the legs, where they met her finger slipped into a space where a soft warm texture of something other than fur welcomed her touch. Slippery and wet, Sally explored gently and marvelled at the simulacrum of the pussy beneath her contact.

It moved!

Sally whipped back her hand with a cry of surprise and stared at the bear.

It did not move, but sat in the gloom of her playpen and regarded her with its glassy eyes. Once again, Sally moved. Crawled closer and slipped her hand between the legs of the toy. Crawling and ready to jump back, the bear towered over Sally in the gloom, the soft fur enticing her explorations. Once again she touched and explored. The bud of a clitoris, the soft false skin of the toy so close to reality that she shuddered in terror.

At her touch, a sound, a moan from above.

Sally wondered at the remarkable toy and teased a little to feel a slickness on her fingers and another whine from above. It fascinated her, this awful bear, and she pulled back her hand to taste the oil on her fingers. The aroma was like no other, a sweet soapy fragrance that was quite unmistakably female!

Once again, Sally assayed contact.

Pressed her hand over the slickness, down and under to discover the parted cheeks and tight opening that signified that the bear was more than it seemed. Trapped in the fur, bound and captive inside the toy in her playpen was an occupant who responded to every touch. Was warm under her fingertips, was flesh and blood like herself.

A moan from above.

This time more distinct as if longing for contact as she pulled back her hand. Sally felt a shiver and teased a little more. As if she could not believe what she was part of. As if she would discover that it was all just soft latex and a devilish mechanism. But, the helpless victim inside the bear shuddered with each touch, the wetness poured from her at each exploration and Sally knew that here was the ultimate nightmare. To be trapped in a soft toy, to be played with and long for each touch.

She moved to her knees and explored the gaping mouth to discover the gagged lips behind, the flickering tongue the face trapped inside furry warmth.

“Fuck me please!”

The words from the bear shocked Sally and made her jump in startlement. The words loud in the dark the first that she had heard. Soft and plaintive, needy and desperate.

“Fuck you?” asked Sally.

“Fuck me please!”

“Who are you?”

“Fuck me please!”

“How long have you been here?”

“Fuck me please!”

“Where are you from?”

“Fuck me please!”

Now the voice was desperate in its pleading and Sally realised that the only words that would ever come from the bear were those that she had already heard. A shudder of terror gripped the dolly as she sat back and shook with fear. Would this be her in a while? Would she be reduced to this? A helpless toy that begged to be fucked.

A poor little rag-dolly just created to serve?

“Fuck me please!” said the bear plaintively.

Despite her fear, Sally could feel an excitement that was beyond words. There was something so awfully enticing about the helplessness of the bear and she fumbled for a moment before realising that the steel that enclosed her removed the obvious. Instead, she pressed both hands against the fur of the monstrous bear and pressed to feel the victim inside.

Were those breasts?

Double backed arms and legs?

“Fuck me please!”

Sally slipped her hands down and slowly teased the bear to discover that every touch brought a sweet cry from the open mouth above. Each touch brought a reaction that thanked her for the attention. She played with her hands and fingers, probed and slid into wet flesh, strummed the nubbin of the clitoris beneath her thumbs and stroked the clenched ass with gentle movements. Each touch, each contact brought her toy to a shudder and gasp, each massage brought excitement and a small wail from above until at last the helpless victim beneath her fingertips shuddered in massive climax that brought a moan of sad repletion.

“Fuck me please!”

It seemed that more was required, and Sally started to tease again as she concentrated on making this orgasm as complete as possible. The bear shuddered and wailed, the wetness poured from it, oiling Sally’s hands and the bear climaxed in a bath of sweat and shuddering bliss.

“Fuck me please!” lisped the bear.

Sally backed from her companion and sat watching. The sound of desperation was almost enough to make her weep. She found that she could not bring herself to satisfy that helplessness again and felt her chest heave with sobs. Terror and pity mingled, her own helplessness consumed her and she finally wept and sobbed in empathy.

There was no more.

Everything still.

Sally turned to the room and wiped her tears on the frills of her dress. The dolly in the cot was awake, watching her with vast open eyes..

“What do you want?” asked Sally.

The dolly moved and watched her.

“Fuck me, please,” said the dolly.

Sally backed to the rear of her pen and stared as the cute dolly rose up to face the bars of the cot and grip them with mittened hands. Her mouth opened wide and she pulled up her frock to display the huge erection that pointed upwards. For a moment it seemed that the hands would enclose that enormous organ, but a slight glint metal spikes on the mittens showed that this temptation was not permitted.

“Fuck me please!”

The cock throbbed up and down in impatience as the dolly opened her mouth wide. Then suddenly the mittened hands dropped the hem of the skirt and the door to the crèche opened wide, casting a flood of light as mistress entered the room, closely followed by her maid.

Italian again, then the maid translated.

“Mamma hopes that you are settling in,” said the maid. “Now that this room is complete, she says that you will be a good dolly to play with...”

“Please, let me go,” said Sally desperately before she even thought the words. “Please...”

There was the usual moment of translation and the maid replied.

“Mamma says that you will be punished if you do not say the words each time,” said the maid with a slight smile. “Mamma only wants her toys to say one thing and this room is the ‘Fuck me please!’ playroom. If you speak any other words, then I am permitted to punish you...”

The maid cast a glance at the bin of canes and then turned back to Sally.

“I am to look after you all,” she said. “Mamma and Papa will come to play and you will learn to play with them. If you are naughty girl, then I play with the toys... in my own way!”

Sally looked mutely at the stern-faced woman who now owned her and then at the vastness of the bear and the pinkness of the dolly in her cot. Now that there was light, the crèche was a terrifying place. Hooks on the walls, every article a nightmare for abuse, even the wallpaper a mass of lurid manga cartoons in copulation and climax.

“There are no rules,” said the maid carefully. “I decide naughty and good, and train you for Mamma and Papa.”

More Italian, Sally straining to understand. But, the words came thick and fast and with a snort of disdain the mistress left the room.

“Bambi will show you what she can do...”

The maid moved to the cot and dropped the side to allow the dolly to leave.

“Fuck me please!” said Bambi as she crawled and moved to kneel at the maid’s feet.

“Good Bambi,” said the maid. “Which toy is my favourite little dolly wanting to play with?”

“Fuck me please!”

“No, no,” she laughed wickedly. “Not me today, Bambi. Perhaps later you can show me what a good little Bambino you are. I think that the new playmate needs to learn her place.”

The maid strolled to the bin and chose a long crop bound with leather and unhooked the side of the playpen. Bambi looked up at his mistress and drooled, the tip of his enormous cock now visible below the hem of his dress.

“Fuck her, Bambi, show her what you can do!”

With her back to the cage, Sally could move no further as the dolly crawled. Her face revealed as a mask painted in lurid colours, her cheeks circles of rose. The maid lifted the cane threateningly.

“Present yourself for Bambi, puta Americana!”

Sally could not move with the terror that overflowed her mind and the cane lifted and swept down to strike the soft mattress beside her with a terrible sound.

“Next time it will be you,” said the maid. “Now say the words... that is how the play begins... You must learn to want to play!”

Sally moved as if in treacle, dropping to hands and knees as Bambi presented himself with a small cry of joy. His cock aimed at her lips, a slow trickle seeping from the smooth tip.

“Say the words... I will not repeat!”

“Fuck me please!” said Sally.

End

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