

Freedom Comes in Halves

Clink, jingle, clink... The chains in her cuffs kept making noise behind her as she scurried along from shadow to shadow. Fini had managed to sneak out of a thrall cell, where her captor had planned to put her in much more permanent bondage. She was somewhat relieved... But now she had to face not only the chilly night time breeze, but also the potential embarrassment--or, worse, recapture--that could come with being discovered in these cuffs. Every time she felt the need to shiver, her cuffs would clink and rattle behind her. All of this kept making a pent up feeling well up in her null patch. Yep, on top of being cold, scared and restrained, she couldn't even relieve herself of being incredibly horny. She was always super into bondage like this, even if she could never orgasm to it--or ever orgasm in the first place--but being turned on was only making it harder for her to stay inconspicuous, which, in turn, made her even more anxious about being seen.

As she kept slinking around, her mind kept turning back to her cuffs... Having fled from her captor, the realization kicked in: the keys to these cuffs were still back there, kept hidden somewhere. The only keys. No one else would have the means to unlock her, she kept worrying... The distressing thoughts continued. She could stay cuffed for days, weeks. Possibly forever. She might never be freed again. She might never be able to show up in public again. She might not even be able to get back indoors... She felt something in her heart turn sour. It felt unbearably heavy, sinking into her gut, yet pounded against her chest with the force of a small car. Her fears spiraled through her mind like a vicious cyclone... She had to sit down. Not thinking, she sat on the nearest bench, hyperventilating as the world around her blurred. She wanted to cry. She wanted to curl up and bawl, but her own panic had stifled her. She couldn't even curl up anyway with her hands locked behind her back.

In the middle of her motionless panic, a hazy figure cut through the blur. Her heart pumped even harder. She scooted over, trying to minimize herself without being too suspicious. But the figure came closer. Whoever it was, they were looking at her. She kept trying to fix her gaze on the distance rather than the stranger...

"Hey, are you feeling all right? You seem panicked..."

Fini shuddered, trying to lean back rather than forward, lest the stranger see her cuffs. "I-I'm fine! I just need to, uh, um, c-calm down quietly," she insisted. Fini didn't notice the tears gently dripping down her cheeks, but the stranger did. Her attempt to make them leave didn't work. "Are you crying? What's wrong...?" They sat down on the bench, keeping some distance from Fini for the moment, hoping not to make her uncomfortable. Fini insisted, "Nothing's wrong, I'm okay, just..." She trailed off, unable to gather her thoughts in the middle of her panic. The stranger soon noticed her arms behind her back, cuffed away. They were fuzzy cuffs, very clearly meant for bedroom activity, but they had a feeling...

"You ran from whoever could get you out of those cuffs, didn't you?"

The statement shook through Fini's whole body, frightening her at first, but... It occurred to the poor thing that this stranger understood more about her predicament than she thought most would assume. She whimpered, "... Y-yes...", wanting to lean forward and sob...

"I think I can get you out of those if you give me the chance."

Every sentence this stranger said to her so far hit her hard and this one was no different. Suddenly she felt just a bit of hope spark in the back of her mind--enough to finally look at who had been patiently talking to her. This was a cat, only slightly taller than her. They wore a red sport jacket and sweatpants, but enough of their fur was visible that she could tell this was a calico. Most importantly, they looked deeply, genuinely concerned--so much that even her autistic self could read the expression. Realizing she had been silent for a minute, she finally spoke up, "You can...? H-how...?" She still had tears in her eyes, but she had begun calming down. They calmly reached into one of their jacket pockets, pulling out an intricate tool. It looks a little bit like a utility knife. They clarified, "Those cuffs look like entry level cheap-ish ones. I've picked the locks on those before, and I'm pretty sure I can do the same here. Could you turn your back towards me?"

Although hesitant, Fini could sense something reassuring in their voice... She slowly cooperated, turning away so they could access the cuffs. The calico held onto them firmly, placing some sort of lever into the keyway. Fini couldn't tell what was going on back there, but she felt the pressure shifting against her wrists...and soon began hearing very faint clicks. She tried to hold still for them, but her tail began wagging a bit with the excitement of being free. The stranger, not wanting to be abrasive, leaned in closer, trying to use her body to hold the tail out of the way. Another click. Fini struggled to hold still, until...

Clunk! She felt the cuffs fall away from her wrists! She pulled her arms forward, moving them around freely! "I'm free! Oh my gosh, I'm *FREE!!!*" She was so excited! Before the stranger even had a chance to say anything, Fini turned around and wrapped her arms around them, giving them a tight, warm hug! "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!! So much, thank you!!" She held the kitty with all the love she could carry from her heart at one time, leaning her head against their chest. So much love, in fact, that it seemingly rubbed off on the cat, who started blushing themselves... "Warms my heart to see you so happy after how distressed you looked earlier... I'm Sophie, by the way. You're being really cute right now. <3"