

A Study in Murrs 2

Bondage

She absolutely loved that crinkly cracking sound that stiff new leather had. She wasn't exactly sure what that was, why it appealed to her so much; didn't really matter that much though, because she was living in the moment. And at this moment the little figure eight of leather she held in her paws creaked deliciously as she twisted it in her hands.

This new present would be perfect for her little bird. The parrot would kneel upon the floor, struggling with her hands behind her back, these new cuffs holding them fast. The crack of the new leather would mix with her pitiful cooing, creating a lovely melody of submission. The wolf licked her lips with anticipation as the scene that would surely come tonight unfolded in her mind.

It would be a stressful day at the office, like it always was on a Friday. The parrot would open the apartment door, kick off her shoes, and collapse upon the sofa, chirping to herself about some asshole at the office. With her eyes closed, she wouldn't even see the wolf emerging from the hallway, rag and bottle in her hand. She'd hear a slight rustling of the carpet as that last step brought the wolf closer to her prize, and her eyes would burst open, seeing the she-wolf leaning over her with her tools at the ready, but it would be too late. The rag would be forced against her nostrils, and after a few seconds of struggling the bird would fall still, breathing slowly, unconscious. She would get the rest she needed, while it was the wolf's turn to work.

With her acquisition guaranteed to her for an hour or two, the wolf went to the closet for her equipment. She would carry out a large cardboard box, no label on it at all, not that she'd ever misplace this. Not caring for secrecy any longer, she'd stomp into the living room and dump it upon the floor, the box thudding ominously with the weight of the equipment within.

She'd reach in, and smile a big toothed grin, unable to help herself. The smoothness of the material always got to her, and she kneeled before the box for a moment, rubbing her large paws along the leather corset. Her hand moved across it so easily, there was no catch or pull. If she licked her pawpad, it would even squeak if she dragged hard enough. She'd have to see which would squeeze louder later, the leather or her bird.

And yet, as smooth and pleasant as the material was to her touch, it was strong. There was the other quality the wolf adored about her leather. As she took off her clothes and laced up the corset, she knew that she'd be able to use this outfit and all the rest of her equipment for years to come. No matter how she bit, or tugged, or how tightly she laced the leather corset around her body as she did now, it would hold together forever. She had already had the thing a year and with hardly any upkeep at all it still shined beautifully. She ran to the bedroom for just a moment, admiring herself in the mirror. She may not have been wearing anything but the smooth and shiny leather corset around her torso, but the feeling of power it gave her made

her sure that in a pinch, it would be all she ever needed. However, she remarked to herself as she strode confidently back to the living room, there was nothing wrong with going a bit overboard.

Next were the boots, high heeled and going up to the top of her shins. She put the first on quickly, but could not resist the urge to drag the second one up so slowly, reveling in the sensation of being enclosed completely by this outer skin of leather. It hugged tightly to her large legs as she zipped up the side, and she strode around the room a few times, her body creaking as it does so. She shivered for a moment, and her hand dove back into the box.

She supposed she'd have to prepare her parrot at some point, and sooner would be better than later. The wolf tossed out a pair of thick mittens, a spreader bar, a collar, a muzzle (specially designed for beaks), straps for her torso, a belt chastity belt to hold them in place... Hmm, it felt like she was forgetting something. Oh, yes! The wolf hurried over to a bag in the corner of the room, almost tripping as she forgot she was in heels, and pulled out the newest piece of equipment. The figure eight cuffs, shining marvelously in the lamplight. She treated this with a bit more care than the rest, and put them down delicately on the end table next to the bird's head.

Thankfully, the parrot was a small little woman, so the wolf had no problem hefting her up and sitting her against the back of the couch. With the chloroform working its magic, the avian didn't twitch even once as the big hungry wolf pulled her clothes away, the much larger mammal dwarfing the sleeping bird. Her legs were drawn apart, the spreader pushed between to make sure she not only wasn't going anywhere any time soon, but she wasn't about to stop showing off those cute legs of hers. With the cuffs along her legs attached, the straps around her chest were added next. The wolf liked to work her way up sure, but she remembered how hard it had always been to put those on after the mittens and their old pair of metal handcuffs (Yuck!), so it was time to try something new. The bird's modest breasts were pushed apart by the large X of leather that now occupied her torso, though the straps moved far too much for the she-wolf's liking. But that was alright, for the belt she slipped between the sleeper's legs and around her waist provided clasps to hook onto the straps, and now it held together perfectly.

With her legs shown off, her chest never to be truly covered, and her waist secured for the only one who held the key (the wolf of course), she was almost ready. Focus on *almost*, because as well-behaved as her bird was, the canine would be damned if she gave her any opportunity to fight back. The mittens went on next, wonderfully comfy on the inside, unyielding spheres of leather on the outside, her bird was almost completely in her power.

But she could still perhaps yell for help, or bite, couldn't she? Well, the wolf would have to take care of that. The odd, almost pyramid-like muzzle went on next, two noseholes to make sure she didn't suffocate, but other than that, with the leather so thick and tight, she could scream through that beak as much as she wanted, and it wouldn't be more than a whimper.

The bird was starting to shift now, so the wolf hurried her pace. Even if the bird wasn't done, the wolf would be remiss to have her toy awaken without her master in full form. She quickly pulled her gloves from the box, pulling them over her hands quickly, and lacing the up nice and tight against her forearms. Mmmm, the touch of leather, all her pet would know from her. If she wanted to feel anything but the cold, indifferent material from her master, the bird would have to earn it. The mammal shook herself, putting on a spiked choker, and finally, pulling forth her crop. She didn't often hit the bird, and nothing more than a tap at that, but there were times her little pet needed to be punished, and simply keeping her at arm's length away, refusing to touch her with anything more than the crop was usually sufficient.

She was ready now, the dominatrix wolf striding over confidently and stranding straight and tall before the bird as her eyes blinked blearily open. Upon shifting a bit and realizing her situation, the bird's eyes got wide, and she yelped, a sound only barely heard behind the muzzle. The wolf barked, and she obeyed, falling to her knees and dropping her head, eyes closing as she quivered before her powerful master. She would have to wait for the collar, she would have to earn the privilege to be called the wolf's pet.

There was one thing though, one thing she had earned. She could not see it, but the new cuffs the wolf was affixing to her wrists were the only thing that contrasted against the room which now radiated black. A little pink embroidered heart sat on the leather that sat between the two cuffs, the wolf wishing the little bird to know how she felt about the bird, even if it had to be her secret forever. For over the next few hours, the bird was her bitch, hoping at some point in the night to at least be her pet.

Micro

I used to get vertigo a lot, so I thought it was just that. You know, when suddenly you take a step, and the whole world seems uneven, seems to spin a little? Well, I got over that a long time ago, but I thought there was a chance it was flaring up again. Back for revenge or whatever. The whole room started to spin, and my whole world felt like it was falling out from under me. Each second more unsure than the last, only getting worse when the countertop I once towered above now sat at shoulder level.

That's when I realized this must be more than that. Sure, when I would get vertigo it felt like I was falling, but this was different. It wasn't so much that I was falling, but it seemed, crazy as it was at the time, that everything was actually *rising* above me! The cupboard I had no trouble reaching seconds earlier was just beyond my fingertips, and the gap was widening with every passing moment. Something was seriously wrong, I knew it was. Some sort of hallucination, or stroke, or maybe I slipped and hit my head on the counter and was now in a coma, or something, but either way, if it was possible, I needed to call for help.

I didn't notice until just then, but reaching into my pocket for my phone was very difficult, I felt like I was swimming in my clothes. Were they always this heavy? It's summer, why am I wearing such long pants and a shirt? I was really started to lose it then. Part of me knew what was

happening, I think, but I couldn't admit it to myself. It was just too goddamn ridiculous. My hand finds my way into my pocket, as the linoleum rises up towards me, closer, always closer, way too close, uncomfortably close! And unable to hold the phone that's bigger than both hands, it drops to the floor, impossibly far away from me, though I would be joining me soon.

The chair legs, so big, so fucking big, I couldn't understand what was happening to me. Suddenly the cupboards are like polished cliffs, and I'm sitting on my own private little mountain of cargo shorts and a woot tee shirt. My hands, these big kangaroo paws. To me, they still seemed so big, but I held them up, trying somehow to make sense of it all. To me, they were still so big, but when you're less than an inch tall, I guess everything does.