

No Escape?

A short story by [Vikki](#) with illustrations by [Blackmagickfox](#)

This night was definitely looking up. The tension had been building for several months and he was worried it was beginning to show. Unable to sleep and teeth on edge, he'd been prowling the city all week like a jittery addict looking for an opportunity to pacify the Urge. He'd almost given up on this area of the city when he turned down the alley behind the performance hall. That was when he heard the muffled sounds of clapping and applause filtering through the brick façade.

He turned just in time to see the stage door open and a mouse-girl exit cradling an unwieldy box in her arms. Judging from the fishnet stockings and the skimpy, sequined mockery of an old-fashioned long-tailed tuxedo jacket she wore, she was probably some kind of magician's assistant. Moving fast, he hid behind a dumpster to observe as she loaded the last piece of equipment into the back of a van parked a little further down the alley. When she shut the rear hatch and moved to the drivers' side of the vehicle, it was obvious no one else was going to be joining her.

It was the opportunity he'd been looking for. No sooner had she inserted keys in the door than his hands whipped down over her head and welded a length of tape across her lips. Her squeals and mewling could barely be heard, drowned out by another round of applause from the hall. To her credit she put up a surprisingly spirited struggle, twice nearly wiggling out of his hold, but he soon had his arm wrapped around her neck. A few seconds with his forearm pressed against her carotid artery was all it took for her body to sag unconscious against his own.



She began stirring just as he reached the spot he'd decided on - about five minutes away from sight of any shore, far from the shipping lanes or coastal patrols. The 32-ft cabin cruiser rocked gently in the calm ocean water as he left the wheel and walked back to the stern where his captive now sat. Except for her eyes, he had carefully wrapped her from head to toe in layers of duct tape - his silvery, fetishistic totem. The sight of her sealed up like that was the only thing that could set his skewed universe back on level, the only thing that could cure the knot in his stomach or the tremble in his hands.

He welcomed the soothing return of normalcy.

He had tried hard - so hard - to find someone who would allow him to do this to them willingly. He had taped the drugged and unconscious, and the fallen-down drunk, but he may as well have wrapped the plastic mannequins he'd

started out with for all the effect it had on the Urge now. Among the prostitutes, he was worried that stories of 'that strange wolf' might lead to the wrong people connecting the dots to his prior mummified doses of sanity, so he looked elsewhere. When he finally did find a cute skunk that consented (who even got off on it!) he was horrified to discover the Urge returned in full force even before the night had passed. And even she couldn't be convinced to do it every night. That was when he knew he was doomed to this. Maybe tonight, he hoped, the Urge would be quelled for good.

Kneeling down, he checked the pair of handcuffs wrapped around her slender, taped ankles and the set that attached her wrists to the steel ring encompassing the base of her taped tail. One by one, he palmed and lightly squeezed the tight, silvery bulbs containing her fists. Convinced that she was secure, he reached up and peeled away the tape from her lips. The silver skin crinkled and distorted around her muzzle and cheeks as she worked her sore jaw.

He had anticipated a scream at this point, maybe some begging or the asking of some obvious questions, or at the very least crying. The mouse did none of these, though she did wriggle in her bindings. It didn't take long for her to realize every inch of her was taped up, and directly on her naked body too. Having seen that wince on many before, when a tear spilled off her cheek and splattered on her breast, he was able to distinguish it as one of fur-pulling discomfort, rather than fear. Still, all things considered, he had to respect her for taking her present situation in stride.

When she finally stopped squirming, her eyes scanned the boat, the sparkling expanse of rippling water around her, the stars and full moon overhead, and finally him. She appeared to be sizing him up. He couldn't smell her fear, not through the glorious scent of her bondage, but he could tell she was scared; she just hid it well.

"You can talk. It's okay...if you had something you wanted to say."

She blinked, her gaze wavering for a second.

"When I was out, did you...?" She nodded her muzzle down toward her crotch.

Her voice held the faint trace of a pleasant accent that he guessed to be French. "Did I do anything...sexually? No, no I didn't do anything to you down there." He stood there, wagging his tail like an idiot while she continued staring at him blankly. "Don't get me wrong, you're very attractive... Hell, I wish this was just a freaky sex thing, but to be perfectly honest, I've never been turned on by much of anything really. No, this," he gestured at her body with both hands, as if doing so could frame the entire situation, "this is like scratching an itch that won't go away and just gets worse until it occupies your every waking thought."

She nodded. Surprisingly for him, it genuinely seemed like she was trying to understand his plight.

"I don't suppose if I ask you to let me go and promise not to tell anyone about this you'd do so?"

He tried unsuccessfully to suppress a chuckle. "Um, no, I'm afraid that's pretty much out of the question at this point. Is there anyone in particular you want notified - a family member, a husband...a wife?"

"...The police, the FBI?" The duct tape crinkled as she grinned.

Damn, he liked this one! Such a pity... Could he let her go? She knew his face, and could give a description, but he was pretty average in most respects. The boat, though, that would narrow it down uncomfortably.

"Anyone else?"

She shook her head and went back to squirming.

Without further delay, he retreated back into the cabin to retrieve several piled coils of thick, heavy chain and five cement blocks even he had difficulty carrying.

She watched silently as he threaded and fastened one end of the chain to the first four blocks. When he was done, he set all four on the very edge of the deck, scant inches above the waterline. A mere nudge to one of them with his foot would cause an inexorable chain reaction.

Turning back to the chain, he fished around to produce a thick metal shackle which was bolted to the other end. Gently, he grasped her right ankle above the cuffs she already wore and snapped the shackle around it with a solid metallic 'click'. It was the first time he'd seen her flinch since she woke up, but she didn't utter a word.

"I'm sorry it had to work out like this. If it's any consolation, I almost drowned myself once, back when I was a pup. It's quick and painless. Once you're in the water, just breathe deep - pretend like you're breathing air."

She didn't respond except to continue tugging at her shoulders and shifting her ankles pointlessly. She was clearly ignoring him.

Fair enough.

He knelt down and began gathering up her clothes and tossing them in the black garbage bag he planned to sink with the remaining block. Shoes, stockings, panties, starched white shirt, vest (complete with a nice antique stopwatch!) ...all went into the bag. Finally he picked up the tuxedo jacket that first caught his eye back at the performance hall. He could feel something through the fabric, something hard and flat in the left inside pocket.

Something valuable?

He stood up and extracted the thin, sterling silver case from the pocket, dropping the coat itself into the bag with the rest of her apparel. He glanced at the mouse-girl who was no longer squirming. Where she'd been ignoring him, she was now very focused - and something else.

Apprehensive?

Cautiously, he thumbed the small catch on the edge and opened the case away from him. Dozens of business cards immediately fell out, scattering onto the deck of the boat and fluttering on the breeze out onto the water. A single card remained stuck in the elastic strap of the case. Plucking it out, he flipped it over to read:

The Incredible Mistress of Death Defiance

DESTINI WEAVER

Specialist in Escapology, Extreme Stunts, Spontaneous Illusion & Mesmerism

His jaw went slack and the card fell from his numb fingertips as he heard a metallic 'click' and felt a sudden tightness around his left leg. Looking down, the duct-taped mousie was awkwardly sprawled on the deck with her mittened hands still clutching the shackle now locked around his own ankle. A single handcuff dangled from her right wrist.

"And now for my next trick, I shall require a member of the audience..."

With that, she flexed athletically and bucked the nearest cement block with her feet, sending it and three others crashing into the water.

Immediately the coils of chain began to unravel. In panic, he groped for the key to the shackle, but his fingers were trembling too badly again to fit it in the lock. He looked for something to hold onto or wrap the chain around, but it was

too late. Instead he stared at her, trying to etch a mental image of that beautiful silver-skinned mouse bathed in moonlight.

When the last coil of chain leapt over the edge, his leg whipped out from under him, sending him crashing to the deck and sliding past her on his way to the deep. His claws scraped and dug futilely at the green deck matting, but at the last second, he managed to grasp a rung of the dive ladder at the very edge. The rest of his body was overboard, the cold water rapidly soaking into his clothes and weighing him down. His muscles wouldn't hold out against the strain for long.



The mouse appeared, standing over him.

"The duct tape is a variation I've never considered before, but I've actually done the water-death escape a few times. It's a real crowd-pleaser."

She knelt down, seeming to work her tongue along the inside of her cheek. With a click of her teeth, a lock-pick swiveled into view. Without missing a beat, she deftly maneuvered the cuff still on her wrist into position and dug the thin metal pin into the mechanism. In a second, the flange popped free and the cuffs clattered in front of his nose.

"The trick to escaping it is simple. It's all about self-control." Meaningfully, she nudged the cuffs closer with a silver-wrapped toe. "Would you like to learn?"

He looked up at the duct-tape angel, then at the cuffs.

Hesitantly, he nodded. With his wavering strength, he grabbed the cuffs and snapped the manacles around his wrist and the ladder rung. His muscles gave out almost instantly...and his head went below the surface...but when he needed to breathe, he pulled himself up again, took a breath and went back under. He went through

several of these cycles before the mouse managed to free her hands of the sticky tape and work the radio.

He was delirious and almost frozen to the bone when the coastal patrol arrived. He had no idea what the mouse, er, Mistress Weaver, told them to explain both their odd circumstances. Suffice it to say he woke up in the hospital in quite a lot of pain. His right wrist, tail, and left leg were each in a cast. On the table beside him, next to an untouched dinner tray, was an envelope.

With only one useful hand, it took him several attempts to open it, but when he did, he found a laminated backstage pass and a playbill advertising the Incredible Destini Weaver's next great escape. Even more incredibly, the image on the playbill was a photograph of her wrapped the same way he'd last seen her. Beneath it was the caption 'Watch the captivating Mistress of Death Defiance conquer the perilous Tape Cocoon of Doom!'

Written to the side in silver ink was a more personal inscription: 'We have a nightly engagement at the Candlestern Performance Hall for the next year. Show up for rehearsal once you've mended, or the doom will be yours! Love, - D'.