

(beginning written by Fantasy Pencil on August 29th, 2019)

Agent Katie sighed. Looking at the clock she couldn't believe it was already 1:30 AM. She had started going through various field reports on the gallery of villains S.P.A.N.K. (Syndicate for the Propagation, Analysis and Normalization of Kink) was after the day before at 4 PM. And she wasn't able to find any concrete leads in the time she spent at it.

Putting her elbow on the table, she placed her head in her hand, a couple strands of her long blonde hair falling over her eyes. "Oh for the love of..." She tried blowing them away, to no avail, the rebellious strands falling over her nose.

Another sigh left her lips before she spread her arms away, propping her breasts forward as she stretched with a loud groan. She had spent a long time at her desk, and her aching shoulders were letting her have it. Running her fingers through her silky hair, she tilted her head backwards, shaking it and allowing her hair to fall freely and untangle itself, before standing up from the chair and stretching the rest of her stiff body.

For now, Agent Katie stretched her body after a long night of work. Her home was silent apart from the humming of her laptop. Having stepped away from her laptop, the devotion to her work keeping her awake subsided, and the exhausted blonde began yawning, her eyes struggling to stay open. What little energy she had remaining was all diverted to a singular goal. A warm shower before hitting the bed.

She made her way to her bathroom, dropping her white silk shirt on her way there, allowing her skirt to slide down her toned legs. Her undergarments hit the tiles of her bathroom floor moments before she closed the door of her shower, her voluptuous body disappearing into a cloud of bubbly steam. Relaxed and refreshed, Agent Katie slipped into her sleeping robe and crawled into her bed, her long hair spreading over her pillow as her eyes closed. With a faint smile on her lips, she quickly dozed off into a peaceful slumber.

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(Katie's response at the time)

'Alyx turned off the record button on her camcorder attached to her scope, and retreated across the adjacent rooftop, her surveillance completed for the night. She had learned a lot about her potential adversary...including some insight about the weaknesses in her defenses...'

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March 8th, 2020, FP picks up the story again: (FP's addition)

Agent Katie stopped at her front door, surprised to find a small basket on her door mat. She had had a long day at work, and the exhausted blonde was ready for a hot bath and a glass of fine red wine. Anything standing between her and that would have to wait.

The basket was left on her kitchen counter, a trail of clothes leading from it to the bathroom. An unbuttoned, white, silk blouse. A short, black skirt... and black lace lingerie. Agent Katie descended into her bathtub, water reaching just above her breasts. She felt the tension leave her muscles, her body relaxing, her mind shifting into a happier place. Her bedroom. Her soft, silk, bathrobe. Those new handcuffs she had gotten for herself around her wrists. A scarf between her lips.

She felt her body tingle with excitement as her red lips curled into a smile. She had completely forgotten about the mysterious basket waiting for her, only noticing it when she went to leave her glass before starting her play session.

A box of chocolates was the only object inside, a note attached to it.

*"From your secret admirer. A"*

Agent Katie wondered who A could be, opening the box. She felt her cheeks blush at the sight inside.

Alyx smiled seeing the reaction on Agent Katie's face, watching her from afar through her window. It was the exact reaction she was looking for when she prepared the little gift for the blonde agent. Handcuffs engraved with the words "Agent" and "Katie", and two black silk scarves. One for the gag and one for the blindfold, Alyx thought.

But that would have to wait a bit longer though. Watching Agent Katie excitedly dance into her room, Alyx drove away with a smile on her face.

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March 8th: (Katie's addition)

My subconscious always-on-alert mind heard the car pull away, just as it had sensed someone watching me...but I was far too happy and distracted wondering who my secret admirer was. And why they had sent me cuffs and scarves. And why they had engraved my professional name on them!!! Was it actually a villain? A colleague? Or someone new who was trying to get my attention?

I took the cuffs out of the box. The heft and smooth polish told me they were well-crafted. And there were no hidden safety latches, no quick-release tabs. These were the real thing.

I selected one of the two keys and inserted it into a cuff. It turned smoothly and silently, and I could barely hear the click of the slide releasing. They were really real, and without the keys even a trained agent like me would struggle to pick them.

Putting one cuff on, I again marveled at how solid and smooth and heavy they felt. Nothing like the play cuffs that lay forgotten on the bed next to me. An idea occurred to me. I'd had the idea before, but it required some planning ahead, and I'd never been patient enough to wait. But these special cuffs called for something special.

I skittered back out to the kitchen barefoot, one cuff dangling from my wrist. I took the ice tray from my freezer and dumped out a couple of the cubes. I crushed one and filled one of the compartments 1/2 full of ice shards. Then I laid one key on top of the ice. I refilled the compartment with cold water, careful not to melt the shards and let the key sink to the bottom. I wanted it right in the middle of a cube.

I hurried back to my bedroom grinning. I was already looking forward to the plans I had for that little ice cube tomorrow night. For tonight though, I now had two pairs of cuffs to play with...and thoughts of a brand new secret admirer to explore.

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March 13th: (Katie's addition)

After yet another long and arduous day, I was glad to finally be getting home. Earlier today at S.P.A.N.K. headquarters (Syndicate for the Propagation, Analysis and Normalization of Kink) I had to do full mission review/after-action reports from my last four missions. Of the four, I would classify one as a genuine success. Another was 'well, I salvaged most of the mission.' The other two were humiliating and debilitating failures that fell under the category of 'spectacular clusterfuck.'

Of course, the mission reviews always took place in front of an auditorium full of peers. They were edited to put the most dramatic (or humiliating) views on one giant 20' screen surrounded by six smaller screens with alternate views. The smaller screens showed surveillance camera footage, my own body camera footage, and footage from the body cams and helmet cams of the H.A.R.D. rescue team (Hardcore Assault and Rescue Division). The H.A.R.D.-S.P.A.N.K. guys were the best of the best, and they really seemed to enjoy being backups on my missions.

Yeah, I said rescue team. Two of the four missions required a tactical team to be scrambled to come to my rescue. One team had to break into a prison/dungeon to break me out of the torture equipment I was strapped into. Naked, of course. The other team had to crash into the

bedroom windows of a private residence to prevent the supervillain from taking his 'liberties' with my tightly tied body. Naked, of course. The mission I barely salvaged, I was able to escape from my restraints on my own and sneak out of the gang's hideout. Naked, of course. And even the mission that was a success involved me wrestling the doomsday trigger from the hands of a sadistic dominatrix who was trying to get revenge for me ruining her previous plans.

Naked, of course.

If I wasn't so committed to the S.P.A.N.K. organization, I might be deterred from taking on so many 'impossible: missions.' I might be embarrassed by how many of my missions ended in failure, with me captured, tied up, and tormented. Naked, of course. I might be humiliated that I had to be rescued by H.A.R.D.-S.P.A.N.K. teams that were almost exclusively men. And I might be humiliated to have to see closeups of my tied up breasts and rear and everything else shown to an auditorium full of peers on a giant projector screen. But I was an intrepid agent and dedicated to doing my best.

There also is no arguing that my mission debriefs are the most well-attended of any field agent in the organization. In fact, it's usually standing-room-only in the auditorium.

But I digress. I was home now. Ready for a soak in the tub, a glass of wine, and my chinese takeout. Not necessarily in that order. And then, I was looking forward to getting to once again try out the new personally-engraved handcuffs my secret admirer had left for me. I checked the ice cube tray in my freezer. The cube with the key in it was frozen solid.

There was something about the new cuffs...definitely the fact that they were well-constructed and genuine cuffs was appealing. There were no quick-release levers or secret latches. Only the keys would easily open them; when I tried my best lock-pick set on them last night, it took a lot of frustration and luck to get them opened...and that was without them cuffed on my wrists.

Tonight, they would definitely be on my wrists. Behind my back. And my lock-picks would be safely stowed in my gear pack. And the keys? Well, one would be out of reach in my top dresser drawer. The other...well it was frozen in the ice cube, wasn't it?

Once I had gotten something to eat, soaked in the tub, and had finished my second...or was it third?...glass of wine, it was time to have fun with my new gifts. I say gifts, because the package had also contained two luxurious black silk scarves. I put on some satiny black lingerie, selecting a matched set of panties and cropped cami top that left my tummy exposed.

This was going to be so sensual!

I kept thinking about my secret admirer, as I had been all day. I watched the expressions on my colleagues' faces, but didn't notice anything unusual. I scrolled through my list of enemies and

villains, and no one there seemed to be the type to send me engraved cuffs. Except maybe that dominatrix, but she was in prison...who could it be??

I went to the freezer and retrieved the ice cube with the key. I took some twine from my kitchen drawer and cut it to about 3 meters. I tied one end of the twine snugly around the cube so it could dangle from the string.

Back in the bedroom, I stood on my bed and attached the other end to my ceiling light fixture. I rigged it so that the cube would hang about 1 meter above the bed...high enough that I wouldn't be able to reach it with my wrists behind my back--even if I was able to get to my knees. And even if I could get to it...there wouldn't be much I could do until the ice melted.

I arranged my accessories for the evening on the bed. In addition to the scarves and the cuffs, I had another set of cuffs for my ankles, and a couple lengths of rope.

Before settling onto the bed, I took the longer length of rope and wrapped it around my upper body a few times, criss-crossing between and around my breasts, creating a snug harness that would feel extra constricting when I laid down on it.

I took the shorter length of rope and looped it twice around my waist, then let the loose ends hang down in front of me. I pulled the ends back between my legs, and then sat down on the bed. I scooted over until I was sitting in the middle of the bed, testing so that my head would just reach the pillows.

I took my new heavy cuffs and attached them to the loose ends of rope that ran between my legs and underneath me, adjusting the length so the cuffs would just reach my lower back. I took the other, lighter set of cuffs, and placed them around my ankles--then stretched out my legs toward the foot of the bed.

Now it was time for the silk scarves...I tied a thick knot in the middle of one, and brought the knot to my mouth. Once the knot was tucked behind my teeth, I wrapped the ends around my head and tied them behind me for a gag that would not exactly silence me...but would feel good nonetheless. The other scarf I placed across my eyes and tied off behind my head as well. I lifted it back up to my forehead...I needed my eyes for just a moment more!

I reached around behind me and picked up the cuffs. I used my right hand to close one cuff down around my left wrist. Again I was impressed with how solid and heavy the special gift cuffs were...there was no doubt the cuff was secure around my wrist! I gave it one extra click to make sure it was snug.

I was almost ready. I reached over to my nightstand and took one more sip of wine. Then I said to myself, 'what the hell,' and drained it. Once the glass was safely balanced on the surface (it only took two tries), I was ready.

I reached up and pulled down the scarf over my eyes. I'd doubled it, and doubled it again, so it blocked all the dim light in the room from my eyes. Only one step left...I reached behind myself again and found the loose cuff. I worked it around my right wrist and ratcheted it down. Again, I gave it an extra click to make it feel secure.

'Here we go,' I thought. With no keys or picks in reach, I had no way of getting out of those shiny new cuffs right now. With my wrists tethered to my waist and my ankles cuffed too, I wasn't going to be able to move around much--and at the moment I couldn't see, even if I wanted to. I was committed to staying there on the bed until the ice melted and I felt the key fall on me, or onto the bed beside me.

I reclined on my back, my head resting on the pillow. I wriggled a bit to test everything though I knew it was all secure. The ropes around my upper back caught on the bedding and tugged at my chest and breasts, pulling themselves more taut. My toes stretched toward the end of the bed. And with my wrists behind me, I gave a little tug on the rope that tethered them to my waist. The length of rope between my legs grew taut and pulled inward on me in a most pleasing way.

I tried to imagine how I must look at that moment...lying there in my sexy lingerie, ropes circling my torso and holding me firm...my arms tucked behind me, but my elbows moving out to the sides as I pulled upward with my wrists on the rope running between my legs...my toes stretching and pointing as the pleasure and desire within me grew...and the small movements of my lips as soft sounds began to escape through and around the gag...

Now, I thought to myself...what should I fantasize about while I lie here 'helpless?' As soon as I had the thought, it was obvious...my secret admirer, whoever he...or she?...happened to be. If they had gifted me with engraved cuffs and silk, they knew me, they knew my desires. And hopefully someday, they would come and use their gifts on me in person...

I started wriggling around on the bed even more just thinking about that. And the first drop of melted ice dropped on my tummy, making me gasp.

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March 15th: (Katie's addition)

From her rooftop perch across the street, Alyx was struggling to keep her composure. Of all the things she expected to see through Agent Katie's windows tonight, this was not even on the list.

Watching Agent Katie flitting about her place had brought a rare smile to Alyx's face. This woman had quickly become one of her most interesting assignments ever, and Alyx was reluctant to admit her interest in the blonde agent was bordering on unprofessional.

During the day Katie was a serious and eager (although somewhat inept) agent. During the evening she seemed to alternate between silly girl and sensual submissive. Alyx couldn't decide which part of Katie appealed to her the most. Then she decided: she didn't have to decide...she was intrigued by all of her.

Alyx had been on the assignment for a week now. She knew Agent Katie's routines, she knew the alarm code to her place, she knew Katie's dress and shoe size, she knew her favorite brand of wine, and she knew where Katie kept her toys and lingerie. Alyx even knew the passwords to Katie's personal laptop and all her favorite websites.

So Alyx already knew Katie was secretly a naughty and kinky little girl. But this was altogether something different, Alyx thought. She had watched in fascination as Katie hung the ice cube from the light over the bed. Alyx grinned broadly when she recognized the handcuffs that Katie was putting on herself. And even a jaded mercenary like herself was astonished to see the elaborate steps Katie was taking to make herself immobile and helpless.

The time for passive observation had long passed, Alyx thought. It was time to pay Agent Katie a personal visit...

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The water droplets were falling on the bed beside me a little faster now as the ice cube was warming. I knew it was still going to be a long time before I heard the key drop. If I thought about it, the water droplets hitting the mattress could have been a chinese water torture sensation...but I was far too lost in the fantasy of my secret admirer standing over me while I lay there helpless. A figure all in black, standing with confidence and command over me...a female figure...

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Moments later, Alyx had slipped inside Agent Katie's home as silently as always. She disabled the alarm and moved stealthily across the floor. All was silent but the quiet thrum of the furnace fan and the hum of the refrigerator. Until Alyx approached the bedroom. Then she became aware of new sounds...soft, sensual 'mmmmph'-ing sounds.

The bedroom door was open and the low lights on. Alyx scanned the room before opening, and looked across, through the open blinds, toward her rooftop vantage point across the way. If Alyx didn't know where to look, even she might not have noticed her hidden perch. Agent Katie had no reason to fear anyone was watching her.

Alyx took the last few steps across the bedroom toward where the lovely blonde was slowly writhing on the bed. She stopped right next to the bed, standing over the unsuspecting agent,

marveling at how vulnerable she was at this moment...how she had once again completely let her guard down and put herself in harm's way. Alyx could do anything she wanted right now...anything at all...and Agent Katie was helpless to stop her.

A thousand and four decadent ideas ran through Alyx's head. What would she do first? She could choose literally anything. A kiss? A soft caress? A firm grope? A hogtie and spanking?

Alyx shook her head to clear it. This was not the right move. As much as she wanted to indulge herself with the helpless blonde, it wasn't time yet. Her endgame and her goals would not be furthered by an undisciplined indulgence. It seemed impossible, but she needed to resist.

She took a deep breath to regain her composure. And suddenly noticed the agent below her freeze in place. Agent Katie had heard the breath...she was on alert. It was a sloppy move on Alyx's part, and she chided herself...but still she was transfixed watching the woman's reactions.

Alyx watched Agent Katie jerk her head from side to side in quick turns, trying to listen for more. She squirmed on the bed, testing bonds from which she knew she couldn't escape, suddenly realizing exactly how vulnerable she was.

Alyx smiled. Seeing Agent Katie squirming like this beneath her gaze was the best possible outcome for tonight. It was more than she had hoped for when she left the gift. She knew she had to leave soon...but there was time for one more impulsive indulgence.

She reached out for the string holding the ice cube. Agent Katie had moved out from underneath the dripping cube, and a small puddle was soaking into the bedsheet beside her. The cube still surrounded the key in at least a quarter inch of ice...probably at least an hour's worth. But it was dripping rapidly, and the surface was covered in a thin layer of water.

Alyx pulled the string so that the cube was right over Agent Katie's bare tummy. She tapped the cube, and three drops broke free, landing across the soft creamy flesh. Agent Katie gasped and flinched, and again started turning her head wildly, trying to make sense of what was happening. Her body bucked, whether from the cold water surprise or from confusion or fear, Alyx didn't know...or care. She just knew it was delightful to watch.

Alas, Alyx knew she couldn't stay any longer, and she didn't want Agent Katie to injure herself thrashing about...time to give her a chance to settle and calm, and for Alyx to be on her way. There would be plenty of time and opportunity for games like these in the future...Alyx now knew more than she needed to ensure Agent Katie would never escape her game.

She gave the cube another tap, releasing more water onto the helpless blonde, who had squirmed to one side trying to escape the cold drops. Then she set the cube swinging on its string, a gentle oval trajectory that would ensure drops would fall no matter where Agent Katie



squirmed on the bed. By the time the key was freed, the string would have slowed enough to ensure the key still fell where Agent Katie could reach.

'But just to be sure,' Alyx told herself, 'I'll go back to the rooftop and watch...'

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The end???