

With a small stable of submissives ready to jump at my beck and call, there are few chores that I still do regularly, and grocery shopping is one of them. As I approached the aisle I was looking for, I was very glad to have kept this one task to myself.

Shelf after shelf was stacked with long thin boxes, each promising to keep my food fresh or make cleanup easy in hopes of convincing me to choose one brand over another. It took a full minute just to find the cling wrap, never mind sorting through the variety of offerings. Did I want colored Saran Wrap, or generic plastic wrap patterned with holiday prints? What about sticky-on-one-side waxed paper, the alternative to plastic wrap? I examined every package carefully, reading the detailed sales points printed on each cardboard container, but I knew what I wanted and it wasn't any of those fancy films. I wanted clear plastic cling wrap, the kind that sticks to itself when you unfurl it, forcing you to twist it this way and that, usually not straightening until you've nicked yourself on the jagged metal cutting strip.

When I finally found what I wanted, I pulled a box off the top of the stack and placed it in my basket. And then I pulled nearly a dozen more boxes off the shelf, unceremoniously dumping them all into my basket with the first. I couldn't wait to see the look on the cashier's pimply adolescent face when I paid. And that was just the beginning.

Back at home, I unloaded all the boxes of plastic wrap and stacked them neatly on a table in my playroom. I had big plans for the evening.

I changed into my leather cat suit and pulled my hair up into high, severe ponytail. I stepped into my five-inch platform heels just as I heard the bell ring, and I

took my time going down the stairs to answer the door. I wasn't going to rush for a submissive.

When I at last opened the door, I found Mitchell on the other side, head bowed and hands folded neatly in front of him. He was greeting me in the proper fashion, and he seemed to have dressed as I'd ordered, but he was still going to be punished. No amount of sucking up and playing nice was going to get him off the hook for his misbehavior last time he was in my presence.

"Good evening, Mistress Claire," he greeted me, his eyes peeking up into mine though his head remained bowed.

I nodded and led him into the house, going straight to the playroom at the back. Once we were over the threshold, I ordered Mitchell to strip. He folded his clothes neatly in the corner and then stood, head bowed and hands folded before him, in the center of the room. Naked. Now it was time for my fun to begin.

Picking up the first box of cling wrap, I grabbed the tabbed end and ripped open the box. I peeled the edge of the plastic from the roll and pulled it out over the serrated edge, being careful not to rip it. The plastic made a quiet crinkling sound as I peeled it, and I felt a shiver run down my spine at the faint noise. The feel of the film between my fingers was equally arousing, and my juices pooled between my thighs as I unrolled a few more inches of it.

When I had about six inches of plastic stretched straight out from the box, I walked toward Mitchell and crouched down low. Starting at his ankles, I began to unfurl the film, wrapping it around his legs, from ankles to knees, until it was several layers thick. When his lower legs were bound tightly, I used the metal edge to cut the plastic,

pressed the loose end firmly against Mitchell's legs to keep it in place, and then started the process over, this time encasing him from knees to hips. I stopped just below his hanging cock, and when his upper legs were completely encased and the roll empty, I pressed the loose plastic edge into place and went to get another box.

I started the second roll at his shoulders and worked my way down. Mitchell held his arms straight at his sides as I mummified him, wrapping him tight from shoulders to wrists. I used up almost the entire roll of cling wrap on his torso, and when I was finished and had sliced the film free from the roll, the only things still uncovered were his hands, ass and cock. But they wouldn't be so easily accessible for long. Tossing aside the almost empty roll of plastic, I grabbed one final box and opened it. I teased the film free of the roll very slowly, making Mitchell sweat with anticipation and causing my pussy to drip copious amounts of juice into my leather bottoms. When I'd finally freed the end of the roll—and aroused myself and Mitchell more than enough—I started to wrap it around him, starting at the crack of his ass and working around and around, over his hands, over his cock, and back to his behind. I pulled the film tight as I circled his body with the plastic, making sure he could do little more than futilely wiggle his fingers. Getting an erection would be no picnic either, considering how close I'd bound his cock to his body. But with each pass of the plastic wrap over his dick, Mitchell only moaned more. For a moment I contemplated berating him for the obvious show of pleasure, but I knew his punishment would teach him a lesson, even if he happened to enjoy parts of it a little too much.

With Mitchell encased practically from head to toe, I put away the plastic wrap and then circled his body, taking in his appearance from every angle. I had him trapped in

layer upon layer of strong plastic film, but I could still make out his body's natural lines and curves through the thin sheets. It excited me immensely, and I paused long enough to rub my cunt through my leather, just to take the edge off. Then it was time to play.

Walking across the room, I picked up my favorite flogger and a red ball gag, and I called to Mitchell, summoning him. "Come here," I ordered, my voice stern but my eyes, I'm certain, giving away amusement at his predicament. Mitchell blanched at the command, but he had no choice and so he attempted to obey, his feet wiggling and toes reaching as he tried to cross the room. The task was nearly impossible, we both knew it, but like a good submissive, he did his best, and he'd traveled almost a full yard before I ordered him to stop wasting my time with his snail-like pace and went to meet him instead.

My flogger in one hand, I traced the other over Mitchell's body, running it along his ass and over his cock, which was becoming erect and pushing against its plastic prison. I grinned and imagined just how hard his cock would become once I started his punishment—and how hard it would strain to break through the plastic. *Mmm*, I thought, *this will be fun!*

Satisfied with how tightly I'd wrapped my submissive, I took one last moment to admire the beautiful package in front of me.

"You know what you did wrong, don't you, Mitchell?" I checked.

"Yes, Mistress Claire," he responded. "And I know that I must never again disobey my mistress's orders."

"Very good," I said. "But you must still pay for your misbehavior."

"Yes, Mistress."

Questions answered, I placed the ball gag between his lips and waited for him to open his mouth to accept it. When it was properly in place, I tightened the strap at the back of his head, keeping his gag firmly in his mouth.

Then, still standing behind him, I raised my flogger. I dropped my shoulder, lifted the lashes until they were even with my elbow, and threw. My wrist snapped quickly as the heavy leather strands came into contact with Mitchell's ass, and the sound of the lashes on the Saran wrap was arousing. The usual snap and thud was replaced with a muffled thwack and the sound of ripping plastic. I paused long enough to check the damage on my submissive's behind, and I saw that the top layer of cling wrap had perforated where the flogger had landed. It delighted me immensely to know that my swing had been powerful enough to cut the plastic, and I raised my flogger for a second throw.

My pussy throbbed with each flick of my wrist, and every time the tails of my flogger landed on Mitchell's plastic-wrapped body, I shivered with arousal. I peppered his ass and thighs with strokes from my flogger, each time delighting in the sights and sounds. Mitchell was fairly well mummified, so he had no way of dodging a swat or twisting to make it land where he wanted. He couldn't even ask me to hit him where he wanted thanks to the gag—not that I would allow such behavior anyway. I laughed at his attempts to move, knowing it was impossible, and took several more swings. When I stopped, I moved closer to examine his ass, and the plastic was severely shredded, his behind accessible through several holes that had ripped clear through the layers of cling wrap. It was one of the most beautiful sights.

I caressed my sub's ass, feeling the warmth from his skin and the rough texture of the ripped plastic wrap. "Good boy," I told him, proud he'd taken his flogging and hadn't tried to resist his punishment. I'm sure he thought that was the end of it, too, being bound in plastic and flogged, but I had a few more plans for him.

Hanging up my flogger, I took down my favorite crop. Since I'd already reddened his ass, I circled his body slowly, lightly swatting his arms, legs, back and chest as I went. I pinched his nipples, too, first through the layers of plastic and then by ripping holes in it to get direct contact. His cock was straining against the plastic, and I could see pre-come already smeared on the cling wrap. My cunt spasmed at the sight, and I decided I needed pleasure more than Mitchell needed further flogging.

"On the floor," I commanded him, and his eyes went wide instantly. I knew he was trying to figure out how to get down there, considering his current bound state, and I let him struggle for a moment before helping him.

Crouching low, I ripped the plastic along the backs of his legs up to his thighs, then stood and helped him down to his knees, and then onto his back. When he was lying on the floor, I got another roll of Saran wrap and re-bound his legs. I unzipped the Y-shaped fly over my pussy and bared only that small part of my body to Mitchell. Then I straddled him. I lowered myself over his head, stopping almost six inches above him to remove his ball gag. With that out of the way, I gave him instructions to eat my pussy, then lowered myself the rest of the way until my pussy rested on his mouth. Then, I commanded him to, "Eat me!"

Mitchell is usually allowed to use his fingers when he pleasures my pussy, if not in me then to hold me and guide my cunt to his lips. Without that added tool, it was much

harder for him, and it took him much longer to set his pace and really delve deep into my pussy. When he finally figured out what he was doing, though, he really devoured my cunt. His lips and tongue worked together to tease as much of my pussy as possible, with my labia getting licked and nibbled while my clit was sucked and laved. It was possibly the best head he'd ever given me, and I wondered if his being bound in plastic wrap had somehow helped egg him on orally while the rest of his body was forced to remain still. If that was the case, I had a feeling Mitchell was going to be wrapped up in plastic quite often—and I'd be spending a lot of time at the grocery store.

He was doing a fantastic job eating me, and I started to shake in my heels, my legs feeling unsteady and my pussy starting to throb uncontrollably. I was going to come. I reached down to the floor to keep my balance, and then I relaxed and waited for it to happen. I climaxed much sooner than usual, and my orgasm was stronger than it had been in any of my recent sessions with any of my submissives. Mitchell seemed to work well under the pressure of plastic wrap.

I filled his mouth with my juices and listened to the muffled sounds of him slurping them down, which aroused me further. When he didn't stop licking—I hadn't told him to stop, so he had no reason to—I felt myself building up to a second climax, and in minutes I came again. None of my submissives had ever given me multiple orgasms in such a short time, and I started to believe it was all due to the way I'd bound Mitchell. I couldn't help but moan when I came the second time, filling his mouth with more of my juices. My climax was so strong that I had to grab my sub's Saran-wrapped arms to keep myself steady or I would have dropped to the floor, my weak legs unable to support me.

Finally sated—at least for the time being—I rose, unsteadily, from Mitchell’s face and moved next to him, crouching low by his waist. The plastic covering his cock was cloudy with pre-come, and I stroked his erection through the cling wrap for a few moments, causing him to wriggle and sigh with excitement.

When I sensed he was getting close, I asked him if he wanted his reward. He’d certainly earned it.

“Yes, Mistress,” he pleaded.

I stopped stroking him for a moment so I could rip through the plastic, pulling it apart layer by layer until his cock popped out through the jagged hole in the Saran wrap. The sight of his cock bobbing above his plastic-encased body was more of a turn-on than I thought, and I felt a faint tingle in my cunt when I started to stroke him. I ignored my desire for a moment, though, wanting to reward Mitchell for his good work. I jerked his cock only a dozen times before giving him permission to come, and he did so immediately. I aimed his shooting cock at his stomach and watched as his come splattered on the cling wrap, creating abstract patterns as it streaked over the crinkly plastic. It looked delicious!

After bringing Mitchell to climax, I tucked his softening cock back into the plastic wrap and went to get a glass of wine while he rested. On the way back into the playroom, I grabbed a wet washcloth. I unwrapped Mitchell and cleaned him up, gave him a minute to get a glass of water for himself, and then directed him to the middle of the room. I pulled a few more rolls of plastic wrap from the pile and started to swathe him in the clear film once more, this time starting with his cock. I intended to ride him later that

night, if he was good, and like the box said, I wanted to keep him all wrapped up, sealed for optimal freshness.