The Perils of Penelope Pitstop
in “a Sawmill Peril”

Heylp, Heylp, Heylp. The cries of a damsel in distress rang out through the woods but this time there was no one around to hear Penelope’s cries as she was carried from her car by the Hooded claws henchmen the Bully Brothers.

The Hooded Claw AKA Sylvester Sneakly laughed, Muahahaha as Penelope was carried into the sawmill and towards certain peril, this time Penelope I have you and no one is coming to your rescue.

The Hooded Claw’s plan had finally worked for this time he had figured out every detail to perfection. About three months prior to today, Sylvester Sneakly had spoken to Penelope about one of her favourite things a charity treasure hunt. Oh Mr Sneakly what a simply tremendous idea I will have to have a new outfit and you plan all the other details because of course I must take part. It had all been so simple as Sylvester had known it would be, she walked out of his office as he just smiled to himself and muttered “Now I will have you Penelope”.

The week before the treasure hunt and two very different plans were being put into action; the first was Penelope as she was at her favourite boutique. She was choosing her new look for the race, an outfit that consisted of a pale pink leather on-piece jump suit, zipped at the front with an elasticated waist to show off her figure and a White fir lined hood as she had specified. This was topped off by her (also) pink leather trench coat, short and belted with a button up front. All this was matched up to her soft white leather driving gloves and finally her new boots, close fitting soft white leather, high heels and thigh-length, little straps showed off her perfect ankles and there were straps and buckles just below the knee – Who ever saw Penelope in this outfit would take a second look she was awesome.

Little did she know however that as she planned her outfit, her guardian Sylvester Sneakly was planning not a finish line celebration but a finish to his nemesis Penelope as he was also the Hooded Claw.
His plan was simple and it was finally working – As Penelope was still unaware of his secret identity he was in charge of all the clues and about half way around the treasure hunt he would be waiting hidden from sight and as Penelope came to this point he switched clues and then hid again from sight – She read this clue and the trap was set. As Penelope raced off into the forest to the old saw-mill as the clue indicated, Sylvester quickly switched back the real clue and finally he would have her in his clutches and no one, not even those meddling friends the Ant Hill Mob would know where she was, perfect.

None of this had been known to poor Penelope as she got out of her car to look inside the sawmill for the next clue, what awaited her however was not a clue but the Bully brothers and now her she was, held tightly as they awaited the return of their boss. Moments later Sylvester disguised as the Hooded Claw was pulling up and awaiting the pleasure of tying up his captive once more.

He walked into the sawmill and got his first look at his captive in her new outfit and he knew that before she was finished off he was going to have some Penelope, he grabbed the ropes that he had got ready previously, hold her still Bully Brothers he said as he grabbed those soft leather glove covered wrists and held them behind her back as he started to wrap the first piece of rope around them. Clinched off and tied Penelope was starting to realise that this time her peril might be real and as she stood there the next length of rope was wrapped around her body below her beautifully full breasts and then tied around her perfect waist and holding her arms tightly against her body.

At this point Penelope was starting to struggle even more but to no avail as the ropes were strong and well tied – she was now made to walk over to a large log next to the sawmills conveyor belt, her high heels clicked across the floor and her booted legs looked even more sexy as her captors lifted her onto the log and tied more rope around her beautiful body. The leather of her jacket and jumpsuit wrinkled up in all the places they had tied her and as she lay there she knew that this time she was in trouble. As she was laid down and tied her fir trimmed hood around her face and holding the mass of long golden hair, she could not see her feet but could feel as her ankles were pulled together by the next length of rope, wrapped around and around and then crossed over underneath her feet and finally the rope wrapped around both
her ankles and the log she was now firmly tied to. She could see the Hooded Claw as he cackled away and she saw what must be the last length of rope as he started to wrap it around her legs just under her knees. As the leather of her boots crinkled where the ropes were tied round her beautiful legs the effect on Sylvester obvious, the Hooded Claw was not just going to do away with Penelope but was going to have his way with her first. He told the Bully brothers to get outside and keep lookout as he started up the large saw blade farther down the conveyor belt and as Penelope started to cry out again – Heylp, but she was only able to cry out once before the Hooded Claw quickly gagged her with a scarf he had already prepared.

The Hooded Claw laughed but then said “not quite yet my pretty Penelope” and he started to unzip her jumpsuit as far down as the ropes wrapped around her beautiful body and holding her secure to the log. Her soft plump breasts were the first things to get noticed, pushed up against the rope holding her down they were ready for some attention and straight away the Hooded Claw was there kissing, biting and sucking as he fondled her bound legs and the leather boots that came almost to the tops of her legs.

Finally though the demise of poor Penelope, she was left bound and gagged and in complete peril as still no one knew where she was. The Hooded Claw left so that Sylvester Sneakly could be at the finish line and be seen as innocent of any wrong doing. This left Penelope straining against her well tied bonds and coming closer and closer to the saw blade and her demise.

The look of shock on Sylvester’s face was quickly disguised as relief therefore when Penelope arrived at the finish line with her story of this most recent and terrible peril. “How did you escape though” asked the Ant Hill Mob relieved to see their sexy friend in one piece. Well exclaimed Penelope the ropes were tied around my body so securely but each time the log went over a runner on the conveyor belt it was snagged and frayed a bit more so that by the time I was half way along the belt the ropes snapped.

I was still tied tightly but once a nice man had carried me, still tied into his log cabin, he was able to untie me once he had fondled my long soft lovely boots and the ropes holding them tightly together. He also untied my arms having quite rightly checked that my plump firm young breasts were unharmed.
Oh my said Clyde in disbelief, we really need to teach you how to escape and with that they returned to their cabin where Penelope kindly started to show exactly how she had been tied, patiently waiting whilst Pockets got lots and lots of rope so that they could recreate how Penelope had been tied up. Obviously essential so that the Ant Hill Mob could get a bit of Penelope action as well, after all, those legs, those boots, that jumpsuit with all those ropes around and her long golden hair covered by that lovely fir trimmed hood, what man could resist....... 

Meanwhile still back at the finish line, the Hooded Claw screaming, I’ll get you next time Penelope.