

Campus Parking Ticket Roundup – Part 20

Characters:

Jim Cranston – Assistant Chief of Police

Donna Cranston – his wife, recently released from custody

Ron Johnson – Chief of Police

+++Regina Strong – Police Sergeant

+++Billy Marks – Rookie Officer

Candy – arrested wearing a white blouse and leather slacks, on the bus to Women’s Prison

Theresa – sentenced to 30 months at Women’s Prison

Justine Rogers– arrested and bailed out by her parents.

Tony - Justine’s Boyfriend

Mr. Rogers – Justine’s Dad

Mrs. Rogers – Justine’s Mom

Juana Esperanza – cub reporter for the Weekly Campus Herald

Jeannie – high school friend of Juana’s volunteering at the jail

Mr. Edwards, retired sheriff, neighbor to the Rogers

Erica – getting married over Spring Break

+++ - In the current episode

The photo illustrations on this page of Miss Kellie Krave in bondage are from the Archives BBS Video Production of “[Handcuffed into Bondage](#)” available for download in MP4and WMV format.

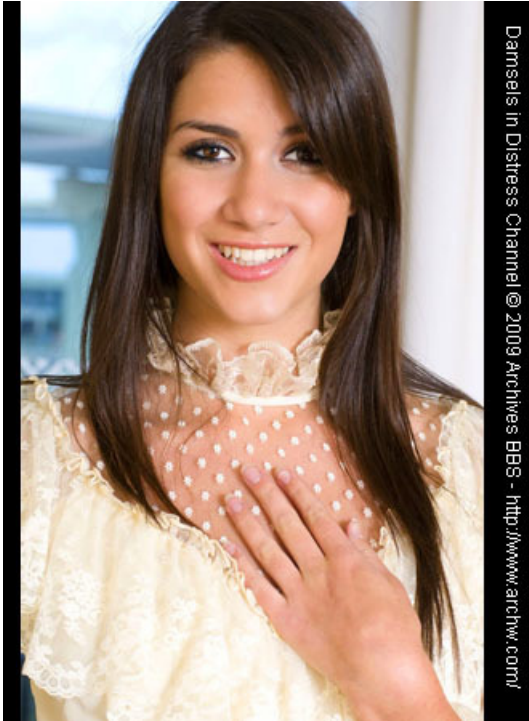
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The judge looked thoughtful. He regarded the young woman who stood before him. Her mother was at her side, as was her lawyer. Their dilemma had generated an unusual proposal from her mother and her attorney: The young woman was to be wed the following weekend, and extensive preparations had been made which involved great expense as well as the travel plans of many out of town guests.

His heart went out to Erica Barton, wearing a white dress with lace accenting the sheer shoulder, bodice and sleeves. Since her wrists were handcuffed behind her back (the judge required that all prisoners remain in their transport shackles throughout sentencing hearings), and locked to a chain which tightly constricted the smallest circumference of her slim waist, a hint of cleavage was revealed below her lovely face, which was somewhat pouty at the humiliation of her bondage.

“Young lady, I am required by law to impose on you a sentence of 3 months in the State Prison for Women, and you shall spend those three months incarcerated without any possibility for parole.”

Erica’s knees weakened, and her mother supported her. The judge continued.



“However, your punishment of incarceration needs not destroy your plans of wedding your young man or your family’s happiness in that sacrament. I understand, Erica, that you are a virgin?”

In her shackles, she stepped forward. “Yes, your honor.”

“I commend both you and your fiancée for having the discipline to wait until marriage. I hereby suspend your sentence until after your wedding and reception. You will report to an officer appointed by the court immediately following the reception and begin

serving your 3-month sentence.”

Erica was embraced by her mother in joy. She looked back to the gallery where a handsome young man smiled and blew her a kiss. A pretty blonde, her maid of honor, sat next to him, and smiled and waived at her.

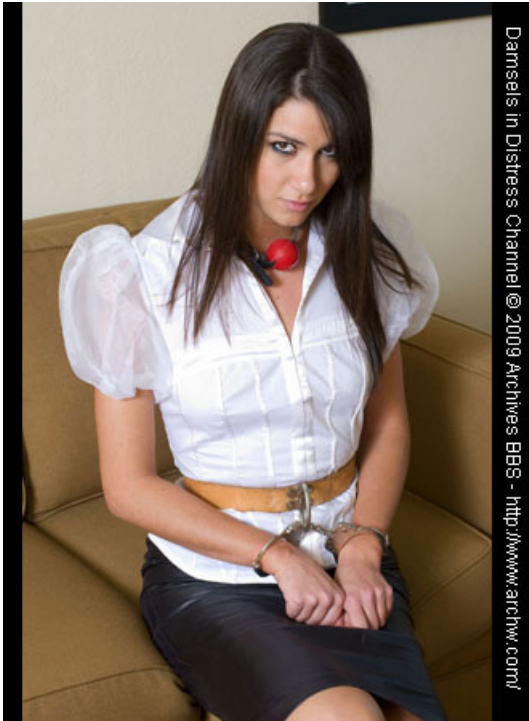
“Oh, thank you, your honor,” exclaimed Erica.

“But,” said the judge. “Even though your prison incarceration is suspended, your punishment is to begin immediately. The chains that you are locked in now shall remain locked about your wrists and ankles. You shall be fitted with a harness ball-gag, and your lips may not touch his, except immediately after you are wed at the alter of the Church. You shall also be fitted with a locking electronic monitoring collar, which you shall wear until you are matriculated into the State Prison for Women, and you shall be wed in your

own wedding gown, but you will be locked in a full set of transportation restraints, and your ball-gag shall be removed only to recite your vows. Your mother and an officer of this court will supervise your bondage. Do you understand my restrictions prior to your sentence?”

Erica lowered her eyes. “I do your honor. I will comply.”

“Further, you shall be permitted no visitors during the first two weeks of your confinement, but may be permitted conjugal visits a bi-weekly intervals after that time. You may wear clothing of your choice during these visits, but shall be locked in shackles during your conjugal visits. Miss Barton, do you understand my restrictions that shall be imposed upon you during your incarceration?”



Erica was thinking to herself that she would be losing her virginity shackled and in prison. With tears welling up in her eyes, she pleaded, “Judge, please release me so that I can go on my honeymoon with my husband!”

The judge raised his voice ever so slightly. “Miss Barton, you have heard my terms. Do you accept them, or shall I remand you to the Women’s Prison system forthwith?”

“I accept your terms, your honor,” Erica meekly agreed.

“Mrs. Barton. Do you understand and agree with the considerations of this court with respect to the suspension of your daughter’s sentence?”

“I do, your honor,” said Mrs. Barton. She was curt in her response.

“Very well, I need to move to the next case, Officer Strong, can you come forward please?”

Regina Strong was third in command at the Campus Police Department, and the principle architect of the restraints that were imposed upon the women of the college who had run afoul of the law. She was watching court proceedings to better learn how to make sure that if a young woman of the college were arrested, that she would feel serve the full term of incarceration that the law imposed.

“Yes, Sir,” Regina came forward. She was in a dress uniform and wore her 4-inch pumps.

“Please familiarize Mrs. Barton with the required restraints, and see that an electronic monitoring collar is locked about this young woman’s throat before she leaves the courthouse. Also, a deputy will need to accompany her to her wedding, make sure that she is in the necessary restraints, and drive her to the prison after the reception, can you see to that?”

“I will see to it personally, your honor,” said Regina.

“Very good,” said the judge.

“Young lady,” said the judge kindly. “I wish you the best of luck with you marriage and your schoolwork at this college. But if you come before my bench again, I will not go so easy on you! Let the sentence be carried out! Take her away!”

The gavel fell, and Erica was hustled from the courtroom out the side doors by Regina and a stout bailiff. Her chains jangled as she tried to look over her shoulder to see her fiancé Tom, but he was talking with her maid of honor. It almost looked like they were about to kiss!

In no time, she was being marched down the dank green hallways of the jail corridors with her mother behind her.

She was taken to a jail cell where she was locked by the ankle to a bar that ran parallel to the bench against the wall. Her mother followed her in, and the cell door was locked behind, locking them both in.

“I’ll just go get your things, and I’ll be back in a moment,” said Regina from outside the bars.

Mrs. Barton sat and put her arms around her daughter.

There was no need for repudiation, or scolding. Since Erica's father had passed away, leaving her a huge trust fund, life had been difficult for them both, not financially, but emotionally.

Mrs. Barton, a young woman in her early forties, spent most of her time before Erica left for college seeing after Erica and her social life. She had always discouraged her from dating "older" men, knowing that she might be looking for a "replacement" for her dad, and was thrilled when Tom had proposed to her. Tom was the son of a partner in a major law firm and seemed to her to genuinely love Erica.

Erica sat glumly in her chains, and Mrs. Barton stroked a wisp of hair from her eyelashes. Regina's heels were heard clicking down the painted cement hallway along with the jingling of chains.

"Here we are," said Regina cheerfully.

"The chains that you have on will do just fine, but I also brought a leader chain, and a connecting chain. The connector goes between the handcuffs and your leg irons, and the leader is locked to your waist-belt. I want all these chains to be kept locked on Erica at all times, except for two bathroom breaks per day."

"OK," said Mrs. Barton, gritting her teeth. She did not relish seeing her daughter thus restrained.

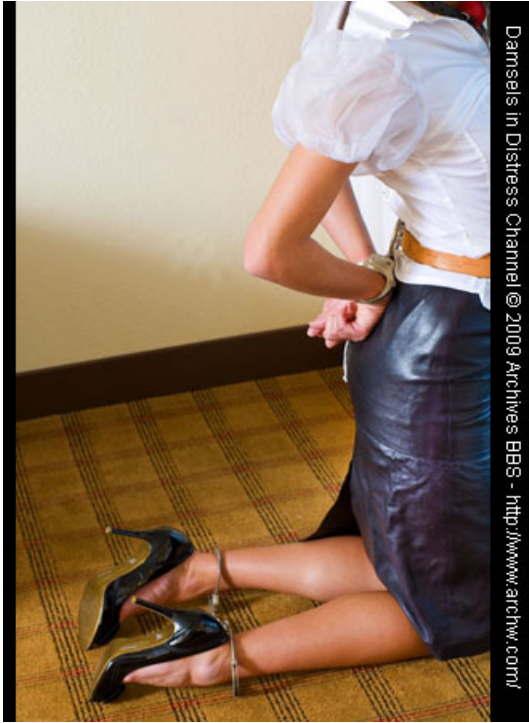
"Here is the electronic monitoring collar. I will lock it on now, and it will remain locked on until she is checked into the Women's Prison."

She held what appeared to be a patent leather black collar with a small black metal box on it, along with a stainless-steel "D" ring. It was quite thick, almost three inches, and had a hasp collar.

"Mrs. Barton, can you please gather up the prisoner's hair?"

She did not appreciate her daughter being referred to as "the prisoner", but she complied with the deputy's wishes, holding Erica's rich thick brown hair into a tight ponytail. The collar was fitted about her throat, and the hasp was

taken through a slot. Regina then asked Erica to stand, and tested the collar for play, and asked Erica to swallow.



Erica did so without difficulty, and Regina then sat her down and tightened the collar by two slots. Erica seemed a bit uncomfortable and when she swallowed, she did so with a bit of pain. The collar was loosened by one slot, and a Master Padlock was passed through the hasp and locked with a decisive ‘click’.

She then took out a black box with an electric cord. “This is the base unit for her monitoring collar,” explained Regina. “Plug this in at your home, and it will send a signal to the monitoring station that the prisoner is within 100 meters of this unit. If the prisoner strays, the signal will be broken and a

warrant will be issued for her arrest, and her parole will be immediately revoked.”

“I understand,” said Mrs. Barton. She was getting anxious to leave this horrible place and take her daughter home.

“Here are the keys for her shackles,” said Regina as she handed Mrs. Barton a set of small keys on a ring. “Remember she is subject to arrest if the terms of her suspended sentence are not complied with, so she must be kept in chains locked up until she reports to the Women’s Prison.”

“Deputy Strong,” asked Erica.

“Yes, dear,” replied Regina.

“Will you please come to my wedding? I would rather you apply my restraints than a man deputy.”

“Of course I will – I love weddings. I can’t wait to see you wearing your gown!”

Mrs. Barton warmed to Regina’s friendly and accommodating attitude. She did not want a burly male deputy copping a feel off her daughter in her wedding gown while her wrists were locked behind her back.

“Well,” said Regina, “that’s about it. Oh, I almost forgot the harness ball-gag!”

Regina rolled her eyes. She had wondered when this shoe would drop.

“You are to wear this harness 8 hours per day, and all night every night until your wedding and your incarceration. Here, let me fit it on you now. You can wear it home.”

“No,” pleaded Erica. “I can’t be seen in that strappy thing!”

Regina quickly grabbed a handful of Erica’s rich brown tresses, and pulled her head back. The two-inch rubber ball fit easily behind her bright white teeth, and Regina made short work of fastening the buckles that held it tightly about her head. Erica almost immediately began to drool. Regina checked the tightness of the back strap, the one that pulled the ball back into Erica’s mouth, and tightened it one more notch, making Erica’s cheeks bulge gently over the tight leather straps.

“Make sure that the strap is pulled to the second one from the end,” Regina instructed Erica’s mom. She nodded in assent.

“Deputy Strong, may I take my daughter home now?” asked Mrs. Barton.

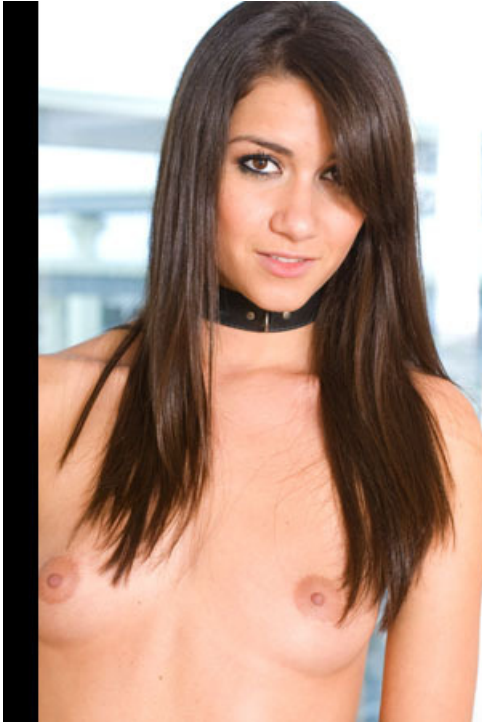
“Yes, you may. Tell me, when is the bridal gown fitting?”



“It’s tomorrow, at 2:00, at the Bridal Boutique. Would you like to be there?”

“Yes, I’d like to see how the restraints fit in with her bridal gown,” said Regina. I want them to look as good as possible, yet be absolutely secure.”

“Excellent, Deputy, we will see you there?”



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Erica groaned in protest at her stringently tight harness-gag. She could barely close her lips around the huge ball, and a small stream of spittle had begun to run from her bottom lip. Her hands instinctively moved to wipe it away, but since they were locked in chains behind her above the pink bow that graced her dress, just above her butt, this was impossible.

Regina unlocked Erica’s ankle from the metal bar at the bottom of the bench, and pocketed the keys.

She was lead by the arm by her mom out into the courtroom where another

girl in handcuffs was in tears after hearing her sentence. Although it had only been about twenty minutes, her finance Tom and her bridesmaid were not to be seen.

Text file by Felix Dartmouth
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End of the campus parking ticket roundup, part 20