

# Anna and the Cuffs

## Part 1

For the last couple of years, Tom had rented the flat with a guy he'd known since drama school. When the friend had moved out Tom had wanted to stay on and so advertised for a flatmate. Anna had called up and made an appointment to view the place.

Tom had smiled as he saw the cute brunette on his doorstep, but then had spent much of the next half hour on the phone to his agent. By the end of the interview he had found out almost nothing about his prospective flatmate and completely distracted by his next potential role, had offered Anna the spare room.

The new role was fantastic, his second TV appearance, and he spent the next week in his room learning lines. He barely even noticed as Anna moved into the flat and into the bedroom next door to his. He didn't even think to offer to help her carry in her boxes.

Later that night he was sitting in his room with a glass of whiskey, when he held some clicking coming from Anna's room. He stopped and listened and soon recognised the sound of cuffs closing. He smiled to himself as he imagined what she might be getting up to just metres away from where he sat. He crept out of his room and over to her door and tried to look through her keyhole, but the key was blocking his view.

The next morning after Anna had left for work (he couldn't even remember what she did), Tom slowly crept into her room. The room already smelt of her perfume and jeans and other clothes hung from hangers and from the back of chairs. He looked around for the cuffs that he was sure he'd held her playing with the night before.

He pulled open a draw and saw her underwear neatly folded. Pinks, blacks, whites, in various silks, satins and cottons, on top of which was sitting a pair of heavy handcuffs. 'Bingo', he smiled to himself as he picked them up.

He soon realised that the cuffs were not standard issue. They were made of

thick silver steel, with only three links between each cuff and the large lock was opened by a large complicated looking key. Unlike most cuffs he'd seen before, these could only be opened by the right key. At that point his phone rang again, he dropped the cuffs back into the drawer and left her room.

Tom was out when Anna returned home. She went up to her room and threw her black suit jacket on the back of her chair. She unzipped and pulled off her black boots and opened her top draw. Immediately she knew that her things had been tampered with, her cuffs were no longer neatly lined up. She slammed the draw closed and started to think.

It must have been Tom, who else could it have been? Had he heard her playing the night before? What a bastard. She thought for a minute. What a cute bastard. She smiled. What had he thought when he'd seen his cuffs? Had they turned him on? Had he tried them on? Would he try them on again?

Anna picked up one of the two cuff keys and started to rub it against her stone window sill. After a few minutes she wiped it clean and tried it in the lock. She smiled to herself as she saw that it wouldn't turn. She left the cuffs with the ruined key in her draw. She then changed into jeans and top and slipped the remaining key, now the only key that would open the maximum security cuffs, into the back pocket of her jeans and went out.

Tom arrived home after a few beers to an empty house. Who was this flatmate and why did she play with heavy cuffs? He had to investigate. He walked into Anna's room and pulled out the cuffs. He checked that Anna wasn't walking up the street before ratcheting the cuffs closed around his wrists. They felt good, very secure. He left the key in Anna's underwear drawer and walked back to his room. He lay on his bed and imagined that she had cuffed him and planned to use him as her sex slave. If she arrived home before he could retrieve the key, at least part of the fantasy would probably come true. He played with the cuffs, shit they felt secure.

He waited as long as he dared and then returned to Anna's room for the key. He casually slid it into the lock as he admired her range of panties. His attention, though, suddenly returned to the key as he realised that it wouldn't turn. He tried a few different ways but it still wouldn't unlock the cuffs. Shit! Was this the right key? Did Anna keep the cuffs keys somewhere else? Had she taken them with her?

Half an hour later and Tom knew he was in trouble. The key wouldn't work and he had searched Anna's room and there was no other key to be found. He heard the front door open. Shit!

Tom ran back to his room and closed the door. Anna poured herself a glass of water and then returned to her room. She immediately opened her drawer and this time found the cuffs were gone. She smiled to herself as she changed into her favourite silk nightie and knickers and waited for the inevitable knock on the door.

"Anna, are you there?"

Anna stood up and smiled at the handcuff key in her hand. Realising that she had no pockets, she tucked it into black silk knickers.

She opened the door.

Tom's breathe was taken away by his scantily dressed flatmate with her long dark hair down and hanging partly over her face.

"Hi Tom" she purred.

Tom was still admiring her legs, which her nightie did nothing to cover.

"I'm really sorry Anna, but I borrowed something from your room earlier."

"That's OK, we're flatmates," she smiled.

"Yes, but I really shouldn't have," he stuttered.

Tom held up his cuffed hands. "I borrowed these."

Anna smiled, "Oh," she said.

"I'm really sorry."

"Can I have them back?" she asked.

"Well that's the problem, I can't undo them."

"Undo?" she questioned

"I mean unlock."

"There should have been a key with them."

"There was, there is," Tom explained, "but it doesn't work."

"Oh dear,"

"Please can you help me," Tom begged anxiously.

Anna took the key that he was holding up and beckoned him inside her room.

Tom walked into her darkened room. It was warm and there was the same perfume that he smelt the night before. Anna sat down on a wooden trunk that was next to a lamp. Anna pointed to the floor in front of her and Tom slowly knelt down and hesitantly held up his cuffed hands.

Anna pulled him closer so that she could reach the cuffs which brought him between her open legs. Anna lent forward, her long dark hair falling over her face, only inches away from Tom.

Anna slid the key into the lock on each of the cuffs. "The keys been damaged," she concluded as she threw the key into her dustbin.

"But how can I get out of them?"

"You can't," Anna purred, as she looked directly and provocatively into Tom's eyes.

"What, there has to be a way," Tom replied desperately.

Anna turned away as she suppressed a giggle.

"We could use a hacksaw?" Tom suggested.

"We?" Anna questioned. "Anyway, these are made from ultra hardened steel, a hacksaw won't work."

"You could try a locksmith or the fire service," she offered.

Tom looked shocked, "I've just played a role in a national TV show. People know my face. If I do that it'll be all over the papers!"

Anna tried hard not to laugh. "Do you think wearing handcuffs for the rest of your life will be a problem?"

"This is no time to joke Anna," he snapped.

She looked at him sternly

"I'm, I'm sorry Anna," he replied.

She could tell that he was worried and with good reason. She knew that she had a key that could free him in seconds, she could feel it resting between her butt and the hard wooden box, but he didn't know. And anyway, she had no intention of giving him the key anytime soon.

Anna stood up and stepped over Tom's head, the inside of her bare thigh brushing the side of his head. She checked that the key wasn't about to fall from its hidden place as she walked to the door.

"There's nothing you can do tonight," Anna concluded.

"But, I can't sleep in these chains!" replied her increasingly frustrated, but also increasingly sexy flatmate

"You don't have any choice," she replied as she opened her door for him to leave.

Anna locked her door, lay down on her bed and pulled out the key. She lay on her back with her feet up against the wall that separated their two bedrooms and ran the tip of the key down the inside of her thighs.

On the other side of the wall Tom was desperate. He'd had to cut his shirt off

so that he could shower and was standing in his boxers frantically thinking of a way to get out of Anna's cuffs. His friends would arrive in the morning to rehearse lines for the new role. What would they think if they saw him like this?

Anna came down to breakfast the next morning wearing her shortest skirt suit. She was wearing tights and high heels and had her hair up in a bun. She poured some black coffee and sat down on one of the bar stool and slowly and deliberately crossed her legs.

Tom, by contrast, was hunched up at the kitchen table, bare chested with cut and bruised wrists.

"How can I get these cuffs off?" he asked despondently.

Anna shrugged and recrossed her legs, while sneaking a look at Tom's pecks.

"Are you sure no don't have a second key?"

Anna shook her head while at the same time feeling the key in the toe of her right shoe.

"My friends will be here soon," Tom realised

"Give them my regards," Anna smiled as she rinsed out her cup.

"Shit, they have a key for the door, if I don't answer they'll just let themselves in and start rehearsing lines," Tom said as started to think through the logistics.

"Shame they don't have a key for the cuffs," Anna smiled.

Anna picked up her handbag to leave, "Well, you'd better leave the house to make sure that they don't catch you like this," Anna offered.

"But I can't go out, I'm handcuffed!"

"Hide in your room then."

"They'll look for me there."

Anna started to walk towards the door.

"Please can I hide in your room?" Tom begged.

"Do you really want to risk the consequences of playing with any more of my things?" she joked.

"Please, I promise I won't."

She led Tom back to her room and unlocked the door.

"Thanks Anna," he said as he sat down on her couch and tried to think through how he'd get out of his restraints.

"Have fun," Anna smiled as she turned and walked out of her room.

Tom watched her as she walked. Long tanned legs leading up to a tight, short business skirt moulded around her butt. Fitted jacket, a very professional look. A very sexy look. He watched as she closed the door and then listened as she turned her key and deadlocked the door.

"Anna!" he called as he ran over to the door.

There was no reply.

## **Part 2**

Tom lay down on Anna's bed and closed his eyes, how was he going to get out of this? He turned his head and could smell Anna's perfume on the pillow. Exhausted, having been up all night, he soon fell asleep.

When he woke a few hours later, he could hear his friends rehearsing lines in the lounge. He struggled to his feet, stripped off his jeans and went into the ensuite bathroom to shower. He towelled dry, put his jeans back on and walked over to the bedroom door to see if there was any way to open it.

It was a heavy wooden door, locked with an old deadlock. He could probably open it with a few well placed kicks, but where would that get him? The only thing that was assured of achieving was to further piss off his flatmate and thereby lessen any chance he had of getting out of the cuffs.

He sat watching the window waiting for Anna to return with hunger gnawing at his insides. He had been looking for an hour before he saw a slim brunette in a business suit walk up the street. He listened as she opened the street door and entered the flat. Next he heard her key turn in the bedroom door and the door open.

"How was your day?" she asked as she set her handbag down on the table and took off her jacket.

"You locked me in your room!"

"There wasn't much else you could really have done while locked in my cuffs."

How can I get out of these?" he asked as he rattled the manacles.

Anna just shrugged as she pulled a half eaten pack of sandwiches from her bag and dropped them on the floor in front of Tom. As he reached down in a desperate bid to get the food, Anna walked over and placed one foot on the floor between his arms. She then used the other foot to kick the sandwiches across the room and out of reach.

In his desperation to eat, he tried to go after the sandwiches, but Anna's foot anchored him in place. He looked up at the woman standing above him, her tanned legs, her short skirt, her long dark hair hanging around her cute face.

As he stood up his cuffed hands ran up the inside of Anna's leg, but before he could stand up straight his cuffed hands had reached her skirt and were starting to slide it further up her thigh.

Partly out of modesty (he really didn't know Anna very well) and partly because he was dependent on Anna's help to get out of cuffs, he knelt back down with his cuffed hands resting gently against her ankle.

She smiled as she watched the sexy, half dressed guy kneeling in front of her.



"I've called the cuff company and they will deliver a replacement key tomorrow," she lied. The key to the cuffs was now in her jacket pocket.

"Oh, thank you!"

"My pleasure," she smiled.

"Can I have my hands back now?" Tom asked as he tugged his cuffs gently against her calf.

"No," Anna replied in a matter-of-fact way.

Tom looked up at her dark eyes and tried to read what she was thinking.

"If you want me to free you tomorrow, you're going to have to do everything I say this evening."

Tom knew he had no choice.

Anna smiled as Tom tried to achieve the impossible of getting his cuffed hands free from between her legs. After watching for a few more seconds, she finally lifted her high heeled shoe and allowed him to escape by slipping his hands underneath.

She led him out into the hallway and lifted up a three foot square hatch in the floor to reveal the cellar beneath. She then took a short ladder that was propped up against a wall and lowered it through the hatch and down into the cellar.

Anna took a length of chain from her handbag and looped it around Tom's waist. She then took a padlock and slipped it through both ends of the waist chain and also slipped the padlock through the handcuff chain. Tom looked on with concern as she clicked the padlock shut. Not only were Tom's hands cuffed, they were also now secured to his waist.

"Down you go," Anna smiled, pointing at the ladder.

Tom climbed down carefully barely able to hold the ladder.

The cellar was only six foot deep and so when standing inside, Tom's head reached up to floor level. He looked up at Anna standing above him.

"Aren't you joining me?"

"No," she smiled as she pulled the ladder back up and rested it back against the wall in the hallway.

Tom soon realised her plan. Usually he could have reached up and pulled himself out of the cellar, in fact he often did that instead of using the ladder. But with his hands chained to his waist he was now trapped. Other than the meter box, the cellar was completely empty, there wasn't anything he could use to climb up on.

"How are you going to get out of that one?" Anna smiled as she stood right next to the opening where she knew he would be able to look up her skirt.

Tom tried to reach up and tried to jump, but it was pointless.

"Please Anna, the ladder?"

"No way."

"The key to this waist chain then?"

She giggled and shook her head.

"Those sandwiches then? I'm starving."

She shook her head again, her long dark hair falling in front of her face as she looked down at him.

"Bye bye." she smiled as she walked back to her bedroom and out of sight.

The cellar extended under Anna bedroom and Tom followed, looking up at his flatmate through gaps in the floorboards that creaked as she walked. Anna then took a shower and Tom returned to the opening and looked hopelessly up into his own hallway. Although Anna had left the hatch open, he was still

completely trapped down there.

When Anna returned she was wearing a short flowery summer dress which reached down to her knees, but from Tom's view point in the cellar covered nothing at all. She placed a cushion on the floor next to the hatch and sat down on it with her legs dangling down into the cellar.

As Tom walked over he studied her high heeled shoes and long smooth legs. They were such a contrast from the damp smelling cellar and rough splintered wood of the hatch. He stopped with his face only inches away from her knees that were pressed tightly together with the thin cotton of her skirt lying gently on top of them.

He looked up at her face. "What are you going to do with me?" He was starting to feel very overpowered.

Anna stared back giving very little away. Tom tried in vain to work out what she was thinking. He was starting to feel very vulnerable. It was one thing to be held captive by a beautiful woman, but quite another to be completely helpless at the hands of a crazy beautiful woman.

Tom watched as she slowly opened her legs and felt her hand push his head between her knees and then between her thighs. Her skin was amazingly soft. Once inside, with his nose up against her silk underwear, she squeezed her legs together and used his face to gently stimulate herself.

By the time she released him from her thighs, it was noticeably darker outside. Anna stood up and turned on the hall light. She then picked up her heavy D-shaped bike lock which was hanging from her handlebars and crouched down by the edge of the opening.

"How do you like your new necklace?" she asked as she beckoned him closer with her finger.

"No not that please."

"Why, are you worried I might lose the key?"

"Anna, don't joke, it would be almost impossible to get it off"

"I know."

"So?"

"So come here," her voice made it clear that the negotiations were over.

Anna reached down and locked the shackle around Tom's neck. She withdrew the key and held it up for Tom to see before reaching up inside her skirt and dropping it into the front of her knickers.

"You must be hungry, let me cook you dinner." Anna purred.

"Thank you."

"My pleasure," she smiled as she blew him a kiss.

Anna slowly closed the cellar hatch and then dropped it with a small bang. She knelt down on the hatch and turned the catches to lock it in place from the outside.

Tom sat in the cellar in the dark and listened to Anna's high heels walking on the floorboard above him. The cellar smelt damp and he could see dust in the air where light shone down through gaps in the boards. His wrists were starting to bruise from the cuffs which he'd now been wearing for over 24 hours. He was starving and the smells coming from the kitchen only made that worse.

His attention turned to Anna's bike lock around his neck. He couldn't slide it over his head. He'd hear of horror stories of people having these things stuck around their necks, getting them off was not easy. The key was in Anna's panties. What if it fell out? What if.... but his thoughts drifted back to the beautiful woman walking around above him.

After what seemed like hours, Anna's high heels clipped overhead and he heard the latches on the hatch being unlocked. Anna then lifted the hatch and sat back down on the edge of the opening. She grabbed the heavy bike lock around Tom's neck and used it to pull him towards her. With her other hand she used a fork to take some pasta from the bowl and put it into his mouth.

"What do you think?" she asked as he ate.

He nodded encouragingly, knowing that any other response would have been very unwise. Anna continued to feed him, alternating forks between the two of them.

Tom watched her while he ate, what was her plan, why was she doing this to him? He was also struggling to understand his own emotions. He was chained up and trapped in the cellar, but right then he had no complaints. This was fun.

Anna then picked up the second smaller bowl containing some pre-prepared chocolate mousse. She paused and then pulled up her dress, put her legs together and spooned some of the mousse on to her bare thighs.

"Dessert." she purred.

Tom was past questioning her orders and stood on tiptoes and started to eat from her bare skin. This tickled Anna and she giggled and wriggled to help him reach the last bits.

Anna then stood up, collected the bowls and walked back to the kitchen. Tom once again watched her go, becoming more and more frustrated by his predicament. She was really turning him on and yet there was so little that he could do about it, stuck as he was in the cellar. 'Shit' he could see the hall, it was so close and yet so impossible to get to.

Anna returned having cleared up and having washed her sticky legs.

"Please let me out of here Anna."

Anna looked down into the cellar and shook her head.

However she then picked up the ladder.

"Lie down on the floor with your head there," Anna directed. Tom complied.

Anna then lowered the ladder through the hatch and positioned it so that it

straddled Tom's neck, with the bottom rung pinning his neck tightly to the cellar floor. She then stood on the ladder and started to climb down, her weight holding Tom securely in place.

Without taking her weight off the ladder, she turned and sat down on one of the rungs with her feet resting on the cellar floor, either side of Tom's head. Tom couldn't use his hands and so could only try and wriggle free using the strength in his neck, which was no match for the weight of Anna's butt pushing down on top of him.

Anna placed one of her high heels on Tom's cheek and started to press down gently. She heard Tom's cuffs rattle as he tried in vain to stop her.

"I won't hurt you," she smiled as lifted up her heel and bent down and gently stroked his cheek with her hand. Tom had lost all control and now focused totally on Anna, wondering what she had planned for him next.

"You hardly noticed me when we first met at the interview." Anna stated.

"Yes, but ...."

"You've noticed me now, I hope."

"Anna, yes....."

"Good, it's nice to have your full attention?"

Anna looked beautiful in the half light of the cellar, with the light coming down from the hallway lighting her dark hair. Her soft skin was such a contrast from the rough wood and brick of the cellar.

"Would you like to sleep with me tonight?" she purred.

"With you?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"OK"

Anna then stood up and climbed back up the ladder. When she reached the top she quickly pulled the ladder back up into the hallway.

"Hey, I thought..." Tom stuttered climbing to his feet.

"Yes?" she smiled.

"That we would sleep together?"

"Sure, come to my room."

"But I can't get out of here!"

Anna shrugged, "Oh well."

Anna's long slim legs looked beautiful. She was again standing on the edge of the opening and he could see up her dress to her cute little panties. Right then there was nothing he wanted more than to sleep with her.

"Oh and by the way," Anna giggled as she held up a key hanging from her necklace, "here is the key to cuffs. I've had it all the time".

Tom stood there open mouthed as she let the key fall back between her breasts. She could have released him from the cuffs at any time.

Anna gave him a little wiggle of her hips and blew him a kiss before closing the hatch on him. She secured the latches and walked off leaving Tom to a long, uncomfortable night.