

The Basement

Written by Chained slave

It started about ten years ago, when I inherited a remote house in the countryside from a distant relative I'd never even heard of. But apparently she had no closer family than me, so I got the house. It never even occurred to me to do anything other than sell it. I didn't fancy living in the middle of nowhere, and I was sure Ann, my girlfriend, would like the idea even less. She's a glamorous city girl from head to toe, loving the bright lights and good times. So I was amazed when she said we should at least see the place before making a decision - and even more amazed when she said she loved it and thought we should move in. The place didn't even have a telephone! It was in a terrible state, but she said not to worry, she'd take care of all the renovations it needed before we moved in. So I went along with it. I was never very good at saying no to anything she wanted, and I guess the idea of so much time alone with her with any distractions was kind of a turn on. How ironic that would turn out to be.

When we moved in a couple of months later, I was amazed at what she'd done with the place. She'd turned it from a broken down hovel into the most beautiful country cottage. It looked like something out of a magazine photoshoot. She apologised that the one thing she hadn't gotten around to doing anything about was the basement, which was just as filthy, damp and musty as when we'd first seen it. I said it didn't matter, we probably wouldn't use it much anyway. "No, probably not" she replied, with an odd little smile playing around her lips.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any better, she announced that she'd already done some food shopping and that night was going to cook me a meal "to celebrate the start of our new life". I couldn't help but wonder what had happened to the Ann I knew - not only was she happy to live here in the middle of nowhere, she was suddenly interested in cooking? But who was I to complain? So I sat down to perhaps the only meal she had ever cooked me, pinching myself to see if this was real as she poured me a glass of wine.

I don't remember the end of the meal - I never could hold my drink that well - but somehow I must have made it to the bedroom. I awoke to find the sun streaming in through the windows and her lying beside me, looking as gorgeous as ever. This caused a predictable reaction in me, and I rolled over

towards her. At least, I tried to. I felt a sharp tug at my right ankle that prevented me from moving any closer to her. I checked and found a shackle securely locked around it. Attached to this was a strong chain which led across the room, out of the bedroom door and around a corner.

"What the hell..."

"Ah, I see you're awake" she said with a smile. "Well, as I said last night, welcome to our new life. Sorry if you're feeling a little horny this morning, but from now on that decision will be entirely up to me. When I want you, I'll come over to your side of the bed. If not, tough. As you've probably noticed, the length of your chain has been worked out very carefully."

"What the hell is going on?" I blustered.

"As I said, I'm telling you about your new life." she replied calmly. "The chain allows you access to all parts of the house, so you won't have any problem keeping it clean for me. You won't be able to reach this side of the bedroom, of course, so I guess I'll have to clean that myself. But what the hell, no system is perfect."

"Now you listen to me..."

"Before you finish that sentence, you might want to listen to the rest of what I have to say. The current length of your chain is a maximum, a reward for consistent good behaviour. In other words, it's a privilege that has to be earned. Believe me when I say that things can get a lot worse for you."

"Take this thing off me right now." I demanded.

She sighed. "Well, I guess some people just won't believe anything until they see it for themselves."

She reached over to her bedside table and picked up what looked like a small remote control with a single button. As she pressed it a grinding noise started up somewhere in the house and I instantly felt a strong pull on my chain. I was dragged from the bed across the bedroom floor towards the door.

"What the hell..." I called out.

"Bye honey!" she said with a smile, waving sarcastically.

I was dragged out of the bedroom, across the hallway and into the kitchen. Looking ahead, I saw to my surprise that the chain led towards the door to the basement. Sure enough I was dragged down the steps, bumping my head on almost every one, and across the filthy concrete floor. I saw that the chain led into a machine of some kind which was the source of the noise. When there was perhaps a foot of chain left exposed, the machine suddenly stopped, leaving me lying there, breathing heavily.

"Ann? Ann?" I called out in desperation, looking up at the steps towards the door to the kitchen, which was the only source of light. At first there was no reply. However, after a few minutes I heard her footsteps in the kitchen. Then, unbelievably, I heard the tap running and the coffee machine starting up.

"Ann, please!"

But there was still no reply. After a few minutes, she appeared in the doorway. She was wearing her sexiest nightgown and holding a cup of coffee. She flipped a switch and a light came on.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, honey, but you know I can't start the day without my coffee."

She walked halfway down the steps and sat down.

"Forgive me if I don't join you down there, the floor doesn't look too clean. Well, I guess now you believe me about your situation? You see, when I told you I hadn't made any improvements to the basement, that wasn't quite true. I installed this very powerful winch which, as you see, is operated by remote control."

She held the remote up for me to see.

"OK, Ann, I understand. I promise I'll do anything you want. But please, set me free."

"'Fraid it doesn't work quite like that honey." she said. "There's only one button on the remote, and you've already seen what happens when I press it. Getting out of the basement is a little more complicated."

"Please! I'll do anything!"

"I know you will honey!" she said with a laugh. "But here's how it works. Every day - assuming I don't press this button - the winch will pay out one yard of chain, giving you slightly more freedom. I've installed a shower in the corner, which you should be able to reach in about a week. Only cold water of course. Until then, there's a big bowl of water just over there you can use to wash yourself, though you'd better save some to drink as well. There's also a bucket for your filth. You'd better take a good look at them before I go so you don't get them mixed up in the dark - that wouldn't be pretty.

"After about two weeks you'll be able to get to the top of the stairs and turn the light on for yourself. A week after that you'll be able to get to the kitchen and able to make your own meals. Until then, of course, you'll have to get by on whatever leftovers or garbage I feel like throwing down to you. Then gradually, if you continue to behave, you'll be able to reach the rest of the house. After about two months you'll be able to sleep in our bed again, and even go a little way outdoors.

"Of course, if you want to keep these privileges, your behaviour will have to be absolutely flawless. Obviously that involves doing anything I say the moment I say it, without the slightest hesitation or argument. It also involves doing all the housework for whatever parts of the house you can reach. Naturally I won't be doing any housework myself, so you might find it piles up a bit while you're gradually working your way out of the basement. But no matter - it's not like you'll have anything else to do.

"Well, I'll leave you to get used to your new situation. Feeding time while you're in the basement is twice daily, morning and evening - and oh look, you've just missed the morning session. Guess you'll have to wait until this evening."

With that she got up, went up the stairs, switched off the light and closed the door behind her. I sat there in complete darkness, praying that it was just a sick joke and she would come and release me after a couple of hours. But time dragged on endlessly for what seemed like days until the door at the top of the steps opened. Blinded by the sudden light, I could just about make her out as she emptied the contents of a bucket in my general direction, before shutting the door again without a word. From what I could tell in the darkness she had indeed given me the leftovers from her plate plus some food waste like potato

peelings. I was disgusted to be eating such muck, especially once it had been on this dirty floor, but by the morning I was so hungry that I couldn't wait for the next batch, delivered in the same unceremonious manner. Each time she appeared in the doorway I begged her to release me or give me more to eat, but she always ignored me and slammed the door. After four days, however, she paused a moment before leaving.

"I've already explained to you the conditions of your imprisonment. Asking me over and over again a question I've already answered constitutes bad behaviour. You wouldn't want to start all over again would you?"

She held up the remote control threateningly.

"No! Please! I promise I'll be good from now on."

"That's better" she said, before slamming the door behind her as usual.

After a week, as promised, I was able to have a shower. To say that it was cold was an understatement - I later found out that she'd told the bemused builder to install the water tank outdoors without any insulation, so in winter the water was barely above freezing. But it felt so good finally to be clean again. After two weeks - bliss - I could turn the light on. The time seemed to go so much faster when I wasn't in complete darkness. And after three weeks - unimaginable joy - I could eat real food again. Nothing much - she had cleverly made sure most of the food was stored in the larder, which I still couldn't reach - but at least it was real food.

I was determined at all costs to avoid going back to the basement. I did everything she wanted the moment she wanted it, and never complained no matter how badly she treated me. After a couple more weeks I was able to sleep comfortably as my chain reached the sofa in the living room. After a month and a half I could reach the bathroom and have a hot shower. After two months, as promised, I was back in bed with her. But just as she said, that was where the increases to my freedom stopped. The chain didn't pay out any more. She lay there on the other side of the bed, tantalisingly out of my reach. Most nights she brought herself to orgasm but I was strictly forbidden from doing the same on pain of going straight back to the basement.

My sexual frustration grew and grew until one summer day. As she had said, at full extension my chain allowed me to go a little way outdoors, and we were

lying side by side on the lawn sunbathing together (the house is so remote there was no danger of anyone seeing me). I felt more like a free man than I had for months, lying there in the sun next to my gorgeous girlfriend in her bikini, but I was so frustrated I was going out of my mind. Finally, I couldn't help myself - I grabbed her and started kissing her. She slapped me hard across the face, and said that I obviously needed reminding of my situation. I begged her to forgive me, but she grabbed the remote, pressed the button and in no time I was back in that filthy basement, sobbing uncontrollably.

This has been my life for the past ten years. The only difference is that now she's used the rest of my inheritance to buy a flat in town, saying there's no reason she should be stuck in the middle of nowhere just because I am. If I happen to be in the basement when she leaves, she just throws down a whole load of food at once, telling me with a laugh to make it last. She's often away for weeks at a time. After all, as she loves to say, she doesn't have to worry that I won't be there when she comes back.

As for the key to my chain, she keeps it at the flat in town - she always says she'll give it my love when she sees it. At first I was encouraged that she'd kept the key, thinking it meant she planned to release me one day. But she soon set me straight on that. She kept it because she wants me to know that she could release me if she wanted to - but she never will.

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