

## Coworkers Captive

Somehow, I found myself bound, gagged, and completely helpless in my coworkers living room, with more on the way. Let me tell you how I ended up here, and where I ended up.

It all started two months ago. I was new to the financial institution where I worked. I had been working there a week or two on a project with three other individuals besides the management staff, whom we'll call Kelly, Stacy, and Laurie. Kelly was a shorter girl, 5'4" with shoulder length blonde hair, and probably around 27 years old. She had a medium build – what I'd guess to be 34 C breasts, a shapely ass, and the nicest blue eyes you've ever seen. Stacy left a little to be desired, a bit over weight with shorter dark brown hair, 36D breasts, and a rather large behind. She was a bit older, in her mid 30's. Finally, there was Laurie. Not bad looking, not great either. She was a bit taller at 5'10", with shapely 34 C's, and the nicest smile you've seen. Pretty green eyes, and a bit larger behind, she was also in her low thirties. Kelly was married, but Stacy and Laurie were both single.

We had a pretty tight team, both on the project I was on, as well as in the department. On a weekend, Laurie sent out an invitation to a select bunch of people for a barbeque at her house. She owned a couple of places which she rented for additional income, and lived in one. Unfortunately that weekend, I had plans to be out of town, and couldn't make it. Upon returning to work, some people were talking about the weekend party. I heard it was a good time, with drinks, decent food, and a bonfire. I also heard that Laurie had been asking a few individuals if they'd heard from me, and if I planned on attending. This sparked my interest, as she was single, and seemed to be interested.

At the end of the week, I ran into Laurie at a meeting. Afterwards, I mentioned that I heard her party was a good time, and that I was sorry I had missed it. She mentioned that I should stop by and check out her place over the weekend. I decided to take her up on the offer, and told her that I would come by Saturday night around 7. That Saturday I stopped over around 7. We sat out back, had a few drinks together around a small contained bonfire, and got to know each other. We continued to see each other for a few weeks on and off, two or three days each week. Things seemed to be going well, until that

day came.

It seemed like any other day we hung out. She invited me to her place for drinks and a movie. This was our second night "in", as typically we were going out to a bar, to play mini golf, etc. This seemed to keep things lighter, easier. No expectations. The first time was odd I think for both of us, testing boundaries of what was acceptable, what was not. I was hoping for some more cuddling tonight, maybe some kissing. I got there at 7, and she greeted me at the door with the usual smile and hello.

Laurie had a nice place, a duplex which she rented out the upstairs and lived down. It was a bit older, but well kept, and well maintained. When you entered, you came into a smaller kitchen. Directly off the kitchen was a living room, with a chair, couch, and the tv. Down a hallway was 2 bedrooms, and a small bathroom. She always kept her place clean, dusted, and vacuumed. Dishes were always put away, and things in their order. Never clothes, magazines, or extra stuff laying around as some people will tend to do.

"Hi" she said at the door with a smile.

I came in, took off my shoes, and plopped down on the couch.

"What do you want to drink?" she asked.

I told her I'd take a beer, whatever she happened to have. She came back with 2 bottles of beer, and put them on the coffee table. She looked great that night. She had her hair back in a ponytail, a wisp of hair draped down over her face. She was wearing tight black pants, with what I thought was an outline of a thong underneath. Up top was a dark red shirt, accentuating her breasts, which appeared perkier than normal. She sat down close to me on the couch, and snuggled up.

We started the movie, and I couldn't help but notice on the coffee table, next to the bottles of beer, were a pair of handcuffs. I pretended not to notice, but couldn't help but glance at them when I picked up and set down my beer. After a few looks, I was able to note that they weren't your "toy" handcuffs, with the safety release. These were the real kind, which could only be taken off with a key, and looked like they double locked on.

About halfway through the movie, my curiosity got the best of me, which was my downfall for the night.

"Hey, what are those for. Do I get to put them on you tonight?" I asked, gesturing at the cuffs shimmering in the TV's glow.

"No, you're definitely not putting them on me." She replied. "They're for boys who come over, and can't keep their hands to themselves. You seem touchy tonight, maybe I'll have to put them on you." She said, with a sexy little smirk on her face.

I'm a sucker for a woman who wants to take control, and being the smartass that I am, replied with "Go ahead, do your worst". I stuck my hands out in front of me, making fists, asking to be cuffed. "You have the key right?" I asked.

"Of course I do silly, come here." She said. She proceeded to snap on one cuff on my left wrist. Before I knew it, she was pulling my hands behind my back.

"Now when have you seen someone handcuffed in front of them? We need to keep you properly secured, so your naughty hands don't touch things they're not supposed to." With that my hands were brought behind me, and locked together. I gently pulled at my restraints, and they were definitely not going anywhere. I heard a second click, presumably the double lock being engaged.

"Now, let's see how well those work" she said. She proceeded to unbutton her shirt, just a few buttons. I pulled at the cuffs but there was no give. "Not too bad", she said, then proceeded to lightly tickle me for a few minutes.

I'm extremely ticklish, and thrashed about for a few minutes while she tickled me. Then she pushed me back into the couch, straddled me, and gave me a deep kiss, which lasted for a few minutes. When we were done, she leaned back and looked down.

"So that's what was poking me", referring to my rock hard erection. "Do you like being my prisoner?" she asked.

"It's kind of sexy having a beautiful girl like you take control, plus that kiss was great" I replied.

"You're way too squirmy, and definitely not restrained enough." She said. With that, she pushed me into the couch, got off of me, and disappeared into one of the bedrooms. She returned with a small duffel bag. Out of the bag came a pair of leg cuffs.

"Wait, wait" I said. " I was ok with being cuffed and a little kissing and tickling, but what are you doing here?" I asked.

"You said you like a girl in control. I want you more restrained, now sit back and relax." Was the reply. I surveyed my situation. She was cute, I was already partially helpless with my hands cuffed behind my back, and there wasn't really much I could do, so I let her put the leg cuffs on me. Now I was cuffed and hobbled. She disappeared to the back of the house again, putting away the duffel. She re-appeared with her dog's crate, setting it in the corner. She also had something which I couldn't see tucked in her pocket. I was hoping she wasn't planning on leaving me alone with the dog for some reason to run out with me all restrained.

"What's with the cage?" I asked. "And what else do you have in your pocket?"

"Some girls are coming over later, and that's where you're going when they get here. In my pocket, well, open up!" As she said that, she pulled out a red ball on a leather strap, and held it to my lips.

"No, that is not going in my mouth!" I shouted.

She held it tight to my lips, and pushed till my lips started to spread from the pressure. Cuffed as I was, there was nothing I could do. She eventually pushed the ball past my teeth, and snugly buckled it on my face. I was now gagged, handcuffed behind my back, and shackled in my coworkers living room. She put a leather collar around my neck, and resumed the movie laying on my lap, rock hard penis bulging behind her head. All I could do was moan into my gag, and try to get comfortable.

Near the end of the movie, the doorbell rang. Laurie hopped up, and ran to the door. I was stunned, not wanting to be seen by whatever friends she had coming over. Hobbled, I wasn't going to be running too far, and gave into my predicament. When she came back in the room, I was horrified at what I saw. Behind her was Kelly, Stacy, as well as 2 other beautiful blonde coworkers of

ours.

Giggling Kelly shouted that she couldn't believe Laurie had managed to win the bet, and get me all tied up in her living room. So this was planned – the girls all were aware that I was the subject of today's amusement. While Kelly and Stacy inspected my restraints, the two others went and pulled the cage to the middle of the room, while Laurie disappeared yet again. She returned with a small leather leash, and what looked like a blindfold. Sure enough, she disappeared behind me, and the blindfold was fixed over my eyes. It had a cutout for the nose, which further held it in place, making it impossible to remove with my hands cuffed behind my back like they were. Laurie also put two small ear plugs in my ear, making me deaf to the rooms' conversations. I felt a leash attached to my collar, and followed the tug towards the center of the room. I felt multiple hands push me to my knees, the pull on the collar continuing. Before I knew it, I felt the bars of the cage beneath my knees, and felt the door closing behind me. I pushed and felt at the door, but ended up feeling a large lock, which led me to believe I was locked in.

There I sat – blind, gagged, deaf, and restrained, while 5 women that I worked with sat around me in a living room. I could feel what I assumed to be drinks placed on the cage, and was unable to tell how much time had elapsed from the night. I pulled at my restraints, but there was no give. I tried to brush the blindfold off on the bars of the cage, but it would not slip off. I pushed at the ball with my tongue, trying to dislodge it from my mouth, but it was strapped on too tight. Eventually I gave into my restraints, wondering what was to come next.

After what I guessed to be an hour, I felt myself being pulled out of the cage by my leash again. The girls stood me up, and removed my blindfold. I was left with Kelly and Stacy.

Stacy reached forward, and removed my earplugs.

"I'll remove your gag, if you promise to behave and be quiet. Moan once if you agree, twice if you do not."

I moaned once, wanting that awful ball out of my mouth.

Stacy reached around my head, pulling her breasts into my face, and loosened

the gag buckle, allowing it to hang around my neck like a necklace.

"Why did you guys do that to me?" I asked.

"We had a bet, that Laurie couldn't get a guy, alone, and restrained in her apartment. Obviously, we were wrong. Two of the girls here, other than Kelly obviously since she's married, have a thing for you, and for kinky things, and wanted to see you restrained. Stacy won a bet, and a few hundred dollars for being able to pull it off. Now we still have you restrained, and you have a choice to make. You can sleep with one of the four single girls tonight. If you consent, you'll be forcibly stripped, re-gagged and blinded. You'll be walked out to the car parked in the attached garage, and driven by us to a location that you won't know. You'll be led into a room, chained in a position leaving you exposed, and the winner of a different bet will get to have her way with you. You'll have no say in what happens, as she won you as a slave if you consent. It'll be one of the 4 single girls that were here tonight, but unless she decides to speak or remove your blindfold, you'll have no clue which of us it was. After she's done with you, you'll be dressed again, and taken blindfolded and cuffed back to your house, where you'll be left on your kitchen floor with your handcuff key in close proximity for you to release yourself." I'll give you a minute to think about it, while I go in the back room and get a few things together with Kelly. If you consent, you'll be kneeling on the floor, legs spread and head lowered when we come back in. If you decline, feel free to sit on the couch or stay standing. We'll remove your cuffs, let you free, and meet the rest of the losing girls for a drink. It's up to you."

With that, both girls left the room. I had a  $\frac{3}{4}$  chance that it was one of the 2 hot girls, or Laurie, all of which I wanted to sleep with. On the off chance it was Stacy, it wasn't the end of the world. She wasn't super ugly, I just had no interest in being with her. Then again, bound and blind it may be hard to tell. I spent a few minutes thinking it over, and ultimately dropped to my knees, spread my legs, and stared at the floor. After what felt like an eternity, the two girls came back, both giggling.

"I can't believe you are actually going to go along with this. You are one kinky bastard." With that, Kelly walked behind me, and re-applied my ball-gag, while Stacy put the blindfold back on me. Each girl grabbed an arm, and stood me up. I could feel my erection coming back, at the thought of the beautiful Kelly seeing me bound, helpless naked, delivering me with Stacy to be the toy of one

of the four girls for the night. I felt one handcuff being removed, the girls still with a tight grip, each pulling an arm out of the sleeve of my shirt, and pulling the shirt off. Both of my hands were pulled behind me, and cuffed again more snug than the last time, and double locked. My ankle shackles were removed, and my pants and boxers removed as well. I now stood helpless and exposed, in front of two coworkers which I barely knew. My situation was turning me on, and it showed, yet embarrassed me at the same time.

I felt one pair of hands going to my nipples, pulling, and twisting. I started to follow, and felt a third hand push me back, forcing me to stand in one place while the two hands tormented my nipples. The fourth hand lowered to my raging hard cock, stroking, then pulling at my cock and balls. The ankle cuffs were soon reapplied, and I was led by my leash towards the back of the house. Laurie had an attached garage, in which I had hoped one of the girls cars were parked. I really didn't want to be taken outside and potentially exposed to the public. I felt myself being tugged towards the back of the house, and what I remember from previous visits out to the garage.

"Ok boy, neither of our cars have tinted windows, and the deal was that we deliver you bound and naked, so in the trunk you go." Said Kelly. I started to pull against them and my cuffs, as well as moan against my gag.

"Shut up and relax Joe" said Stacy. "You're going in the trunk. There isn't too far to go to where we agreed to deliver you to the winner. You'll be fine". With that, I felt one of my ankle cuffs being removed, and I was pushed towards the trunk. The girls helped fold me up in to the back, where I felt my legs folder up, and the ankle cuff was locked back on. What I failed to notice until the trunk was closed, was that the ankle cuff chain was wrapped back around the handcuff chain, effectively putting me into a hogtie. The trunk lid slammed closed, and I pulled against my restraints. I was snugly cuffed, gagged, and blind, hogtied in my coworkers trunk, being driven to who knows where to be used by one of the 4 of the single ladies of the 5 that were there that night. The winner had one my servitude at my consent as the result of a bet. I was extremely turned on.

After what I'd guess to be 15 to 20 minutes of driving, I felt the car roll into a drive. It slowly advanced, and came to a halt. I could hear a garage door closing through the trunk. Hopefully again I was in an attached garage. I heard the trunk open, and felt one of the ankle cuffs being removed again. My two

captors helped me out of the trunk, then refastened the ankle cuff. I could feel a tug at my leash, and again I was being led by my coworkers to a location I couldn't see.

After we presumably walked into a house, I could feel myself led around, and eventually stopped. I was shoved onto a bed, where one of the girls straddled me again. My ball-gag was removed, after being instructed to keep my mouth shut...again.

"We don't want you choking on the gag while we leave you waiting" said Kelly. "You'll be chained to the bed, left blindfolded, for the winner to return to. Myself and Stacy will go to the bar where the ladies are waiting, and the winner will return to claim her prize. You'll be left blindfolded for the night, unless she decides to remove it. Odds are you'll be kept here until the morning, when she'll re-dress you, and take you home. You'll be led inside your house cuffed and blindfolded on the floor. The key will be left close to you, and you'll be able to feel around and find it within a few minutes. You can release yourself. The cuffs and blindfold are gifts from us as reminders for your night, and one of us will swing by to bring you back to your car at Lauries.. This is your last chance to remove yourself from the situation. If you tell us to continue, we'll chain you to the bed to have the night of your life with one of your coworkers. If you decline, you'll be given your clothes, and a ride home. Which is it."

I paused for a moment, and simply replied "continue". I wasn't sure what the hell I was thinking, but I was incredibly turned on, and wanted to see where the night led. The girls removed my handcuffs, and I felt each arm being pulled in separate directions. Leather cuffs were wrapped around each, and locked to something. I pulled, but they were held where they were. I felt the leg irons being removed, and hands spreading my legs, again locking leather cuffs around them. I pulled, but there was no give. Presumably, I was chained spread eagle to the bed I sat on.

"As I'm sure you guess, your chained spread eagle to the bed." We're going to tell your winner now where to find you. She'll be back in a bit, and do lord know's what to you. You're kinkier...and braver than I had thought. Good luck tonight." Said Kelly.

"Bye slave, maybe it'll be me back to play with you". Said Stacy.



Slave. A chill went down my spine. One of my coworkers was going to have her way with me tonight, and there was a good chance I'd have no clue which one it was. I was turned on, yet terrified at the same time.

I have no clue how much time passed, but eventually I heard a car pull up. I pulled against my bonds, but there was no give. I was laying on a bed, spread eagled, blindfolded, about to be used by a coworker I couldn't see, in a way I didn't know. Unless she spoke, or removed the blindfold, it would be hard to tell which of the 4 from that night it was. All of them but Stacy had a similar build.

I heard the door to the bedroom open, and heard someone enter. I could hear the floor creak around the bed, as she paced around taking me in. Eventually, I felt someone sit on the bed, and reach over and grab my balls. I took a deep breath, as she held them in her hand, pulling and squeezing.

"Please stop, that hurts!" I shouted.

The hands disappeared, and the body got up.

"Who is this, please tell me, please take off my mggggpphh." Near the end of the sentence, a ball-gag was shoved in my mouth, and I was yet again made silent. The body sat next to me again on the bed, and again my balls were tortured. This went on for 5 to ten minutes, pulling, squeezing, scratching at my balls. I pulled against my restraints and there was no give. I was stuck, helpless, at the mercy of my ruthless coworker.

The gag was removed, and a finger was placed across my lips, reminding me to be quiet. Clearly, she wanted me to know who was in charge. I felt her lay across me, and a pair of panties draped across my face. Moments later, I felt her wet pussy at my mouth, pressing against it for attention. I licked, slowly at first. She pushed back, egging me on for more. I went at her harder, licking and sucking, alternating back and forth until I brought her to a climax. She crushed her soaked twat into my mouth, making me suck up all of her juices. After she finished, I heard her get up and leave the room. Moments later, a toilet flushed, presumably after she finished cleaning herself up.

I felt her hands at my cock again, this time gently, stroking up and down. After

a minute or two, I could feel her lips at the tip. I tried to raise my hips to meet her as much as I could, tightly chained as I was. A hand wrapped around my balls, pulling me back to the bed. She held my balls down, and slowly started to kiss my cock from top to bottom. Up and down she slowly went, causing me to tug hard against my chains. She opened her mouth, and took me in. She teased me to climax, then stopped, let go, and walked away. I started to plead for her to finish, and the ball-gag was pushed against my lips. I moaned in protest, but she wouldn't have it, and rudely shoved it in the rest of the way, strapping it tight. I should have heeded my warning. Now I was gagged again, still blind, chained spread eagle to a bed, not knowing who my captor was. From what I could hear, she left the room. I screamed into my gag, not doing much good. I pulled at my chains, and they wouldn't give. I was incredibly turned on, yet still really helpless. She came back some time later, and started all over again, first with the stroking, then holding me down, and finally starting to blow me again. Again, just before I finished, she got up and walked away. I moaned, screamed, pulled at my restraints, and couldn't get free.

After 5 to 10 minutes, she returned yet again, and sat on the bed. This time I felt something incredibly cold being held to my hard cock. I pulled against my bonds, but couldn't escape her control. I realized it was ice, and she was trying to get rid of my hard on. It didn't take too long with that cold ice cube held to it. What came next was a shock. I felt her grab my now limp cock, and something being fastened over it. I felt something drawn up behind me, around my waist, then a click. I realized it was a chastity device. I have always wanted to try one on, but not like this. I struggled against my bonds, but I was too late, and too secured. With a click, the hands disappeared, and I felt a little weight on my penis. I was turned on by the added control, only this time my poor cock was greeted with more pain from the restriction of whatever chastity device she secured to me. I heard a click, and no more contact. I eventually fell asleep, still blind, bound, and gagged. I awoke to the gag being pulled out of my mouth. Hands held each wrist, and my legs were already freed. I could hear Kelly and Laurie telling me to sit up. I complied, my jaw incredibly sore from the gag being in place all night.

My shirt was replaced, and my hands drawn behind my back. My pants were pulled on without my boxers, and my legs were re-shackled.

"We were going to just have your captor drop you off at home, but we decided after last night's adventure that you may be a bit combative, wanting your

cock freed, and to see who played with you last night." Said Laurie.

I realized the girls must have discussed my ordeal that morning, and felt that it would take at least two of them to control me to take me home. I wouldn't hurt one of them, but probably would have fought to see who had control of me last night, definitely beg for my cock to be freed, and definitely for an orgasm.

"We're going to remove your blindfold, and buckle you into the front seat of Laurie's car. Laurie will drive you home, and place you on your kitchen floor. We have your keys from the other night, so she'll be able to get into your house. Two girls have already dropped off your car. Your blindfold will be replaced, and the keys left with you. Oh, if you try to cut off the chastity device, the photos and video from last night will be released around the office. We'll know, so don't try it. If you're a good boy, the girl who played with you last night will reveal herself to you within the next month, and you'll have the option to remove that little device on your cock, or leave it on. That chastity device will remind you of how you felt controlled by a woman you don't know, and how hot it made you. Do you understand"?

I really didn't have much of a choice. They had me. I was stuck, cuffed, about to have my freedom returned to me..kind of. They still had my cock locked up. That meant no late night fantasies with a happy ending for myself, no random bar hookups, nothing. I was theirs, even though I was free to do as I pleased. I was incredibly turned on, yet pissed that the same time. I could feel my cock swelling, and being reminded of its captivity by the throbbing it felt when it hit the tube that held it captive.

"Yes, I understand. I won't remove it". Not that I felt I could remove it. The straps around my waist felt snug, unyielding. It felt like a small wire pulled through my ass crack, but I wouldn't be able to fully tell until I got home.

"Relax, no one should be able to notice that you're chained. It's still early in the morning, about 10am." Said Laurie. Not that I had much choice. She wrapped her arm around my waist, to hide the fact that I was handcuffed. We apparently were in a hotel room, with the car parked just outside the door. I had to hobble to the car shackled. I hoped no one would see me.

We made it to the car, and I was led into the front seat, still cuffed and shackled. I was shoved into the seat, and buckled in. We drove towards my house, she was silent the entire way. It took about 25 minutes to get there, and when we did she used the garage opener I kept in my car to open the door. At least she didn't put me chained on display for the neighbors to see.

True to their word, I was led to the kitchen, where she sat me on the floor, and removed my leg shackles.

"I am a bit of a kinky girl, and I still want these. Time to put on your blindfold so I can make my getaway."

With that, she pulled the leather blindfold on again, and I heard the key jingle on the floor. There was no way I could run after her or plead for information. She held me down, gave me a kiss on the cheek, told me I was a good sport, and left. After about 5 minutes I was able to find the key, and get the cuffs off. I removed the blindfold, and quickly pulled down my pants to inspect the device holding my manhood prisoner. It was a solid metal belt, which was a very nice piece. A belt went around my waist. A small metal bar went through my ass, to my balls, where a plate covered my balls, and cock, and locked in the front. Any attempt to remove it would damage the device, and possibly me. I assumed my cock was locked in a tube attached to the plate, as I felt restricted on all sides. Escape was hopeless.

At work, nothing happened the first day. Or the second, or the first week. The girls gave me knowing looks, smiles, smirks. I felt controlled, yet I was free to walk about, and do as I please. I had never been so turned on, yet so frustrated. Eventually I got used to the belt. Unfortunately, I have to now sit to pee, every time. It took some time to get used to wiping as well, but we'll leave that to the imagination. The end of the third week Laurie invited me over for a movie. I accepted, as my dating life had pretty much stopped for the prior 3 weeks, due to the fact that my cock was pretty much useless from a sexual perspective. I showed up to Laurie's house at the usual 7p time. I was greeted with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. The usual chitchat, how she missed our nights together, etc etc. She grabbed my hand and led me in to watch a movie. We grabbed a seat on the couch, and she snuggled up next to me. Her head on my bound cock.

"So cutie, what's in store for me tonight? A chick flick, a horror so you snuggle

up close, what?"

"Oh, it's a surprise" she said. I noticed the cuffs were on the coffee table again. "I don't suppose I'm getting these on you this time." I said.

"Nope, they only go on boys, but I promise if you let me put them on you, it's just me, you, and your locked cock tonight."

I said ok, but only if she locked them in front, so I could put my arms around her. In reality, I just was nervous about being helpless with her, again. Last time it happened, it was the death of my sex life for 3 weeks. I held my hands in front of me, and she locked them on.

I put my arms around her, and she curled up next to me and hit play. The movie started, and it was me, bound and gagged in the cage.

"Surprised? I wanted you, but you didn't seem to notice my advances. The girls offered to help in my odd scheme, and I was hoping it would work. Here you are again, bound and in my control. It seems like you trust me to lock you up, and I really enjoyed playing with you the other night. The choice is yours, I can unlock the cuffs and chastity belt, and we can go back to just hanging out as friends, or I can keep you locked up, and make your every kinkiest wish come true. You'll be kept locked up when you're not with me. It's up to you."

She completely caught me off guard. Here I sat, locked against my will in a metal chastity belt, cuffed, with the most beautiful girl I've met in a while, who was totally into me. I could start to date her, the catch is that I keep my cock locked and under her control, which kinda turned me on. I had been debating a serious relationship and this was my chance, with a great girl. I pulled my arms around her, dropped to my knees in front of her, kissed her feet, and said "How may I serve you Mistress?"

She smiled, and it was the start of a great relationship.