

Dian Taylor - Oh My God!

Chapter 1: All About Me

Candy has hassled me for some time to commit this, my story, to paper; and now, as I will explain later, she has found the necessary motivation to make me.

Just to help you picture me, as this story is all about me, I think I am quite a shy, loner type of a person in my private life; at least those days I was, but I will write this in the time frame that my story developed; at work I try to ooze confidence and that in itself gives me confidence but only on professional matters at work. In my own time I hardly meet anyone and the only conversation I get is in shops or with my neighbours. However when I was at college I had plenty of compliments and quite a few relationships and generally I consider myself a pretty good looking girl; apparently, according to my parents and a few other people I am the spit of Elizabeth Hurley when she was my age. I am 5'10", slim, thanks to the gym and hardly ever eating when I should do, long legs, and quite long brown hair. I am doing quite well for myself, I am a project Manager for a National Company which at just 27, and being 'just a girl in a mans domain,' I am quite proud of. I do not earn a ridiculous wage but enough to easily get me onto the property ladder with a very nice house on a really nice estate, and a very tidy top of the range Ford, but not a Porsche or Ferrari, not just yet.

Unfortunately, apart from my work I do not have much of a life; no real friends, no family anywhere near me, and no sex life since I left College; no sex at all in recent years apart from one office party mistake which still haunts me. I was still in my first year with the company and more than a little bit drunk after the party when I went back to one of the manager's rooms and gave him the ride of his life; and the louse just had to tell everybody, immediately; making me the office slut before breakfast was even over! That taught me 'No office romances' and I have totally shunned every man at work since; and recently I have heard I am now often referred to as 'Iron Knickers' because of the rumours circulating that I wear a Chastity Belt. There are also the obvious rumours that all women in male dominated environments suffer when they 'don't put out' too easily, that I am a lesbian, but that doesn't bother me any, if you aren't married you are either a slut or a lesbian, there is no in-between in a mans little mind.

One Sunday afternoon I received a telephone call from the closest thing I have to a friend, Candy; she is in the same job as me and lives near me, just a 15 minute walk around the estate. I say she is a friend but in reality we meet at our local bar maybe once or twice a month, and go running together some evenings. We also share the same leisure club. She looks quite similar to me, maybe a couple of inches shorter than me and lighter coloured hair, a year older but same build and a really happy, smiley pretty face. As she is the only one around that I know I asked her to be my home alarm back up, keeping the alarm code and door key in case there is an alarm activation whilst I am away and the police require access. She thought this was a good idea and a month later had the same alarm system installed in her place and added me as her first responder. This phone call was kind of for that same reason; Candy asked "Dian, I can't really explain now, and it is a bit embarrassing, but can you please get round here quick with my door key and let yourself in; will explain more when you get here?"

She sounded very distant, and kind of fatigued, like she had just got back from a run, I asked "Are you okay? Are you locked out?"

"No, yes, well, I'm okay, sort of, you could say I am locked in, you'll see when you get here."

I grabbed her key and drove round and let myself in. "Candy, Candy! I'm here."

"I'm upstairs, first on the right" she shouted from above me.

I headed up and opened the door, and oh my God!!! "Candy, what the hell are you doing, what has happened?" There was Candy, Naked and sweaty, sitting with her back to the foot of the bed with her ankles up above her shoulders and manacled to the top of the bedstead, she appeared to also have her wrists in hand-cuffs behind her and a dildo sticking in her pussy. She was still clinging onto her cell phone. Clearly extremely embarrassed Candy explained "I am so sorry, I didn't have anyone else to call; This has never gone wrong before; everything worked as usual but the little bit has broken off the end of the hand-cuff key, please if you can just get the keys to my ankle cuffs from on top of the bed, just behind my head, and let my ankles free I have a spare cuff key down in the garage; and please, please, could you turn this dildo off before it sparks up again?"

I was shocked, truly shocked, you think you know a person then something like this smacks you in the face! Miss oh so innocent and sweet Candy turns out to be Miss Kinky and Perverted Nympho' Candy! I switched her Dildo off but it disgusted me to even touch it given where it was; I found her keys and released her ankles. At her further request I also found the courage to actually remove her Dildo, touching it as little as possible and dropping it immediately!

I helped Candy get to her feet and she stretched as well as she could, explaining she had been restrained there some time. She then explained she needed me to come down to the garage with her as her spare cuffs and keys were on a shelf in a cupboard and she wouldn't be able to reach them with her hands still cuffed behind her back. That the bit broken off was most probably still stuck in one of her cuffs but if she could get the other wrist free she could play with it until she got the bit out. She was basically gibbering, a pathetic attempt to cover her embarrassment.

Candy led the way. This shock was still settling in, I could never have imagined walking behind my friend in her home naked with her hands cuffed behind her back. I just didn't know what to say, where to look, anything. It wasn't helping that I was embarrassed by my own thoughts, but I just couldn't help them popping into my head as I followed her ...look at her bum, I thought, that is sooo sexy, perfect.....her boobs are far fuller than I thought.....her tummy is so flat.....Candy, I wish I looked that good nude....If I was a Lesbian now I could.....STOP! Just stop thinking these thoughts!

We got to the Garage, same design as my house, oversized double Garage so I knew what to expect when I opened the door for her, I just didn't get what I expected. Oh My God again! "Candy, this isn't a Garage, it's a Dungeon." Candy just smiled and blushed, a lot.

There were manacles all over the walls, a big cross with shackles, a small pony vault type thing with a dildo sticking out the top and manacles on the front and rear sides, a set of standing stocks, and a leather padded bench with more manacles; and suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the Garage a bar with bracelets on the ends connected by cable to a ratchet handle thing on the wall, and below the suspended bar what were obviously ankle restraints feet apart fixed to the floor. "....." Speechless!

Candy tried to explain "Dian, I can explain, it's just fun, harmless fun...."

"Don't even bother Candy, I really don't want to know, I don't even want to imagine, or even think of this again; just show me where your cuff key is and I will go home and try to pretend this whole thing never happened."

"Dian, really, I am so sorry, if you want to leave your key and never come back I will understand, but thank you and sorry again."

"No, I will keep your house key, you are still a friend, I will try to forget this ever happened and will call you through the week; but just one thing, and please be honest, did you set this up? Did you lock yourself up like that with the key broken already just to get me here to find you? Am I your fantasy girl or your crush or something? Was this your stab at a Lesbian relationship with me or something because if it was you have wasted your time, you are a lovely girl and look fantastic but sorry, I only do men."

"Dian! No, I am not a Lesbian, just men or self-bondage, or if I'm lucky, men and bondage; I promise you and sorry if I disappoint you but no I didn't do this for you, so please just get me my cuff key and go!"

I did just that and within minutes was sitting again at home trying to work out what had just happened. Talk about a 'turn your world upside down moment!' What an effect this was having on me, everywhere I looked I imagined bondage furniture, my study chair, dining table, staircase banister, coffee table; and I kept getting recall flashes of her beautiful sweaty naked body, her Dildo in her pussy, her glorious shaven pussy, her perfect bum, the restraints on her wrists; her utter naked vulnerability!

I also felt really bad about how we had parted; she is not really my friend that I would laugh and joke and share my life and confide in, but she is the closest thing I have; and she is the only person I have to be my alarm back up; Doh! I had best call her back and repair the wounds!

"Candy, hi it's Dian again, please don't hang up, did you get the cuffs off completely? You did, that's good, look I just want to apologise for the way I acted, I appreciate you were in an extremely embarrassing predicament and that I could have handled it and your feelings a whole lot better, and thank you for trusting and liking me enough to make me the one that you would call, I just want to say

sorry and if you would like to meet me for a drink some time soon I am sure we will have a laugh about it all; and I will keep your key and any similar problems in the future please do not hesitate to call me and I promise to handle it better; I may even take the opportunity," I joked, "to tickle your feet next time." Candy was very obviously much relieved to receive my call, thanked me, apologised herself and promised to meet me next weekend for a drink.

This should have been the end of the matter, but no, not so much for Candy until things (and me) progressed, but for me this was just the start.

Chapter 2: Intrigued

I just couldn't get it out of my mind, what would it feel like to be so hopelessly restrained? I had a very active sex life at College, but just one screw in the last 5 years? At an age where I should be at my most active? I just don't have the lifestyle to attract relationships; just work, work, work! The financial side is good, and my professional advancement has been good, but no social life apart from running, gym and swimming and infrequent holidays alone, and no real friends; what am I playing at? I won't get these young years back again!

Over the days and weeks that followed these feelings got stronger and stronger, my images of Candy now causing me jealousy, a yearning to share the same sexual thrills, the same fulfilment and excitement; gone was my prudish attitude, it had been me and my attitude that had been wrong. I set about to resolve this, but as I didn't know what I was doing I decided to take it slowly and safely. I had been visiting bondage sites and researching self-bondage and in particular reading the self-bondage fiction stories on the internet and decided to keep it very simple and start with a Chastity belt; I wasn't short of money having a well paid job and no social life so buying one shouldn't be a problem; but had read enough to know that if buying one it should be a long term commitment and so buy a good one. I had seen lots on the internet but needed to see a real one to know for sure what I wanted and so I went into my local city adult store; this was a mistake!

The place was grubby, it was dark, it smelled bad and there wasn't much of a range of products, and on top of this there was only the one store person, a tubby

middle aged bloke with long lank hair and bad teeth that just leered at me; I turned around and made my escape pronto!

So that was it, plan one shelved! However fate is a wonderful thing, because of my job as Project Manager for a National company I work all over the Country, but predominantly the South East. I tend to have at least a couple of nights in hotels each week and at the moment have a particularly large contract in the Capital to oversee, just over 3 hours drive away, the ZetllerCom project, transforming an old office block into a plush hotel. It was this that changed my fortune and ultimately, my life.

Having finished for the day and parking in the hotel car park I switched off the engine and stared out of the windshield, and there, across the road, right in front of me, a huge sex store! It looked brand new, took up half a block, all big windows, clean and inviting, it was almost shining like a Holy Grail! I booked into my hotel for two nights then popped across to have a closer look, just through the windows, and what I saw impressed me, a whole wall of Chastity Belts, lots of various items, good range, and young trendy staff. I didn't go in; this needed planning!

I went back and got changed, had dinner in the hotel then retired to bed early, to lay and fantasise and plan! If I played this right I could get more than just a Chastity Belt, I could have a real sexual experience, including actual interaction with another person; now that would be a nice change. I thought it through, I would go for a top quality job so the anticipation of a good sale would grab the servers interest, being a useless girly I would insist on a fitting, I would wear such clothes that I would have to strip to my pants to accommodate the fitting, I wouldn't wear a Bra giving me a chance of exhibitionism and causing some embarrassment to the fitter. Only problem, I have packed only a business suit for the day and jeans and tee shirt for the evening; and underwear I would rather not be seen in thank you! As was becoming the habit, throughout this planning I had been quietly touching myself, building it up to one of the best masturbation sessions I had managed since the night I found Candy in her cuffs, and that was some session, repeated many, many times since.

Chapter 3: A Plan to be Thrilled!

On the way to the contract site I pulled into a shopping mall and hunted through the more fashionable shops; I already had a pair of reasonably classy quite new black 3" stiletto's with me and so wanted something to match. I eventually found a black one piece trouser suit, basically a pair of well cut trousers with an almost backless vest top stitched into it and a fitted belt to give it a two piece appearance, with matching jacket, perfect. To this I added an incredibly skimpy black lace thong; I am now good to go, game on.

Again, God and fate shine on me, my client has been called away, nobody else knows exactly what he wants and so can I return in the morning to resume the meeting? Yes!

This gives me the whole day and I intend to get started asap. The sooner I have my sex store experience in the bag together with my Chastity Belt the sooner I can hit the sack with my new experience fantasy!

I get back to the hotel, get changed into my new gear and get to the store all before 11am. I am overawed by the displays, clothing I had never imagined, some just leather straps locked around mannequins, body harnesses or something, hobble skirts, spank skirts, straight jackets, all sorts; and cuffs, leg spreaders, dangly things with cuffs, poles with cuffs, and even what they call 'bondage furniture', spanking benches, stocks, everything! I am like a kid in a sweet shop, some things I cannot even guess what they do when a sales person comes over to me; I haven't even made it to the Chastity Belt display yet.

He explains "Hi, thank you for visiting my store; I don't believe I have seen you here before? I'm Dave, the owner and if you like, when you are ready, I can help you with your purchase, just give me a wave if or when you need anything."

"Thank you Dave, sorry, I am mesmerized, I have never been in a shop like this before, I don't really know what I am doing, but I have a friend that's into self-bondage and she has discussed it with me and I find myself thinking about it all the time and would like to slowly try it, see if it does anything for me. I would like to start with a Chastity Belt and progress from there, could you recommend one, a very good lightweight one that will be comfortable but not show too easily under clothing?"

I like the look of Dave, I guess he is around mid-thirties, blonde hair, around 6', fit, smells fantastic, great teeth and really light blue eyes (I have a thing for teeth and eyes), when he smiles, which he does a lot, his whole face lights up. Unfortunately for him, in my 3" heels I just have the edge on him at 6'1"!

Dave shows me to the range and picks out a nice slim gold colored belt, not only from the top shelf but from the top price, smart guy! He explains "This is my personal favorite, I make a lot of the restraints you see in this store myself, I also manufacture for other outlets across the country but I must admit I have yet to match this design and cannot bring myself to copy it; It is everything anyone could ever want in a Chastity Belt. Extremely secure, light, thin but an incredibly high strength steel; and if fitted professionally will be pretty much undetectable beneath most clothing, especially such as what you are currently wearing; even you would hardly know you were wearing it. Other advantages of this model are that it comes with an extra cover guard which is optional of course but if fitted prevents you from even touching yourself never mind anyone else touching you; it also has wrist bracelet apertures to the rear of the hips for attaching purpose built wrist restraints so that you can be secured from interfering whilst your body guard piece is removed for hygiene purposes such as cleaning the shield, your body orifices and shaving you; and the front and rear apertures are designed to accommodate optional extra front and rear purpose built remote controlled intruders. This belt cannot be beaten. You do not have to have it professionally fitted, it does come with detailed instructions for adjustment, but fitting is a free service and I recommend it; also I retain a key here and arrange emergency response if there should be a problem."

I was already starting to salivate at the thought of being restrained in this belt whilst being shaved, bring it on! Although I do like my thin Brazilian it would be a sacrifice I would make, right now!

"Okay, I like the look and feel of this one, I don't know about the optional extra's yet, what would they cost?"

"Well as you can see the belt is 350, the wrist cuffs are made of the same metal and are 120, the intruders sold as a pair are 180, separately the front intruder is 120 and the rear 110 so 50 more expensive and you would have two controllers rather than just the one that controls a 'married' pair; but as it is your first time in

my store I will give you an incentive to spend, the more items you buy the more 'freebies' I will give you."

"Well okay, can I just start with the belt itself, see how that feels and I may go on to buy more today; but can I ask for the professional fitting service?"

"Certainly" Dave responded.

"Who does the fitting?"

"Well normally we have women waiting on women, obviously but unfortunately my only trained female fitter is not in today, could you come back tomorrow afternoon?" "Unfortunately no," I explained "I don't live here and leave in the morning, if I don't buy today I won't be buying, could you not fit it? I trust it would be somewhere private of course but I have no problems with you being a man, I would rather be sexually appraised by a man than a woman anyway if you know what I mean, it could be embarrassing with another women."

"Well certainly, but I will have to ask you to sign a waiver contract allowing me to touch you as some of the measurements are very personal, especially if you do go for the intruders."

"Okay, no problem, when can we start?"

"Follow me."

Chapter 4: Hesitant Bondage

Dave led me through the back of the store through some security doors and into the first room on the right, rather than a key there was a security code to open the door; the lights come on automatically and it was big, bigger than my double garage, three times the size at least, it had a blue cement floor and all other surfaces a brilliant white; the whole place was fitted out with every bondage device imaginable, well by me at least! I couldn't help but laugh, in the center was a dangling wrist spreader bar just like in Candy's garage. I noticed as the door closed behind me that the internal side also had a key code lock fitted so I wasn't leaving in a hurry, but Dave had such a nice personality I didn't feel any concern.

Dave showed me across to a corner where there was a leather padded bench and explained "I am sorry, I don't even know your name and given that we are about to get quite personal?"

"Sorry, it's Dian, Dian Taylor."

"Thank you, again I am sorry but I need precise measurements, so if you could please remove your trousers and just place them on the bench here I will go and get the touch waver contract for you to sign."

"Oh, this is a bit embarrassing but this is actually a one-piece outfit; if I had known I would be shopping for this kind of thing today I would have dressed more suitably, but I didn't even know this shop was here and just have on what I happened to be in for work, and I aren't wearing a bra and only have a thong on underneath, will this embarrass you? I'm sorry if it does but if I am going to buy this today there isn't much I can do other than go shopping for another outfit which seems a bit silly given where you are going to be measuring me anyway?"

"No I fully agree, and besides, the stuff I have measured and fitted to ladies I could almost be considered a doctor anyway, but again I will have to add it to the waver contract for you to sign, and if you do go for the pair of intruders as well I will also need you to remove your thong as my measurements would become very exacting and intrusive."

"Oh, I see (Gulp!), well okay, if we make a start?"

"Okay, you remove your clothing and I will go and get the waver contract, I am sorry but it will take me a little time as I have to adapt it to make it personal to you and the circumstances, should I add the bits necessary for the intruders to save time, in case you go for them?"

"Yes, that would make sense."

"Okay, to save you getting board whilst I do the contract please have a good look around my special client display room here and try anything you like, don't worry if you get yourself locked into anything I will be back shortly and will release you."

"Okay, thanks, I will be careful."

I took off my jacket and body suit leaving me in just my thong, but I put my shoes back on, I enjoyed the height advantage, I know, small things and all that, but also the floor was very hard and cold. I was very happy how things were going, even better than I had planned, a chance to be almost completely naked in a dishy man's presence, this would fire my fantasies for a while!

Having stripped off I started to have a good look around; I crawled into a cage and closed the door and poked my head through the hole in the top and slid the sides together around my neck and heard a 'click' and thought oh shit! I thought I was being careful, not just stupidly excited! Why didn't I try it first you doughnut! But it was just a mechanical sound as it turned out and they easily slid open again, as did the cage door, but I must admit I did feel a thrill run through my body, thinking I was locked in at someone else's mercy.

I carried on and tried some standing stocks, trying it first to make sure it didn't self-lock, then putting my head and hands in, a great feeling but lacking, as I knew I wasn't really restrained. There was a chair type set up, all steel tubes and a small leather padded seat and narrow padded back with what looked like a leather collar at the top, and either side of the collar at the top of the steel tubes were what looked like leather colored tubes I imagine for your wrists with a similar arrangement for the ankles below and either side of the seat, but caliper type things instead of tubes, but this looked a bit boring, almost like a dentist's chair gone wrong so I ignored it. Beside this was some type of pillory thing, a short pole with a collar at the top and metal cuffs extending out of the rear for the wrists and more on the floor behind; I guessed this was to keep you in a raised kneeling position but the only purpose I could imagine was for forced blow jobs! I examined the thick metal cuffs and collar and found they were spring loaded locked, each had a release catch to open them but as soon as I released one it sprung closed and locked. There was also a Dildo built onto the front of the pole which you would have to mount to lock yourself into the pillory thing! I thought I would give this one a wide berth!

I buckled my ankles in and leaned over what I guessed was a spanking bench and placed my wrists into the restraints fitted on either side and this gave me a nice horny feeling, my naked bum up in the air and exposed and my ankles restrained, I was starting to appreciate Candy's point of view.

I got out of this and went across to the bit that grabbed my attention first, the dangling wrist spreader bar in the centre of the room and placed my wrists at either end, they weren't like hand cuffs but more like broad bracelets, like steel manacles but padded. I could see they would be self-locking if someone closed them. I tried one, without my wrist in it and heard it ratchet as it closed, then worked out how it opened, a simple release catch on the rear side so figuring it was safe locked my left wrist into it and then placing my right into the other end, fortunately it would be impossible to lock myself into it, I would need a third hand.

The bar was too low for me, just at head height and I was lifting it to imagine being more helpless and exposed. I don't know how long I had been standing there like that but when Dave spoke he startled me. "That is always the piece of equipment everyone comes back to, we can be as fancy as we like with our restraints but everyone loves to see a beautiful naked lady displayed to her best, and that simple trapeze bar does that best."

"I saw this in my friends' garage, I've wondered what it would feel like ever since."

"You still don't know, until you are actually fully locked in, you cannot imagine, would you like to try?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm tempted, really tempted, but..."

"Well it wouldn't interfere with the fitting, may even help, keep your hands out of the way at least and let me get on with it (laugh)."

"Well, um, okay, Yes, go on then, I may never get another chance again but you will release me if I ask, won't you?"

"Immediately, I promise, I have a new store set up and cannot afford any scandals so please, you can trust me."

At this Dave steps across and closes the other manacle causing an instant shiver up and down my spine, this is going ever so well!

"Dave, please, can you give me an honest appraisal? This is my first time in anything like this and I guess it is just a confidence thing, but do I look okay like this or do I just look silly?"

"Okay? You look more than okay, you are beautiful, and made for that trapeze; which is too low by the way, I'll adjust it, at which he took a device out of his pocket, pressed a button and my wrists were drawn up but still not to a height that even nearly stretched me.

"Now really" Dave explained, "before I start measuring, it would help if I knew if you were going for the intruders; I have them here to show you". Dave opened a small polished wooden box and inside were two glistening gold coloured metal items. One clearly the dildo, longer and more uniform in shape, the other clearly the butt plug, and bigger than I anticipated, I looked at it thinking Really? That inside of me? That would make my eyes water! But at the same time, I was thinking well, they are tailor made for purpose, other women obviously use them, what's so special about my ass, coward?

Dave explained "They are remote controlled from the same control, and have low, medium, high and random settings, they are rechargeable and come with a recharge stand so both are recharged simultaneously and fully charged will run on random setting for 10 hours, or the high setting for 4 hours. They can be used alone or with your belt they can be locked in place. I mentioned 'freebies' before, now as you are purchasing the belt I will give you a gag of your choice, a leather collar and a blind fold to match the gag and collar; if you also buy the intruder pair I will throw in a unique pair of hand cuffs of my own design. They are timer release, there is a three digit timer inside the cuff rim on the fixed part of one of the cuffs', it is default set to start at 10 but can be set up to 995, just over 16 ½ hours, more than long enough for anyone. The timer is set in 5 minute intervals. Once the timer elapses the cuff falls open allowing you to remove the other cuff with the key. It takes just 2 watch type batteries and uses a 'no vault relay' mechanism so if the battery life runs out or fails then the cuff falls open. It is fail safe and a perfect item of restraint for anyone, like you, just starting on the road to self-bondage. If you also purchase the Chastity Belt wrist cuffs I will throw in a spreader bar; what would you like?"

At this point I was really struggling to think rationally, I was on a hell of a high, almost drunk with the feelings I was experiencing; restrained, proper restrained, almost naked, in front of and at the mercy of a real hunk that I was starting to get a severe crush on, into my head popped the response cant you just take me back

to my hotel and fuck me? Oh how I wish! But this is the experience I dreamed of, let's progress it, go with it whilst I have the chance, there may never be another. I said "Yes, you have sold me, I will take it all, the belt, intruders and cuffs, will you also throw in a matching lead with the collar; I am spending 650?"

"Deal, okay I'm not releasing you, you look too good as you are, I will hold up the waver contract and you can sign it as you are okay?"

"No problem, let's just get going before I buy anything else!"

Chapter 5: Living the Dream

I signed the contract "Hold it, I don't have a clue what I have just signed, you didn't show it to me, you could have just sold me into slavery for all I know."

"Don't worry about it, you've signed it now anyway! Just joking, like I said, I need to build a reputation not wreck it and you only need to ask if you would like released but I recommend, as you have never tried bondage before and this is a safe and professional environment, see it through as long as you can and then a bit after."

"Now as I have to measure you for the intruders, and the more precise I get the fit the more comfortable you will be as I explained I need your pants off, that okay?"

"When I got out of bed this morning I didn't dream a strange man would be taking my thong off, but yes, strange as this sounds to me, please do."

Dave stepped behind me and slowly and smoothly pulled my thong down my legs and I stepped out of them, leaving me for the first time in 5 years totally naked in front of a man, my well kept Brazilian proudly on display. Dave asked, "The gag, what type would you like?"

"Oh, I have no experience, I have never worn one, what do you recommend?"

"Well for a beginner, whilst you learn the ropes so to speak, a basic locking ball gag, I say basic but I will give you top of the range, best material and I know the size to suit you best, with your hair colour and complexion I would go for shocking red, matches your lips and your lips match your face so can't go wrong, plus red is

sexy if you move onto things like arm binders and thigh boots so I would recommend red gag, collar, lead and blindfold"

"Sounds good to me, I will go with that."

Dave then said "Okay, let me give you a more complete experience of your bondage predicament, if it gets uncomfortable or you want released at any time please say so but if you can please try and you will enjoy the experience."

At this he moved my right ankle to the right, fastened a leather bracelet around it, pulled up an eyebolt type thing out of the floor and locked the bracelet to it. He repeated this with the left putting my feet more than shoulder width apart and leaving me feeling truly exposed. He then again pulled that device out of his pocket and raised the wrist spreader until I was just about off my heel.

"There, you look much better, how do you feel?" He asked this whilst stepping around to the front and having a really good look at me, I tried to twist and turn but had nowhere to go, I was totally exposed, displayed as nature intended, and felt fantastic; and I told him this.

I also asked him, "Dave, this is totally unique to me and I still can't believe I am here like this doing this, would you do me a favour, just to remind me of this experience and help kindle my fantasies for years to come, and to prove to me I haven't dreamt all of this, could you get my phone out of my bag and take some photo's of me (God knows where this come from, it just blurted itself out, unplanned)?"

"Of course, no problem, I will take photo's throughout for you."

He walked behind me over to where the contract and my clothes were and then over to the door, he was carrying not only the contract but also my clothes, even the pants. He explained "I am sorry, but a bit of OCD, I hate anything looking out of place, especially if it interferes with the effect of naked beauty such as yours, and the photo's, and besides, I like the idea of your total helplessness."

How could I say anything; a hunk was chatting me up!

I just hung there, utterly helpless and displayed, living the dream!

He soon returned and had the ball gag with him and a mirror as well as what I took to be his measuring tools and the Chastity Belt. He stood behind me and asked to 'open wide' which I did almost naturally, too naturally in hindsight, and he placed the gag into my mouth and pushed it home, the ball entering into and filling the mouth, pushing the tongue down and forcing the teeth and lips apart. He buckled and locked the gag. Dave walked back around the front and held the mirror up so I could see. "Happy with the colour?"

"Urghher" (no good so I nodded).

"The fit will seem alien to you but does it hurt?"

"Nnurrhghrr" (still no good so I shook).

"Okay, we'll leave it a while whilst I measure and fit, in the mean time I will fetch in a couple of our full length mobile display mirrors and set them up so you can see how well you suit this bondage from front and rear."

The mirrors were set up and I looked fantastic, I don't know how I am going to get it but I want this life, I want to be restrained, I want to be displayed, I want to be vulnerable, I think I may be coming!

Dave is measuring me, I can feel him, I can see him in the mirrors. What I was not expecting was him entering the intruders into me! Wow! Oh My God! Wow! I am coming!!! I hadn't seen it but Dave had obviously lubed or gelled the anal intruder because it went in way too easy, but hey how I felt it Ohhhh Myyyy Ggodddddd!!! "That's okay" Dave chuckled, "and given the circumstances to be expected, I'll get some baby wipes, not a problem, I have the measurements I need, not long and I will be back for a trial fitting." He removed the intruders and took them and the belt with him.

I cannot believe where I am, the predicament I am in, what I am doing here, that I planned it and fantasised it, and it is costing me 650 for the pleasure; I am loving it! I have just had an orgasm, a massive orgasm, and he has hardly even touched me; oh I have gone way too long without men, Candy I love you, thank you. 650? I would pay that every day until I was bankrupt for this experience; I am totally exposed, and gagged, legs akimbo, tits out, having things stuck in me by a stranger, and coming! I am in heaven!!

Chapter 6: Thanks Candy

My self-rambling continued for a while and Dave returned, smiling as always, wiped the drool off my chin and explained he was going to try the belt on me, was I okay to continue? I nodded yes.

He moved the mirrors, which I wasn't expecting, and then took another cable from the far wall and pressing another button on his device pulled it across and lifting another eye bolt perhaps a foot in front of my leg spreader threaded it through the eyebolt then raised it up and attached it to the center of my wrist spreader. He then stepped back and operated the device again, I am guessing two buttons this time because as the floor cable retracted the ceiling cable extended, having the effect of pulling my wrists down to the ground and leaving me with my bum in the air in a 'spanking' position. This just keeps getting more and more vulnerable. Oh Wow!

Dave said "I do like doing that, hope you are enjoying it too. Okay, that will make it easier for me to see the intruder alignment; If it isn't exact, don't worry if I run out leaving you as you are as it will only take me seconds to make the necessary adjustments." I didn't comment, I couldn't.

At this he stepped behind me looped the belt around me loosely, I then again felt the butt plug making its entrance, it doesn't get any easier! Then the Dildo, this didn't get all the way in before Dave was whipping the whole thing off and dashing out just to return and have another go. This was repeated four times and then he appeared happy; which was good considering he had needed to baby wipe me another twice due to the long overdue activity my pussy was finally getting, the butt element was an unexpected bonus!

Dave then reversed the cables putting me back into the stretched standing position and examined and fully locked the belt with both intruders in place. To my complete surprise, it felt kinda good, although clearly the feeling that I was about to poo myself at any given second would take some getting used to!

The mirrors were put back in place and David asked "Happy with the appearance."

I nodded; I had given up attempt at speech and was only making very embarrassing guttural noises and drooling relentlessly which Dave was trying to keep on top of with his baby wipes. "Happy with the feel?" Again I nodded. "Okay, as I explained earlier, the control has four settings." Oh no, he is going to demonstrate them, I just know he is going to go right through them and within seconds I am going to orgasm, again and again and again and there is nothing I can do but come on command, surely he know this, surely he isn't really going to do this? "Okay this is low." I feel a humming, locked within me, both front and back, I am shaking, already I am making some weird noises I have never heard before, and I am coming!

"This is medium." Oh God of all Gods, Oh my God, Oh Yesss Oh my God Yesss! "And this is High" Fuckkkkkkkkkk!!!!!! I am not coming, I am pouring, I am sure my bowels have dropped, my chest is hollow, my heart is giving up, my brain is leaking, My stomach is eating me and my legs hate me and want to walk away from me, Holy Cow, Never, Never Never before, Never, Please oh God Yesssssss!!!

"Okay, I can see that has had some effect on you, hopefully the desired effect, I haven't switched it off, I have switched to random so you can experience the front and rear working independently of each other as well as together at various settings whilst I go away and clean my tools up and prepare the paperwork for you. Back soon."

Well I would like to tell you just how amazingly magnificent that final 'test' experience was, but as I simply gave up and blacked out shortly into another best ever most magnificent orgasm I can't. Thanks Candy!

Chapter 7: Career Girl to Slut

I was awoken by Dave removing the Chastity Belt and then my ankle restraints. "Okay, just stand up and move your legs around a little, tell me when you are ready for me to lower your arms and release you."

I did this, I had to nod as the gag was still in, and Dave released me. "Okay, I have to take your belt and just dot punch mark exactly where the intruders fit best so that you can remove and refit them as you wish. Sorry I have left your gag key in the workshop, I will bring it back with me but in the mean time just through the

other door there is my display shower, there are towels on the shelf outside please help yourself if you would like a shower." Too true I want a shower, the state I am in, bugger the gag!

I tottered through the door, knowing he was fixed on my naked bum just as I had been with Candy, something about the way it moves, so I done my best to put a show on.

The shower was great, big square area with one whole wall a mirror and the shower itself not only the big raindrop cascade affair but jets coming out of two of the walls as well. 'Yes, I need this.' Before I knew it I was fully soaped up and frigging myself senseless! And Candy, I called you the Kinky Perverted Nymmpo!

I finished my shower and toweled off, done the best I could with my hair and returned to his lair. Dave was waiting for me with my clothes and the key to the gag which he released and cleaned. "Okay, here is your Belt with the intruders in place, please just stand with your legs slightly apart leaning slightly forward and I will show you how to fit it with the intruders locked in."

Thinking, yeah, I need to know this, I did as he asked. He locked the belt on me explaining various hints along the way. He then said, which I was not at all expecting, "Okay, if you would like to put your suit back on we can go to reception and complete the paperwork."

"But, But, I don't need to wear this, I'm good to go as it is."

"No, that is not the service you have paid for, you said you cannot return in the immediate future, we need this tested and perfect today, I need you to wear the belt for at least a couple of hours, longer if possible, and then return so I can check for any chaffing or bruising and you can identify any points where it is sticking into you, well, apart from the obvious intruders of course. We want the best fit possible, and today is all we have. Don't you agree?"

"Well yes, I suppose so, I just wasn't expecting this, and time is getting on, I need to go out for dinner yet, and what time is it anyway?"

"It's 12.25, you have to have lunch yet."

"What, I've only been here like an hour twenty, I thought it was evening already."

"So no rush then, you can wear the belt to lunch and come back as late in the day as you can, say after 3pm, in fact I won't bother taking payment or doing the paperwork yet, I will do it on your return."

"What you would let me walk with 530 worth of your gear?"

"Yeah well I will have the key so I think it is a safe bet you will be back."

"Yeah, of course, stupid me, okay I will see you after three, er, where are my pants?"

"Oh I've still got them, unless you want to take them with you it isn't really necessary to wear pants with what you have got on, the Belt I mean."

"Oh yeah, like I said, stupid me."

I was soon dressed and out of there, walking out I could feel everyone staring at me, total strangers, looking at me, scouring, because I was wearing a Chastity Belt and I was impaled on two big lumps of steel. I couldn't walk normal; I mean just how are you meant to walk with a big butt plug shoved up your bum? I decided to just cross the road and have lunch in my hotel lobby, then hide in my hotel room until I could go back. I went in and took a seat, Oh my God, I need to practice and get used to sitting on this thing! The waiter come over to take my order, he also was staring at me, so were the bar staff and other customers, how did they know what I was wearing under this suit? Obviously this was a paranoia I would have to overcome, in reality nobody had given me a second look since I walked out of the dungeon room except a couple of guys at the next table that are drooling over my erect nipples poking through this thin top, and I kinda like that attention anyway.

After my lunch, which having ordered I left anyway, my mind was all over the place, this is no time to eat for heaven's sake, and having finished a lovely and large glass of red, I went up to my room and laid down. I was glowing, I was shaking, already I needed to masturbate; Doh, metal, nothing but metal, he was right, I cannot even get my little finger under it or into it, nothing doing there then. Instead I picked up my phone to look at the pictures; he had taken a lot, 45 photos and three video files. Photos from every angle at pretty much every stage, I was really getting off looking at myself which is just weird! I looked at the Video, the first one was of me being winched into the spanking position, a full 360 at the end; the second was full frontal as he ran through the intruders, my God, my face!

The sweat, the sounds I made, Oh Wow! The third, what? The third is me, in the shower, with the gag in, friggin myself to glorious orgasm! That sneaky, dirty crafty devious bastard, I wondered when he called it the display shower but was too messed up to pick up on it, well done him, I hope he got off on it! At least he done it with my phone no doubt to give me this surprise, I think I love him! Oh My God!! I've just been filmed masturbating in a shower and I'm okay with that? What the hell is happening to me? Have I gone from career girl near virgin to slut in like just two hours? I need to get a grip!

Dave had also explained about a small time controlled key safe he had designed, where you needed a 4-digit code to open it, but the code would only work after the timer had clicked off; and it could be set for just minutes or hours or even for days and months. I will have to get one of these because it is quite obvious I am beyond self control and will be taking the belt off too quickly for it to serve any real purpose.

I continued to go through the photo's and video's again but was getting far too excited and so forced myself to put my phone aside and try to clear my head, deep breathing, relax, think; just what was I doing? Again my hands wandered and hit steel, Damn!

I've had enough of this, my bum is far from comfortable, feels weird, don't really know if it hurts, if I really do need a poo, or if it is a turn on because I don't want it but can't do anything about it. I am disappointed that apart from the unusual pressure on my pubic bone I don't even really notice the Dildo, apart from when I walk when it becomes very noticeable! It doesn't feel as big as it looked which is a bit worrying! What does that say about me? And the Chastity Belt, well, already I'm sick of it; it looks great, fits great, is light, doesn't show or rub anywhere, is far better than I dreamed of to wear, but I want to masturbate!! I just want the whole lot off, I've had my fun, my fantasy was incredible; now I just want to have my own lonely life back and dream my dreams. I'm exhausted, absolutely wrecked. I'm going to set my phone alarm for 3pm, curl up and sleep, then go and get this stuff off, pay him the money and just put this behind me never to be repeated.

Chapter 8: Jealous crush

"I FEEL GOOD" and that is as far as James Brown got before I got to my phone and hit the snooze. "I FEEL G" Damn, Ten past already, I am knackered, best get up and cancel the alarm this time. Oh My God! My whole body hurts, my ribs ache, my arms ache, my legs are like jelly; my butt hurts, never mind my intensive gym sessions, an hour of orgasms dangling from a wrist spreader, obviously this is real exercise!

I have a quick wash, spray some perfume, quickly brush my hair and put on my trouser suit and jacket. Don't want to overdo it, he thinks I am just having lunch and walking around, not sleeping in my hotel room.

I am still feeling a bit down about this whole thing and just want to get this done, minimum of fuss and back to my room asap.

I walk through the door and immediately see Dave stood in front of a red leather body harness covered mannequin laughing and talking with a cute little blonde girl. She's probably only around twenty, long fuzzy bright blonde hair, toned, suntanned and almost wearing a pair of faded denim shorts with most of her bum on display and a short vest top displaying her flat belly and belly button piercing, and clearly no bra as her nipples are sticking out and she has a lot of side boob exposure going on.

Looks like the bitch has just got off her surf board and headed over from California. Bitch!

Well if that is what really interests Dave then he can just..... "Dian, (He glanced across and spotted me and my jealous daggers), one moment please, Sophie, can you please look after Tracy here, this other customer (Me) needs my immediate personal attention."

"Oh, it's okay Dave, I can see you are busy." I am up again, considering I wanted this just to be over and how I was feeling, I cannot believe my instant jealousy over a guy in a store I don't even know and a pretty blonde girl; and how elated I felt when he basically cast the blonde aside the instant he saw me; and his eyes, his smile, Oh My God No, just No!

"Dian, everything okay? You look great considering this is all new to you and the session we had with the fitting, in fact you look fresh as anything, fantastic!

Please, let's go through to the display room again to have a final check on your purchase."

I followed him through, beaming, walking tall and still very conscious of my belt and its contents and his knowledge of what I had in me. "Dave, could you add that timed key safe to my order too please? I've thought it through and I will never keep this on long without it."

Dave agreed that it would make sense; "Okay Dian, shouldn't take too much longer, if you could just take your clothing off again we will have a look see how you are doing."

"Sure, but could we get the belt off quite quickly, I wasn't sure about toilet arrangements with the intruders in place and really need to go pee."

"Oh, yeah, sorry about that should have said, you would have had no problem peeing, the other business would have been a problem for you though."

I started to take my clothes off. Dave asked "Did you get a chance to have a look through your photo's?"

"Yeah, thanks, they are fantastic, I cannot believe what has happened today, I know this sounds kinky but I think I am going to get a lot of pleasure out of those photo's."

"I imagine you will, I certainly would, but are you happy with them, all of them?"

"Yeah, they are all brilliant, amazing."

"And the video's?"

"Oh, sorry, I didn't quite finish the photo's, I was in a restaurant and given what I was sitting on, and you know, well I was getting quite flushed and was in danger of losing it, you know, so thought I had best stop and save the rest and the videos for later."

"Oh, I know exactly what you mean, well if you want to leave your phone out again should there be any more photo opportunities that I think you may like, well....."

"Oh yes, please".

I stripped off quickly, no longer even embarrassed by my nudity which surprised me, and Dave immediately took out the key and removed my belt and intruders, "The rest room is just out there across from the shower room you used earlier".

I was interested to see if there was also a full wall mirror in the bathroom but no there wasn't. I don't know why I lied to him about not seeing the video's, maybe I didn't want to embarrass him but I got the feeling he wanted me to have seen it; but again I don't know why.

Chapter 9: Natural Submissive

I walked back into the display room and Dave was missing, as were my clothes again; and I suddenly and unexplainably felt very naked again. Why? I have been here naked, restrained and fully displayed and felt in my element, proud almost; but now I am having to make a conscious effort not to try to cover myself. Maybe I am just weird!

For something to do whilst I wait I walk over to a gold colored frame thing on the floor beside the stocks; it is a H shaped set of bars with cuff placements for ankles and wrists and a bar with a collar set up at one end and further bars at either end with Dildo's attached. I can see what the idea is, I think they call it a 'Spit Roast'; I got down and put my hands and wrists into the open cuffs which placed me on all fours with my arms and legs apart and my bum in the air, I closed my eyes and imagined being locked in waiting for Dave to return and him doing what he wanted with me, or wheeling me out and putting me on display in his store window. It was working, I liked it. I placed my neck into the open collar closing it around me and replaced my hand in the cuff. As I rested my neck on the collar the bar beneath the collar dropped an inch and the collar and all the cuffs snapped shut! Shit! Double Shit! No oh No oh No! Dian Taylor, what the fuck have you done? I pulled on the cuffs, tried to move my legs, pulled up with my head, nothing, I was staring down the barrel of a pretty big Dildo, and knew I had another one behind ready to shoot me in the back, oh No!

The door opened (Please oh please let it be Dave) and Dave walked in carrying my Chastity Belt, he stopped in his tracks, just stared at me, then burst into laughter "I do hope you like what you're trying, took me ages to adapt that thing to make it

self-locking; eventually I hope to make everything in here self-locking, and then further develop all the items to make them suitable for self-bondage but the timed self-opening mechanisms are very complicated. You look fantastic by the way, if I could use you as an advert I would be very rich indeed."

He immediately crossed over and turned something at the base of my neck collar and I felt my neck rise up again and all the cuffs spring open. "Dave, sorry, and thanks for letting me straight out, but do you think you could take a quick photo for me?" At which I pushed right back down on the neck collar and felt the cuffs snap shut again. Dave burst out laughing again and slowly ambled over and put my belt down and got my phone.

"You really are a natural you know, you don't know it yet, will never admit it, but you are a true natural." I laughed too because the situation was funny, unbelievable for a not long ago prude like me, but funny, "A natural what I laughed?"

"A natural submissive."

"No way, I am sorry but you are sadly mistaken, I am a manager, I run contracts, I turn up on site and I am the boss, the men do what I tell them."

"Maybe in your professional life, that is an act you have to act, but you are a natural submissive."

"No I won't have that Dave, this is just a bit of fun most probably not to be repeated."

"Well okay, you are the customer and the customer is always right; we'll move on but when we finish I have a proposition I would like you to hear; but we will not discuss it quite yet, we need to get the Chastity Belt finished and my sale completed, okay?"

"Okay, Photo?"

Dave released me again and had me stand tall with my legs apart whilst he examined me for any markings from the Chastity Belt, no restraints or anything but this felt really erotic. He had his hands on my thighs and used his thumbs to spread my flesh either side of my pussy, then had me bend right over whilst he

cupped my buttocks and pulled them apart, unbelievable! I confirmed I hadn't felt it digging in anywhere and he gave the fitting his full bill of health.

I thought this was the end of it, and was actually trying to think of ways to extend my period of nakedness with him when he explained "Okay, all well and good, now I'll get all the gear you have bought and the hand cuffs and things I am giving you and we will run through them to make certain you know what you are doing, you can't afford any mistakes in self-bondage, I'll be back in 20 seconds."

'Yes!' I thought, I could live this dream forever, but No Way am I a submissive!

Dave returned with all the gear, but I noticed not my clothes. "Right, first I want to see that you can manage the Chastity Belt, I have removed the intruders but want to see that you can fit them correctly, and then the belt."

He gave me the tool and talked me through the fitting which was actually quite simple and I got it all right first time. Then I slightly leaned forward and opened my legs a little, applied some lube and somewhat cautiously fitted the belt, again getting it right first time, and locking it. He then showed me the cuff's and explained their operation and the remote control for the intruders, the collar and lead were self-explanatory and I fitted them. The Collar was very restrictive; I could barely turn my head at all but could just look straight ahead. I also fitted the gag and locked it although I did think this was a little over the top.

"Right, let's try your first ever self-bondage session, the cuffs have a default setting of 10 minutes as soon as you close them, and are adjustable in 5 minute intervals, so I want you to set the cuffs to 15 minutes, and lock just one wrist, then press the R button on the remote and put the remote down here, then go over to that wall and place your lead over that hook and then close the other cuff on your other wrist behind your back, understand?" I nodded 'Yes' as best I could in this collar.

Oh Dian, silly, silly Dian, just what are you doing? If he asked me to put my hand in a fire or jump off a high building would I do that too? Probably!

I adjusted the cuff setting to show 15 and snapped my left wrist in, then hit R on the remote for the random setting, the top switch on the remote was already set to 'C' for both intruders, Dave had already explained there was a 60 second pause on the 'R' setting before anything happened, I then went and fastened my lead

over the hook and snapped the other cuff home. "Good Girl, like I said, a natural, I will leave you to enjoy your first true self-bondage experience in peace but will pop back to check on you and take a couple of photo's for you." At this Dave left and I wondered again just what I was doing here.

Natural? Natural submissive? I didn't like that last comment, I think I know what he means, but doesn't he see, it's me that is using him to get my kicks and he is playing right into my hands, doing everything for me I could dream of, 'Natural' my ass Oh My dear bloody God!, Ohhhh Shittt! My butt plug has kicked straight in on high! I have to bend right over, legs apart, I start to drool and it has only been seconds, Oh My God! Now the Dildo too! Ahhhhhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, No, No, No, No, No, No, No, Yeeeeesssss! It truly is random, it stops completely, then the Dildo on low to the point I am begging it to liven up a bit, instead it stops, then kicks in on high for just a few seconds to be replaced by the butt plug on low, I don't know what it is doing and I don't know what to do, cry, laugh, scream, squat, bend, stand, I cannot stop it and I don't know if I would want to; I would like some degree of control but I have none; The sweat is pouring off me, I have lost track of whether I am even orgasming or not, I am screwed, a wreck, a train crash, and I am being filmed! Dave is back, I have no idea how long he has been there; these cuffs must be acting up as it feels like an hour already, I can't go on, oh please, please, please, oh Yeeesssss!!!

Finally, oh thank God, finally, my left cuff pops open, at first I am too confused, I just lift my wrist and stare at it whilst the Dildo on high still does its work, then I remember, the control, must get to the control, I head for it, take two steps and my neck yanks back, shit, the lead, I go back and unhook myself then make it to the control and stop it. Deep breaths, must take deep breaths, slow down, relax, I look for the key for the other cuff but have to stop and lean on a bench whilst another orgasm rips through me, I sit down on the cold floor, then lay back and breath my heart pounding. That was unbelievable, what an investment, and I can do this at home? Every night? Stuff the re-runs of Friends, I have got some new friends!

Dave is stood above me, still filming; I drag myself to my feet and take my cuff's, gag and collar off; and just smile! I mean, even without the gag, what could I say?

Dave says "Well that seemed to go okay, I think you have got the hang of it, any problems?"

"Just breathing, and I must look like shit, I'm wrecked!"

"But you are happy?"

"Oh yes, you don't know just how happy; can I use your shower again? Sorry to be a pain, but I can't go out there looking like this, I couldn't even put my clothes back on in this state."

"Yeah no trouble, help yourself; I'll go and clean all your stuff, than raise the paperwork for the sale and tidy up a bit, it's store closing time so I have to let the staff go and lock up so I may be a while; after your shower please have another look around, that seat in the corner can be quite interesting and I would like to discuss that proposition with you and after your ordeals today you may need a seat whilst I put it to you but whatever, I will be back shortly."

Chapter 10: Very Not Boring

Lock his store up my ass, he may need to lock up but I bet he is really hotfooting it round to his office or whatever it is so he can watch me in the shower again; well I won't disappoint him, my last chance for a show and all.

The shower was well needed, and aware he may be watching, even filming, I done the best I could, on my knees frigging myself at the end but I was just too tired to win an Oscar. I dried off and considered keeping the towel wrapped around myself but figured this would be a pathetic attempt at modesty.

I returned to his display room but he wasn't back yet, I had a quick look at the stuff again, even tried leaning over the spanking bench again, something about that thing and my vulnerability leaning over it that excites me; one for the future maybe; but I took his advice and headed for the seat thing.

I had seen it earlier but thought it looked pretty boring, like a dentist's chair or something; but Dave seems to think it is 'interesting', can't see why. I sit on the seat but it is not much of a seat, barely half way down my bottom and I keep slipping off. So I figure may as well try it, the calliper things may help me stay on

the seat at least. I placed my ankles into the callipers expecting them to snap shut and I was beyond caring if they did, they didn't, Boring!

I put my head back and closed the collar around my neck, this I had to fasten myself, Boring!

I put my hands through the tubes until my wrists were inside, they didn't snap shut either, very boring!

I relaxed and leaned back to get comfortable What The Fuckkkk??? The whole thing tilted right back, the callipers closed, the tubes around my wrists closed, my ankles went up in the air and spread apart and my wrists were dragged up and out; and the seat and back rest pulled up into a back support only! I was left in an almost horizontal position, my head tilted slightly forward and the rest of me spread eagled with my feet up in the air! Very NOT boring!

This boring dentist chair was now the ultimate gynecologist chair and I was totally exposed and vulnerable and restrained! Oh My God!! I have never been so exposed in my life, when Dave comes back he will be able to see what I had for breakfast!

Oh Dear God! What am I going to do, what can I say; Oh no, Dave is locking up, we are the only ones in here, nobody knows I am here; But Dave's a good bloke, I can trust him, can't I? Or has he engineered this? Just what can this proposition be? Take the goods and let me fuck you? Not that I could do anything to stop him. Would I want to stop him? Hell stuff the goods, just fuck me! This experience I have engineered is the gift that just keeps on giving! Shit Dian, What are you thinking, you could be in serious trouble here, get a grip, use your brain for once today, think of something, but what?

My mindless rambling must have gone on for 10 or 15 minutes, and instead of getting more and more worried I was actually getting more and more horny in anticipation of Dave's return; which considering what I had already gone through was quite remarkable. I was wrecked, emotionally and physically, and still wanting more, God I need a man in my life!

Dave returned and didn't say anything at first, just smiled and took some photos on my phone. Then he put my phone back into my bag which he had with him,

and my clothes and the gear I was buying, all boxed and bagged. I figured my imagination had been on overload and nothing was going to happen. Damn!

"First things first, I have all your purchases here with the freebies I promised, if you can direct me to the card or cash you wish to pay with we will sort that out first."

I directed him to my Amex and he swiped it and held up the foil for me to sign which I did. "Well that is a first for me, I have never before made a sale to a naked Babe in restraints, I do like this business."

"Oh I do this all the time, you get used to it" I joked.

Instead of releasing me, which I expected, Dave went out and come back with a stool which he placed beside me. He then walked around me having a good look from all angles, especially between my legs; instead of being mad I couldn't really understand this but I was more intent on his face, trying to assess how he was assessing me, did I do it for him? I was somehow worried I would let him down, that I wasn't 'fit' enough for him.

He eventually sat down beside me, "Right, about this proposition."

"Er, Dave, if we are going to just talk, do I need to be strapped down like this, do I really need to be naked and so, well, exposed?"

"No, not at all, you don't have to be, no need at all, but I like you like this, like I said you are a natural, you were made for bondage and display like this which is what I want to talk to you about."

"I don't believe you come here today just to buy a Chastity Belt, I think you were looking for a thrill, you wanted this, or at least some of this to happen; and I think I have given you all that you hoped for and then some, I have certainly tried to because I liked what I saw in you; you are the hottest most naturally submissive girl I have ever encountered, you are special, I don't think you realize how special, you are just waking up to your real desires and potential and it has been fantastic to be a part of that; and it doesn't have to end here."

"What do you mean? I still deny the submissive bit, but yes I did plan it so that I would have some kind of an experience here, and yes I did get more than I bargained for, a lot more; but what do you mean? What are you asking?"

"You are a natural, in time you will accept this, and be proud of it, no need to act, perfect as you are. When you are not naked or restrained, like when you were out in my store, you feel you have to stand tall, make your point, finish the conversation, be correct. Basically you have an attitude to you, an edge, an act, as though you have to measure up in a man's world, be an equal, better than equal; I only got a snap shot of you but that is what I observed; however as soon as you were naked and suspended from that trapeze bar you were totally relaxed, at peace with yourself, it was the first time you genuinely smiled and laughed; you had found your comfort zone, you were restrained, you didn't have to act or perform or make decisions or do, just react."

Dave placed his hand on my belly, softly, I wasn't anticipating him touching me and I couldn't help but gasp, I instinctively went to grab his hand but my wrist just tore at the restraint. He moved his hand slowly around my belly, barely touching it, I felt my body charged with electric. I started breathing heavy and thrust my head back against the support. "Like I said, a natural; and your body, your looks, you have a natural beauty too, the way you move, everything about you; you really are a special find."

I struggled to speak, "well, well thank you, thank you, I think, I will think about what you've said, but, but I still don't understand, what proposition?"

"I would like you to model for me, I have shows, sometimes once a month, sometimes not for three months, I invite special customers, other retailers, internet providers, potential investors, international outlet managers; there are never more than fifty attend as my show room can only accommodate that many comfortably."

"I have three models at present, you have seen one of them, the blonde girl I was talking to when you come back after lunch, Tracy, and if you noticed the red head that works for me here she is another, Helen. There is one more, another customer like you, Susan; I give them all the same deal, 300 for one show or 500 to be spent in store. Susan is pregnant and will be stepping down from the modelling; I would like you to replace her."

He went on "It would continue your bondage development and also reward you with any items you wanted from my store. What do you think?"

"Well, I didn't see that coming, I have a really good job, I can afford to just buy what I want from your store, what happens at the shows, what would I be doing?"

"Well yes you can buy my products, but the experiences you would have as a model for me you cannot buy. You love to be displayed, just look at you now, I only have to touch you and you are purring like a cat. In my shows the models only do two displays, an initial display which is generally walking down the cat walk with particular restraints or clothing on, then a second display with is normally demonstrating a device; between the three models this is six events but the bulk of my display is as per my store but displayed around the hall. You would love being displayed in front of up to 50 strangers, the thrill you would get will be like no other; and you are a natural, you will be the one in restraints but in reality you will control the audience, trust me."

"Oh, I don't think so, I still dispute what you say about me, I am no 'Natural Submissive', I have used you today and you have given me beyond my hopes, beyond my dreams, from today I will have enough fantasies to fuel the rest of my life, I don't believe I need any more, release me now and I will go, but thank you, it has been one hell of an experience, probably the best of my life it has been so sensational!"

"You think so? You are wrong. A fantasy is only possible if you have not actually experienced it, you will in time tire of today's experience and need more; this is your first day and already you are an addict, you will see."

He continued "I will prove it. See that spanking bench over there? I bet when you had a look around you were drawn to it, well imagine me locking you in it now, and extending the restraints to stretch you and leave you helpless, your bottom totally at my mercy, and then me softly placing my hands upon your bottom and stroking it as I am your belly now, as I am your inner thigh now (Oh Dear God! Dave had placed his hand under and between my spread legs and stroked my inner thigh), and then spanking you, softly, slowly, quickly, hard, and rubbing it again; then imagine it with Chinese Balls in your Pussy, creating their own vibrations in response to the spanking, and your helplessness, the pain, the pleasure, the orgasm (Oh yes pleeeease, Now!). You haven't experienced this, you will see, now it is in your mind this will be your fantasy. Now this thought is with you it will stay with you, like an itch that needs to be scratched; you will come

back to me and plead to be strapped to that bench and spanked. Model for me and you will experience so much more."

Finishing his sales pitch Dave released me and allowed me to dress, he gave me his business card with his personal cell phone written on the back, explained that the next show was five weeks away and asked me to give it serious consideration and call him.

He also apologized "Dian, I am sorry, I did trick you, a few times today, I just cannot help myself, and if you do come back I apologize now for the tricks I play on you in the future."

"What do you mean, tricked me?"

"I had you put the belt on when you didn't really need to, I tested the intruders when I didn't really need to, I took your clothes away but didn't need to, I set you up to get yourself locked in my display pieces, and the showers you took, in what I call my 'Display Shower', that whole mirror wall is glass on the other side, I filmed you; but I promise you, only on your own phone."

"I done all this to give you the day I thought you wanted, but also because I just cannot help myself; but hopefully you can see this and have learned that you can trust me because when it comes to Bondage, trust is vital".

Stood at the front door to his store I thanked Dave for an incredible experience, but explained that this was the last he would see of me, I had my experience in the bag and that was that. I will have my own fantasies. I gave Dave a kiss on his cheek, had a last longing look into his wonderful eyes, said "Goodbye" and left with my gear and headed back to my hotel and my room where I dumped my purchases, laid down and laughed and laughed and laughed; Prudish Iron Knickers Dian, the Bondage Model! The malicious guys at work won't be malicious anymore because I really will be wearing a Chastity Belt (on occasion); and damn, I have just realized, I am commando for the first time since College, Dave has still got my thong!

It was only 6pm, I knew more aches and pains were going to be coming from the day's activities and so an early night was going to be in order. Even though I had already had three showers today I needed a hot relaxing bath, then a nice big dinner, I am starving! Then back here for bed and sleep.

Chapter 11: Self Control

I woke the following morning to James Brown in a sweat, it was summer but this was a sleep induced sweat, I had dreamt all night about being tied down and spanked by Dave, that Bastard!

I had my meeting on the ZetllerCom project and returned home. It was still only Thursday so I had tomorrow and all next week working from home to get all the project variations, works schedules and plans written up and submitted; in the meantime, there was plenty in place to keep the workers on site employed so there was no real urgency but I always liked to be ahead of the ball game.

I couldn't help myself and repeated the self-bondage I had done in the store display room; but for 30 minutes this time; incredible! I went to bed early so I could get up and make an early start, but kept the belt on and the intruders in, but switched off, just to get used to them, you know what I mean!

I again woke to James Brown again in a hot sweat fantasizing about Dave spanking me, Bastard!

To get it out of my system I set the control again and put the timed cuffs on. Then again with gag, collar and leg spreaders set wide and lying face down. Then again, and again in various positions and combinations.

4pm! I haven't even switched my computer on! And through it all I have only fantasized about that fucking spanking bench and Dave! Twat! (Plus my intruders had both now run out and needed recharging, but this was just coincidental to my noticing the time; I'm sure!).

Stop! Just bloody Stop!

I put everything away, showered and put just the Chastity Belt on alone and locked the key in the timer safe set for 6am, that will sort me out! I manage just a couple hours of work and then think, I must tell Candy about this. If my self-bondage goes wrong and I have to call her she will think me such a hypocrite. At least if I tell her I will still have the moral high ground that this is all her fault, she introduced me to it all and I am not hiding it from her like a hypocrite. I give her a

call and we agree to meet for a drink at 8.30pm; It is only when I am thinking what to wear that it dawns on my stupid brain I cannot get this belt off! Doh!

It is a lovely summers evening and so I just throw on a short summer dress, not too light or prone to lifting in the wind so I won't be modelling my belt in public quite yet. On my walk to the bar I am still thinking about Dave and what he said, about his spanking me being a fantasy I will not get out of my head until 'The itch is scratched'; and I am starting to appreciate this because I have thought of nothing else since, awake or asleep. I am still thinking about it, I am looking at the parked cars and assessing the trunks, thinking which would be the best to be bent over? Imagine being tied over that big trunk! Look at the hood on that sports car, with my hands tied to the mirrors and my knees to the front! Wow! Imagine that in the car show room, surrounded by guys and the salesman explaining "Yes look at this sporty little number, never mind the aerodynamics, just look at the Bondage dynamics! You don't have to spank the ass out of this one to get it racing, but it helps!" and look at the tailgate on that wagon... STOP! Just get to that bar and keep your bum covered!

Candy was waiting for me, she was sat inside and a band was playing; I asked if she would grab a table outside as I wanted to talk with her, I would get the drinks.

As I put the drinks down I could see Candy was nervous, I asked "what's wrong, you look frightened of me!" Candy explained "I know what this off the cuff request for a drink and a talk is most likely about, you've had time to think more about what you caught me doing, it disgusts you and you want to give me my key back and break any ties with me, or something like that."

"Candy, I am so sorry, but it's the exact opposite, you couldn't be further from the truth."

"What do you mean?" She asked, brightening up; "Well" I explained, "I have to confess, when I found you I was shocked, I didn't know what to think and I didn't handle it well at all, I had never seen anything like it, never even imagined it; stuff like that is only done in porn films and the like, not people like us."

"Then when I got home, and over the days that followed, I started to envy you."

"No way, I've felt dirty, like a deviant ever since!"

"Honestly, it was me and my attitude that was wrong, I thought about it, nonstop, deeply; I pictured my own future, probably make promotion to international contracts by 30, possibly Director by mid' to late 30's; then maybe managing director with share options by mid' 40's and retired by 50."

"No friends, no sex, no romance, no life; just extremely well off and too dried up and old to enjoy it" I explained.

I went on "You on the other hand are doing well professionally and having fun, yes, fun! You even have orgasms! I couldn't even remember one of those! I decided I had to change, I was jealous of you, it got me thinking and I decided to try it myself, no more prude Dian!"

"Ha, I can't believe it, I was so sure this was a last drink and 'Goodbye Candy, nice knowing you' and all that; now you want me to tie you up and make you orgasm?"

"No, not quite that, but I must tell you what has happened since, I cannot believe it myself."

I then told all; well, almost all, whilst Candy listened intently, giggled, expressed shock, and eventually got more drinks in. I left out the parts about the shower, the see through mirror and what I done in there, and I left out what I had done all day today; but yes, I told her everything else, my thoughts, the modelling offer, and even the spanking fantasy. At one point, when she was just plain refusing to believe anymore, I had her feel my waist and explained I was locked in until 6am; she actually shrieked! The whole bar, well those outside anyway, stared at us, some stood for a better view of what was going on; well we were both looking pretty hot! I just blushed, that paranoia again, imagining they all knew why she was shrieking!

I then showed her my photo's, some of my favorites when viewed with Candy suddenly become the most embarrassing! I didn't show her any of the videos, these were just too much and were for me alone.

She insisted on seeing it, the belt, immediately! I relented and agreed that before I got more drinks in she could go to the rest room with me and I would show her. This resulted in a very impressed Candy and us losing our good table; we stood

and watched the band and Candy agreed to come back to my place for a coffee and maybe a nightcap.

It was funny, but having that last drink stood with Candy it was like I was stood with a real friend, not just Candy my colleague from work. It felt like we had formed a bond and felt comfortable together.

Back at my place I showed her the rest of my stuff. She wanted to see my Chastity Belt properly so I went and changed, I took off my dress and put just a bikini top on and went back down to show her. She said I was still a bit of a prude, putting the Bikini top on when I had seen her naked. She insisted on me demonstrating the Chastity Belt Cuffs and being on a bit of a high with all I had confided and of course the drink which I was not used to I was only too pleased to get a chance to show off my gold steel cuffs, I cannot wear them with the belt on my own as there is no way of self-releasing them; and so I snapped them onto my wrists and then onto the belt. Candy immediately laughed, said "Got you!" and whipped my Bikini top off! Bitch! But really I just laughed too I was so relaxed with her now, and my own nudity.

Candy played with my timer hand cuffs and after I explained how they worked she set them for 30 minutes and put them on herself, behind her back. She apologized that our coffee's were going to get cold but explained we couldn't now, both restrained, do anything but finish our talk about Dave. I complained this was hardly fair, me naked but for my belt and her fully clothed but she countered that I was hardly spread akimbo with a Dildo sticking out of my pussy like when I had found her!

Candy said I was stupid, "You have gone this far, clearly you love being restrained and displayed; and you have finally found what you want in life; and are shunning the best opportunity you will ever get?"

"It is obvious you have a thing for Dave, you very obviously want him to spank you, your whole face lights up when you talk about it; and the chance to be naked and restrained in front of an audience, in a safe environment, and get free merchandise on the back of? Like Drrr? Are you getting this? Just what is there to think over? If you don't take it up I will go see him and beg to take your place!"

"Weren't you listening?" I asked, "I said goodbye to him, said I would never see him again; I have promised myself I will not step foot in his store again and I don't break my promises lightly!"

"Well more fool you, you really do need a good spanking! If you are not going back then I really want to go and see this store; as you have found our own store is pants and besides I would love a set of these timer cuffs, maybe two pairs, and one of those timer safes, and your Chastity Belt is way better than mine, and the intruders; would you mind?"

"No" although I was actually a bit miffed, jealous even at the thought of her meeting Dave, "Fill your boots, I have his card upstairs, if you ever release me I will get it for you!"

"Meow! You are jealous at the thought of it aren't you? Don't worry, I will just shop for what I want without messing with your Dave, and I won't even mention you or knowing you, I will just be another customer." Candy further explained that she also had a project running just an hour away from the Capital so could pop across quite easily.

"You really think I am being stupid?" I asked.

"Dian, you will never get another opportunity like this again; if you do not snap it up somebody else will and you will regret it the rest of your life; and you really do need a very good spanking, it will do you the world of good!"

"How would you know, have you ever been tied down and spanked? Or even just spanked?"

"Yes, actually, a few times; if it wasn't good it would only have ever happened the once."

Candy went on to explain that a few years back when she was first getting into self-bondage she wanted to have photos of herself; that she hired a young photographer friend, Conner, from college that she trusted to help her make a 'special calendar' as a surprise for her non-existent boyfriend. That she had repeated this each year, even getting him back each season for outdoor shots, like in the snow for Christmas for the December page; and things had developed; that Conner photographed her in every position imaginable, including with sex toys.

When he had her locked across her spanking bench he had caned and paddled and spanked her to get 'just the right glow and marks for authenticity'. Candy had loved it and recreated the same shot outside in all four seasons, in the kitchen, the bedroom, Dining room, etc, etc! She took so long telling me about it her timer cuffs popped open, she just reset them for another 30 and shut them again! Candy promised to show me the calendars.

Candy, an hour later, finally managed to free herself of her cuffs and poured us a couple of drinks as a final night cap; and agreed to release my belt cuffs on the condition I didn't put anything on. I was having such a good time I was happy to stay as I was, I was almost floating. We finished our drinks and agreed to make this a much more regular event and I saw her to the door. Candy, on the step, said "Thanks Dian, I was dreading tonight but have thoroughly loved it." She reached up and kissed me, then added "and those video films you didn't show me are fantastic!" At which she ran through the gate and was gone!

".....", Speechless, yet again! I thought she took her time pouring those drinks, she'd lifted my bloody phone the Bitch!

I went to bed and dreamed my 'spanked by Dave' dream, but this time it included me being displayed naked to a room full of men. Dave is a bastard and Candy a bitch!

Chapter 12: Kylie can't get it out of her head

Saturday I awoke to my alarm, not James Brown, I had changed it to Kylie, an Australian singer, and her song 'Can't get you out of my head'; I thought these lyrics were much more pertinent than 'I Feel Good' given my current state. Again I awoke in a sweat with that same dream of being tied down and spanked by Dave, but it was getting worse rather than easing off as I had hoped; I was now actually feeling the smacks in my dream and sometimes I even woke myself because of my bum spasms in my fantasy! I may end up having to see a shrink about this; because I definitely won't be getting Dave to fix it!

I decided 'no more, not today', and instead went shopping, getting all my groceries in for the week as I was committing to some solid work over the next few days. I also ended up in some of the more fashionable shops, buying some

dresses and suits that I would get away with wearing my Chastity Belt under; just can't help myself sometimes.

I had to not only catch up with my work but as I had originally planned, get ahead. Therefore, I only had the one double dildo hands and legs restrained session, which was oh so good, I mean, like, still unbelievably fucking fantastic good; then put it all away. Throughout all of my self-bondage sessions I had taken to having my cell phone at hand, I had learned the lesson well from Candy's predicament, but for her phone she could have died like that. I had a plan, I had to work; I would set my alarm (Kylie) for 7am, and be showered, breakfasted, dressed (properly) and sat in front of my computer by 8am. I would have my Chastity Belt on, no intruders or anything, and the key in the timer safe set for 8pm. Therefore, I wouldn't have any distractions at all through the day, just work; and come 8pm I would appreciate it all the more; then back in bed before 11pm for a fresh start and the same routine each day through Friday. This would get me back on track. This is why I am a top project manager, planning is my strength, I am a genius, sometimes I even impress myself.

7am, Kylie singing and my body sweating and my buttocks straining. Dave, You Bastard! Can't get fucking you out of my head!

The plan works, 7.50am and I am switched on, looking at my emails, dressed properly, no nudity to inspire my fantasies and distract me, and my Chastity Belt well and proper locked to stop any fiddling. Key in the safe, no release until 8pm. Job on.

08.50am and a new email comes in, it is from the head of ZetllerCom, requesting my immediate attendance on site, the architect has identified problems with the planned conversion works and unless I can attend, liaise with him and arrange a new plan of works then the entire workforce will be stood around marking time. I am in the process of replying that today is out of the question (because I am locked into a Chastity Belt!) when my phone rings, it is my Managing Director telling me I must get to ZetllerCom asap if not sooner; I explain it is over a three hour drive, he says "Make it in three, I will tell them to expect you by lunch time; and pack for the week, this is serious, he won't want to pay 70 guys to sit around playing cards."

Chapter 13: Stupid Chastity

Oh Shit, there go my work from home all week plans; ZetllerCom by lunch? Shit! Shit! Shit! My key safe doesn't open until 8pm, Double Shit! Well that's my stupid fault, maybe I will learn a lesson from this, a whole week without even touching? Oh My God!!

I pack my overnighter case very quickly, fortunately I have some nice new suitable clothes to cover my belt, mainly skirts and dresses, and at least I don't need to bother packing any knickers! Oh Shit! I am packed and on the road in twenty minutes, foot to the floor.

Half way there and I realize I am not even thinking about the project and what is in store for me, I have spent the whole time looking at the trunks of the cars I am passing picturing me bent over them taking a spanking; get a fucking grip girl! Dave, that bastard Dave is to blame for this, all of this; my relentless fantasy, my bloody Chastity Belt; well I may be staying in the hotel across the road again but I won't be even looking at his bloody stupid store; I will never see that man again! Dave! Of course, Dave, he has the second key to this belt, he can let me out; yes! Yes I know I have promised never to see him again, but this is different, this won't count; I will just pop in and get the key off him; see, I knew I was a talented project manager, stupid bitch!

I get to the contract site and do my stuff, come up with workable options, solutions, and with the site manager and architect draft some emergency plans, just enough to get the workforce gainfully employed whilst the grander plans take shape. This will be a long week but it is salvageable.

By 4pm I have made my excuses and left to draft some immediate plans of work, basic scheduling; but this can wait, I have more pressing, physically pressing business to attend to; I find that having solved the immediate emergency and escaped site I am actually quite relaxed now but still stop for a large glass of red in my hotel lounge before checking into my room for the week and freshening up; not for Dave of course, for me.

Chapter 14: Modelling Commitment

I enter Dave's store and he is there, right in front of me, those sparkling blue eyes, that smile, those beautiful white teeth, Stop it! In and out, belt off, absolutely no funny business! I explain I have come away without my key, can he give me his?

He explains "Er, sorry, but no; nobody ever gets that key, the customer gets their key, I retain my duplicate, it's in the contract you signed. As you have not designated anybody else as the primary key holder then on your say so I can release you; but it will be me that releases you."

"Well okay, that's fine, will you release me?"

"Of course I will, my pleasure, please follow me."

Dave guides me once more into his special display room and asks "okay if you would like to remove your clothing enough to give me access", and walks back out leaving me there.

I am wearing a grey and orange version of the same one-piece trouser suit and so have to just drop it from my shoulders down to my knees; but I see myself in a mirror and think this just looks silly and so remove it completely.

Dave returns saying he needs the key number he has inscribed on the side of the belt, I ask "Surely you haven't sold that many in this space of time not to know mine?"

"Dian, this is just the showroom, my real business is on-line, I sell up to 30 of those belts a week"

"Oh, I see, sorry."

Dave asks "Anyway, where is your key?"

I explain what has happened and that my key is locked in his timer safe until 8pm.

"What, and you have the safe fitted already?"

"What do you mean, fitted?"

"Like built in, bolted to a wall or inside a cupboard."

"Er, no, not yet but I have a neighbor I can ask."

"Well why didn't you just bring the safe with you, that is why it is called a portable key safe after all?"

"Oh My God, I really am that stupid! Oh, I am so embarrassed, what a doughnut!"

Dave just laughed, picked up my clothes and walked out again. No! He's left me here naked again, that Bastard I vowed never to see again, well he is certainly seeing me again! Well I am going nowhere near any of his gear, I am stupid, obviously, but not that stupid. When he comes back and unlocks me I will just ask him, no order him to get me my clothes and let me out. Goodbye Dave. End.

I cannot help but stare at that spanking bench again, the centerpiece of my dreams, fantasies and nightmares; I see myself over it, stretched, vulnerable, ready, waiting for my fate; I think about what Candy said, I shiver.

Dave returns with my key but also with what looks like a catalogue. He unlocks and removes my belt placing it aside and asks "Have you thought anymore about the modelling I mentioned? It is getting really close to the point where I will have to give up on you and find another model. To give you a flavor I have brought some pictures of Susan from a few shows ago, she is wearing the outfit I will dress you in at the next show if you sign up. Susan is in electric blue coordinated leather in these photo's but obviously I would make it in red for you. It is a few shows since I showed this outfit and so it is due a return, but an updated version."

Dave then shows me the photos and explains them, they are sensational. "The locking thigh boots will be tailor made to fit you, finishing just an inch below your crotch, they are in the finest leather and have a 5" stiletto heel which will make you 6'3", quite an imposing figure. That is a mono-glove made of the same leather and again will be tailor made to your precise measurements, and the same with the posture collar but this one really is top of the range, with this on your neck will do nothing but breathe. The ball gag is the same as the one you have and the matching blinker set is of the same leather. The heels and boot legs really make your buttocks taut, the mono-glove lifts and exaggerates your breasts, the collar helps give perfect posture and the items combined forces your tummy to be pulled in and toned. I think you will agree looking at Susan here, this is the best any woman can ever be displayed. With your height, grace and looks you will simply take everyone's breathe away. What do you think, like it?"

"It, she, it, oh; magnificent! I will do it! Yes, I will do it, please, yes, yes, don't look for anybody else, I want to do it, please; but, but, on the condition, on the condition you now, immediately, right now, strap me into that fucking bench over there and spank me; I cannot take these miserable relentless dreams anymore!" Oh My God! Where oh where did that just come from? Did I really say that? Like, out loud? Oh My God!!

Dave just smiles and says "Of course Miss, I am here to serve; please, as you are dressed appropriately, would you be so kind as to fasten your ankles into those cuffs and I will be right with you."

I am in a daze, what has just happened? What is happening? Am I on drugs or something? I make my way over and fasten my ankles in and lean onto the bench pushing my hands through the wrist restraints, and wait. Just what the heck am I playing at, belt off and out? End? I am going to be physically spanked, and I asked for it, no, demanded it; and now I am just waiting here for a spanking? Well, it will solve my fantasy issues, hopefully, once I find it hurts and I don't like it and it doesn't do anything for me I can put it well and truly behind me, pardon the pun! Oh what am I doing, silly cow.

Chapter 15: A Spanking Good Time

Dave returns, he says nothing at first, just puts something down on another bench behind me and comes around to lock my wrists in place. Then he presses something at the head of the bench and the bench retracts a few inches pushing my butt back a bit and at the same time my wrists are drawn forward really stretching me and pulling my butt up. Vulnerable, exposed, and then some. Dave then walks back around me, no doubt to get a better view! But returns and I feel something being pulled over my head; a blindfold.

"Dave, what are you doing Dave, you said nothing about a blindfold?"

"This will add to your experience, it isn't just the smack, it is the anticipation of the smack and how it plays on your mind that really enhances a spanking, you will see." How can I in a bloody silly blindfold? Like Drr.

Next thing I know Dave is very softly rubbing my buttocks, but then his hand lowers and he is touching my pussy, no, feeling my pussy, no, fingering my "Dave, Dave, what are you doing?"

"Sush Dian, don't speak, just experience, relax, go with what you feel."

I shut up. Why? I want to talk, I am nervous, it is only natural to talk, why do I not talk? Why do I not say something? I don't want him fingering my pussy do I? Do I? Of course you do, you stupid bitch, it's about all you ever dream of! Do what he says, shut up and bloody enjoy it!

Dave continues to finger me, I am relaxing. Then he stops, just stops. I go to say something and Dave 'shushes' me again.

Then I feel him between my legs again, his fingers exploring, then what? He is pushing something into me, his cock? Oh I wish! A dildo? No, it's a ball, one of those Chinese ball things he was on about, he's been getting me wet to take it. Oh, that's nice, it's tingling, like it's charged, or alive. His fingers are entering me again, pushing the ball up higher; Oh, and another one; Oh Yes, Oh, that is nice; again he is pushing his fingers up, both balls really entering me and tingling all the time. Never mind the spanking, I can feel myself getting there already, just keep with the fingers.

Dave stops and I hear him beside my head, he says "Right Dian, I am going to start to spank you now but I am conscious you have never experienced this before, so you cannot know your pain threshold, and obviously neither do I. So to make sure I do not take it too far and hurt you we need a safe word. I anticipate you are going to get distressed, confused, aroused, a real conflict of emotions, and so I am going to keep it very simple, your safe word is 'Ow', but it will be controlled, if you just say 'Ow' quietly I know it is just a little too much for you, if you say 'Ow' loud I know to wind right back, and if you really shout 'Ow' I know to stop immediately and release you; do you understand?"

"Yes, that's simple enough and makes sense, I appreciate it."

"Okay then, let's try it, give me an example of each so I know exactly what to listen for"

I said 'Ow' quietly, Dave said "Okay."

I said 'Ow loudly, Dave said "Okay, now really loud, open your mouth wide and really let rip."

I opened my mouth wide and "Urghhrrherh" Dave has bunged a gag in my mouth and buckles it around my head, Bastard, tricked again!

I hear Dave laughing, "Every time, I love it! Sorry Dian, can't help myself. No, there are no safe words on this gig, you asked for a spanking, and you are going to get a spanking; this is your fantasy, if you have any element of control it will not fulfil your fantasy; now enjoy."

'Smack' Ouch! Or it would have been 'Ouch' but for this fucking gag, chances are I didn't make a sound. Dave has just smacked me low down right across both buttocks and that hurt; but, oh, my pussy, those balls, they tingled before, they are shaking, vibrating, moving now! Oh, oh, oh, 'Smack', hard again, same place; Oh my God that hurts, but oh, those balls, oh. Now Dave is smacking me softly but quite quickly on my left buttock only, the balls are going wild, more so than the hard smacks, they are responding to the rhythm of his smacking; now the right buttock; Oh My God Yes! Now he is circling my bum with smacks, ranging from barely touching to quite firm, the balls are buzzing; my bum is hurting, my pussy is coming, I am sweating all over, I am sticking to the leather, 'Smack', 'Smack', 'Smack', 'Smack', four big ones, left right, left right, 'SMACK' a huge one right across both buttocks "OUCH OH SHIT THAT HURT" in my mind only; my whole butt is buzzing, my pussy is quivering, my legs are shaking, OH MY DEAR GOD OH MY YES YES YES YES OH OH OH FUCKING YES DO ME DO ME DO ME OH FUCKING YES DEAR GOD YES! YES! YES! Never oh never have I come like this, Dave is now just rubbing my bum, pampering it, just the odd smack, left, right, top, bottom, one buttock, both buttocks speeding it up then slowing it down, always in a rhythm, then just rubbing. My orgasms are growing unbearable, I can do nothing, see nothing, say nothing, move nothing, just the emotion, the pain, the pleasure, Oh My God the pleasure, orgasm after orgasm. Then Dave cups, and lifts my buttocks apart and, oh no no no, I felt it, I didn't hear it, but I definitely felt it, I farted! Oh how embarrassing! I farted! I hear Dave laughing, but still he spanks me, still the balls vibrate within me and move around like an alien presence, then, Oh What? He is shoving something into me, into my butt! Is it him? Is he doing me anal? No, It's his finger, he's fingering my bum! Now something bigger! Is this

his cock? No, can't be, he's spanking me again, must be a plug or a dildo, oh fuck fuck fuck Yes! Oh no, I'm peeing! I just cannot control it, I am stood here, strapped to a bench, being spanked whilst I am peeing! Oh dear god, I think I am still coming at the same time; He's fucking my ass with the dildo, and spanking me; Oh no more, Oh no more, Please oh dear god please no more, oh, oh, I am peeing and coming again, the vibrations, the the the The Fucking Pleasure Oh Yes Dear bloody God oh YES!

My blindfold comes off, Dave is stood in front of me, smiling, But I can still feel it, the dildo entering me, the balls vibrating, the orgasm, my bum being spanked; I try to look behind me, out of the corner of my eye, there is no one there; I look at Dave, still he just smiles; my phone is in his hand and he is filming me, Oh My God THIS IS SO FUCKING GOOD, those dreams were crap in comparison, I could never have dreamt this. Still my bum and my pussy are on fire, dancing their own dance, bringing me off. Under my head, the bench, my sweat is in a pool dripping over the side, My legs shake, I cannot control them.

Dave releases my gag, I just breathe, I say nothing, if anything I whimper. He releases my wrists, I just stay there. He releases my ankles, I slowly lower myself off the bench onto my knees and finally the floor, Dave has steered me to the side so I do not lay in my own spent fluids. Dave just stands in front of me, still with that big smile on his face; he asks "Well, was that what you dreamed of? What you expected? Did you enjoy that?"

I didn't respond, I just couldn't; I gazed hazily into his eyes, and done the only thing I could think of doing, just what seemed to come naturally, I crawled over to him and kissed his feet; then just hugged his legs hoping never to let go. Oh My God, That was just so good!

I just do not know, am I hurting? Is this pleasure? Do I like this? Did I enjoy that? I just do not know. I do know that I am smiling, uncontrollably. "How long? How long did you spank me?" I had to know because I didn't have a clue. Was it 5 minutes? Was it an hour? Time just wasn't there for me, it was just an event, a timeless, memorable, fucking unbelievable event.

"About 20 minutes" replied Dave, "You could have gone further, but I kind of figured you had gone far enough for your first taste of this; had I left you 10 or 15 minutes you would have been even more responsive to the vibrating balls inside

of you, and gained even more enjoyment and pleasure from the spanking; but for a first time I am sure this has exceeded even your own expectations. Now, would you like to let go of me and perhaps take a shower? Promise I won't watch this time."

I just enjoyed hugging his legs, the physical contact with him for a few more seconds, maybe 30, then slowly, very slowly, stood up. My legs were spasming, just wobbling, all the muscles; and this was activating the balls again, vibrating of their own accord; I walked over to the door out to the shower, no bum waggle show this time, I was spent. I kicked my shoes off, entered and turned on the shower, laid down and curled up. The hot water beat me, but relaxed me. After a while I sat up and took deep breaths. I opened my legs, there was a cord with a small brass ball dangling out of my pussy. I pulled it slowly and felt it go taught and the first of the balls start to pull down and out. Oh this was nice, I didn't want to rush it, just to enjoy the experience; slowly I pulled and as it reached my inner lips I felt the second ball move also. Slowly I removed them, each giving its own vibration and sensation as it was removed. Simply wonderful!

I washed them in the shower water and put them aside then stood and enjoyed my shower, no frigging, no funny business; I was still floating well beyond the need for any of that.

Chapter 16: Happy Chastity

I walked back into his lair, Dave was there, sitting, waiting for me. There was no evidence of any cleaning gear but the place looked immaculate, no evidence at all of my substantial body fluid leakage. Maybe he does have an OCD problem! I couldn't think what to say, I mean, what do you say to a guy after all that?

He had my clothes on the bench and he handed me my Chastity Belt and said "Here you are, I have cleaned it, and it's okay to put back on now." Which, not thinking, I did.

I reached for my clothes then stopped "What?" I asked "Why have I put my belt back on? I only come here to get it off?"

"Don't ask me, you're the one that put it on" He said "Only joking, wondered if you would fall for that one; No, you've committed to modelling for me, but I am going to give you 24 hours to fully consider what it is you are agreeing to. Come back, same time tomorrow and I will take your belt off, I will have a contract ready for you and you can either sign it, at which point I will need to take some measurements off you; or rip it up and walk away. But at least I will know for sure whether you are my new model or I need to find someone else; the belt makes certain of your return, or at least as certain as I can make it, sorry!"

I was dumbstruck, another 24 hours in this thing? Really? He's taking the piss, surely? "No, You're winding me up again aren't you? Tricking me? You're not leaving this on me?"

"No, I'm not joking, I took it off for you, I fulfilled my contractual bargain that went with the belt purchase, you put it back on not me, and I really must have a firm commitment off you tomorrow latest; so please go away, think it all over properly, not just a rash decision, come back and we will sort everything out. You can keep those Chinese Balls, I will take them out of your first modelling payment but give you a discount of course as they have been used!"

I tried arguing more but it become crystal clear I was leaving in this belt, I am so pleased I used his loo for the 'other business' after the shower and before I put this thing back on or it would have been an experience I am not looking forward to!

Having dressed and left him I was now lying in bed in my room thinking things over and suffering some fantastic flashbacks. That was one hell of a session! My body was still throbbing, my buttocks smarting and my pussy just plain smiling! I could see those magnificent Chinese Balls on the side unit but with this belt tight on they were purely ornamental; I couldn't even pat my poor pussy better, and believe me it wanted some petting! I couldn't believe how I felt, I was certainly no virgin, although it had been a while; but I now felt as though I had for the first time truly really lost my virginity, awesome.

Ever since bondage had entered my life I accept I have been all over the place, doing stupid things, breaking even my own promises, planning one thing and doing another; but this has been my best time in years, maybe ever. I have to continue, there is no way I can live without another experience like that tonight.

Even now, locked in this belt and not having the key, as frustrating as it is, I am getting off on it, emotionally at least, and I'm sure I am at least a little wet under this thing. I have decided, no doubts at all, I am now Dave's' new bondage model!

Chapter 17: Submissive Slut

Work went well, the project is back on track and I am churning out plans and reports that are making the main man happy.

I am soon back in my room and dressing to kill to knock Dave's' socks off.

A bright red loose fitting mini dress with matching strappy high heels, no underwear, just the belt. I can get away with the dress this time as he will be able to take my belt off without me getting naked again, just for a change. I just have to hold my hem down as I cross the street; the wind is getting up.

Back in his display room Dave compliments me, saying I look fantastic, I am smiling like a child at Christmas! Dave asks for my decision, and I tell him "Yes, I really do want to do this, I promise you I will not let you down, but I just want the contract to be for the first show; and after that I will sign for the longer term if we are both happy."

Dave smiles, lifts my skirt and removes the belt and then explains "Okay, this won't be going back on again until you put it on, unless you ask me. Now I need some very specific measurements of you as I am going to tailor make the bondage clothing and apparatus to fit you, to make sure you really impress at the show, I will need you to remove your dress for this. In the mean time I will go and adapt the contract as you requested and bring it back with me for you, okay?"

I remove the dress and hand it to him before he even has time to leave; I am so used to it by now. Naked again, so much for the looking hot in the dress plan.

In the mean time? What mean time? I'm here and naked already, what do I do in the mean time? I really am not going to play with his stuff again, maybe just lean on his spanking bench again, just for the thrill! No, What's that?

There is a small metal thing on the side bench beside my chastity belt, I have to have a look at that. I pick it up and see what it is, it's about 2 or 3 inches wide with

a couple of leavers sticking out of it, I push the leavers in towards each other and the inner metal bits ratchet apart slightly. It's like some sort of dental spreader, I think. Fascinated I put it in my mouth, between my teeth and ratchet the leavers, my mouth opens, one more ratchet, oh, that's wide enough, now how do I undo it?

I cross to the mirror to get a better look but cannot suss it; Dave comes in, now what do I look like? Naked, high heels and my mouth locked open! Oh My God, I just keep on doing it to myself, Why?

Dave just laughs. I try to ask "How do I undo this?" and Dave explains "You can't, not without a tool anyway, but anyway, I am sure, you know what you have to do if you want me to take it off."

Oh my God again! He's teasing me, surely; or testing me, seeing if the thought of giving him a blow job will phase me; well it wouldn't be the first time for me, I once even woke up in a guy's room in College with my cheek stuck to a boyfriend's leg and his flaccid dick still up against my mouth, that was memorable for all the wrong reasons! Maybe like this, with Dave, it could be memorable for better reasons.

I get to my knees in front of him, and don't really know why but I also lift my arms and put my hands on the back of my head, then raise myself up on my knees and look up at him. I am a submissive slut!

Dave looks down on me and again with those marvelous teeth and wonderful blue eyes smiles and reaches down and cups my chin and says "No silly, you know you just have to ask if you want released from anything, I'm hardly going to force you to eat me when I want you modelling for me."

He helps me back to my feet and removes the dental thing, I am so embarrassed!

"Okay, you really are special, you just don't know how special; I think it may be some time before I get that image out of my mind, but anyway, let's sign the contract and get you measured."

Dave walks me over to the center and asks if I would mind being restrained suspended from the trapeze again, it would make it easiest for his measurements. I agree, well let's face it, I'm at the stage I will let him do anything to me.

So here I am again, arms apart and suspended, legs apart and shackled, totally naked, and loving it.

He takes the signed contract away and returns with a pretty impressive looking camera and explains he uses photos of me to set his measurements against. He asks me to 'smile for the camera' which I cannot help but do and takes photos front, back, left and right and then tells me to amuse myself he will be back soon.

Amuse myself? How? I cannot even move! I just look around his display room, studying the many pieces, imagining myself in many different positions of restraint in various scenarios. I look down at myself, my nudity, my exhibited position, my helplessness, my vulnerability, my reliance and trust in Dave; I imagine just what he could do to me; his hands on my body, his lips on my body, his tongue, his fingers exploring; I am getting wet again and loving it.

Dave returns and wheels in with him a large display board. Affixed to this is a massive picture of me, with all four profiles next to each other, all set against a white background. He explains he has a special printer for his store promotions and adverts which he uses with a photoshop programme to give this kind of high quality print.

He then proceeds to take every measurement imaginable recording them onto the pictures of me. Not just like leg length or waist or bust measurements, but the circumference of my ankle, then an inch up, then another inch up, all the way; legs, arms, torso, everything, even my head from every angle.

I am released from my restraints and Dave opens the door to wheel the display board back out and says "Come on, I need to show you the computer."

"What, out there? You've took my dress away, I can't go out there."

"It's okay, we are the only ones here, the place is locked up."

"But, but..." As stupid as this sounds, and this is very stupid, this room, his 'lair', with all these restraints and stuff, this is my safe room, and I do feel safe in here. Out there, well I will feel really naked out there.

"Come on, you're a model now, get used to it."

I bite my lip and follow him, nervously. He leads me out and down a corridor to another room, his main office I guess. Inside there is just a desk with a computer station and a couple of self-reclining easy chairs; oh and one whole wall is a window into a shower room; he must have felt he could have reached out and touched me when I showered in there.

Dave shows me the camera he used, gets my photo's up and then hits the 'Delete' button. He then jiggles the mouse and my images come up on his computer screen and he reaches for the keyboard and I say "Wait, what are you doing?"

Dave explains these are the only photo's he has ever taken of me apart for the ones on my own phone, and wants me to see him delete them. "But they are good photo's, don't you like them?" I ask him.

"Yes, I love them, you look fantastic in them, perfect; but I don't want you worrying that I would do anything silly with them, you know on the internet or anything, do you want them, I could save them to a stick for you?"

"No, I have some already that you took on my phone in that position, but it seems a shame to delete them, if you like them; I don't mind you keeping them as long as you promise never to share them."

"That's tremendous, not just the photo's but your level of trust in me thank you, I will; but if that is the case, would you mind just one more pose for me, a special one for me, on your knees again with your hands behind your head, like in there before, I just can't get it out of my head?" I laugh, and smile a beaming smile, I am getting to him, maybe as much as him to me Careful Dian you little slut, you are like a schoolgirl with a crush, maybe even in love! "Certainly, here or in the display room?"

Just out in the corridor if you would, the clear wall will make a good backdrop and save me cropping it." I repeat the pose and give a special, lippy smile for him.

Instead of returning to his office or the display room Dave opens a new door I haven't been through and leads me through to a lift; he explains his show room is on the 3rd floor above his apartment complex and he would like me to see it so that I know what to expect on show night.

We step into the lift and Dave thumbs button 3 then steps out again as the doors close! That sneaky rat! Oh No! Oh this feels very weird, being naked in a lift, not knowing what will be there when the doors open. He could be sending me into a busy office, or someone else could get in when it stops. I am feeling very nervous and become kind of giggly with the anticipation something is going to happen but try the best I can to cover myself with my hands as the doors open to a large room.

Tentatively, I step out before someone else calls the lift, the room is empty, but still I try to cover myself.

Dave steps out of some double doors by the lift, he has run up the stairs and is laughing but breathing heavy. He leads me into the large carpeted room with soft chairs set out and a bar along one wall and built up ledges along two walls and a wood floor cat walk and stage coming out of full length curtains on the final wall. I say cat walk and stage but they were only maybe two inches higher than the carpet.

The cat walk juts straight out from the stage into the center of the room, and then forms a 'T' on the end. The chairs are spread apart and run along the front of the 'T' and around the sides, three rows deep; perhaps 50 chairs with small low drinks tables set amongst them. I walk around the room having a good look, imagining the view from the various seating angles. Dave explains that on the night the ledges along the walls will display his merchandise, from clothing ranges on mannequins to stocks and cages. There will also be podiums with more special items on. I am quite fascinated and actually forget my nakedness.

I walk around and step onto the catwalk, and walk up to the end, I am now extremely conscious of my nudity, just being on the catwalk is like making a statement, 'Look at me', I turn and walk to the right end of the 'T', Dave's eyes are almost eating me, rather than being nervous I open my legs a little, put my hands up behind my head into my hair and arch back to strike a sexy pose; Dave takes my phone from his back pocket and snaps a couple of shots; he then gets me to go back behind the curtain and make an entrance and do a sexy walk down the catwalk, to both ends of the 'T' and back out again whilst he films me. I am loving it!

We go back down the staircase; I cannot believe how accustomed I am becoming to my nudity; my shoes are making a racket and I am stark naked in a well-lit stairway and I am just chatting away with him like I do this all the time.

He hands me my dress and we return to the display room for my Chastity Belt; it just dawns on me I haven't even yet bothered putting my dress back on as we joke and chat with each other for like a further 30 minutes. Dave is explaining the format the show will take; as he explained previously the three girls, me included will each model a particular outfit; and then we each model an activity, but this time he further explains that if a particular guest wants to see a particular girl model a particular piece of equipment on display then he tries to accommodate this; normally during a drinks break between shows.

He also explains that the third of the activities is effectively the 'finale' and generally results in a girl being brought to orgasm on the apparatus; and that the girl that does this is selected by vote by the guests after the end of the first displays. This, he says, generally tends to be Tracy, with her blond hair and cute girly looks she tends to get all the votes. But Tracy loves this, being displayed in orgasm to a roomful of people is really her thing; he adds "Best I tell you this, because with your looks and the way you are going to be displayed in the first round, there is every chance you may be even more popular than Tracy." Oh, My, God! Orgasm? In front of strangers? Oh My God!! "Well that would be new, no problem." No problem? Who am I kidding? Oh shit! Dave just laughs "We'll see, special one, well, once you are out there you won't have much say in it anyway."

We go back to his office and sit and exchange contact details and discuss further the finer points of what will be expected of me.

I finally get around to putting my dress back on and Dave gives me a suitable bag to carry my Chastity Belt in which I intend to put straight into the trunk of my car, I am not leaving that in my room for the maid to play with. I am crossing the road when the wind inadvertently reminds me I am now fully commando and I have to get to my room, get my car keys and come back outside again yet, as well as navigate the hotel public areas. So why am I smiling so much it is starting to hurt?

I think I am getting a real problem with all this now, because when I finally get finished with the belt and back into my room, I put the 'spanking' video on my phone and transfer it to my lap-top with all my other photos and videos, strip off,

lie down and play it; and masturbate to it. It doesn't take long! That is one hot video! But that is not the problem, no my problem is that after a shower, I put the same mini-dress back on to go down to the lounge for a drink, and then into the restaurant for a meal, and I still don't have any underwear. I have my trouser suit and other safe options but no, I have to have the risk, the thrill. Problem!

Chapter 18: Scratching His Itch

I awake again the next morning to James Brown and 'I feel Good'; I have got Kylie out of my head and am back to feeling good again, no waking in a sweat to that spanking dream; no staring at car hoods imagining myself bent over.

Back on the project site and progressing well, it is nearly lunch before I realize I was in such a day dream that I drove past all the shopping malls and still have no underwear. I decide to go shopping on the way back to the hotel and treat myself, no more commando, just for a change.

During lunch Dave phones me and asks if I could possibly 'pop back in' this evening as there are a couple of further measurements he must have. I struggle to imagine what measurements, depth of ear? Length of tongue? Little toe nail width? But I agree to return, after five.

This makes my shopping trip even better, I can actually wear underwear now and so buy a complete outfit. Black lacy hold-up stockings, black lace G-String, matching push-up strapless bra; and short and sexy black dress to impress. I am going to take his breath away and then some.

I get back and dump the car, put my gear in my room and make myself up good, best perfume and all, and make my way across.

As soon as I see Dave see me I cannot help but notice his attraction, I walk to him and he isn't quite visibly drooling, not quite.

He smiles and apologizes "Sorry Dian, but I need just a few measurements I couldn't take yesterday; I need you to wear some of the outfit for the display whilst I take other measurements. I have just finished some of your outfit, had to get it cracked whilst you are still in town."

I explained this was no problem and we made our way to the special display room.

As soon as we got in I took my dress off, I couldn't wait to show my new underwear off, it has been a very long time since I really dressed up for a guy like this and I wanted to milk it. Dave didn't actually stand on his tongue, but he just about could have!

"Okay Dian" Dave said, taking my dress, "I will just be a moment, just getting the display piece and my measure." I asked "Do I need to strip completely again or can I keep this stuff on?"

"Well, I like the stockings, you can leave them on for me but it is up to you."

I stripped off, and yes, I kept the stockings on, slut mode!

Dave returned, grinning, and then nipped back out with my underwear, tidiness freak!

He asked me to turn around and then put a red leather posture collar around my neck; it was very substantial but slim at the same time and the lock at the back was impressive, each side of the open collar had a series of brass tubes and then a thick pin was inserted from the top and locked, it would have looked like a closed hinge when locked. The collar also had a large brass hoop built into the front and a couple of smaller ones either side at the rear.

"Okay, I just have to measure the base of your neck over the posture collar for your slave collar; it needs to be a very cute fit so that it is not overly loose without the posture collar."

"Oh, okay." I looked in the mirror; I couldn't believe the effect just a little thing like this locked on me was having. My head was totally immobile, I could neither turn it nor lower my chin; I could just raise my head a little.

"Okay, that's perfect, let's get it back off and away for the show; how do you want the slave collar engraved? This will be your stage name, we will never use your real name during a show, only ever your slave name." Dave explained that Tracy was known as 'Baby', and Helen was 'Ginger'.

"Oh, so that leaves me with Sporty, Scary and Posh?"

"Ha, no, it isn't Spice Girl inspired, Susan was 'Silk'. Do you need a day or two to think on it?"

I was already inspired by my original idea "No, I know the stage name I would like, or my 'Slave name' as you call it, 'Candy'."

"Candy, okay Dian, you are now my slave girl 'Candy', pleased to meet you. Oh, and by the way, you will be pleased to know you have your revenge on me; since you left last night I have had nothing but hot dreams about you on your knees and helpless, waiting for me; and this morning I awoke in a sweat on wet sheets; it would seem you are now my fantasy which I cannot scratch, just like you were with the spanking fantasy, I just cannot get you out of my head." Ha, thank you Kylie, maybe he needs your alarm call!

"Right, I will just go make a note of your measurements and grab your clothes for you."

"What, that's it? That's all the measurements? What did I have to take all my underwear off for? I could even have kept my dress on."

"Yeah, I was wondering that, I just thought maybe you enjoyed being naked with me."

"No, you said you needed measurements, I had to take my clothes off."

"No, we walked in and you immediately took your dress off, you couldn't wait; then you asked about your underwear, I didn't say you needed to remove it, just I would like you to leave your stockings on; and thanks, you did. But as exciting as your underwear is, you look even hotter in just your skin, the stockings do add a little something though." Doh, tricked again! One day I will spend time with him with my clothes on; maybe.

Dave said he would be five minutes and left with the posture collar.

Now don't ask me to explain this, because I can't. Maybe by now you know me well enough to be able to account for why I done this, but I just don't have a clue.

I removed my stockings, brand new and I want to wear them when I leave without holes in the knees. I went quickly over to the pillory thing and first I played with myself a little but I was already wet, I always am around Dave; then I

mounted myself on the Dildo until my knees were on the mat, that was an experience that made my eyes water! I then managed to lean around the back pole either side and lock my ankles in place; then locked the collar around my neck, I had to adjust it up a little; then played with the release catches on the wrist restraints until I had my wrists locked in place behind me. It was only when fully locked in that I had the time to think. Oh My God You Wanton Slut! Just what have you done? Why, oh why, are you doing this? Why do you keep on doing stuff like this?

Dave returned with my clothes, and this time, for a nice change, he was speechless.

"Well, you got my fantasy out of my head, maybe if you put yourself in my head you will get me out of your head; I know, corny, I am sorry, just nervous."

Dave come over and stood in front of me "Dian, I, Oh, I so want to, but we are meant to be having a professional relationship; you are going to work for me."

"This is no less professional than you spanking me until I peed, and besides, it is not really work what I will be doing for you, it is experience and education; and this way I will finally get to see you at least a little bit naked. Don't worry, just think of it as therapy to solve your hot sweat problem."

A huge grin spread across his face "You really are so beautifully special, you are not my slave, but how I wish I could own you for real!" Me too Dave, me too.

Dave walked behind me and pulled the wrist restraint bar further back pulling me against the pole; then adjusted the ankle restraints and my knees further apart forcing me deeper onto the Dildo and making me gasp; then raised the collar putting me in a truly helpless position and completely impaled. He walked over to the corner behind me where he had a locked cupboard. Oh please just hurry up, I cannot wait to see your Dick! I won't be able to grip it as I want to, or mount it as I need to, but at least I can see it and taste it, get my lips around it and make you come!

I heard him return behind me, and, shit, oh fucking shit! Put a fucking blindfold on me! "No, take it off, I want to see."

"Sorry Dian, that can be your dream for another day."

Why can this guy never play fair? This just isn't fair dammit!

His hands hold my head, stroking down either side, then onto my shoulders, then one hand under my chin, then WHAT? He's only got this bloody Dildo I am so heavily impaled on buzzing! This thing is vibrating, I open my mouth to say that is not part of the deal and his penis enters my mouth. His hands are on my head again, his thumbs stroking around my ears, he enters me more, and more, then withdraws and just holds it into my mouth; I start to get with it, my lips sucking onto him, my tongue exploring and stroking, I like his taste; he enters deeper again, not enough to make me gag; the vibrations increase; my tongue works harder in response, like my tongue is wired to the Dildo. In and out, licking his bell, locking my teeth around it so he cannot escape whilst my tongue plays its evil tricks, making him squirm and gasp; I can feel the pressure build in him, feel his hands moving in desperation on my head. His hands disappear, I feel him lean into me, he must be near, it must be near. I decide, on impulse, I am going to spit; as soon as he is clear he can experience his own medicine. He comes, oh how he comes and comes; I am starting to gag on it, he starts to withdraw; I gather his come onto the back of my tongue, he is almost clear; OUCH! The bastard has just pinched my nipples! His cock is out but immediately a ball gag is in its place and strapped on. That slimy, cheating bastard! Well looks like I am swallowing after all! The vibrations ramp up another gear, my blind fold is removed, obviously it is not okay for me to see him come, see his dick, see his eyes and his emotion; but he can see me! The orgasm is massive, impaled as I am I have nowhere to go and it just drives right through me and shudders up my spine; if I wasn't so well gagged I would be screaming holly hell; my legs are juddering, my tits are shaking, I am soo coming!

Spent, the vibrations stop. Dave stands in front of me, that same grin still upon his face. He kneels in front of me and takes my breasts in his hands, his thumbs kneading my nipples, and kisses me on my forehead. He places his hands on my waist, looks deeply into my eyes and says "Thank you."

I am released from the pillory, Dave lifts me off my mount and I turn this into a full on hug which Dave holds with me, his hands sliding down and cupping my buttocks; I could stay like this quite happily forever, well, maybe without the gag and the come sliding down my throat. He separates us and quietly says "I have

never been affected like this before; we must stop before we go too far to stop, and leave it like this until we have your first show out of the way; a cooling period; then if you would like, I will visit you, your home town, away from all this, even with your clothes on if you like" he joked, "Then we will see what we have together and take it from there, okay?"

I nodded, turned and headed for the shower. I kicked my shoes off and headed straight in, turning it on hot and all jets blazing; only then did I realise he really had actually locked the ball gag on me, Doh!

I look at myself in the mirror, full of new emotion, a new energy, he wants me. He wants to take this further, to visit me. He wants to own me. He said he wants to own me! Not 'go out with me', not 'live with me', not 'marry me'. Fucking own me! Why does that feel so right? Why am I so fucking happy with wanting to be owned? Why am I still so happy with this ridiculous gag locked in my mouth? Why am I stood here, in a shower, watching myself in the mirror frigging my pussy with an intensity like never before? Oh My God Oh My God Oh My God just fucking Oh! Yes! That bastard does it to me! Oh I wish he would spank me again!

Back in the display room Dave removes my gag and I follow him to his office for my clothes and I get dressed. Even without the gag I have very little to say; only "Okay, be in touch, and I still think that was very mean, blind-folding me."

Back in my hotel room I remove my bra and G-String and go down for a drink and dinner; well, a girl can't wear knickers all the time can she? I do keep the stockings on though; Dave likes me in my stockings.

Whilst I wait for my starter to arrive a text message comes through, it's from Dave's mobile. 'sorry about the blindfold, some experiences are better blindfolded, concentrates the focus. You will appreciate the video all the more for it.'

Yes! He has filmed it for me, but how? He had both his hands on my head at least half of the time? I have to see it, immediately!

Making sure nobody is sat behind and the volume is down I flick through my movie files until I get to it, Oh wow! He is quite big; Oh I do like the look of that, oh thank you God, that is a cock I am really going to enjoy, I promise I will be a good girl, I will really look after it Oh My God!

Most of the video is looking straight down, he must have had my phone held in his mouth and only holding it occasionally for different angle shots and close ups. Oh I do look like I am enjoying myself; and he has filmed himself, his 'come face', Oh that is fantastic! Oh and me again, gagged and really riding that Dildo, Oh My God it looks like I am trying to eat it with my pussy, but my face, oh my face, now that is what satisfaction looks like! If these films of me ever got out they would smash every box office.

Chapter 19: Respite

The following few weeks were difficult. Having finalized the plans for the ZettlerCom project and completed all my reports and works schedules I had been sent up to cover an industrial project in the North. The dedicated project manager for that contract had basically fallen to pieces and was taking some time off; from what my Director said he may be off longer than he anticipates, longer like 'Don't come back' kind of longer!

I was to repair the damage, get it back on track; then hand it over to a replacement project manager.

The good thing about this was that it kept me very busy and distracted me from Dave and his display room; and the upcoming show. In the mean time I had my toys to amuse me, and my photos and videos; and my new interest in buying very sexy underwear and dresses and then not wearing the underwear, even to work on occasion!

I had met Candy for drinks a couple of times, and swapped some stories of what we had been up to. She had been to Dave's store but didn't see Dave, she was served by a ginger haired girl called Helen and bought an absolute bundle of stuff, clothes, self-bondage devices, toys and even furniture equipment for her garage dungeon and one bedroom; she is even getting a cage built into a wardrobe! She admits she massively overspent, a small fortune, but that should do her just about for life.

The following Thursday is show night, but I haven't told Candy I am doing this yet; maybe after I see how it goes, and how Dave and I progress.

I had been back to his store just the once, just to try the boots and the arm-binder on, but separately, even the boots separately, he wanted to save the overall experience for show night. The arm-binder is brilliant, so restrictive, and really pushes my breasts out to their very best; I want one but there is no way I could put it on myself.

Chapter 20: Show Time

Show time. I make an excuse to visit the ZettlerCom project Thursday and Friday and again stay in the hotel across the street.

By 6pm I am with Dave, also there are Tracy (Baby), Helen (Ginger), Susan (Silk) and another girl, Kerry; and Dave introduces me to them all. He obviously has a good eye for the girls as they are all stunners. Susan doesn't really look pregnant yet but has come to help Kerry back stage. When Dave gives them my stage name, well 'Slave name' of 'Candy', Helen remarks that this is a coincidence, she has recently made her biggest ever single sale to a girl called Candy!

We go through to his back rooms and take the lift up to the show room. They have extended the curtains around so that this lift is also now effectively back stage. The guests have their own lift and stairs at the rear of the room alongside the bar and will be arriving from seven with an eight o'clock show time.

I look out of the curtains and see that the room is set up now more like his sales room and special display room with various items all over the place; and catalogues set on the drinks tables.

Kerry and Susan have all our items set up ready for us and we are asked to strip which we do; Kerry explains all our personal stuff will be kept safe back down in Dave's office. Surprisingly Kerry and Susan also remove their clothes and reveal that they are wearing black leather harnesses and stiletto boots underneath; The harnesses only just cover their nipples and only serve to separate their buttocks rather than cover them; they also both have wrist cuffs and slave collars on, I laugh when I read Kerry's, 'Merry'.

Kerry folds and takes all our stuff back down the lift; I am now very naked, no clothes available to me, and around fifty people turning up and no doubt bar staff

and waiters too. I don't know if I am really ready for this, but I do know it is too late to do anything about it.

Dave comes over with three collars in his hand and says, "Okay girls, if you would like to submit."

'Submit'? What does he mean submit? Is he having a laugh?

"Oh, er, sorry Candy, this was my idea some time ago, you know, start in role and stay in role" Tracy explained as she knelt down and placed her palms on her thighs; Helen also kneeling like Tracy. I followed suit and knelt beside Tracy.

Dave walked up and locked the collars on Tracy and Helen, then said to me "Not yet for you Candy, I need your posture collar in place first, but I do accept you as my slave and will place my collar on you." His smile just said it all!

Kerry returned and they set about getting the three of us dressed, if you can call it dressed.

All of Tracy's leather was sky blue, all of Helens light green, mine of course was shocking red.

Tracy was locked into knee high stiletto boots with stirrup type straps around the ankles with silver rings on; a silver bridle on a lead that when pulled forced a steel plate down in her mouth; and her arms taken behind her and locked parallel to each other in a rear folded arms position into a leather sleeve that also encased the elbows. She then bent over whilst Susan inserted a silver butt plug into her with a 12" blue horse hair tail. Blue leather blinkers were added to this and her hair taken up into a pony tail out of the top of her head in a short blue leather sleeve. She looked fantastic, helpless, but fantastic. No wonder she always won the guest vote, I would vote to see her orgasm in bondage!

Helen had very high strappy stiletto shoes locked on, with the ankle cuff being about 2" steel locking cuff with rings attached. Steel cuffs were locked onto her wrists and then a steel pole inserted through a ring at the back of her collar which seated in the center of the pole, and her wrist cuffs then locked onto either end, they just clicked in. A ball gag was fitted and then the same Chastity Belt as I had bought with both intruders, but the butt plug even bigger, poor girl! She then had

nipple clamps with little silver bells hung from her nipples. She did look good, very good, probably the best tits of the three of us.

My outfit you know; but to wear it, Wow! Susan and Kerry worked together to get me set up. First the posture collar, locked, then the thigh boots, also locked, they were too long for me and stuck into my pussy but this was explained when Kerry folded down the tops to cover the locks. Then my gag was fitted and then the arm-binder; pardon the pun but it really did fit like a glove, pulling my arms together most of the way up with my hands palm to palm and straps going around my shoulders. Susan then fitted a pair of blinkers, a strange design, they had a steel frame that fitted over my face and eyes like big swimming goggles, and had big red leather discs either side narrowing my vision. They worked, with my rigid posture collar I could only see directly the way my body faced. Kerry lifted my arm-binder up by my hands and this forced me to bend over at the waist, to keep my balance in these silly height heels I had to spread my legs apart; I had not been warned by Dave about this and so did not expect the butt plug to be eased into me. The size of it, there was nothing actually easy about it, far bigger than my own, they must have really lubricated it but it is just as well I had the gag in first! The butt plug had a red horse hair tail.

My arms were lowered and Kerry kissed me on the cheek and said "Well done, all finished." There were large dress mirrors strategically set around us and it was possible to see ourselves from various angles in each of the mirrors. I looked amazing! I felt amazing! Well, apart from the butt plug, with that in me and these heels on I have no idea if I can even walk or they will have to wheel me out! Susan clips a lead onto me and lets it dangle.

Dave comes in and examines us, he seems pleased. He collects my slave collar and snaps it onto me, fitting perfectly over my posture collar "There, my wish comes true" he whispers to me, "I own you at last."

"Okay Merry, Silk, 15 minutes, Baby oil time!" Dave says as he leaves to mix with the guests I can hear through the curtain. Baby oil? What Baby oil?

I see Kerry approach Tracy with a bottle, and Susan approach Helen, and they fill their hands and start to rub Baby oil all over their bodies, their tits, Tracy's pussy, buttocks, everywhere giving them a gleaming sweaty look. Tracy is clearly enjoying the attention, Helen pretty much ignores it like she does this all the time.

As they finish Kerry says to Susan "Okay, let's get to know the new girl should we?"

Two girls working together should have taken half the time on me, it took double. They clearly wanted to get to know me intimately, and my pussy and breasts being exposed they did a very thorough job. I have never had a Baby oil massage from two beautiful girls before, but I can recommend it.

They then got lip stick out, dried off our nipples and mine and Tracy's pussy lips and proceeded to enhance our coloring, pink on Tracy and Helen, red on mine.

Chapter 21: Candy Not So Sweet

Eight pm arrived with a gong; Dave collected 'Baby' and led her out through the curtain by her lead to much applause. I could not see what went on but heard Dave explaining what she was wearing, how it could be used, adapted, forced to manipulate 'Baby' into various positions; like how by forcing her to kneel or lay and take her weight off her feet a slide on the side of her boot sole could be moved to force small spikes to come up inside the boot, preventing the slave from standing or walking.

The same procedure was repeated with 'Ginger'; Her bells ringing down the cat walk as Dave explained the quality of the belt, showing examples of the items locked inside of her, explaining that her cuffs currently locked to the pole could also be locked to the belt; that the pole can also fit through her boot cuffs and her wrists re-attached putting her into 'Doggy' and other vulnerable positions. Like Tracy, Helen received much applause, especially her performance when the intruders were demonstrated.

Finally, my time had arrived. Oh My God! Dian you stupid Bitch, No, I have changed my mind, I cannot do this, I renege, I want to go home! However, Dave was totally ignorant of this change of mind. He took my lead, led me to the curtain, then pressed something on the side of my blinkers and the discs snapped shut, making it a blindfold. No! If I am going out there, I want to see it! Please, Please!

I felt my lead pull, I had to follow. I heard the applause, the biggest yet I think, as Dave started to explain what I was wearing. I felt like I was struggling to walk but this was just the rigidity of the boots combined with the heels and the butt plug. Once my bum accepted that there was no way it was going to fall out I felt myself relax.

He walked me to what must have been the end of the cat-walk, turned me in stages a full 360 whilst he continued to explain what they were seeing. My lead pulled again and I walked further and stopped, and was turned again. Then was pulled back the way I had come even further and stopped and turned again; obviously the 'T' parts of the cat-walk.

I was returned to what I took to be the end of the cat-walk and guessed I was facing the guests. I can relax now, everyone has obviously seen me, made up pussy lips and all!

Dave is explaining something about the boots. I feel a steel rod being entered into the rear top of my left boot and being pushed all the way down to my heel, and feel it click. I then feel the same with my right leg. I can no longer bend my legs at all. It feels as though the steel rods were actually shaped to mirror the shape of my kegs. My left foot is pulled aside and I feel another steel rod being fixed to both my inner ankles. I am now totally immobile, my ankles shoulder width apart, my arms pinned behind me and my tits displayed to their best, and a horse tail sticking out of my bum. All in front of fifty random blokes I have never met before. Mum would be so proud!

I hear Dave talking about my blindfold and feel him again push something on the side frame and the blinker discs snap back open. Fuck No! Sat right, smack, directly in front of me is Candy, the real Candy, my friend the 'kinky and perverted nympho' Candy! I may have said it before, maybe once or twice, but Oh My God! No wonder she has a shit eating smile right across her smackers! How do I ever live this down? What will she say? Can she blackmail me? Would she? Oh but hold on, at least I'm decent, sort of. I mean, my legs aren't that far apart; okay I am fully on display, and I do have a butt plug shoved up my bum; but she was legs akimbo strapped above her head with a Dildo sticking in her, that was real slut look!

Dave is explaining that there is going to be a break now, drinks can be refreshed, the guests can feel free to look around the merchandise and examine the models closer (What, he is leaving us here?), if they wish to see a particular model display a particular item then please just pop your request down on the sheets provided at the bar; and please remember to vote for your favorite of today's three models; but I think you will all agree they are all equally exquisite? To which there was much applause and some whistling. Candy was really applauding and laughing.

Tracy and Helen were obviously equally displayed at the ends of the 'T' either side of me. Dave disappeared and the guests made their way to the bar, I also noticed that Kerry and Susan were helping with delivering drinks and clearing glasses, but this was made awkward for them as their cuffs were now fastened, but in front of them. I suppose it added to the occasion.

Candy was straight up and onto the cat-walk in front of me "Hi Candy" she said, Oh My God, I had forgotten I had taken her name, "That is a lovely slave name you have; and I must say it is lovely to see you, all of you. You really do suit this get-up, especially the slave collar, you are made for it. I won't bother you now but I look forward to seeing the rest of the show." She then had a good inspection of my bondage, even pulling on the tail to see just how well the plug was fitted, and lifting my hands up to bend me over, the bitch!

Candy wasn't the only one though; I had more than my fair share of admirers and some of the blokes did take liberties with their wandering hands. Candy the bitch had re-shut my blinkers so I couldn't see who was doing what.

After a while Dave collected us, taking the steel bars out of my boots and from my ankles and also releasing the other girls he led the three of us together off the cat-walk and back behind the curtain. Kerry and Susan were there waiting for us and immediately set about removing everything. Well everything but the gags it turned out, and as the restraints were removed hand-cuffs were fitted to us behind our backs. Simple three inch stilettos in our own colors were locked on.

Dave had previously explained that throughout the entire show we would be constantly gagged and restrained. The gags prevented us from having to enter into any small talk where personal or embarrassing questions could be asked of us; and the cuffs saved us from the embarrassment of being naked in front of

people and not knowing what to do with our hands; if we tried to cover ourselves at an event like this where we were the models on display we would look silly; not trying to cover ourselves we would feel sluttish. Being restrained was the easy answer.

This meant I had no way of explaining my predicament with Candy being in the audience. Kerry and Susan quickly as they could, replenished our Baby oil look and Dave come over and said he needed Candy (me) for podium one and Ginger for podium two; Baby would be first display in part two followed by Ginger; After Baby had finished her display she was needed on podium three.

He then clipped a lead onto my collar and led me back out, there was nothing I could do but go with it. It slowly dawned on me, Tracy was display one and Helen two on the second part, that meant I had won the vote, I get to orgasm for Candy and a bunch of strangers, marvelous!

Dave led me naked through the guests to podium one, just to the right of the bar, prime position. He pulled a step out of the podium and helped me up. On the podium there was a massive piece of solid steel. Roughly 3" square and at least 2' long. It had holes for ankles near either end and holes for wrists near the center. It looked like some sort of stocks or an arm and leg spreader. I thought Well that's not so bad, if I just sit with my hands and feet in that, Oh how innocent, how naive, how bloody stupid! That would hardly be a likely special request, maybe someone with a foot fetish!

Opening each of the cuffs Dave put me on my knees and entered my ankles into the outside cuffs and closed them, that is some piece of metal, I'm not going anywhere now! He then took my hand-cuffs off and had me place my wrists between my legs and back through them, under my body and into the cuff placements which again he locked. This forced my legs apart and my bum right up in the air, and directly facing all the guys at the bar and just about head height, not by accident I guessed!

This is by far the most vulnerable and physically degrading position I have ever experienced, and could ever imagine. Worse than the spanking bench. Both my pussy and anus are fully spread and displayed and I cannot do anything. I am almost inviting people at the bar to use me as a pen holder or something. It is not long at all and a queue gathers behind me for a closer look, then the queue

becomes a throng; I have never felt so popular. Oh My God! As well as Candy there are four other women amongst the guests and their voices stand out as they speak to each other; saying some pretty degrading stuff about me, and how I could possibly volunteer to be shown like this; but one of them disagrees, she says "She's marvelous, what a fantastic body, I may get one of those, I would love my guy to have me like that." I hear one of the others agree, and a male voice interrupts saying he would love to arrange it for her!

Dave comes back and I hear him ask Candy "Candy, is this what you pictured? As you can see, it is quite a rigid bit of kit, doesn't leave the prisoner any wriggle room, totally exposed and vulnerable to anything."

"Yes, she's beautiful isn't she? The piece I mean, although your slave does do it full credit; I wonder, is it possible for the legs to stay as they are and the wrists to be inverted, you know, body up and pussy exposed?"

"Well, obviously that depends on the user, but certainly anybody as lithe as you or my slave Candy here could easily achieve that, let me show you."

That Fucking Bitch! She had requested me to be set up in this! And the bitch is calling me 'Slave.' Well she's had her revenge now, seen me displayed in a position and circumstances far worse than I saw her.

Dave releases my hands, draws my wrists behind me and bends me back and locks my wrists back in; forcing me into like a lotus position with my body arched and my mound and Brazilian pushed up and presented for inspection. Even worse, he spins the podium so that my pussy is again facing the people at the bar. Candy you bitch.

Candy actually laughs, probably cannot help herself "Yes, I like it, please can I order one, Helen has my details?"

I cannot really blame her, because I know full well that had our positions been reversed, I would have done the exact same to her, worse if I could; and I must admit, this is making me horny as hell!

Again, I am the most popular girl in the room, even with the girls.

Whilst this has been going on Tracy has been displayed for the start of the second show; she is fixed to a standing frame, her hands either side of her head and her

ankles either side of her hands; her anus and pussy forced to sit on some kind of oval box. A seat faces her with a control on the armrest. Dave gives a demonstration on how the vibrations from the box have instant effects on her body and invites a couple of the guests to try the control.

Helen has been released from her podium, a spit roast frame, and is being set up for active display next; and Dave, much to the disappointment of the guests is releasing me.

Helen, or 'Ginger' is set up on a very unique piece of equipment, a new piece of kit designed and built by Dave. Basically it looks like a large white cone mounted on a circular tube base, polished and made from some form of plastic or enamel covered steel. Built into the top of it and pointing up are two intruders. These were being lubricated by Kerry as Helen was led over.

Helen, in her gag and hand-cuffs is made to stand above it, her legs either side. Dave has a remote control in his hand and activates something causing the cone top to rise up out of the tube base and as it does he enters the intruders into Helen; and continues to raise it until Helen is almost forced to lift her heels off the floor. She is in such high heels she is effectively on tip-toe anyway. Most unusually Dave removes her cuffs, leaving her in no restraints, well apart from being impaled on the intruders and having the gag fitted.

Dave then explains to the guests how the device works, how it is powered, and uses the control to start the intruders, with an obvious and immediate effect on Helen. Because it is cone shaped Helen is forced to keep her legs apart; and with having no point of leverage and being already on tip-toe she cannot get off the cone and its intruders. She basically looks like she is standing, naked, exhibiting herself, for entertainment whilst she is slowly driven to orgasm. Evil.

Dave presses another button and the cone part rotates very slowly, forcing Helen to turn with it; as she moves her feet around the base it obviously moves the intruders around inside of her. Removing the cuffs was a clever trick, she doesn't know what to do with her hands, where to put them, and is soon rubbing herself as her orgasm develops. Dave stops it well before she reaches climax and again invites a couple of the guests to try the control; but just for short spells before leaving Kerry to help Helen away.

Baby has been set up on podium three for one of the guest requests; but quite a simple display. She is naked but for her shoes and gag and is wearing a Sirik, or Dave's take on it anyway. Really fine chains, almost like jewelry but incredibly strong; connected to her ankle and wrist cuffs and a belly chain. A chain runs from ankle to ankle with maybe two foot of slack. There is a steel ring in the center of this and her wrist cuffs have a long chain which runs from one cuff, through the belly chain ring, down to her ankle chain ring and connected back through the belly ring to her other wrist cuff.

If she stands or walks her wrists are pulled down tight to her belly; she has to kneel with her ankles together and her knees apart to get the slack to use her hands. Displayed now, she is in this kneeling position but also the excess chain has been pulled up to the collar and connected, forcing her to remain kneeling and without the use of her hands. I like it, it looks beautiful and especially on Tracy, it makes her look great; and with plenty of options on how to use it to control a girl. I might buy one with my show pay; I could do with some new jewelry!

Chapter 22: Oh My God!

My turn on the big stage so to speak. Oh God, and with Candy here, and I am going to orgasm, Dave guarantees it!

Susan blindfolds me and I am still in gag and hand-cuffs; but after the blindfold is fitted my ball gag is removed but before I can even take a breath to start to explain my predicament it is replaced with another, but a different type, this is just like a steel bar across my mouth keeping my lips and mouth open. I feel a lead being attached to my collar and guess it is Dave coming to collect me. I feel the pull and walk with it. I am very aware of the background noise, chatter and laughter. Whilst I am being walked Dave is explaining to the guests what they will be seeing; his own purpose built chair designed to give any woman the ultimate sexual experience.

Oh My God. That's me, yes poor me, Candy, will be demonstrating it. The restraints being used are quite standard, Dave further explains, and the chair itself is little more than the same equipment you would find in any gym, but redesigned for another purpose of course. No, the special thing about this device

is that it doesn't require moving or vibrating parts to excite the lucky user (Me!). It is electricity, but used to generate ultra-high frequency sound and with it bass; which is caused to pulse through the immediate surrounding muscles with a massaging effect. The pulse can be controlled in two ways, strength and frequency; and is transmitted into the body through probes locked into both the anus and the vagina.

I am sat back onto a narrow pad, probably leather, and rested back whilst my ankles are brought up causing my knees to bend and the ankles locked wide apart. My hand-cuffs are removed and my wrists locked wide apart either side of my head. A thick leather collar is locked around my neck fixing my head in place. My blindfold is removed. Oh My God!! Everybody, absolutely everybody is around me! Even the bar staff! Even Helen and Tracy! They have been redressed, still wearing their gags and collars, but now also metal yokes fastened to their necks and holding their arms out wide. Tracy is in a blue leather mini dress but cut so that her boobs are exposed, and a heart shape cut out of the rear exposing her naked ass. Helen of course is in green again, but this time in a stretchy one-piece outfit that covers her from ankles to neck but leaving all her intimate parts exposed. Dave is taking every opportunity to display his range.

Dave continues to explain his display, "You will see that I have utilized gaming technology to manufacture a much improved control. On the console here I have two small joy sticks which can be moved a full 360, so that you can increase or decrease either the strength or the frequency of either of the Dildo's independent of each other; so lucky Candy here will enjoy a varied experience full of surprise."

He continues to talk them through the basic elements of the control; all the while I am fixated on Candy just behind him with that same fucking smile on her face. Susan applies some sort of translucent gel to the two intruders fixed on a rod between my legs, and easing my lips apart adjusts and maneuvers them both into me. I feel like coming already and Dave hasn't even started.

As conscious as I am of Candy's' presence I am also feeling a kind of pressure to put a good show on for Dave. As it turned out I needn't have worried, I had no control what-so-ever over the quality of my performance.

Dave starts the probes pulsing and demonstrates the operation; and I lose it, one big instant orgasm that has me trying to ride the probes whilst managing some

very guttural noises from the back of my throat and from deep within me; that's why the bastard changed my gag!

Dave, and everyone, saw the effect it was having, and I heard some choice comments being made. I had lasted less than a minute and was already covered in sweat. Dave explained to the guests that the whole evening had contributed to that obvious show of appreciation from Candy; but now that was out of the way we could now see for real what his machine was capable of. Oh My God!!!!

Dave asked for 'Colin' to step forward; and when a big fat guy in a suit stepped up Dave explained that he had drawn all the names that had voted for Candy, to find a lucky winner to operate the control and 'see what this beauty is capable of'; I assume he was talking about his device; and Dave explained that Colin was the lucky winner.

Everyone applauded as Colin took the stage, with quite a few bits of advice as to what to make 'Candy' do, and more comments better suited to a sports stadium. Colin bowed, shook Dave's hand and thanked him; He actually gave me an embarrassed wave, and said "Hi," then played a little with the controls; well it may have been little to him and everybody else, but it was quite mind-blowing to me, my pussy and my bottom! But after just a few seconds Colin stopped and said to Dave "Err, sorry Dave, really appreciate this, but this isn't me, I'm more of a spectator, would you mind if I nominated another winner to take my place? Dave agreed, smiling, Colin carried on "I've always been a fan of girl on girl action, men just make things ugly; and besides, one of you ladies could maybe appreciate more what Candy here is experiencing and therefore get the best out of her, would one of you like to take my place up here?"

Candy's hand shot up, followed by the girl that I had heard talking earlier about wanting to be in the arm and leg spreader for her husband; a couple of the blokes were shouting "Me, Me;" but Colin pointed at Candy and asked for her to come up.

Dave welcomed her onto the stage and gave her a quick reminder of the controls; all the while Candy was staring me in the eyes with a totally satisfied shit eating smile all over her face. Fucking Bitch! I knew it, I just fucking knew it! Bitch! I just have to lay there, legs wide apart, probes stuck up me, tits on display, helpless, and take it. Anticipating this display or something similar happening tonight and

bearing in mind what had happened to me on the spanking bench with Dave I had starved myself and drank nothing all day; and I had managed to 'go' before attending Dave's store; so I was hopeful I wouldn't pee myself or worse; strange as it may seem, given the circumstances I find myself in, surrounded by all these men and woman, in my naked, vulnerable degrading state; not peeing myself has become my sole ambition!

Dave introduces Candy to the audience "Everybody, for those of you that have not had the opportunity for introductions, I have the pleasure to now introduce to you Candy, a special guest; and very fitting that we not only have girl on girl action, but Candy on Candy, doubly sweet!"

Candy turned her gaze away from me and said to Dave "You may know her as Candy, but I assure you, there is only one Candy, me, this slave is a poor impostor; and thank you Colin and Dave for giving me this chance to extract some revenge from a slave tarnishing my good name."

There was much laughter from Dave and the guests and a few more choice comments, then Candy took the controls, gave me a smile and a wink, and started.

Well the next immediate period remains quite a blank to me, I remember being made to whimper, beg, scream, cry, laugh, bounce, head bang, clench, wrench, sweat, swear, tense, float, relax, denounce God, pray, blaspheme, vow to become a Nun, Orgasm, Orgasm, Orgasm and fucking Mega Orgasm over and over and over!!!! Oh My Fucking God!!! I have fleeting memories of Candy's shit eating smile; of various guests crowding around me, cheering, applauding, leaning over me faces inches from my pussy; Of Dave's reassuring smiles; of my own feeling of pure undiluted pleasure and satisfaction; but no peeing! Yes, I won, I didn't pee!!! However, it turns out I wasn't begging or whimpering or screaming, no, over that bit-gag keeping my mouth open I was making noises louder and stranger than ever heard before. Apparently I was simply amazing; the perfect model of female pleasure. I tore at the restraints with such tenacity that at times I resembled a female body builder on steroids; and at other times simply purred and glowed and smiled the smile of total sexual content.

Dave took orders for over 100 units and multiple follow up supply contracts. Candy bought one, although this doesn't really surprise me, but concerns me who

she plans to put in it! One person offered Dave a huge six figure sum to be the sole supplier on the condition I modelled it at international shows, but Dave declined this explaining that the model, me, was not included. Obviously I mean more to him than just money, bless him! Dave also had one of the guests ejected for trying to covertly film me on his phone; after taking and deleting the film. This would have cost him some orders, maybe he loves me!

After Candy stopped the controls, and she did stop before Dave asked her, just; Dave had an open discussion with the guests on how they had enjoyed the show and questioned if they would like to see any alterations or improvements, I think to give me some recovery time to come down again more than anything else before I had to try to stand and walk. Candy, still on the stage, addressed Dave and said "I must apologize, I said there was only the one Candy and this girl was an impostor, well obviously I am wrong, after that display it must be me that is the impostor; please feel free to strap me into that thing and punish me!" This was met with much laughter and encouraging comments from all around me, I even managed the energy to laugh myself, well, as well as I could through my gag!

Dave declined Candy's offer and asked Kerry and Susan to attend me, Baby and Ginger. I didn't know what to expect but Kerry started to release me whilst Susan took Tracy and Helen away back stage.

Once released and standing, hands cuffed behind my back, I must admit, I was glowing, inside and out, I felt magnificent, I was naked, sweaty, and proud. I had no control, I was still on display to all who wanted to look, and I was posing, pulling in my belly, standing tall, and tits out, and proud! 'Look at me you assholes, I am what you want!' Oh My God again, just weeks ago I was such a tight ass prude, now I am a real exhibitionist submissive slut! Wow!

Tracy, Helen and I, all in just our original colored ball gags and shoes, slave collars and cuffs, and fresh baby oil, were led out on stage again by Dave by our leads and taken off the end of the stage towards the bar where our leads were tethered to an overhead beam. Dave then invited the guests to show their appreciation for our efforts and this was met with a standing ovation, tremendous applause for only 50 or so guests. The guests took an hour or so having a drink and going through catalogues and placing orders or chatting with Dave, ogling me Tracy and Helen, and eventually in dribs and drabs started to leave. I cannot explain this, not

even to myself, but I loved it. After what I had just been through, the best sex of my life, with a fucking machine of all things, in front of all these people; and even getting off on being on display in my most vulnerable state, before during and after; I was now totally relaxed with it all and enjoying the attention I was getting; with being helpless to cover myself or walk away or even say anything, I loved the position I was in, I actually felt in control, that I had made this happen, this was my wish, my dream.

As the room cleared Kerry took our leads and led us into the lift and pressed the button for the ground floor, leaving us to get there alone; I guessed she and Susan would be helping the bar staff tidy up, or helping Dave with the merchandise.

Chapter 23: Jealous Love

It was quite a surreal feeling, getting out on the ground floor, three of us, all gagged, handcuffed naked with cuffs on behind our backs and our leads just dangling.

We had to wait, and wait, in silence, all we had to look at was each other, and I couldn't help it; these days everyone was seeing me naked, but looking at other woman naked was a new experience for me. These, I had to admit, were two of the best, or at least I hoped so otherwise I was pretty ordinary! But I couldn't help but measure myself against them, and as hot as they were I was quite happy; I certainly wasn't fat, I had the height on them and the longer legs, Tracy had a fantastic all over tan and was a natural blond, Helen was so slim and had a face of a fashion model, they both had amazing bodies and oozed confidence but I figured I could go out with them without feeling like the ugly one; with an audience of 50 I had received the most attention, even at the end when we were displayed together dressed (Dressed? Gag and cuff's?) alike.

The lift opened and Dave stepped out, gleaming. He was over the moon with his show, the best ever; sales like he had never had before. Dave, please, we are naked here, like Doh!

He led us down the corridor and removing our leads led us into his display room. He removed our gags explaining that "Of course, you can keep these as you have used them" and continued to remove our cuffs. He left us in the display room

explaining he would get our checks. He asked which of us wanted cash and who wanted in-store vouchers, only Helen went for the cash, but she works here anyway and so will have everything she wants by now plus discount for anything else.

As soon as we were alone the two of them verbally pounced on me; Who am I? Where am I from? How do I know Dave? How come I have replaced Susan? Why do I want to do this? Am I a lesbian? Am I married or in a relationship? Do I work out? Am I a 'Dom' or a 'Sub'? Etc Etc Etc.

I answered as much as I could as honestly as I could, figuring this may become a long term thing. Once satisfied they had got as much as they were likely to, Tracy went across to the dentist's chair thing and sat back locking herself in; Helen knelt down and locked herself into the 'roasting frame' thing I had also tried. I didn't know what to do or what was expected of me.

I asked Tracy why she had locked herself in the chair "Just in case Dave decides he would like to fuck me, I always like to make myself available" she replied; I felt a pang of unjustified betrayal and jealousy, "Does that happen often?" I asked, "It never has yet" answered Helen, "But it doesn't stop her trying."

"So why have you trapped yourself in that roasting frame thing?" I asked Helen, "Well, not that I particularly live in the same hope as Tracy, but I would like to give him the opportunity to screw me before he does her" she explained.

"So Dave hasn't actually had sex with either of you?" I asked.

"Dave hasn't even touched us" explained Helen, "But we still live in hope; although we are coming to the conclusion that he is either married or gay."

I really don't think so I thought, I've had at least a bit of fun with him that indicates otherwise.

Dave returned with our checks, he explained that because of the success of the show he was giving us bonuses, he had given Susan and Kerry the harnesses they were wearing plus doubling their wages; and was giving Helen 1000 cash and Tracy and I 1500 each to spend in store.

He then, without much thought at all which really made me smile, released Tracy and Helen from their restraints and guided them out to his office to recover their clothes and bags; and asked me to stay so he could discuss my first show.

Once the two girl girls were out and the door was closed Dave grabbed and hugged me, asking if I was okay and how I felt? I just melted into him! He had released these two hot babes without a thought and hugged me! Hugged me! Cared for me! Concerned for me! Yes Oh Yes Oh Yes!

"I feel great; I cannot believe just how much I enjoyed that! That chair, my god, never had an experience like that, orgasms like that, ever! And in front of strangers, and you! Oh My God that was hot!! Although there was a problem that made me very uncomfortable and there may be repercussions from it, a friend of mine, Candy, was there, as you know she controlled my final event, in the pleasure chair thing, she lives near me, works for the same company, she could cause problems for me, even blackmail me, I don't think she will as she is the like minded girl that got me into this in the first place, but until I see her again and discuss it, I just do not know."

"Yeah, I figured you and Candy perhaps knew each other, I invited 50 trade guests but a few either declined or dropped out and so I asked Helen to make up the numbers from the special customers database. She only invited seven but as Candy had been such a recent in-store big spender she was one of them. It was only tonight when I made that arm ankle spreader bar sale to Candy that I saw her address, she just about shares your area code; given that is a three hour drive away I thought it coincidental; then considering your chosen slave name I figured you and her were perhaps an item. The performance she gave controlling you in the chair and the way you looked at each other and what she said convinced me. I must admit I am disappointed, not upset, you will be fantastic together, just disappointed, I thought from the moment we met that you were my special one."

"What do you mean, special one? You keep calling me that?"

"Well, maybe I am a bit of a romantic, but I have this theory that every person has a special partner, people born just meant for each other, that they just have to meet. Believe me, I have had my fair share of woman, as I am sure you have with men or woman, but when you first walked into my store and I saw you, then met and spoke with you, at that point I wondered if you were mine. Then as we

progressed I become more and more certain, you were my special one; I have always been entirely professional in my work, but with you the lines of professionalism become blurred; I have done things with you like the spanking and the blow job that I have never ever done in my professional capacity before. When you were on display upstairs in that final event I so wished it was me on top of you, getting those unbelievable sounds out of you; but I could see the link between you and the other Candy, the way you looked at each other; and had to accept you had already found your own special one."

"No, I promise you, yes I do know Candy, and yes, I did take my 'slave' name from her, but no, we are not an 'item', I have never had any female sex ever, she did introduce me to self-bondage but by accident; neither of us are lesbian, just friends, we only meet for a drink a couple of times a month. Throughout that fantastic experience upstairs I was staring at Candy, but only because I was embarrassed as she had never seen me fully naked before, and certainly not like this in bondage in company; I wanted to stop it after the first display but I was gagged and couldn't explain to Susan or Kerry or you; and had to go on. It was you I was thinking of, dreaming of, and imagining being with, not Candy. If such a thing as a 'special one' exists, then you are mine, I know it".

"Well, okay, jealousy over, that's great, I'm relieved, more than relieved, I'm made up, fantastic. Sorry, I'm rambling, don't know what to say, other than you really do look fantastic naked!"

Oh My God! I am still naked and my clothes are still locked away next door and this door is still locked! I had simply forgotten I was naked! I am such a slag! But now for the first time in my whole damned life I think I am a slag in love!

"Okay, you are still on a high after your first show, I am on a high after the show and after what we have just discussed, let's not do anything now, you just pack up and go. Come back tomorrow and see Helen or any of the staff if you want to trade your vouchers for anything; I have your number and address, I will come visit you in two weeks for lunch and discuss where we go from here; I can stay in a hotel, we can stay in a hotel, or you can invite me to your place; and for just once in your life, you can wear clothes if you want to; although that would be a crime against humanity."

I was incredibly happy; I cannot even explain just how wonderful he had made me feel. "Okay, that's a deal, don't book a hotel though, I've got four bedrooms so my place regardless, we will meet for lunch then I will make dinner so we can spend the evening together and see how it goes, and if I really have to, I will even wear something."

We left it at that and I eventually dressed and left; just floated out of there.

Chapter 24: Tasting Candy

Finally, back home the next evening I had a chance to reflect on that event, that show, and that ending with Dave. I determined not to rush into anything, I had questions and I needed rational answers, like would I have to be a slave to be with him? Would he keep me in the Chastity Belt regardless of my wishes? Would it lead to marriage? Would I have to give up the shows? Plus many, many more questions only Dave could answer. I hadn't used all my vouchers but that next day I had returned and purchased the Sirik chain set, a few bits of clothing (call it clothing? Unclothing more like!) including a couple of harnesses, and an ice timer lock and some vibrating sex toys as an alternative to wearing my belt all the time when I needed stimulation.

I cannot wait to bring Candy up to speed and so that following Friday evening phone her and arrange to meet her at the bar. She is strangely reluctant to meet me wanting to put it off until tomorrow but I am determined, I am just so full of excitement, and I almost bully her into coming out. I tell her most but not all. I leave out my romantic feelings for Dave, and that Dave wants to come visit me, and that he wants to own me. I go right back to when I was called unexpectedly to attend the ZettlerCom Project; I explain about the Chastity Belt being locked on, and the key being locked in the timer safe and having to visit Dave for release; and most of all, that she was right about the spanking.

That it was a bit embarrassing though, I had even peed myself. She thought that was brilliant, priceless, Dian the prude strapped down and peeing herself. When I told her I had it on video she laughed so hard she nearly peed herself! She wanted to see it, immediately, but I refused "If you watch that here you will not be able to

control yourself, nor me either, and we are not attracting that sort of attention in our local bar."

I continued with my story, right up to her seeing me displayed at the show and using the controller to give me the best sexual experience ever; and gave her hell for that stunt getting me locked and displayed in the doggy style arm and leg spreader, but did admit to enjoying it. Candy explained just how jealous of me she was throughout the entire show and ever since; that if I didn't mind she was going to ask if she could work for Dave as a model too. She had dreamed of nothing else since, just couldn't get it out of her mind! I told her to get a Kylie ring tune, but she didn't know what I was talking about (give her time, she will!).

I finally relented and agreed she could come back to my place and watch the spanking video on my lap-top; well she had seen me in what I thought was worse circumstances at the show. We had had quite a few drinks by then, we were getting quite carried away.

We finally made it home and Candy talked me into playing my lap-top through the TV, all 50" of it. This made it a little grainy, but really not bad quality, and the sound was a lot better. Candy also insisted on me lending her my timer cuffs which she set and locked on behind her back. She really does enjoy her bondage so I also went for my spreader bar and locked her ankles apart.

Had I been a little less drunk I would have been far too embarrassed to play much of the video at all; but as it was I just sat nervously biting my nails, drinking wine and playing with anything at hand. Candy just stared at the screen, speechless. I had put my Chastity Belt and the intruders away (Yes, I had played again when I got home) but found the intruder control wedged under a cushion.

It had just got to the part in the spanking where I had actually farted, and I had to explain this to Candy who was laughing uncontrollably. I was looking down in embarrassment and playing with the intruder control, flicking the buttons when Candy cried out!

"What? What's wrong?" The video was still going, I was still being spanked; what was wrong with Candy?

"They've started, my but plug and dildo, just on low, but they've started, my control is at home, I can't switch them off."

"What? You wore them to meet me at the bar? Girl, you really are something."

"Me something? Look at the Prude on the screen peeing herself, and enjoying it! You are something."

"But that was just me and him, and you told me I needed it, I didn't go to a bar full of men to get spanked."

"No, and I didn't want to wear these to the bar either, but they were locked in and you were just so bloody insistent."

"What, you've got your belt on too?" I asked.

"Yes, after I saw yours I had to have the same one, I said it was far better than my old one; but I didn't think they would start up on their own; I hope to God it doesn't go any higher or random; I just don't understand it."

"Me neither, it's never happened with mine."

Still nervous I flick the button again and when Candy cries out and slides down onto her knees the obvious suddenly dawns on me, even after all the wine, my control matches her intruders! Yes! Oh thank you God!

I laugh out loud, grin and hold my control up to show her.

Candy begs me, "Please, Dian, Please, no more, turn it off, turn it off now."

"Candy", I turned it back down to low, "I seem to recall somebody taking my bikini top off and making me sit around in nothing but my Chastity Belt with my hands restrained; and then sneaking a look at my personal video files, plus all that stuff you done to me at the show; now it is payback time!"

"Dian, I am so sorry, I shouldn't have, I know I shouldn't, I would never do it again, but don't you be a bitch, please."

"No, don't worry, I'm no bitch, just wait there and enjoy the end of the video."

I went upstairs and changed into a nighty and thought about what I could do for my revenge; looked at what bits of bondage equipment I had, and sat and thought about it, worked it out. Quite a challenge in my tipsy state.

I eventually made my mind up and went back down. How the hell had she managed that? Hands cuffed behind her back, leg spreaders on, Dildo's buzzing

away, and at least as tipsy as me and she had managed to get to the lap-top and play my blow-job video. Now she really was grinning, like a Cheshire Cat with a full saucer of cream!

I switched it off, quickly, before she saw me being forced to swallow. "Spoil sport" She shouted, "Although you are obviously not quite the Prude you once were. You were obviously very hungry though! Did you spit or swallow?"

"Spit, and you are the only bitch around here."

Candy was already on her knees, I pulled her hair and as her mouth opened pushed my gag into her and fastened it on. She tried to say something, a rather pathetic attempt at saying something. I grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up over her head and down to her wrists, then undone her bra and pulled that down to her wrists also. I then fastened one of my Chastity Belt cuffs onto her right wrist above the clothing and locked it onto her belt. I undone the key side of her (my) hand-cuffs and forced her left wrist to also be cuffed onto her belt and removed her shirt and bra.

I then used the key to override the timer and take her hand-cuffs off completely.

I put her on her back and removed her jeans shoes and socks. She was now naked but for the Chastity Belt.

I replaced the spreader bar and put her on her knees and removed the gag. I put my collar on her and fastened the lead onto the collar and down her back tying it around the spreader bar, keeping her low on her knees with her legs apart.

"Dian, what are you doing? What are you going to do? I am sorry, very sorry, I couldn't help myself. I am so sorry."

"It's okay Candy, no harm done. I hope you enjoyed the show on the TV, now it's my turn to enjoy your show."

"Dian? What show Dian? I know you are just teasing, you would have left the gag in if you were sore with me, and you are teasing aren't you? Dian? Please, just let me get dressed, I'll make it up to you, honestly Dian."

"Yes, I know you will, I am looking forward to it. I only removed the gag because I want to hear all the embarrassing noises I know you will make."

At that I switched her intruders to random, sat back in my chair, put my feet up, picked up my wine and relaxed, and dropped the control on the chair beside me. I had my photo's on slide show on the TV behind her to add to the experience.

Candy put on quite a show, so good I had to film it! Noises and all and she made some noise, some new sounds I had never heard before. She whimpered, purred, moaned, begged, promised promises she could never keep, cried, laughed, ranted, swore, turned religious and at one point I thought she was impersonating farm animals. Yes, quite a show.

After enough, perhaps 30 minutes, I switched them off, and the TV and Lap-Top. Candy was breathing very heavy, and overall, appeared to really enjoy the experience.

I removed the lead from the leg spreaders and also took off the leg spreaders and helped her to stand.

"Thank you, and sorry, so sorry, I am pleased that is over and we are quits, honestly I don't hold any of this against you, I won't be looking to get my own back on you."

"Well I am pleased to hear that Candy, but over? Nothing is over, that was round one." She tried to say something but I couldn't make it out through the gag I had shoved back in and strapped on.

Taking her by the lead she had to follow me upstairs. Removing my nighty and pants I pulled her into the shower with me then removed her collar and lead. The sweaty state she was in there is no way she was dirtying my sheets!

I started the shower and soaped myself and shampooed my hair. She was in no state to wash herself and so I was forced to do it for her. This is the closest thing to my first lesbian experience, and I must admit, she has a fantastic body; her tits felt great, I may have over washed them, and the way she had been coming I had to do the best I could with her belt, getting the spray up into her.

I dried both of us off and removed her gag and cleaned her teeth; then using a drier brushed her hair out, repeating the process on myself.

I warned her if she spoke at all, at any point, before I invited her to speak, the gag would go back in and stay in. I took her to my bed and laid her on the right side;

then blind-folded her and reapplied the leg-spreaders, and using the cloth belt from a dressing gown tied the spreader bar to the foot of the bed.

I set the timer cuffs for 500 and locked a cuff onto her right wrist then released her belt cuff and quite easily forced her wrist up to the bedstead and knelt on her arm.

I repeated this with her left and locked the hand-cuffs on her around the frame of the headboard. "Remember, not a word unless I say you can speak, or you wear the gag"

I then joined her in bed. I pulled the quilt up over us, Candy looked very frightened, I kissed her, and I hugged her. I then set the intruders on low and just enjoyed first the thrill, then the pleasure, then the frustration she was going through; wanting more or not at all, but being too scared to ask.

After 15 or 20 minutes of this I switched them off and kissed her goodnight, then fell asleep hugging her.

If and when I awoke through the night I would give her a short blast of one or both of the intruders, but never enough to get her off; and I must admit I did play with her breasts; even sucking and licking her nipples, but always stopping short of what I would call lesbianism; just to cause her worry and frustration, no pleasure at all for me, honest, but it was nice!

I awoke needing the toilet just after 5am and returning to bed, with the beginning of a sore head and memories of what I had done to Candy last night I felt terrible; what on earth would she say when she woke up? My God, I remembered, I had her nipples in my mouth! What the hell made me do that? I am not a lesbian; I know I am not a lesbian, am I? No, I am definitely 100% heterosexual female, currently with some serious designs on Dave; woman do not do it for me, last night was just one of those things, experimenting, 'Don't knock it until you've tried it' type thing. Well now I've tried it, put it to bed, it didn't work and now I can forget about it; except I liked it!

Maybe it is just Candy? Yes, I don't do woman but I have an affiliation with Candy, a friendship, a common interest; and I was drunk, we both were.

I used the key to override the cuff timer and removed the cuffs and the leg-spreader, and pulled her arms under the sheets and covered her. Candy didn't even murmur she was so out of it. I got back into bed and slept with my back to her.

A little after 8am I awoke to find Candy hugging me from the rear, I could feel her steel belt against my bum; her left hand was cupping and stroking my left breast, her right softly playing with my hair; I wrongly figured she must be asleep and dreaming. I carefully removed her hand and rolled onto my back to look at her, she was on her side, looking at me and smiling.

"Thank you for a most wonderful night" she said, "the unplanned ones are often the best."

"About last night" I said, "and the shower, and in bed together, we, I mean, I, well, I am sorry Candy, not about the bondage stuff downstairs, you had that coming, and you enjoyed it; but the other stuff, me touching you....."

"I enjoyed it, in fact I loved it, so don't worry about it; I am sure you enjoyed it too, so if we are both happy we should have no regrets, I certainly don't. But don't worry, I am not going to turn total lesbian on you, I don't have a crush or anything, it's just sharing a bit of fun and pleasure to me."

At this her hand slid down my body and rested on my mound, stroking my Brazilian!

"And don't you dare move your hands below the sheet or move away, I want to test you, to cross a threshold that cannot be uncrossed; lets us both see just how long you will take this."

Candy lowered her hand and with her thumb caressing my Brazilian, her fingers started to play. I didn't know what to do, where to put my hands, what to say; I didn't understand the test, tests can be passed or failed, I didn't know what she would see as a pass. Rather instinctively I put my hands behind my head, and eased my legs slightly apart; obviously reverting to my normal submissive state.

Candy smiled and continued to stroke me, one, two fingers occasionally entering me, softly and slowly exciting me; again she smiled then leaned over and kissed me full on the lips for a good few seconds, to which I immediately responded.

She ended the kiss and slid her hand away from my pussy, onto my stomach and said "There, now we know we are both prepared to take things to a new level, that should make any games we play much more exciting. Now do you want me to finish what I have started? Maybe put your cuffs on you and finish it? Or get up and grab some breakfast?"

I was tempted, sorely tempted but instead plumbed for the breakfast and got out of bed. My body ached and I stood and stretched.

"Dian, you look magnificent naked, when I have you as my slave you will never wear clothes."

"Oh, I didn't know I was in the running for the vacant 'Candy's personal pleasure slave position', when are the interviews?" I joked.

"Last night, and you have just got the job; I will meet you in the bar again tonight at 8 to discuss terms, sorry 'Dictate' terms; then take you back to my dungeon to begin your training; congratulations, you are very lucky."

I quickly washed and put some clothes on and headed down to make breakfast. I felt surprisingly good considering at 5am I thought the effects of the night before were going to haunt me.

Candy just had coffee and toast, she was in a hurry to get home and get her belt off. At the door she said "see you later, 8 o'clock at the bar?"

I replied, "I don't know Candy, I thought you were just joking."

"I was, but now it seems like a good idea, in fact, it is going to be a glorious day, blue sky and sunshine all day, how about we meet in the beer garden at 2, have a few drinks then you can come back to mine and I will make us some hot Chilli?"

"I'll see; I will give you a call around lunch."

"And let's make it a dare date, sexy shoes and only one item of clothing, a short summer dress, I dare you."

"I think I had enough of those games last night, I think I may give it a miss."

As she passed through the door Candy gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and tweaked my nipples through my shirt and said "Don't be a chicken and a prude all

your life, I double dare you" and hopped over the step onto the path before I could swat her bum.

She laughed and said "Sorry slave, you are just too slow, see you later" and turned to leave; but it was me who had the biggest laugh when I switched her intruders on with the control I had in my pocket ready for just this moment. Candy shrieked and spun around to head back but I just smiled, said "Later Mistress, maybe, enjoy your walk" and shut the door. The doorbell rang and rang but this just made me laugh as I ignored it.

Chapter 25: Eating Candy

I did meet her at 2, having phoned to say I would; and both of us did turn up in seriously dangerous short dresses, commando fashion. We must have been on heat and smelling of sex because we certainly attracted a lot of attention, and not just from the boys!

We sat out in the sun until around 6 and then headed over to her place where we had more wine whilst Candy cooked. The conversation was good and we put a few demons to bed regarding our feelings and expectations for each other. It was going to be just fun, sex and bondage, no love, no emotional hang-ups, no jealous strops when one of us is with a man; and just our secret.

Candy served the chili, setting it out with the wine in her dining room but before I could take my seat Candy stopped me "Oh no, you don't get to eat like that, I told you, as my slave you will never wear clothes" and reached up and snapped a thick metal collar around my neck; and me, stupid, just stood still and let her. Candy smiled and said "you may leave your dress in the lounge if you want to eat, slave."

Silly, submissive me, I did; walking back into the dining room stark naked, but I must admit, I was smiling, and ridiculously, feeling very happy!

I sat and ate that meal with her, and finished the wine, naked, which felt kind of surreal, and enjoyed it.

The bit I didn't enjoy was the washing up, Candy explained she wasn't going to waste the dish washer when she had her own slave at hand. She then led me into her garage and begun my training; that was some session!

We woke early the next morning naked and hugging in her bed, I felt like I was floating; she had suspended me, stretched me, blind folded me, gagged me, tickled me, paddled me, spanked me, Dildo fucked me, licked me, just about ate me, Baby oiled me, sat on my face and frigged me; caged me, caned me, snogged me and bathed me. For hours. Over and over. Then took me to bed and wrestled with me.

Bliss, absolute Bliss. I am a pussy eating cock sucking bisexual nymphomaniac and I have never been happier!

It was Sunday evening before I escaped my slave training and returned home; Candy and I now know each other much better indeed, every little intimate detail; for the first time since college I now have a genuine best friend; and yes I do feel love for her, but not like the love I have of men, Dave in particular.

I am so unbelievably happy!

Chapter 26: A Date with Dave

The big day is finally here, my day of reckoning. I am meeting Dave at 12 noon in a French restaurant up town for lunch. I have spent days worrying about what to wear, it is so much easier just being naked but I can't really do that in town! I end up deciding that it is me he is interested in, not my clothes, and just go with dress shorts and a loose black vest with some nice but flat shoes, just to let him have his little height advantage for once; and I even wear underwear; it's becoming a habit again.

I get there a good ten minutes early; even though I don't want to look too keen I just cannot help hurrying. However, as I approach I see Dave leaning against a flower bed wall waiting for me, his usual radiant smile beaming at me; maybe he couldn't help hurrying either. I smile back, say "Hi" and take his hand and lean up to kiss him, he kisses back and it is all very awkward, kind of embarrassing, like teenagers.

We go in and take a table away from anyone so we can talk in private; order a couple of glasses of wine when the menu is brought over and engage in small talk. Unfortunately, by the time we have decided on our food order, just a salad and a

couple of the starters from the evening meal menu to share and pick at; the tables around us have occupied and there is no way we are openly discussing our anticipated relationship and my potential slave status in front of strangers!

However, lunch proves a very enjoyable experience, forced to just talk about ourselves and life in general Dave shows himself to be a very warm hearted, witty and intelligent guy; I could easily have fallen for him without the cuffs and spanking. The more we talk the more I find myself just gazing into his eyes; I really do hope we can make a go of this; or if not, that he at least screws the hell out of me!

By the time we have finished our lunch we know quite a bit about each other, our history, family, work, friends (or lack of them in my case), eating and drinking habits, likes and dislikes, books, films, theatre, lots. On the whole, no major issues or clashes.

Dave insists on paying the bill and we walk out. Dave asks what I would like to do, I am not brazen enough to tell him the truth, plus we would need a bed; so I say "Go for a drink?" But Dave explains that he can only drink Coke if we do as one small glass of wine is his limit when driving, and asks me "Is there a decent bar near your place so I can ditch the car and have a drink with you? Would that be okay? Is it still okay to stay over in a spare room?"

I reply "Of course you are staying over, and yes I have a lovely local bar we can walk to in just a few minutes; but forget the spare room; you are sharing my room; there is no way I could sleep knowing you were laying in a bed just feet away, it would drive me crazy."

"Well, thanks, that helps more than you could imagine, I have been dreading this, it is so easy in my display room, with you invariably naked and restrained, in that position some sexual activity and interest is basically expected of me; but here, out of my comfort zone on a one to one, a romantic meeting, I feel very awkward, I am useless at making the first move in these circumstances even though I very much want to with you, as much as I am enjoying and wanting this, I feel extremely awkward at the moment and maybe a few drinks would help."

"Let's go straight back now and get free of your car; and between now and getting to my local, I will see what I can do to get rid of your awkwardness and get your

usual confidence back" (Although just what I had no idea, this was just nervous false confidence making me say anything).

I held his hand whilst we walked through town, and could feel my face turning red, I said to him "You know, I have never done this before, you know, held hands with a man in public; well, I have, but really those guys back at college were just boys, the last real man I held hands with was probably my Dad when I was just a child." His reply surprised me; he asked "Are you wearing pants under those shorts?"

"Why, will you be disappointed if I am? Is this a test?"

"No" he replied, "Not really, in shorts or trousers I am not really bothered, just whatever is most comfortable I suppose, although I do hate to see obvious and ugly panty lines; but I do have a thing about girls in dresses or skirts with no pants on, really does something to me, all in the mind, but when you have left my place without your pants on it has really turned me on."

"Well, I am not going to broadcast my private dressing habits, if you want to know you will just have to be brave enough to find out for yourself; what do you think I have on?"

At that he passed his left hand behind his back and fed my left hand into it, as we walked, then his right hand went around my waist, then dropped onto the top of my buttock, then as we turned a corner slid down and cupped my right buttock, "Well that feels beautiful, no panty lines at all, sexy, firm, but sexy, I could quite happily spank that."

"You call that a search? Would you bet money that I don't have pants on underneath? Dare you."

At that his hand went back onto my waist, he had a quick look behind us and then spun me into a hug and slid both his hands down the back of my shorts, cupping my bum and with his thumbs flicking my G String like a guitar string. "I would have lost my bet, but I would have happily paid for that!"

I just laughed and kissed him, I was in heaven.

We made it to his car talking and laughing nonstop all the way; and back to my place where he parked on the drive alongside my car. I hadn't said anything so it

was a surprise to him when he realized he not only had the same car as me, but even the same color. He grabbed his hold-all and I let us in.

Dave made all the right sounds to show he was suitably impressed with my house and asked if we were just carrying straight on to the bar, but I explained there was no rush, I would move his bag up to the bedroom and be back to show him around. He asked about dinner, he knew I had said I would cook but asked if the bar served decent food so he could treat me and save on the cooking and washing up, spend more time getting to know each other at the bar; or had I bought or planned anything special that would spoil?

"No, not really, we could eat out, the bar has a good reputation, just standard bar food but they do it good; I have planned a meal but if you can stay around tomorrow I could cook it for early Sunday dinner before you travel back."

Dave agreed and I took his bag up.

When I come back down Dave was in my lounge admiring some of my paintings and ornaments, just having a good nose around. I said to him "Okay, your place your rules, my place my rules; turn around and give me your hands, I want to get this awkwardness out of the way before we have our more serious talk about us."

"What are you planning; this sounds worrying?"

"Never you mind" I replied, "My house, my rules, turn around, and don't worry, I am just doing this to help you get over that awkward feeling you are suffering."

Dave did as I said, albeit reluctantly, and once I had his hands I secured his wrists in the timer-cuffs he had given me, set for fifteen minutes only, I figured if he was already turned on, and I was any good, this would not take long.

"Okay, turn around" I instructed; and he complied, with quite a bemused expression.

I started to unbutton his jeans; I liked that, button up fly's on his jeans; he asked "Hey, what are you doing? It is my job to strip you, I thought we were going to the bar for a drink?"

"Now here is the deal, this is going to happen anyway; you can either moan and whine or be obstructive or awkward and it will still happen; and then I will stay

dressed as I am but swap my pants for my Chastity Belt; or you can keep your mouth shut, don't be awkward and take what is coming like a good boy should; and if you do I will change into something you may find a little sexier to go to the bar in and will promise not to put by belt on; now just pretend you are wearing one of your gags and take what's coming."

I continued undoing his jeans and slid them down his thighs. He had on navy blue cotton boxer shorts underneath and I slid them down too. This was the first time I had seen his penis in real life, I was definitely not disappointed; and judging by his erection, him neither.

I put the key to his cuff on top of a display cabinet and knelt down in front of him, about two foot in front; then placed my hands behind the back of my head and instructed him "Come to me, feed me."

He couldn't help but smile in anticipation, and stepped forward until his cock was in my face; As I took him into my mouth and slid my lips down onto him, fully taking him in and closing the deal with my tongue, almost locking him in there whilst I slowly, erotically fed on him; I couldn't help but think, "I've got him, he is all mine, mine all mine."

My guess was pretty good, he didn't last long at all; but I imagine the way the day had progressed he was probably ready to blow through his nerves and the sexual tension anyway; my lips and tongue were just the fatal coup-de-grace.

I kept him in my mouth, hands still behind my head, and swallowed the lot.

I just left him there, didn't say anything, just smiled and headed up the stairs; half way up I loudly explained that he still had over five minutes of cuff time left; where the key was, and there was a bathroom round past the stairs on the right if he needed it.

I went to my en-suite and freshened up, quickly, clean teeth, fresh perfume, short sun-dress, high, but sensible heels; and brushed my hair out. By the time I got back down Dave had been to the bathroom and was relaxing in the lounge, looking very content.

Chapter 27: Date Night

I locked up and we headed for the bar, it wasn't even three o'clock yet, and a beautiful, oh so beautiful day.

Dave immediately had his arm around me, and as we headed past my neighbor's house, I was beaming, so proud I had a man's arm around me walking out.

Once off the estate and onto the little country lane to the bar Dave's hand dropped down onto my bum, then under my dress and onto my naked ass; "Just checking, like you said I should; and thank you, that was something special back there."

"Well, you were a good boy, least I could do was take my pants off for you; now you know, are you planning on keeping your hand on my naked butt all the way there?"

"Yes, of course, it would be almost rude not too; and I would hate to hurt your feelings." Again he swept me into a hug, tight into him, and cupped my bum with both hands almost lifting me off my feet; kissing me more passionately than I have ever been kissed and me returning it with interest. Oh my God I am getting so wet, fuck the bar, just lay me down and fuck me! Now!

We made it to my local and I sat at an outside table away from anybody whilst Dave went for a couple of beers; and I tried to cool myself, we had some serious discussion ahead of us. I just couldn't stop smiling; it was starting to make my face ache.

I started the conversation, serious and to the point from the outset "Okay Dave, my bar, my rules; I ask the questions, you give honest answers, Okay?" He nodded. "So am I your 'special one?' are we made for each other? Do we have a future together?"

"I believe so" he replied; "I certainly hope so, and I definitely want to try it; we only have the one last final test, actual sex, sleeping together, waking together, living together; and finding if we share a natural ability to trust each other. Since that first day we met I have been true to you, I know this may sound stupid as we weren't in any kind of relationship, but from that first day I have broken my female relationships and been faithful to you, I was so certain you were the one for me."

I was speechless; he's talking love and commitment, to me! I am so in love! I have to put my hands on my pussy and just squeeze and hold it because I want him so much!

"Okay" I asked, "So how would it work? Would I have to be your slave? Wear your collar? Do everything? Wait on you hand and foot? Do all the housework?"

"Only if that is what you want, or when you want; but no, I will never force anything onto you; we are both free people to do what we want when we want; the important thing is trust; and yes, I will do my fair share of any chores."

"Around the house will you make me go naked? Force me to wear restraints? Chain me up to have sex?"

"I will never force you to do anything, unless that is what you want, If you want to be treated as a slave then you lock the slave collar on yourself and then yes I will treat you as a slave, but remember you have the freedom of choice to lock my collar around your neck, but not to remove it; you may just want to be my sex slave for an hour, I may choose to keep it on you for days. But trust me, it will never be to hurt or upset you, just to give you pleasure and satisfy your fantasies and needs."

"Will you make me wear the Chastity Belt when we are apart?"

"I may make you wear it when we are together, even if just to get a rest! No, again it will be what you want when you want. You could change the contracted key holder if you like, removing yourself and adding me so when you are locked in and I have the primary key then I have the final say over your destiny even if you turn up at the store; this would prevent any of my staff giving you the spare; but that is up to you. We could agree how you want the belt managed; like whenever you are stroppy I can lock it on you; or if you swear or if you blaspheme or something so you can play it like a game, deliberately doing something so that I lock it onto you, and either leave you or punish you with the intruders locked in; but that is just fun that we can work on. Of course, if I have the key and I am away you can feel free to lock it on yourself and wait for my return; or if I am going away and you want it for self-bondage with the intruders then just ask me for the key. Whatever you want, but nothing you wouldn't want, nothing forced."

"Will you tie me up and spank me if I misbehave?"

"That depends, do you want me to?"

"Yes, lots."

"My pleasure."

"Will you let me put restraints on you?"

"If you feel it is absolutely necessary for any reason, or maybe for a special occasion, but I must admit I do not really get off on being restrained; I've tried self-bondage, obviously, given my work, but it doesn't do it for me; I just love the female body, it is made for restraints, especially your naked body. What you did to me in your house, that was fantastic, the first and only time I can recall being so aroused in that position; maybe just because it was you; or maybe being in bondage with you will work and I just have to go with it; I don't know; I'm willing to try and find out but don't bank on it; you're the natural submissive and maybe we shouldn't mess too much with that arrangement."

"Do you ever imagine, if we do work out good, that you would ask me to marry you?"

"Yes, surprisingly given we hardly know each other, I've considered it already, if I am right about us being special for each other, and by chance we have stumbled into each other; then I am not going to lose you."

"If we did, you know, set up together or even marry, would I have to give up the modelling shows?"

"I like to think no, I am not the jealous type, or at least I never have been, but I have never had you before. I was proud of you on display at the last show, not jealous of the other guys seeing you; but I cannot promise that won't change; I would say that if it continues to give you pleasure, a thrill you cannot get elsewhere, I would not deprive you of that high regardless of my feelings; I could not cage a spirit like yours for long, nor would I want to."

"Tonight, when we go to bed, would you please not say anything to me, or expect me to say anything to you; just make love to me, as much as you can, as long as you can, as often as you can; in any way you want as you want, any restraints you want; and show me no mercy? Please?" I spoke very quietly even though there was nobody around us.

"No need to ask, that was my plan anyway; but with a condition attached, I go back to your place as the man of the house, your house, my rules; this time and every time."

"Agreed, happily; now, how about we settle for what has been said, unless you have any doubts or questions, and we share some drink and food in preparation for the night we have ahead? Or, in basic terms, eat, drink and fuck!"

Smiling, again that beautiful smile, electric blue eyes and perfect white teeth

"Dian, you really are special, you never fail to shock, surprise or arouse me; we have a deal."

We toasted glasses to the night ahead and the deal we had struck and then I walked to the lady's room to gush in private; from the table almost to the door I held the back of my dress up (which didn't take much doing given how short it was) and had my naked ass put a show on for him. I glanced back over my shoulder and just giggled and skipped on when I saw both Dave and the waitress laughing at me! Oh My God, this is my local for heaven's sake!

I cooled off in the lady's room and I don't know why but I was crying and laughing without any control; I felt totally and finally relaxed but also stressed and wired at the same time. What the Fuck is happening to me? Is this love? It's certainly nothing I have ever felt before. I didn't know what to do, is this an act? Am I pretending to be someone or something else? Am I being stupid or acting like a schoolgirl with a crush? Dian! Get a grip! I am not even drunk, not with alcohol anyway; focus, stand tall, have pride, go back there and behave like I am in control; at least of myself!

This excellent morale boosting talk to myself collapsed when I opened the bathroom door, stepped out, and collided with the waitress that had just witnessed my bare assed walk to the ladies; to avoid falling she wrapped her arms around me, realized it was the girl she had just seen, patted me on the bum and said "Nice ass, love to see the flip side" and walked on.

I returned to my seat, face still burning, and told Dave what had just happened, we both couldn't help but laugh to the point we almost had tears in our eyes; eventually Dave explained that the waitress had promised to tell none of her

colleagues or customers about my show or my dressing habits; but that the two of them had discussed my posterior in some detail!

We shared a bottle of wine with our meal and had a couple more beers and then as the sun went down we headed back; time to get nervous.

As we walked back up the lane in the semi-darkness Dave's hand again found my naked ass; as I had my arm around his waist and I was quite content, in fact very content to have his hand on my bum, I said nothing, done nothing and carried on walking. With his hand on both my buttocks he then started to push at least one finger between my buttocks, with some determination to reach some goal; I swiped both my hands behind me which he turned and grabbed and 'Click, ratchet, Click'; then he let go. My hands were stuck behind me, by the thumbs; "Okay" I asked, "What have you done?"

"Just making the walk home a little more interesting, the only equipment I brought with me, thumb cuffs. No key or anything needed, have you free in seconds, if and when I need to." He hugged and kissed me again, and cupped my bum again; my head was being almost forced back and I had to move my feet and spread them to retain balance which was obviously planned by him as he immediately took advantage of my vulnerable position and had his hand on my pussy, stroking and probing. I could have stayed there all night!

Chapter 28: Commitment

We did eventually make it home, with Dave releasing my thumb cuffs as we exited the darkened lane. I opened the door and cancelled the alarm and asked Dave "My house, your rules, what now?"

"I would love a coffee, and would you like to show me around? Just relax a bit, let our dinners settle and talk a little?"

"Sounds good, I'll put the coffee on and show you around whilst it brews."

With the coffee going I led Dave into the lounge, as I walked in I felt my dress being lifted right up and then my arms being forced up with it; I was taken by surprise and as I was trying to blurt out "What are you.....?" my dress was off over my head and my arms taken behind me and cuffs fastened on my wrists. My own

dumb fault, after I had left him in my timer-cuffs and been so fixated in what I was doing, going 'commando' and all, I had forgotten all about what he had done with my cuffs.

So before I knew it, I was naked again and wearing cuffs again; nothing changes!

"So are you going to show me around whilst the coffee prepares or what?" He asked; I tried my best to look cross, but naked, in cuffs, how?

I just smiled, couldn't help it, "Okay, follow me."

"With pleasure."

And so I did, leading him with my bare bum right around the house, the utility, garage, conservatory, bathrooms, and bedrooms, everywhere. In my master bedroom he asked to see my 'Stash', my 'special' clothing and toys; I had to direct him to open the various doors and drawers but he saw everything I had and where it was. He loved the new stuff I had bought from his store with my vouchers but didn't want me to put any of it on for him; and was really intrigued by a nighty, or at least I call it a nighty, that I had in my special clothing range. I explained I had worn it a couple of times only for myself, by myself; and there was no way anyone else would ever see me in it. A college friend had bought five of them in five different colors on a holiday in Egypt and dared me and three other members of our girly group to wear them at a College fancy dress party; only she had turned up in one but fair play, she was the center of attention all night. Ten minutes had elapsed and my left wrist cuff popped open, I just smiled again and relocked it.

The 'Nighty' was extremely exposing, mine was sky blue and made of an almost translucent silk, like you see on Arabian dancing girls in 'those movies.' on the bottom a gold chain fastened around the waist and at the front a length of the silk just three inches broad hung down past my knees and barely covering my mound; with a similar piece on the back perhaps five inches broad and so leaving my sides and a lot of my bum uncovered. The top was a bit like a crop top, with three inch sleeves, the front covered the full width of my chest, but left the very bottom of my boobs exposed.

The sleeves were attached by gold chain to a collar made from the same silk material that was put on from the front and fastened at the back of the neck with

two silk ribbons tied; leaving the back fully exposed. Sleeve - chain - collar - chain - sleeve. This was great when standing stock still with your arms down, but as soon as you raised your arms at all you started to expose your tits. If I lifted my arms above shoulder height my breasts would be totally exposed. Put my arms right up it would look like a neck scarf. No way was I wearing that to a college party!

We were back in the kitchen waiting for my cuffs to pop open, Dave could have used the key to override the timer but preferred to wait, don't know why! Once the cuffs had 'popped' and I had poured the coffee Dave put the cuffs back on me, but with my arms in front so I could at least drink my coffee. He explained he wouldn't want me feeling obliged to put my dress back on or anything; and he set them for an hour!

It was only eight pm and so still early, we had all the time in the world, but I could feel the tension rising in me; I had no idea how this was going to play out; what he was going to do with me.

We made small talk, then moving onto how it would work between us in regards to bondage and chastity and relationships and stuff Dave just kept saying that it was all about trust; no more written contracts, we had advanced beyond that, we either had trust or we had nothing. I was feeling guilty and so I told him.

"Dave, you know how after the show I explained I hardly knew Candy? That we were acquaintances rather than friends? That I had never had any lesbian or sexual experiences with her? Well I have a confession, and as we are basing everything on trust, I must tell you now before we do anything else, so you know."

"You weren't entirely honest?"

"Yes I was, then!" I insisted, "but something has happened since, please forgive me or at least let me promise not to repeat it; I will promise never to cheat on you with man or woman. Last weekend, I just had to talk to Candy about the show; we met at my local that we have just been to and come back here where I let her see my pictures, nothing much happened but we were drunk and we ended up in bed together, naked, and hugging, but no sex; she did touch me, just to tease or test me I think, but nothing really happened."

"Well, that's okay then, no harm done, you have passed your own test."

"Yes, but the following day we met again, and that ended with me at her house and her training me to be a slave. We did everything, well, you can imagine, pretty much everything two girls can do, we hugged and kissed and well, you know, licked and well, everything. But I promise you, no emotion, no love or anything, just sex and bondage and fun, we are both totally into men, just sharing fun in the absence of men, honest; and I will phone her tomorrow and tell her never again now we are together; is that okay? I mean, like, is that okay?"

"Thank you, that cannot have been easy, your first ever Lesbian experience and you have to blurt it straight out; at a moment like this, far easier to have kept it a secret and just talk to Candy. Thank you for your honesty; that is exactly what I mean, about it being all about trust. I have no issues at all about you and Candy; apart from having met Candy I am now going to be plagued with dreams and fantasies about the two of you; but I can live with that. No, as long as you are honest and there is no love there, just fun, then I am cool with that; it is already a part of your life; don't stop it if you enjoy it, but please, if you find that Candy is your love then tell me; and don't go looking further, if there is ever another man or another woman, then I am not that special to you and I will move on."

"Dave, I promise you, I commit totally to you, Candy is just a wild experience and a friend, I have her to thank for bringing me to you; I promise I will always be true to you and honest with you; am I forgiven?" After such a fantastic dream of a day I was spoiling everything, putting a real damper on things, and I was now verging on tears; fortunately, Dave realized how the night could possibly be spoiled and rescued the situation by coming over and sitting next to me, dragging me over his lap and spanking me!

"Anything else you would like to tell me? Feel free to make stuff up if you would like spanked a little more."

My bum was already smarting, but I was smiling again; with my hands cuffed to the front I could not protect me bum at all, "Yes, when I went to the ladies in the bar I shagged one of the barmen."

'Smack!'

"And sucked his Dick!"

'Smack, Smack, Smack!'

"Ow!" (That last one did hurt, but I deserved it!).

My cuffs popped open whilst he was lovingly and tenderly (well, that's what he would claim) massaging my buttocks; and with the key he removed them. He then took me by the hand and led me up to the bedroom. We showered together, and showered each other and were both still quite wet when he pushed me back onto the bed and come onto me.

Totally exquisite! Many, many 'Oh My God! Moments; in fact, the whole night was Oh My Fucking God! His hands, his lips, his sweat, our sweat, his body, our bodies; his tongue, and his utterly fantastic penis, like a thing of steel wrapped in coils of finest silk; soft to the touch but fucking hard! There is nothing like the real thing; but it must be in the mind; that pleasure chair of his is the ultimate experience, the ultimate orgasm, but to have a man like him on me, in me, Fucking Bliss!

He was passionate, feeling, tender, loving and totally rampant all at once; I was sweating and breathless and strained beyond my limits and I have no idea how many times. How many times I lapsed into sleep and awoke into sex I do not know; how many times I was the instigator I do not know. All I do know is that each and every moment was fantastic; I feel as though I have lost my virginity for a third time! College was nothing like this! Not once did he use any restraint on me, no cuffs, no chains, no toys, just our bodies. I was in ecstasy throughout. I have no idea at all of the time, but at some point both our bodies gave out and we slept.

Chapter 29: I want to be owned

I awoke with my eyes still shut; smiling, him on his back and my right thigh and arm across his body. I could hear his deep breathing, obviously still asleep and no doubt exhausted. I opened my eyes and looked at him, his torso bare but a sheet just above his waist, his left leg bare above the sheet. Five minutes I stared at him, looking at my future, the center of my life. I realized I had been stroking his belly with my hand and looked down, the sheet was standing like a tent on a pole, his penis erect. Very slowly I eased my body over his until I was kneeling across his body, with my left hand I opened my lips and again slowly lowered myself whilst

guiding his cock into me; he started to stir but was not awake; I managed four full mounts before he properly awoke. My hands were on his wrists either side of his head, softly pinning them down; I leaned over and kissed him on his lips, my hair playing on his face.

"Good morning" He said.

"Shush" I replied as I continued to slowly and rhythmically mount him; he was far stronger than me and could easily have thrown my hands aside but he chose not to; allowing me to keep his hands pinned whilst I rode him like a horse. I wanted this to be for him, not me, his pleasure more than mine (But I was so definitely enjoying it) and with the benefit of the sex toys I had learned to manage my virginal muscles; and used this to my full advantage now; my inner muscles massaging his cock as I rode him; my tongue inside his mouth. He lasted far longer than I anticipated, I had to withdraw my tongue and concentrate on the ride; but the look of pure exultation on his face as he come into me, it was well worth it.

I sat there, let him go soft inside of me, got my breath, and said "Good morning to you too, what would you like for breakfast? Your orders please Master?"

He took his time recovering from my personal alarm service, and eventually replied "Do you have bacon?"

"Yes."

"Then I would like you to make me bacon sandwiches, with Black Coffee, and if it is nice out then serve it for me outside in your garden, naked" (I had already explained how I tend to breakfast outside whenever possible, and that my garden is not overlooked).

I sat there for some seconds considering this then without saying anything just leaned over, kissed him, and went for a shower. When I left the en-suite he was seemingly asleep still in the same position but I went on down to the kitchen, naked; and put the bacon on.

Whilst the bacon was cooking I opened up the back and wiped the garden table down and set it for breakfast; then prepared some fresh fruit juice and buttered the bread ready and got the plates out. It was a lovely morning and I was really on a high, just feeling totally fantastic, loved up! I had remained naked even when

setting up the garden table; I had sunbathed topless in the garden before but always had a top or towel with me, you know, just in case; but this morning I had just skipped out there naked without a thought. Wow.

Just as I was preparing the sandwiches Dave passed through and straight out into the garden; giving my bum a slap on the way and picking up the two glasses of juice. As I carried the sandwiches out Dave was heading back in for the coffee's. Well at least he is considerate but whilst I had to be naked he had jeans and a shirt on.

We shared breakfast and chatted, he seemed just as happy and high as me. When we finished I asked "what now", Dave replied "we need to enjoy the sun, relax and talk a bit more, go and put your Sirik on."

Well, I didn't see that coming, but I didn't say a thing, just collected the dirty dishes and headed back in. A few moments later I was back, naked, in my Sirik. Dave put me on my knees beside him then drew my hands behind me and fastened the cuffs together. This took the slack out of the chain and would keep me on my knees, sat on my feet, knees apart.

Dave asked "What are you thinking? Are you worried about the future? Wondering is this it? Just a slave to Dave? Just a play thing? Or are you excited or wanting something else? Something more?"

Well, I just didn't know. I hadn't prepared for this, for feeling like this, I had nothing prepared, no thoughts, no plan, no scheme; I just had to talk, say it as it popped into me "I've never been so happy; I am naked in my own garden, chained in a helpless position; have just had the best night of my life; and have no control at all over anything; and I do not want this to end; I am loving it."

"But here I am, in my clothes, sitting on a chair; and you are naked on your knees beside me, restrained; I could do anything with you; you would have no say; but you are smiling like the happiest person alive; so this is what you want?"

"Yes, I never would have believed it, but yes; and yes you could do anything you liked with me, please do; I love it, I trust you completely, I love you completely. All day every day in my professional life I am the one in charge, the one doing the thinking, the planning, giving the orders; then I come home and I have to run the house, pay the bills, arrange the maintenance, organize the groceries; always

everything in order and controlled; and for far too long I have had no pleasure, no fun, no sex; just work and progression and order. To give that up, to be controlled, restrained, to have sex again, to just submit and go with the moment, the pleasure, the sheer wave after wave of pure pleasure; even here and now just kneeling here helpless and naked, but being under your control, I am loving it, I want more."

"What more do you want?"

"I want to be owned, by you, I want you to dominate me totally, I want to be your slave; I don't want to be punished, but I need to know that I will be if I disappoint you; but I also want to continue my career, to have a professional life, to have pride in myself away from you; but for you to be there for me, to hug me, love me, control me and own me. Is this too much for you?"

"Dian, I was already convinced, but last night just nailed it, you are my special one and I am keeping you; we can work out the logistics like geography and houses and things, but you and I are for keeps regardless of all else. As for what you want, no problem, I have something in mind that will make you very happy indeed. Now, I can't hang around all day, much as I would like to, and you are cooking dinner, but before you do I want to see you in that Egyptian Nighty thing of yours, I like the look of it and if it looks as good as I imagine on you I may redesign it in a leather version and try it as a display item; so you go and change whilst I grab a beer and you can give me a show here in the garden."

Dave unlocked my Sirik and whilst I knew I would be more embarrassed dressed in that outfit than when naked, I changed into the nighty and returned to the garden. Disappointedly, Dave was clearly more aroused than when I had been naked in Sirik!

I stood in front of him and gave him a slow twirl, then raised my hands onto my head and twirled again. He was speechless, his jaw had quite literally dropped; his face was pure lust. He dragged me to a lounge and had my legs up around my neck and shagged me! I take it he liked it!

I continued to wear it whilst cooking, it is the little things that cause excitement, every time I stepped or crouched to get to a cupboard I felt the silk sway and his eyes on me, looking for a glimpse; every time I needed something from one of the

raised cupboards my breasts were exposed and again I could feel his eyes on me, wanting me; I was loving it! I will be wearing this again and again.

The whole day, the whole experience was quite surreal; but fantastic.

Eventually Dave left, with my key; I waved him off from my doorstep, naked but for my Chastity belt. He would take it off for me on Wednesday when I go to his store to make him the primary key holder on the contract. I was floating; Yes! I love life!

Chapter 30: My Perfect Present

Things amazingly just sort of got better and better as our relationship blossomed and then after a couple of weeks Dave come over for the weekend again and we pretty much repeated our first night together; then in the morning Dave explained he had a present for me and got something out of his bag for me.

"When you said you wanted more and explained what more you wanted I said it would be no problem, well here it is. The technology already existed; don't take it the wrong way, but designed to control dogs; I have been working on it and already have a like product on sale; but I wanted something special for you and so tailor made this for you. It is a collar with a difference. If you still feel the same way, want the same things, then put it on and I will explain it to you; but be aware, it is self-locking, I have the key and it will not come off until I want to take it off; and whilst it is on, you will have no option but to obey me, entirely."

It was beautiful, a bright silver collar with a steel ring in the front, but thick and over two inches high. It was open, I picked it up and it was heavy, but not as heavy as it looked. On the inside there was an inscription 'I desire only to serve and obey'. It was perfect, I smiled, knelt down in front of him and looked Dave in the eyes and enclosed it around the back of my neck and heard it click locked; it 'bleeped'!

It fit perfectly, not quite a posture collar but quite high on my neck, and snug but not tight, just hugging my neck nicely.

I wanted to thank him, still smiling, uncontrollably, and looking him in the eyes I said "Th Ow!" A shock ripped through me; like someone had just touched me with

a live wire or something. What was happening? It didn't put me down, or make me cry, but it hurt. I asked him what it was "Wh Ow!" Again that same shock, my eyes were watering now, I was almost crying, my hands were on the collar trying to remove it but of course, I couldn't. Then I saw that he had a control in his hand, that was it, every time I went to speak he was 'zapping' me somehow. He saw how I was looking at him, at the control, and he smiled and put the control down on the table beside him. I tried again "Da Ow!" Again that same bloody electric shock! How? I just stayed quiet and looked at him; an obvious pleading face wanting answers.

"If you can keep quiet for a second, I will explain how the collar works. The reason the collar is so high and thick is that it is basically two large rechargeable battery cells forming the two halves of the collar; contained in a very thin case of steel. What you have felt so far is a level one shock, there are five levels, I will leave it to you to imagine but please, don't give me cause to demonstrate. With this control here I can shock you at any time, any level; just to help you remember to obey and serve. Also the collar is fitted with short range directional microphones, it ignores sounds from around you but if you speak, or voice a noise, it will detect this and shock you. Like I said, the technology was designed for dogs, to stop them barking and to control them; I have just modified it a little for human use. I can switch the voice control off from the remote control so that you can speak if and when I want you to. The moment the collar is locked this is activated; you will have heard the bleep? Well when I switch it off it doesn't bleep to let you know; you have to trust me to tell you; or just test it yourself."

"As it is, you cannot speak, and unless you are naked in the next ten seconds and bent over that table with your legs apart you will get to experience what level two feels like."

Well I didn't need telling twice, I don't know if I managed it in ten seconds but he didn't 'zap' me.

The rest of the weekend I was in total bliss, heaven, no control at all, I had found my true happy position in life, totally submissive to Dave.

Dave explained that he would never lock the collar on me, unless I was knelt in front of him offering the collar up to him. That way as per my wishes I was free to choose just what I wanted and when; I could pursue my professional career, I

could continue my fun with Candy, I could live with Dave as every bit his equal and partner, or I could choose to be owned. It was everything I wanted when I wanted it; this collar was the answer to all I could ever want, with Dave.

Well, I will leave it to you to imagine the pleasures I am now experiencing in my new life; and the experiences I have still to come. Such as the future shows Dave has planned for me; as well as the holidays; well I say holidays as I haven't experienced any real holidays with a partner before but for Dave it is business. He has a yearly event where an entire cruise liner is booked for a week in the Caribbean for a bondage event and it is male - female partners only or solo females; and he is invited to supply and display his merchandise. Also a Bi-annual bondage gathering at a hotel where the entire hotel, sixty rooms over four floors, are reserved for the event and the hotel closed to visitors where all females have to be submissive and all males, masters; another opportunity where Dave supplies some of the equipment; and an 'All-Inclusive' Caribbean hotel reserved for an international bondage event. Dave is taking me as his slave to all of these. Proper holidays, at last! The one in the hotel, there has been a special request for 'Candy from Dave's Adult Toy Store' (me!) to again display the pleasure chair; I am famous in the bondage world! Maybe, depending on the experiences I eagerly anticipate, I will have another story to tell.

Candy is now also modelling for Dave. I anticipated she would use my name as her slave name to get her revenge on me, and was told by Dave that she had. But I was surprised when I met up with her at the show and saw her slave collar, PRUDE!

I would not for one moment change my new life, I have never been happier and have no regrets whatsoever. However, I must admit, the most degrading thing that my new life has brought me is not the being bound over the spanking pony and spanked until I peed myself (repeated quite a few times now), or giving the blow job and being made to swallow, or my moment in the pleasure chair in front of all those strangers or even being bound in the arm and leg spreader at the bar; but what I do to myself. When I know Dave is coming home, I strip naked and kneel in the hallway and lock my collar around my neck, and hear it 'bleep'; sometimes over an hour before he is expected; and just kneel there and wait; but

I am never disappointed. Believe me; none of you will even begin to imagine all the things he has made me do!

Chapter 31: Want to see my shaven pussy

I explained at the beginning of this story that Candy had finally managed to find the motivation to make me write this story; well I made the ridiculous mistake of agreeing for her to be my chastity belt key holder in the absence of Dave. I had the belt on, Dave had to go away on a business trip, and he left the key with her. Three fucking weeks!

Well she wouldn't take it off unless I fitted my belt cuffs; then she would only remove my cuffs when the belt was back on, sometimes with the intruders fitted which she obviously controlled. The first day she had come around and explained that she was my key-holder for the next three weeks, and she knew I was wearing it now. She told me to strip naked and fasten my cuffs on and I refused, in a huff that Dave had entrusted my pussy to her. Candy didn't say anything, smiled, and left.

A couple of hours later I phoned her up to reason with her but she didn't answer my calls. I left her messages but she didn't respond.

The following evening, she arrived at my house again, still smiling. She asked "are you going to strip and cuff yourself or am I coming back tomorrow?" Fucking Bitch! I could see there was no point at all in trying to reason with her and so I went up to my bedroom, removed my clothing and locked my belt cuffs on and went back down.

"There, that's better now; you know it's for your own good to obey me; now if you come and lick this I promise to unlock your pussy for you."

Candy was laying back on an easy chair with her skirt up and no underwear; reluctantly, I complied. I had not given Candy any attention at all since me and Dave had become an item; I figured maybe I owe her a little.

True to her word, Candy released me, or at least the pussy guard but keeping the actual belt and cuffs locked on. "Okay, which bathroom should we use, I need a bath to give you a service?"

Bare assed, cuffed, I led her up to the main bathroom. She ran the bath. "Candy, just a wash will do, I only showered a couple of hours ago."

She ran the bath regardless then had me get in and lay down, the water just level with my pussy. "No, don't you dare you bitch!" Candy had picked up a bag she had brought with her and from this produced a battery shaver, a wet shaver and some soap; she was going to shave me! My beautiful Brazilian! No!

"Dian, you are in that thing for the full three weeks, this is going to happen, do I have to gag you?"

"Candy, please, I have always had hair, I have never even seen myself with a shaven pussy."

"Thanks for the information, that gives me an idea."

At that Candy disappeared and returned with one of my gags which she forced onto me; she then blindfolded me too. I then felt her shave me, entirely and thoroughly. Candy drained the bath, helped me out and dried me off; that was the only bit I enjoyed.

I felt the pussy guard being fitted back onto the belt and then my gag and blindfold were removed. "Candy, please this isn't fair; you can't do this to me, you have to at least let me see what I look like with a naked pussy."

Candy explained that she would come back again tomorrow and she expected me to obey her entirely; if I did and I pleased her sufficiently in what she asked of me then I could raise this request again and she would consider it.

Almost the full three weeks have passed now and still I have never seen my naked pussy; and believe me I have totally satisfied her every wish. She has shaved me again a further twice but always I am blindfolded. Dave gets back tomorrow; he is going to see it before I do; I wonder if this was all his idea in the first place just to make me crazy!

Apart from pleasing her with my tongue, Candy demanded that I write this story; the motivation I mentioned at the start of this story; not until I write and finish this story will the belt come off completely and I get to see my own shaved pussy. But I'm finished now, and Dave's here with my key; so please excuse me for a frigging moment.

