

Don't Go Into The Basement

Chapter 1

"Honey, I have a favor to ask," Mary said as she sat down at the dinner table.

"Great. What is it?" Bill asked. Pleasantries can be avoided so easily after twenty-five years of marriage.

"I have a new friend, Stacy, that needs a place to stay for a week or two. Do you mind if she stays here?" she replied.

"Why?" was the obvious response, and Bill was always obvious.

"Well, her husband has been beating the hell out of her, and she's finally mustered the courage to move out and divorce him. She needs a place to stay until she can find an apartment or something to rent."

Great, he thought, another hard luck case. It came as no real surprise. Mary was a social worker by profession, and she was not only passionate about helping the people she dealt with, she had a knack for befriending a lot of them. He'd met quite a few of these work-associated 'friends', and they all had some things in common: pretty low class, not real smart, and always unattractive.

"What do you know about her?" he asked.

"Oh, she's really sweet, and she's smart and very pretty. She's just in a bad situation right now and needs a little help to get out of it."

Oh sure. He couldn't help but roll his eyes. The description of the bad situation was probably accurate and she may very well be sweet, but the smart and pretty was guaranteed to be a huge stretch.

"Does my approval really matter?" he asked, knowing it was a rhetorical question before he ever asked it.

Both Bill and Mary were in their late forties, and both still quite attractive even in their accumulating years. They had always had good jobs and lived an upper middle-class lifestyle. Their two kids were grown and gone leaving the big house to the two of them. The previous owners had finished the basement and turned it into a fully separate living area with a large family room, a bedroom with an adjoining full bath, a small kitchen, and even an exterior entrance. It had been a great place for family and long-term friends to stay, and it would be hard for him to deny it would be a great place for her new friend to stay.

"Well, I'd appreciate it if you say yes," Mary responded.

The doorbell rang before he could respond one way or the other. Mary got up to answer the door, and a minute later brought her new friend into the dining room.

"Honey, this is Stacy," she announced cheerily.

Bill just about choked on his last bite of dinner. This wasn't the usual short, fat, ditzzy and unkempt person his prior experience led him to envision. She was beautiful! She was very tall and had straight golden blonde hair that went halfway down her back. Her body was nicely proportioned, and while not slender she certainly wasn't fat. Probably a meat-on-the-bones descriptor would be most appropriate. She looked to be in her early 30's, and spoke English instead of high school dropout. Bill got up from his chair and extended his hand.

"I'm Bill. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Stacy. Nice to meet you too, and thanks so much for letting me stay here until I can find a place to rent." She shook his hand with a firm and authoritative grip.

He was pleased the new friend wasn't gross and outwardly reeking of stupidity, especially since she'd be staying in his house. It was a first, but a very welcome first. The fact she was extremely attractive didn't hurt either.

"Well, welcome Stacy," he offered in graciousness. "Let me know if there's anything I can help with." With that the two girls headed downstairs.

Several days later, Mary's car was gone when he arrived home from work, and it appeared he had the house to himself. He had seen very little of Stacy since she'd arrived as he was at work during the day, and she kept mostly to herself at night. It was trash night, so the first order of business was to empty the cat's litter box that was in the basement. He headed down the stairs, knocking on the lower door before entering. He called out Stacy's name as he didn't want to surprise her if she was in some state of undress. With no response, he concluded she was out with his wife somewhere. This was the first time he'd been in the basement since Stacy had moved in, and he was pleased to see that things were neat and orderly. The bedroom door was open as he walked by and he stuck his head in to see if things were in decent order there as well. They were...even the bed was made. That's when he noticed what appeared to be a change of clothes at the foot of the bed, and even from a distance he could see a pair of white silky panties on top of the other clothes. He had always had a thing for panties, especially the silky type (he considered ones made of cotton to be just underwear, not real panties). He entered the bedroom looking around quickly to verify nobody was there and picked them up. Bikini style. He put them up to his nose, and the light trace of a musky scent gave him a raging hard-on almost instantly. Her scent was absolutely incredible, and the deep arousal that resulted put him in an almost trance-like state.

The flash of light startled him, and as he turned to see what it was, another flash nearly blinded him. Standing in the doorway was Stacy, cell phone in hand.

"What the fuck are you doing?" she screamed.

Bill was caught completely off guard, and his brain couldn't mesh gears fast enough to process the situation.

"I...uh, I...um, I...", was all that came out before she cut him off.

"I...uh, I...um, WHAT?" she barked.

"I'm sorry," he uttered, gaining back a tiny shred of his composure. "I shouldn't have touched your personal belongings, and I'm very sorry."

"My personal belongings?" she hissed. "Belongings? Those are my panties, you fucking pervert. Just wait until I send these pictures to Mary."

"Um, well, um, there's really no need for that," Bill half-stuttered, still trying to figure out how to handle this. "I really am very sorry."

"Well, 'sorry' just isn't enough," she replied with an element of venom in her voice.

"I don't know what else I can do except apologize, and promise it will never happen again," he uttered back weakly.

"You're going to have to do more than that. Your apology is lame and insufficient." Her tone and her expression weren't friendly.

"Look, I've provided you a nice place to stay...for free. I won't mention the food and the rest of the amenities...also for free. You could at least show some appreciation for that," he said with a bit of newfound indignance.

"That's all been very nice of you and appreciated." Her tone was just a little softer. "But whatever appreciation I had vaporized instantly when you started playing with my intimates, you asshole. For now, I'd like you to get the fuck out of my room. I'll let you know when I figure out how I want to deal with this."

Bill walked quickly out of the room and back upstairs, totally forgetting the litter box. The cat wouldn't be happy about that.

For the next week, he kept looking for any sign from his wife that would indicate Stacy had told her about this. Nothing unusual was detectable in her behavior or interactions. It weighed heavily on his mind, but with each passing day the weight lessened a bit. His contact with Stacy was almost nonexistent. He saw her a couple times getting in or out of her car, but other than hearing the television or occasional noise from downstairs he wouldn't have even known she was there. It was the middle of the following week when Mary told him that Stacy had found an apartment and moved into it earlier that afternoon. The rest of the weight disappeared. He figured that if Stacy hadn't said anything by now that it was done and forgotten. He took Mary out to a nice restaurant that night and drank way too much wine.

Chapter 2

It was Friday evening and a couple weeks after Stacy left. Bill had just finished a hectic week at work and was looking forward to some chill time. Mary had left town earlier in the day to visit her mom and wouldn't be back until Monday evening. A whole weekend without honey-do's, 'I need you to' and 'I want you to'. Life was good. He had just settled into his recliner when the doorbell rang. Irritated, he got up and opened the front door. It was Stacy.

"Mary's not home," he blurted out without even a hello.

"I know. She went to her mom's. But I'm not here to see her," Stacy replied matter-of-factly. "Remember this?" She held up her phone showing the picture that Bill wanted to forget.

"Yes, Stacy," he shot back, unable to mask the irritation in his tone.

"I've decided what I want. Are you going to let me in?"

He had a fleeting thought of just slamming the door in her face. But he had no desire to deal with the fallout if she decided to send the pictures to his wife. He pushed the door fully open and stood to the side. She walked in, banging her huge purse on the door frame as she entered.

"Let's go downstairs," she said in a way that sounded more like a directive than a suggestion.

He shut the door and followed her down the stairs, through the basement door and back into the bedroom.

"Strip," she commanded.

"Huh?" he replied. "You can't be serious."

"I'm very serious. Strip."

"You going to strip too?" he queried.

"Shut up and strip now, or I start sending pictures."

He mulled it over for a few seconds. Was this all she needed to make those pictures go away? With all the possible things she could demand, all she wanted was to jump in the bed and fuck? She really was a bimbo. Maybe being separated for a few weeks was giving her an itch she had to scratch. He had never been unfaithful to his wife in their many years of marriage but faced with the current situation maybe it was the best option available. In fact, if he hadn't been married he'd have been trying hard to get into her pants anyway as sexy as she was. He stripped.

"Now get on the bed, and spread your arms and legs out," she dictated, once again with a tone of command.

She pulled several hanks of rope from her huge purse before walking to the side of the bed.

"Yeah well, right, I think this has gone far enough," Bill blurted out as soon as he saw the rope.

She held up the phone again. "Along with these pictures, I'll also let Mary know that you were constantly hitting on me when I was staying here, and even tried to crawl in the bed with me one night."

"We both know that's not true, Stacy," he shot back.

"Yes, we both know it's not true, but Mary doesn't. And based on what she's told me of your sad love life, I'm guessing she'd be more inclined to believe me than you."

Their love life certainly was lacking. Not that they didn't still love each other, but the flame and passion had long since died off, and their lovemaking had become less and less frequent. The question had come up more than once if he was having an affair, and that question was becoming more frequent as the sex became less frequent. Ok, fine. So, Stacy wanted a little kink with her sex. The thought of the pussy in that sexy body sliding up and down on him shifted the thinking process from the upper head to the lower one, and all reason and logic got lost in the transfer. He held his wrist out to her.

She wrapped the first piece of rope around his wrist several times, then pulled the free end under the coils and wrapped around some more. She repeated this process several times, resulting in snugly wrapped rope going from the bottom of his wrist to nearly six inches up his forearm. Bill was surprised by the effort she put into this and was amazed at the speed with which she did it. Pretty obvious it wasn't the first time she'd done it. With the rope around the wrist complete, she stretched his arm out towards the corner of the headboard and tied the free end of the rope to it. She repeated the process on both his ankles and his other wrist with each tied to the corresponding corner of the bed. He was now in a classic spreadeagle position, and she'd pulled things tight enough that he could barely move any of his limbs. Confident he was immobilized she reached underneath her T-shirt and unbuttoned her jeans, sliding them down and off her legs after kicking off her flip flops. Moving close to the side of the bed so that he had a full view, she pulled her T-shirt up to her armpits revealing a pair of pale blue nylon briefs. Big briefs. Granny panties.

"Like them?" she asked.

"They don't look like your style," he retorted with full sarcasm.

"Well, you're quite right," she began. "But I haven't worn them all day for me. I've worn them all day for you!"

He wasn't quite sure what she meant by that, and as he was pondering her meaning she slid them down to her ankles and kicked them off. He already knew what was coming next.

"Oh great," he fumed. "Get me all tied up so you can rape me."

She laughed, and after kneeling down to pick up the panties went back to her bag and pulled out a roll of duct tape. Sitting down on the bed next to his head, she balled up the panties and pushed them against his lips.

"Open," she commanded.

He sealed his lips together and turned his head to the other side.

"Open NOW," she barked, much more loudly.

He continued to move his head back and forth as she followed with the ball of material. With her patience quickly waning her free hand moved to his groin, and after grabbing his defenseless balls she clamped down with the force of a mechanic's vise. His mouth opened to let out a scream, which provided just the opening she needed to jam the balled-up panties into his mouth. He was stunned and disoriented from the pain, which diverted his attention from the duct tape that was now in her other hand. Pulling loose a long strip, she pressed the free end against his lips and proceeded to wrap the tape fully around his head at least a dozen times. Satisfied she'd applied enough; she tore the remainder of the roll loose. Bill shook his head wildly back and forth trying to push the wad of cloth out with his tongue, but it was a totally futile effort.

"My little bikini panties wouldn't have been nearly enough to stuff your big mouth completely full," she sneered while methodically pressing the layers of tape tightly to his face. "That's why I wore the big ones. Thinking about where they'd end up tonight has kept them pretty wet all day, so they should be nice and, um, flavorful by now."

Bill tugged furiously at the ropes holding him to the bed. The taste of her juices filled his mouth as the crotch of the panties was already soaked through when she'd crammed them in his mouth.

"Now that I have your undivided attention, allow me to explain what's going to transpire here," she began. "First, I'm not going to rape you. You can only wish! Your poor cock is never going to enjoy the inside of my pussy. Or my mouth. If that's what you were expecting or even hoping for, I'm real sorry to disappoint you. What I DO want, or should I say need, is a car. You see, mine broke down the other day. It won't get fixed until Monday at the earliest, and I have a lot of things I must get done tomorrow. I assumed that asking to borrow yours would have resulted in a negative response, so I didn't bother to ask. And I didn't really need to ask, because your stupid act a few weeks ago provided me the perfect opportunity to get what I needed on my own terms. Dumbass."

Bill stopped his struggling as her words sunk in. Tomorrow? She was planning on keeping him like this until tomorrow?

"Since Mary won't be home until Monday afternoon, I figured we'd just make a weekend of it," she continued with a rather evil tone. "You have lots more good stuff to eat than I do, so I might as well enjoy this to the fullest. And there's something else too."

Monday morning? What in hell was she thinking? He had to relieve himself at some point, had to eat, drink...

She interrupted his anxiety. "Seems I've always been on the receiving end of this bondage thing. Never much cared for it, but my soon-to-be Ex sure got a big boner having me all wound up in cuffs and ropes. He'd keep me tied up in some

helpless position for hours at a time while doing some really perverted and nasty things to me. Fuckin' asshole. But now that I'm on the giving end for the first time, I kind of get why it turned him on. I'm getting really wet right now just looking at you all pissed off and helpless to do anything about it. You're at my mercy, plain and simple, and if there's anything remotely positive that resulted from my ass-husband's escapades it's that I learned how to truss someone up to the point where getting loose is impossible. You'll be finding that out. And as turned on as I am right now by all of this, I think I'll spend the rest of the weekend having countless orgasms...all at your expense. Too bad for you that I'm not going to help with that," her eyes shifting towards his fully erect cock.

Despite the unbelievable horror of his predicament, he had a raging hard-on. Why? The taste of her pussy filling his mouth? A heretofore unknown desire to be tied up? Maybe an unconscious hope that she really was going to fuck him?

"Now, if you can refrain from being a complete asshole for the rest of our time together, I'll think about letting you go in time for work Monday morning. But if you can't NOT be an asshole, at some point I'll just dress you up in Mary's panties and a bra and leave your ass hogtied all to hell in the middle of the bed. I'd die to see the look on her face when she comes home and sees that you dressed yourself up in her lingerie and then tied yourself up, but unfortunately got the ropes just a little too tight to get out of. That would be just too damn funny! If you want to think about calling the cops just remember there will be no way to prove anything. My DNA is already all over the place - remember I stayed here at your invitation? I walked all the way here after it was completely dark outside so nobody has seen me or my car, and thanks to your tinted windows nobody will know it's me driving around in your car tomorrow. The rope I'll cinch you up with can be purchased at any Home Depot, and any other evidence of my presence here this weekend will be carefully cleaned up before I leave."

As her words sunk in, Bill's anxiety shifted into a full state of panic. She must have been planning this for a long time. Was the car trouble something she just made up? The panic then morphed into full terror as he contemplated what she might

have in mind that warranted such attention to detail. Fucking bitch. She just wasn't that smart. He noticed his cock was still at full attention.

"I have to run now. There are a few things I need to pick up and I need to stop and get some cigarettes. Anything I can get for you while I'm out?" she asked with a snicker.

Bill glared at her and screamed 'Fuck You' through his stuffed mouth. The result was unintelligible. And ignored.

"Before I go and just to show you I'm not a completely awful person, I brought along something I think you'll like," she said while walking over to the dresser and pulling something out of the purse. "Remember these?" She held up the pair of white bikini panties that had been the genesis of this whole situation. "I've worn them a couple more times since they were last in your grimy hands. Oh, and kind of forgot to wash them since then too."

She moved to the side of the bed. Leaning over, she pulled the waist opening over the top of his head and carefully centered the gusset directly over his nose. Grabbing the roll of duct tape she began winding it tightly around the lower part of his head, capturing the bottom of the panties that were now positioned at the level of his chin. Another dozen wraps assured they were staying exactly where she'd placed them. He was left with his eyes peering out through the leg holes and the rest of his head nearly encased with nylon and duct tape. With his mouth stuffed and sealed, breathing was only possible through his nose and each breath was filled with the scent of her sex. She retrieved her jeans and pulled them back on.

Bill yanked hard again on the ropes, furiously shaking his head and yelling "No!" as best he could into the wad of cloth in his mouth. It was of no use. She walked out of the room turning off the light and closing the door behind her. He was left in total darkness, unable to see, move, or speak. A couple minutes later he heard the garage door opening. He could barely make out the sound of his BMW coming to life but could easily hear the garage door closing a minute later.

Chapter 3

"Did you have a nice nap?" Stacy asked as she dumped the bulging contents of her giant purse on the top of the dresser.

Bill had drifted off to sleep at some point, her voice startling him back into consciousness. He had no idea how long he'd been asleep or how long she'd been gone, which was rather disorienting. She was now dressed in a different T-shirt and some cut-off jean shorts, so she'd obviously been gone long enough to change clothes somewhere.

"I brought a few things to play with," she announced. "Fortunately, my jerk husband was gone from the house - the house that used to be mine -- so I let myself in and gathered up all the stuff he used to use on me. Bet he'll be pissed when he discovers it's not there to use on his next victim."

She pulled out a long length of heavy chain from the pile on the dresser and walked into the bathroom with it. At the far end by the shower she dropped one end on the floor, and then metered it out as she made her way back to the bed, winding the remaining length around the bottom of the headboard and mattress frame and fastening it all together with a padlock. Pulling the free end out of the bathroom and back to the bed, she sat down next to Bill and held up a thick metal collar.

"This was a little too big for me, but I bet it will fit you very nicely," she chuckled as she spread the two halves open from the hinged joint. "There's a recessed setscrew that locks the two sections together when closed. The only way to get it out and open the collar is with this little Allen wrench." She held it up briefly for him to see as she closed the collar around his neck and then tightened the screw. Picking up the end of the chain, she snapped a padlock in place securing it to the open ring welded onto the collar.

"There's enough length in the chain to allow you to get to the toilet and the shower," she began, "but unless you can drag this bed around with your neck that's as far as you can go."

That damn bed. His wife found it in an antique store, and just had to have it. It was king sized with an intricately detailed wrought iron headboard that stood three feet above the top of the mattress. The footboard matched in detail, just not as tall and stood a little below the height of the mattress. The frame joining the two together was wrought iron as well and attached with multiple bolts on each end. Fully assembled, the thing probably weighed close to three hundred pounds, and even more with the mattress and box spring in place. Bill hated it to start with as moving and assembling it nearly gave him a hernia. He was hating it even more now.

She got up and retrieved something from the dresser. He couldn't see what it was, but was taken by surprise with her next question:

"Would you like me to fuck you?"

The question was quite confusing, as she'd already stated she wasn't going to 'rape' him. His erection had subsided while he was asleep, but her words brought it immediately back to full attention, confusing or not. His affirmative nod was nearly instantaneous. She tossed what she'd picked up from the dresser on the bed as she began to pull off her T-shirt. Bill raised his head as best he could to see what it was, and it was something he'd never seen before -- a buckling leather strap that widened out in the middle. Attached to one side of the middle section was what looked like a small dildo. A much longer one was attached to the other side. His attention was quickly diverted when she tossed her T-shirt on the bed. She wasn't wearing a bra, and this was the first time he'd seen her naked tits. Not large, but ample enough. Beautifully shaped, firm, and big nipples that were already protruding. If his poor cock could have gotten any harder, it would have. She unbuttoned and dropped her shorts, revealing some pink silky panties. 'Back to the bikinis' he thought as she pulled them off, climbed up on the bed, and picked up the dildo thing.

"I bought this a long time ago, but never had the opportunity to use it properly," she explained. "If you've never seen one before, the short one goes in your mouth, and the long one goes in me."

Seeing the confused look on his face, she continued.

"Oh, did you think I was going to fuck you with your dick? I already told you that wasn't going to happen, and that hasn't changed. I'm going to fuck your face."

Bill was now totally defeated. His balls were a deep shade of blue, and his anticipated relief had just been dashed violently against the rocks.

"I'm going to pull all this tape off, but I don't want to hear a word from you. If you utter so much as a single syllable, I'm going to hit your balls so hard it'll be months before you can cum again. Are we clear?"

His balls needed some caressing, not further abuse. He nodded, and she started unwinding the tape. It began to hurt like hell when she got down to the point it was stuck to his hair. His grimacing didn't slow her down, and after removing the panties from his face, she finally got to the point of pulling the soggy, saliva-soaked pair from his mouth. Just as he was beginning to stretch his stiff jaw muscles, she jammed the small penis-shaped dildo in his mouth. 'Small' was a rather subjective description as its 2 inch diameter stretched his mouth open wide, and the 3 inch length nearly touched the back of his throat.

She pulled the straps around the back of his head and fastened the buckle, pulling the leather strap tightly against his lips and forcing the dildo in even further. The thing had a terrible taste to it, and the humiliation of having a dick in his mouth - even a fake one - was almost more than he could bear. He shook his head back and forth trying to dislodge it, but once again it was a futile effort.

Stacy leaned over and wrapped her mouth around the end of the protruding dildo, lubricating it with her saliva. Getting on her knees, she positioned her pussy just above the tip of it. From his vantage point, he could see the glistening of moisture around the lips of her vagina and could see the glistening continuing

down the inside of her thighs. She was fully shaved which only served to accentuate the amount of juice flowing out of her. Wet? Definite understatement.

She grabbed the dildo around the middle guiding it into place, and then slowly lowered herself onto it. It sunk in quickly and easily and with only a couple thrusts she had it buried all the way inside. She began riding up and down its full length, her clit bumping on Bill's nose every time she hit bottom. As he watched the dildo sliding in and out of her gushing wet pussy, the mental transference of it being his cock instead of the fake one caused precum to start oozing out of his painfully hard erection. Her moaning started quickly, and with only a couple dozen thrusts, she orgasmed with a loud scream.

Hunching over, she sat there recovering for several minutes with Bill's nose buried between her pussy lips. Between that and the puddle of her juices that had accumulated on his mustache, he was having a hard time breathing. She didn't seem to care. He was at the point of suffocation when she finally lifted herself off the dildo, climbed off the bed and stumbled over to the dresser. She returned to the bed with a pair of heavy leather wrist cuffs and fastened one to his right forearm and then his left -- the ropes that were already in place interfered with locating the cuffs properly on his wrists.

"I'm going to untie your arms now," she told him in a rather exhausted manner. "Any attempts to hit or strike me and I'll yank that collar hard enough to break your neck."

It was an unnecessary warning. His arms had been stretched out in the same position for so long that the muscles didn't work, and he had a hard time moving them even after completely freed from the ropes. With no use of his arms her next instruction to sit up required some assistance, but after finally attaining a sitting position she pulled his arms behind him and locked the metal rings attached to the cuffs together. She then moved the cuffs down to the proper location at the bottom of his wrists and tightened the buckles, finishing with small padlocks through the hasps to lock them in place. With his arms secured behind him, she moved to his ankles and untied the ropes.

"I'm guessing you probably need to pee about now," she said. "Make it quick."

He shimmied his way off the bed and stumbled into the bathroom, her scent still wafting through his nostrils from the dildo still strapped to his face. It was such a delicious scent that it was a major contributor to the non-stop erection that continued to plague him. As he approached the toilet that erection presented another problem -- with no use of his hands to point his dick in the right direction, hitting the toilet from either a standing or sitting position wasn't going to be possible.

He thought about sitting on the toilet for a bit and focusing his brain on something unpleasant, but he had to pee so bad there wasn't time for that to work. So, he stepped into the shower and let it rip. The instant relief overshadowed the chokehold the collar put on his neck as he'd stretched the chain as far as it would go. It felt like he pissed out two gallons before finishing, and the relief was almost better than an orgasm. Almost.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed when he slowly made his way back into the bedroom. She had put her shorts and T-shirt back on and pulled the covers down on the bed. He noticed several more of her 'toys' were laying on the bed as well.

"Get on the bed and lay down with your head up here," she directed, pointing to the corner where the chain was attached. "And put your feet at the opposite corner."

He was too tired and weary to do anything but give in to her instructions. With no use of his arms it took a bit of wriggling to get situated, but once in place she went to work attaching leather cuffs to both of his ankles. They were the same style as the wrist cuffs, just bigger. After snapping the locks on the tongues of buckles, she padlocked the end link of a chain and the cuff's rings together. While he had been relieving himself in the bathroom, she had attached the other end of this chain to the footboard and frame of the bed just as she'd done with the chain attached to his collar at the headboard. She climbed up on the bed.

"I'm going to remove the dildo from your head, but just as before I don't want to hear a sound from you. Clear?"

He nodded. She unbuckled the strap and pulled the fake penis out of his mouth with a loud pop. He barely had time to close his mouth before she pulled a leather hood over his head. As opposed to the thick and stiff leather of the cuffs, the hood's leather was thin and very soft. It laced up in the back and went all the way down to the bottom of his neck where a lockable pouch surrounded the ends of the laces making them inaccessible.

There was a triangular cutout for the nose to protrude through, but the hood was otherwise solid leather with no openings or cutouts for the eyes or mouth. After pulling it fully down on his head she went to work lacing up the back, and then pushed the bottom portion of it neatly underneath his metal collar before snapping a lock on the pouch for the laces.

With that done, she jumped off the bed and picked up the chain attached to his collar. Attaching another padlock between the links, she effectively shortened the length to where there was only about a foot of slack between his collar and the headboard. He was now stretched out diagonally on the bed with his hands cuffed together behind his back, tethered in place by the collar on one end and his cuffed ankles on the other, and unable to see or speak. He could roll from his left side to his stomach to his right side, but that was the limit of his freedom. She pulled the covers over the top of him as she got off the bed.

"Didn't want you choking in the middle of the night, so I decided to be really nice and let you use my hood rather than gagging you," she stated sarcastically.

"Comfy, isn't it?"

Bill rolled back and forth a couple times testing the extent of his new predicament, but quickly gave up. He already knew it was going to be a wasted effort.

"I think you're secure enough for the night, so I'm going to go see what you have for me to eat, and then turn in myself. Have a good one and I'll see you in the morning!"

She laughed as she walked out, once again closing the door behind her. Bill rolled and pulled and tugged trying to dislodge the chains. Or cuffs. Or anything. As usual, nothing gave. Defeated once again, he rolled part way onto his stomach and rubbed his still swollen cock back and forth on the sheets. He knew he'd have to lie in whatever puddle he created, but he didn't care. At all. Thirty seconds later, he came like he never had before.