

# Girl Friend to Femdom Wife

## Part 1

Chris was a mid-thirties, average height, average weight, average guy. Decent looking, not striking, one of the "quiet ones". It's always the quiet ones...

His wife was an amazing woman and they partnered perfectly in music, food, wine, even friends! Couple that with being great in bed together and bang, perfect couple!

She was even very understanding when he "came out" early in their relationship about his various kinks. He had all his adult life, been into bondage in a big way and whilst single, did a great deal of...research... into the subject, reading fiction, watching videos, and learning a lot from the adult shops online that specialized in equipment. When he got his own place, this progressed into self-bondage, and he got pretty good, at first tying, then strapping, and then as he got more adventurous, chaining and locking himself up. More importantly he got very good at getting out again afterwards!

He would be hogtied (usually) or in some other similar position, gagged, hooded, plugged, struggling against his bondage, and trying to make himself cum from the position, the fantasies running through his mind...and the friction.

Rope led to leather, which led inevitably to steel. The word "inescapable" gave him pause for thought even if it came up in polite conversation and would mean a session that same night at home was required as an outlet! Trigger words and phrases like tight, packaged, bound, locked, permanent, caged, careful what you wish for...all made for keeping his mind on bondage and domination.

As time went on, the fantasies got more intense when he was tied up, the stories he was reading got darker, the bondage more serious.

But there was always that annoying drop in libido once the orgasm came. And the orgasm always came!

He met her, around the time that chastity play became a thing, and chastity devices became more popular; cheaper and in such a variety that there really was a device to suit any cock size, shape, and style! So, as they lived several hours apart at the time, it seemed an ideal way to keep things a) interesting when they were apart, b) interesting for him ALL the time and c) a fun new element in the bedroom when they were together, as well as driving the dynamic of their relationship.

And so, Chris ordered a CB6000S, along with the numbered plastic locks required for a long-distance keyholder's peace of mind, as well as the usual brass master lock. It took weeks to arrive, which only helped to increase their anticipation, and for her to get him more and more worked up during their often-lengthy phone sex sessions!

She would order him to stroke his cock for her, and then stop before he came, numerous times, before finally allowing him to cum. "Enjoy it while it lasts," she would say, "once I have your cock under lock and key you won't even be able to get hard without my permission, let alone cum. Mmmmmmm, I'm starting to get wet thinking of the power I will hold over you once your cock is mine."

This sort of talk would drive him over the edge every single time, as it was exactly what he wanted from the fantasy. But that drop in sex drive was still there once he had climaxed.

Looking back, this was the turning point of their relationship, the "red pill" having been metaphorically taken by them both. He, ready and willing to hand control of his cock to his beautiful girlfriend, and she, very much looking forward to "giving it a try". At this point she was still very much indulging him in his kinks, not fully sold on the ideas but liking what she saw so far and doing further research online herself.

The chastity device arrived, and after a bit of experimentation (with no lock up), Chris was able to work out the best combination of ring and spacer size to make for a truly snug fit. He was all ready to hand over control.

One Friday night she was driving the 4-hour trip to his house to spend a week together, and they had agreed he was to spend the evening in bondage awaiting her arrival. This was another favorite game of his, as he could be truly helpless in the bondage, not needing a timed release (though he kept the emergency release

in place), and he could be more daring with the position and restraints he used. He chose a very submissive position, legs frog-tied with leather belts, in a kneeling position at the foot of the bed. A wide leather belt round his waist with a pair of handcuffs padlocked to it, another belt round behind his neck and under the shoulders allowed for the elbow belt to be attached and held halfway up his back.

With the chastity device in position, held shut by the open lock with the keys inserted (she wanted to lock him herself the first time), he added foam earplugs, pulled the spandex full-face hood over his head, wriggled his arms into the elbow strap, and snapped the cuffs closed on his wrists.

It felt wonderful, he was naked and bound at the foot of the bed, his cock straining in its cage, which though not "locked yet" was as good as locked since his hands and arms were safely locked behind his back, and he could neither see nor hear when his Goddess arrived.

After a long time of being alone, enjoying the fantasies running through his mind, he felt a change. Was it air movement as doors opened and closed? Was it the heating going off? Was it...

"OW!"

He moaned as his nipples were suddenly pinched by well-manicured fingers. He loved nipple play and was not disappointed as he felt the spring clamps closing onto his sensitive flesh.

She had arrived. Lifting the hood slightly she removed the ear plugs before a thick collar was tightened around his throat and padlocked to emphasize his submission to the woman he loved, and which trapped the hood in place.

"Well, a very fine sight you do make after such a long drive. Thank you for following my instructions so closely." A firm spank of his ass sharpened his focus a little. It was followed by four more.

"I do love your bum, so wonderfully spank-able. Now listen. I love you, very much, you know that. We have agreed between us that things will change a little once we go down this road. Your cock is going to be mine now, not yours. When you are locked it is I who will be in control. If you are still okay with this, nod once."

He nodded.

"And you agree that the duration of your lock up and nature of our relationship will be up to me entirely?"

Another nod.

"Hmm," she smiled and chuckled, "as you wish baby, careful what you wish for." With that, she snapped the lock shut and took the keys for herself.

"Mmmmmmm, all mine, we can have a lot of fun with this," she whispered, as much to herself as to him, running her hands all over him, especially his locked up, straining cock.

That first week, they learned a LOT about chastity play. Chris loved the feeling of his cock straining against the cage but found the skin underneath could get sore from the movement. A tighter ring solved this, and a smaller spacer. But they also found the plastic cage got sweaty inside and needed removing regularly for cleaning. Not satisfactory for long distance, long-term chastity play!

Luckily, when they were apart, they were using the plastic, numbered padlocks rather than a metal lock, so if he needed to remove the cage, when necessary, he could. Unfortunately, this got old quickly, and after a couple of months, she decided a change was needed. Even if he did need to keep clean, she couldn't be sure he wasn't taking advantage and using HER cock for a wank without her permission.

For him, it also wasn't real chastity. The idea of breakable plastic meant he was never truly locked, although he certainly loved the feeling of her ownership of him, and in fact had never cheated the rules once whilst washing himself.

His bondage fantasies had long ago progressed to metal - cuffs, chains, locks, even more extreme steel bondage items like fist mitts and hoods, and location had become a thing, too. Metal bondage in an underground cell? Yes please. He hadn't told her the extent of these fantasies yet, as they were, he thought, still at the experimental stage and didn't want to freak her out because he loved her, bondage, or no bondage.

After 3 months or so, she went into full research mode online, hunting around for advice, testimonies, reviews, tips, and any information she could find as to how to make the chastity much more real, and serious for both of them.

She knew he needed it, wanted it, and that she was growing to love the control, the power, and the trust he was showing in her. The internet is often a place where you can stumble over exactly what you're looking for and that's exactly how she found the House of Denial, and their range of chastity devices. Scrolling through the site she read the blog posts of the D/s couple who run the business and started to check out the products. This was the best range she had found. No novelty items here, but discounting the silicone and plastic cages, as they could easily be defeated by a determined chastity prisoner, she spotted exactly what she needed.

She was looking at the enticingly named page "metal collection" and the HoD-S100. It came with a hinged ring, and a choice of small (2cm cage), standard (4cm) or large (6cm) cage length. He had a decent cock when hard, but was quite small when soft, and she knew having played for these last couple of months that the size needed to be right, a snug fit was a comfortable fit. Too much room to grow when aroused could cause chafing and pinching and could lead to the cage needing to be removed early. Ordering the standard cage, which was a little smaller than the CB6000s at 40mm, and the 45mm ring, her hand wandered to her pussy as she looked at images of men wearing tiny steel chastity cages...

On his next trip down for a weekend at her flat, having been locked up for two whole weeks beforehand (barring removal for cleaning), he was in a highly worked up state and couldn't wait to worship her, be dominated, and teased, and then hopefully be released and allowed to fuck her a couple of times before being locked back up and sent home. They would be apart for a month this time due to work and other commitments, so he wanted to make the most of it.

Arriving at the flat, he got buzzed in and went upstairs, pushing the door open and walking down the entrance corridor. Then he noticed the bedroom door was open and went straight in, the sight before him immediately causing his cock to strain against the plastic cage; he dropped to his knees and took in the vision that was his girlfriend. Leaving nothing to chance, she had done her hair in a harsh, high ponytail, and was wearing a black corset, balcony bra, a size too small for her large breasts, and black, shiny nylon tights with high heel leather fuck-me shoes.

She guided him to the bed, undressed him and cuffed him spread-eagle. There followed an hour or so of teasing, sliding her nylon covered pussy and ass over his face, chest, locked up cock, before finally unlocking him. His cock, which had not been hard for the two weeks they had been apart, quickly started getting erect, but, she noted, was struggling to get to full size. Was this a symptom of a longer lock up? The devil inside her made the thought super exciting...did she now have the power in her hands alone to make her man's cock shrink? Would it be permanent? Would he really let her take him that far? This control he had given her was intoxicating and he really had wanted to give it to her...it was making her wet again, too.

When she was finished fucking, and she had had her fill of orgasms, it was time for the next step. She hadn't allowed him to cum this time, but a night of edging and sheer tiredness made him go limp eventually, horny though he was. "Time to get you locked back up baby, got to put my toys away when I'm done. A little change for you though, I got you a present."

She opened the dresser drawer and pulled out the new steel cage. "What do you think? I know you like a bit of metalwork, and we are both sick of you needing to unlock to clean. In this cage it will no longer be necessary as the bars will allow you to pee and wash without taking it off. Think about that. No need to unlock your cock, ever again." He began to stiffen once more.

"Down boy! Too late for that, its lockup time." She took off to the kitchen and came back with ice cubes in a towel to make him soft again. Closing the ring around the base of his cock and balls, she noted the perfect snug fit as the ends came together. "Hold the ring shut for me will you baby?" He complied, a nervous chill running through him. This was exactly the next step he had been hoping for, but the reality of the cold steel was hitting home, and he wasn't even locked yet.

She picked up the cage part from the box and held it up in the palm of her hand for him to see. It looked small. All stainless-steel bar construction, it would keep his dick constrained to less than 1 1/2 inches. The head of the cage looked like a dome, with the bars coming together at a small opening for using the bathroom, giving good cleaning access but barely enough to get any sensation on his cock from outside.

"What do you think? Like it?"

"Yes," he gulped. "It's perfect, wow, thank you so much, I knew you were enjoying playing but...this looks like you're really serious about this part of our relationship and...thank you, I really love you."

"I love you too, and you have NO idea just how much I enjoy this. I've put a lot of research into this kink, and I don't see why we shouldn't make this a permanent part of our relationship. I want to take this all the way." She held his gaze for a second after that, then went back to the box to pick out the lock and keys.

She fitted the cage over his slightly twitching cock and seated the pins into the locator holes on the ring. "This cage has this lovely internal cam lock. I like this, it means it's less visible with everyday clothes, and won't make any noise. But the best thing is, it can't be cut off like a regular padlock. So, you better hope I don't lose the keys...oh and don't worry about showering, the cage is stainless steel, and the lock is brass, so it won't corrode. There are no excuses to need to take this off, ever."

At this point she looked at him and went serious. "If you ever ask to get out, use your safeword, but, if you do, we never play at this again. Chastity with us now is no longer a game. For me, it's a lifestyle. You've given me power and control, willingly, and I love that feeling but hear me, it is real once this lock is closed. Make sure in your heart that you want this. I know your horny mind wants this. And I can see he does too."

She nodded down at his caged cock, swelling round the bars of the cage, which she still held to the ring with her fingers. "Ok honey, decision time please," she said kindly.

He swallowed, looked her lovingly into her eyes and said "I understand that this is real, and agree to your terms. My cock belongs under your lock and key, and I am so glad you want to do this for me, for us. You are my world and I only want to please you. Please, lock me up."

She smiled a happy smile, pushed the lock into the hidden hold through the top of the cage and turned the key. Taking it out she said, in her best Dominatrix tone, "you're all mine now slave, I seriously hope know what you've done! Now lick me, bitch, locking you up has made me so horny, and I want to cum NOW!" She pushed him back on the bed and sat her soaking wet cunt down on his face

before he knew what was going on, and licked her to a shuddering orgasm, his cock straining in its new steel prison.

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It really did get serious from that point on. Starting from that point, he wasn't released from the device all weekend, and she made sure to tease him constantly, wearing tight leggings, high heels, acting sexy the whole time, and making sure to rub past him as much as possible to feel her cage. This was both to mess with him and crucially to make sure the cage was a comfortable fit, which meant making him try to get hard as much as possible so he could "settle in" to the new device. She was about to send him home for a month and wanted to make sure that she could safely send him away securely locked up!

Sunday night came and the usual hesitance to start their time apart. Long distance relationships are hard. This time, he had questions he dared not ask. Was she really sending him away with a 2-inch steel chastity cage locked onto his cock? The thought was exciting, terrifying...previously he had been locked for a couple of weeks at most and only with plastic locks on a plastic cage. This device didn't even have an exposed lock! Did she mean what she had said when they locked him, about never playing again if he asked for it to be taken off?

Wait. He could ask, as long as he didn't use his safeword. That was the catch, he could ask, and she could deny him, but at least he would know.

"Baby, I have to go soon, but time for a quickie before I do?"

"Mmmmmm I thought you'd say that, of course you may give me an orgasm before you leave. Kneel." Lifting her skirt, she pushed his head into her naked pussy.

After she came, he looked up at his gorgeous, dominant woman and pleaded with her, "but what about me? I can't go a month without cumming!"

"Don't be silly, baby, of course you can. You will be locked in a small steel chastity cage and the keys will be 250 miles away. Drive safely and call me once you are home."



## Part 2

The first week was a rush. The steel cage was heavy, and he felt it all the time. It was a constant reminder of her, and this was a good feeling. Not so helpful were the dirty messages and photos she kept sending him, as trying to get hard in this cage was totally impossible and it quickly became uncomfortable when he got physically aroused. In his old cage there was maybe an inch of spare space and the slit at the end was large enough that the very tip could poke out and reduce the discomfort. Steel does not yield however, and this cage was just the right size to allow no lengthwise growth at all, just a thickening which made him bulge through the bars. It looked hot as fuck.

Things started to settle down around the end of the 2nd week. But then he was away for work staying in a nice hotel, and she was at home as there was a party to go to. They chatted on the phone that Friday early evening as she was getting ready to go out, and he was thinking ahead to his night away from anyone he knew. He had always found staying in big hotels fun. There were many online stories he'd read about hotel room self-bondage, often going wrong and room service or housekeeping finding the person and taking advantage. He didn't want the taking of advantage part, but had brought his gear with him for a session. The question was whether to involve his girlfriend or keep it to himself. This question was answered for him as they talked.

"So, when are you going to start tying yourself up tonight?"

Taken aback, all he managed was, "Errrm err what do you mean?"

"OK, you can relax, baby. I know about your-self bondage, and I know you would not have gone away without at least a ton of gear. So, what's the plan?"

"Oh, you know me so well! Nothing major, a simple hogtie on the bed with a timer set for a couple of hours I guess."

"Simple? That doesn't sound like much fun. Ok, do you have ALL your gear with you?"

"Yes."

"Right. Here's what you are going to do. First, remove the Do Not Disturb sign, just to keep you interested. Then I want you naked, except for your permanent jewelry on your cock of course, and a leather cuff on each wrist and ankle. Chain around your waist, locked at the back with a metal ring through the lock then run the chain down between your legs, up your front, over the back of your neck back down your front and through your legs then lock it at the back of your waist. Then get your full-face hood ready and hogtie yourself on the bed using a ratchet strap but loop this under the waist and neck chains, I want you nice and tightly packaged up. Set your phone with your Alexa earbuds, I'm going to call you to let you out. Make sure you do this bondage so that releasing your ankle cuff buckle allows the ratchet strap to come free. Enjoy!"

He did enjoy. For about an hour. Then the arched hogtie got uncomfortable, but even so, he fell asleep. The dreams whilst bound were intense and extreme. He was woken suddenly by his ear buds ringing, and he answered quickly.

"Hello, my sexy bound man, I hope you didn't cheat and are still tied up for me?"

"I am, my goddess, and exactly as you instructed."

"Good, I've been thinking about you like that, tied and alone, all evening. You may release yourself now. We must find a better way, maybe an app-controlled lock or something - it can't be all that fulfilling knowing you can cheat and release yourself whenever".

"You're right, my Goddess," he said, slowly stretching after the cramped hogtie. "It's really good but it's not real bondage. You know how I like it to be truly inescapable..." he stopped short. How much had he told her? How much had she guessed?

"What's the matter baby? Realizing I know you better than you thought?"

"Something like that, yeah," he chuckled. "Just thinking how all my dreams seem to be coming true, you're amazing, thanks for indulging my weirdness".

"Maybe it's not as weird as you think, not these days. And you know, I was a bit put off at first, but that was before I had experienced bondage, even as a sub. I'm still not that confident I could do a full dominatrix-style session over you, but chastity and being the dominant in the bedroom and elsewhere is definitely me,

at least some of the time! And I love thinking of and seeing you all trussed up, even if I'm not very good at doing it to you yet, so you can carry on with the self-bondage and we can have some fun with that while we're apart. I've got some fun ideas I want to try. Can't wait to see you, it's only a couple of weeks now, you should be well and truly used to your cage by then."

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It was a long month. Not only did they miss each other's company but both of them were basically horny the entire time. He did not help himself by reading bondage stories online (the cage made him do it) and continuing his journey down that path of ever darker fantasies and genuine desires. The longer he was locked without release, the wilder his mind got and the only outlets he could turn to were self-bondage and adding to his bookmarked library of the darker stories he kept coming back to. This collection of stories he had not shared with her, he thought she would run for the hills. It's one thing for your boyfriend to want you to lock his cock and sometimes be tied up, it's quite another to want to be kept as her permanently bound prisoner in a secret dungeon cell, all metal cuffs welded shut, used only as and when she needed his tongue... nothing more than a bondage toy for a FemDom, not a boyfriend at all.

He knew she was a long way off that, and that actually she wasn't all that dominant, loving as she did, to get roughly fucked herself, with her hands held behind her back, cuffed even... she was more of a switch, really, but he was so grateful for the amazing woman he was with, though a little regretful that his deepest fantasies would never be fulfilled. He lifted the heavy steel package that was his caged and swollen cock and balls, four weeks of pent-up sexual tension building up to what he hoped would be a release that night. He had had zero problems with the cage since settling into it, and this was scary and exciting. Truly it could be worn for some time without issue.

When she arrived that evening, he assumed the submissive position in the hall, awaiting her. Wine, dinner, a clean and tidy house were all waiting..."well, I could get used to having a butler, but it would be nice to be swept off my feet occasionally, too," she said as she came in. Quickly changing tack, he jumped up, embraced her and they locked lips in a moment of passion.

"That's better, I want a boyfriend not a slave you know."

Seeing his downcast look, she realized this may go south quickly and followed this up saying "Don't get me wrong, I am as horny as you, having teased you all week, but look, it's a long drive here, let's eat and drink and catch up; plenty of time for fun later...we have all weekend together." This was fair. He'd made assumptions about the evening, and maybe their whole relationship, and got the tone wrong. *Take it easy*, he thought, *don't want to frighten her off*.

Once dinner was done and half a bottle of red was gone from the decanter, she had recovered somewhat from the journey. Secretly she couldn't wait to see the cock she had caged almost two weeks prior, but playing it cool seemed the best way forward, and now she wanted him. Badly. That wasn't the game of course, as the whole point of the cage was to KEEP him locked, not let him out. She absolutely wanted to feel him inside her later, but her research had told her to make the most of his full balls and tease his locked cock first, or even ignore them completely and get herself off on his eager tongue before going anywhere near him! There was that lovely thought in the back of her mind too about the control and power she had over him, and the size of his cock after a longer lockup in a smaller cage.

"Ok baby, you want to serve your beautiful girlfriend? Get on your knees and get to work." Lifting her skirt up she exposed the crotchless sheer black bodystocking, and glistening pussy. "Erm, naked, if you please, I want to see that caged cock of mine." As he stripped, his cock bulged further, the whole package bouncing around in a most satisfying way for her. She reached out a foot and lifted it gently, he groaned in frustration at the slight touch of the nylon on the skin pressing through the bars. He knelt, she remained seated and fixed him with a strict looking stare, her demeanor changing completely.

"Look here. This," she said, reaching down and gripping his package in her hand, "remains mine. I told you this was real now, and it is. I can see you enjoy this, and maybe you want the whole D/s lifestyle to go with it. I'm learning more and more all the time about this kink and all that goes with it, and I'll say now I'm sorry if anything I do is not up to how it is in your fantasies, but this isn't a porn film, or a story, and we need to learn this together. You're going to lick me to orgasm now, and then you're going to tell me everything I don't already know about you and what you want and need. Everything. Don't leave anything out, you won't scare me away at this point, but you may miss out if I don't know everything. And if I

feel you are holding out on me you may never see me or these keys again. Get to work."

As his head was pushed down into her his mind was a blur. What did he just hear? How would it be best to tell her? Maybe he could let her see the bookmarks... yes, that was it. He could tell her by letting her see the stories he had re-read the most, that way she would understand it was mostly just fantasy, but he needed her to get what it was that turned him on most. He was certainly not going to let this opportunity go to waste; by her taste he could tell she was up for it, she had his hair gripped tightly in one hand, pushing his head down hard, her shapely legs wrapped around his back and as she came, hard, he struggled for breath against her crushing embrace, his cock straining against the steel bars of the cock cage. Letting him go as she came down from her high, she kissed his soaking face and licked his face from chin to forehead, before shoving him away, and stalking off. She came back with a pair of thick, leather cuffs and buckled them onto his wrists, before pulling them roughly behind his back and locking them close together.

A belt was then looped twice round his arms above the elbows and pulled snug. Another, longer belt then went round his waist pulling his arms tight to his body; it felt deliciously secure. Last for now was a thick leather collar which she locked shut around his neck. It wasn't a posture collar, but it certainly made him aware of its presence. Clipped to the front O-ring was a length of heavy chain and she wound it round her hand, slowly shortening it and causing him to lean forward in his kneeling position. She crouched and looked him straight in the eye, looking serious.

"Ok baby, time to tell all. This is your golden opportunity to confess all your filthiest fantasies, kinks, and desires. Those you want to maybe make come true anyway. Leave out only what you know is impossible or too dangerous, nothing else. How complete I find your confession, will decide whether or not I remove the cage, this weekend."

She gripped him by the balls again, squeezing his locked-up manhood and feeling very, very powerful. And not a little nervous. Knowing her boyfriend was more than a little bit kinky, she was taking a huge risk by forcing him to expose himself completely like this. What if there was stuff she found so disgusting it put her off him? Well, she knew she loved him, and he loved her. It was a risk worth taking

and she wanted there to be no harbored and unfulfilled desires that could one day spoil their relationship.

"So, I'm going help you by asking a few questions, which you are to answer fully, and then you can add anything extra once I'm done."

"Yes, Goddess"

"I know it can be hard to talk about this, but that cage is not coming off until this conversation is over. Would you find it easier if you were blindfolded?"

"Erm...I'm very nervous about this my love, I would prefer to see your reaction if I may?"

"Hm...no, I think blindfold is best, I may or may not be taken aback by what you tell me and I'd rather you not hold back, I want to hear everything, every detail. I will be filming this so you can see my reaction later if you like."

"Very well Goddess, please blindfold me."

She went and retrieved the spandex hood she had laid at the ready. It had an open mouth but would otherwise cover his whole head. Smoothing it over him she kissed his forehead through the material, then went back to her seat still holding the chain.

"No more stalling...spill"

"Before I start, please know that I love you for you, and that anything I say next changes nothing in that regard and is purely a sexual thing, Ok. So, you already know I'm a submissive, I love, LOVE chastity and serving you with my tongue while my cock is locked. Knowing you have the keys is a constant turn on for me and I've really enjoyed this month-long lockup."

"Good, good, off to a fine start...haven't even asked my first question yet! Please go on. I know about the chastity, and the self-bondage. I like both. Tell me a fantasy or fetish that I don't already know about."

"Well, I haven't yet told you that I enjoy anal..."

"Every guy likes anal!" She cut him off with a scornful tone, "and you already know I quite like it, too, I've not exactly been shy in that department!"

The memory of one particular session a few months ago when she had, during sex, made sure he was well lubed up, and then squatted over him and lowered herself onto his dick, guiding him into her ass and quickly sinking down until he was balls-deep. It had been a surprise at the time as they hadn't talked about anal at all at that point.

"Yes...but I meant me...taking it..."

"Oh, OH! I see! So, more detail please, what are we talking here, butt plugs? Or are you bi?" She hadn't been expecting to be this surprised so early on.

"Well, I just know I enjoy the sensation of the stimulation back there, either a butt plug, or whatever, and I also like the idea of the dominance. I've never been fucked, as such but it's something I want to try."

She was silent for a moment, not fully understanding.

"I mean, OK, I get partly what you mean, but...I'm not comfortable with sharing you with another person, a red line for me is we are a couple and that's it"

"Oh, er, I think we need to take a step back here, I don't want that either! I'm talking about you fucking me with a strapon. Whilst I am locked in chastity".

She was somewhat relieved at this, whilst his being potentially bi was not an issue for her as long as they were exclusive, she was sure that a threesome would alter things and that was not what she wanted. Fucking him with a strapon though? Seemed a natural enough desire since he couldn't use his cock whilst locked!

"Right, so a sub wants to be dominated with a rubber dick, got it. Makes sense, and a butt plug could be a fun angle to play with...go on, tell me more. Like, tell me about the bondage part, what do you like about being restrained, and why?"

"Bondage for me is a massive turn-on. Not being able to stop a spank, or a pinched nipple, or a gag being put on. I love the feeling of the restraints going on, being tightened up, I love it the tighter the better and the more restraints the better, even layered up so there's just that little extra snugness. But though tight,

and inescapable, I like it comfortable so I would be able to be left that way for a long time, if my captor so desired. Locked, too. Leather is amazing but if there's a padlock to be snicked into every buckle too then that's just another layer. Metal is better than leather, as it can't be cut. If someone else found me, without your keys I'd still be trapped! And of course, If I'm to be alone then I should be hooded too...it's such a rush having a full hood strapped and locked around your head and neck, no sight, muffled sound, hard to talk, or shout. And it has to be tight, I hate loose bondage. Like for example if there is play between the cuffs, that's a turnoff if anything. Spreader bars and stocks and things are amazing as they are so rigid.

"Then there is location. Bedroom bondage is great, but I always go underground in my fantasies, a cell or cage in a basement, or a hole in the floor with a barred hatch to slam and lock shut with me chained inside, in all that bondage while you just go about relaxing in the main house having locked your sex toy safely away..." He stopped, suddenly realizing he had been talking nonstop and she was silent.

"Yes baby, I'm still listening, go on please this is all good," she said softly.

"Thank you. So, yeah. That's bondage and chastity and anal...and you in charge using me for what YOU want of course. But there are a few...more serious, I guess darker kinks too that I have, and keep coming back to over and over. Should I...keep them to myself at least for now? I love you, so much." He bowed his head, even though he was hooded.

She sighed. In truth, she was reeling somewhat from what she was hearing and was confused about her feelings. Did she want someone so submissive? Was she up to dominating someone, owning them? Chastity was one thing but...he wanted to be kept, what, a prisoner?? How was that being a boyfriend? Then again, her pussy was soaking wet right now and this guy, her loving man, was opening up his soul right now. She had to put him at ease and needed to know every secret desire he had.

"Listen. This is your chance. Your one chance. Every secret desire, anything that turns you on, anything you want to happen to you even if deep down it makes you have butterflies, doubts, whatever, I need to know. There is no risk to you here, if you tell me what you like, maybe one day some of it can come true. If you don't, it won't. If you do and I run, then I'm not the one for you. Neither of us



would be happy if we weren't fulfilled sexually, so, as I say, no risk. No judgment, either, let's be clear. And, let me prove my point."

Grabbing his head, she pulled him firmly into her soaking wet pussy, holding him tightly between her thighs and cutting off his air. He hungrily started licking her and she moaned, he got quicker but started struggling as he needed to breathe. Swirling his tongue around she came hard, clamping his head tighter as she crested the wave and at last, releasing him so he could catch his breath, collapsing in his bondage, stunned at what his girlfriend had just done and realizing he needed to add 'suffocation whilst licking you to orgasm' to his growing list of kinks...

### **Part 3**

Once they had both recovered (she was just as in need of catching her breath as he), she turned back to her interrogation.

"So, as you see, none of what you have said so far is scaring me off. Far from it. Continue."

"Very well, my goddess, here goes. So, I mentioned cages and so forth. Well, I once read a story online about someone being tightly bound, then locked into a box, which was then screwed shut and buried under the floor. The victim had a catheter and enema butt plug and feeding tube...if it were me I'd also have earphones to hear what's going on in her bedroom after I'd been incarcerated and a tiny chastity cage...in another story the man asks if he can be locked in a basement cell and not be let out unless he can escape...but his wife keeps adding more and more bondage making it impossible and eventually takes another man as her lover upstairs and then fakes his disappearance so he can realize his secret fantasy of being permanently bound in her cell. He regrets it of course, but by then he's signed the contract and is already locked in a cell wearing serious amounts of metal restraints and she has convinced herself that his pleas to escape are all part of the 'scene'.

"I guess I get off on the "careful what you wish for" phrase and long term or permanent bondage, permanent chastity, slavery to the woman I love. I'm ashamed in a way to say that I also get a kick from you needing me, but because

I'm locked you need something else too, and...maybe you go and find that while I'm under your lock and key, I don't know...Oh and concrete."

"Concrete? What does "concrete" mean?"

"I once read a story where someone asked their Domme to have them bound, and I'm talking seriously bound, in a steel box and then at the end the box was filled with concrete. Once it was set the sides were taken off and he was just a concrete block with tubes coming out and was then used as a kind of platform in a dungeon. Inside he could hear through earphones, and had vibrators and electro pads all over for stimulation."

She had no idea how to take this, but after all she had asked, and if these were truly his fantasies then it was very, very brave of him to tell another person. This was some heavy stuff, was it even possible? Some things were, they just needed the right kind of house and a secure income. Her mind raced on, but he had stopped talking now. She cleared her throat.

"Alright, I get it, kind of the ultimate form of bondage I suppose and I get that you would already be bound first. And with plenty of locks added. Concrete would ruin those even if we could ever break you out of it...I have to say I wasn't expecting to hear a lot of what you have said. Remember I said leave out anything you never want to happen or that is impossible? Well, I'm glad you held nothing back but I'm going to need some time to think about all this. How are your arms? Not too tight? That's good." Walking over to the pile of restraints they had she pulled out a leather armbinder and pulled it up his bound arms; she proceeded to tighten the laces and padlock the straps that crossed over his chest.

Straining once again in its little steel prison, his cock showed her that his desire to be under her control was real, and that she was doing well in her role. For his part, he was loving where this evening was going, even if he had confessed way more than he meant to...but still it was unlikely that the really dark stuff was actually possible, and he really was glad to have a confidant; he could now tell her anything and know that she would at least try to understand. She now knew what made him tick, sexually. Should he tell her about the treasure trove of bookmarked stories and captioned photos?

"Ok, here's what's next. We are going upstairs and I'm going to finish you off up there, then I'm going to have a relaxing bit of time with a glass of wine or two

whilst reflecting on what you've shared with me." Upstairs they went, and she pushed down on his shoulder, forcing him to his knees. Taking hold of the straps behind his neck he was guided to the floor face down and then tightly bound into a hogtie by means of leather ankle cuffs and a short leather strap. It was snug, but not too tight. "How does that feel, baby? Think you could stay like that a while?"

"Yes Goddess, thank you this feels amazing, I'm not sure I have ever felt so secure, I love it!" Noting the gag in her hand, he continued. "Please, Goddess, if I may say...I have told you my deepest fantasies tonight, and more than perhaps I should have. But...there is more. If you want to look deeper into me???"

"How can there be more? Of course, I want to know, you've come this far, you're too deep now to not finish the job"

"Well maybe not 'more' but...more detail. As I said I was very nervous and I may have garbled a bit, missed things out or glossed over things. If you check my laptop, you will find bookmarks to my favorite kinky stories, and a folder of captioned pics from before we met, all found online. It may help with your...research and your decision."

"Decision?"

"Whether or not you want me. I know I have shocked you tonight, how could I not have? My deepest desires are not exactly normal. I love you, like I've never loved anyone before, and I know you love me, but nevertheless I know you have a decision to make and maybe that extra information will just make it clear what my wants are, and help you decide where you draw your red lines, if you decide to stay with me. Please, read everything as if the Domme is you, and I am the sub, even if the story is a female sub and male Dom."

Without saying another word, the gag was pushed in, the straps tightened over the hood, and a small padlock snicked into place to seal everything up.

Stepping back, reeling with all this new information, her stomach turning butterflies as she thought about his desires and wondering if she could be his Domme, the Domme he needed. She took in the vision of his bound form. At the side of the bed, he lay hogtied in leather, hooded, gagged, and locked in chastity. She had done this to him, and right now only she had the power to decide how long he stayed that way. She felt her pussy - it was soaking, was it the power, the

authority, or his submission to her that was turning her on so badly? All three possibly, plus the trust; he had placed his life in her hands as well as his desires and secrets. No one did this lightly. Snapping out of her thoughts, she turned her tone much more stern, mostly for effect.

"You can stay here like this, just like you wanted until I have decided what happens to you, and us, next. I will look at your computer too. This may take some time and you can stay like that all night if necessary. I need to work out who you are...and who I am."

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Logging onto his computer she soon found the material she was looking for and started reading through some of the stories. They had titles like "Caught in Self-bondage, and a Fantasy Fulfilled", "The Cell", "A Permanent Arrangement", "Steeling Staci", and there were a couple that made her sit up, including "Considering a Stay" and "The Box" by Thndrshark. Actually, that last one kind of made her feel sick...surely, he must just get off on the helplessness of the subject, not actually want it for himself? Though the subject had requested the exact fate they got AND made it clear their pleas to back out were to be ignored, they still clearly wanted to do so once it was actually happening...should have been more careful what they wished for she thought, her hand wandering to her pussy again.

Some of the scenarios had men being the subject, that made sense, but in others it was a woman being bound. Did this mean he harbored desires to do such things to her? Or was it the scenario that he liked regardless of the sex of the victim...there was one captioned pic where a couple ended up with both of them bound and enslaved, partly by misunderstanding...again that sickening/butterflies feeling hit her...but again, her pussy was getting wet reading it and seeing the woman's wide-eyed face as she realized what had happened.

In others the Domme had locked up her sub's cock and eventually made him a "cuckold" by fucking other men to fulfil her needs. This she did not want but she had wondered what to do about getting her kicks whilst also achieving long term lock-ups for him. Moving onto the captioned photo folder, she found her answer to this, but even here there were images she didn't understand, like the male slave bound and chaste, licking his mistresses pussy but getting fucked in the ass by another man at the same time?! What the fuck? Some photos were empty

cages, or tiny concrete lined cells with steel restraints on chains awaiting a prisoner, others were of men locked up in them with sexy dominant women locking them up.

So much of what she was reading seemed extreme, far-fetched; kinky was far too light a word to describe some of it. But there was a ton of more possible stuff too, where the woman simply took control of her man's cock (which she had already done - the key nestled between her tits at this very moment) and gradually enslaved him further and further until some of the darker stuff here just became a natural progression. Why not eventually move to a place with a cellar that could be made into a dungeon, or have a cell or floor cage added to it? They could be basically normal upstairs in the main house and kinky fuckers below.

She thought back to tonight, and her worried prisoner bound next to the bed upstairs. He must be panicking, hours had passed since she left him there to decide the fate of their relationship. There was no doubt he loved her and she him, but was this enough for someone so sexually deviant? Getting eaten out on demand was awesome, it had to be said and if keeping his cock caged meant tongue-on-tap then bring it on. He loved her being stern, she had seen his cock harden earlier and she had yet to release it since locking it a month before. Well, no rush. She wasn't going to leave him over this, it was just a matter of getting herself far enough down the rabbit hole to understand what she needed to do so that they would both be satisfied to the fullest. He, it seemed, wanted her to control as much as possible of his being, and was not worried what that may morph into down the road. She, however, knew also that she was not all THAT dominant yet, and loved rough sex when she was the one taking it. So, there would have to be some compromise somewhere.

All in good time. It wasn't like she could lock him away tonight, anyway. So, they could build up to the more extreme stuff... there was plenty else to be going on with, after all! Whatever else this relationship was turning out to be, it was certainly interesting. Popping onto the net she quickly placed a rush order for a couple of items she needed, it was still just about early enough for next day delivery...

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It was terrifying being in his position. His soul was laid bare, she was picking through his innermost sexual fantasies and desires as he just lay hogtied tightly on the floor, unable to explain anything of what she was seeing. The bondage he was in was really secure and struggling only resulted in delightful failure to find a weakness in the restraints. He loved it but also wanted out so they could go over the stories and stuff together so she would really understand which parts turned him on most and could really happen, and which were just wank fodder.

Another 30 seconds of hard struggling got him nowhere. How long had it been? Hours now. She was either still reading and researching, thinking it over... or she was gone. Oh no, she wouldn't just leave him tied up like that, or would she? No. She had enjoyed binding him up as he was, and she had clearly been extremely turned on during his interrogation.

Was it rash of him to reveal his internet secrets? There were all sorts in there that he had just liked the idea of. He didn't really want to be a cuck, for example, but he loved the idea of his locked-up dick being replaced by something else and there being no 'need' to let him out. And if there was ever a chance for a 3-way fantasy it would be two Dommies, or to sub with her alongside him to another Domme (maybe a Dom...depending on the circumstances...), not for him to take a real cock.

Well too late now, the genie was out of the bottle. At that moment he felt footsteps coming upstairs, and into the room. Moment of truth, he thought.

Without warning, she landed a firm spank on his ass, shocking him and causing a muffled moan into the gag. "Glad I have your attention" she said, in her best serious tone. "I do hope you've been comfortable up here all this time. You are quite the kinkster, aren't you? That computer reads like a guide on how to dominate you and, whilst a lot of the themes are going to take me a while to process, I do want to explore this lifestyle with you. Starting right now."

So saying, she landed another 6 firm spanks on his ass and he moaned loudly into the gag, squirming in his restraints.

"I'm going to free your legs now and allow you to use the bathroom to get ready for sleep. You can spend your first night as my sub sleeping in your bondage at my bedside, but I want you to be comfortable and for safety I'm going to change your gag for a bit-gag. In the morning we can talk further about how this is going to

work, I have a few conditions to set but I'm tired now, we both need some rest I think."

When he was ready, she helped him lay down again, and relocked his ankle cuffs together, before chaining him to the bedframe using a short length from his wrist cuffs. "Good night, slave."

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He was freed the next morning, all except for his cock of course, and they breakfasted together as couples do. Coffee was brewed, bacon and eggs cooked and served with buttered toast, and they made small talk, both skirting the elephant in the room. That was until they were both finished, when she put her empty coffee cup down, fixed his gaze with a serious look, and came straight to the point.

"We both had quite a night, didn't we? No, don't speak, let me get this out. It was brave of you to open up like you did and I thank you for it. You have opened up a whole world of fetish, kink, and sexuality to me that I knew it existed but had never thought about getting into, beyond a bit of bondage and rough sex and I was always on the receiving end of that. Until last night I thought I was pretty kinky but now I see I'm a beginner at best, especially as a Domme! Now your needs are pretty extreme, and I am in no way able to meet them to your satisfaction yet, I can see that. But that doesn't mean we can't make a start. There will be some ground rules I want us to live by, and they are non-negotiable. If you agree to all of them then we start immediately with our new lifestyle, I'm not going to put the effort into changing my whole character for you unless it's for keeps, ok?

1. We are still a couple and I want to be taken to dinner, theatre, parties, holidays, I want spoiling and for you to be my man.
2. You will behave as my equal while in company.
3. But you will always be my sub, wearing at least 1 item of bondage when we go out, somewhere on your person.
4. Your cock is mine and will remain locked indefinitely, no minimum term and no guaranteed releases.
5. I will still want a rough fucking from time to time, this does not affect rule **four**. We can work something out on this.

6. Only I can decide to end this lifestyle. As my sub have no say in that.
7. There are no long-term limits to what we can do, so think carefully about what you have told me you fantasize about and about rule *six*.
8. When we marry, I will take your name but own everything, including you.

If all these rules are acceptable to you, your new life as my sub starts immediately and that will be your last real decision as a free man. I'm going to clear up here; you go into the living room and think carefully about your choice. On the coffee table you will find two items of bondage, if you want to agree to my terms then be naked, kneeling and wearing them in ten minutes. If not, then you may use the key on the table instead and we never speak of this again. I'm not sure if we would stay together in that instance, I love you, but I won't be with someone who may feel unfulfilled with me. Not wanting to sway your decision but I am offering you the chance to explore every nook and cranny of your sexuality. You have ten minutes."

Without a word, he stood up from the table, stunned, turned, and walked into the lounge. There on the table were a pair of hinged handcuffs, and a two-inch wide, polished steel collar with a D-ring riveted to the front. On closer inspection it had the same type of internal lock as his cock cage, which sent a shiver down his spine as a lost key or damaged lock meant it was basically irremovable without cutting.

Well, there was little thinking to be done. This could well be a once in a lifetime chance to be with the love of his life but someone who also wanted to try out his kinky lifestyle. He was simply amazed that she wasn't dumping his perverted ass and running for it, most women would after hearing what he fantasized about having happen to him! While he didn't think the really extreme stuff was even possible, and he just imagined he would become her lifestyle submissive, locked in chastity except when she wanted his cock, and exploring bondage and femdom with her.

Without hesitation he picked up the heavy collar, studied the locking mechanism, and lifted it up to his neck, centering the D ring at the front. Closing the other half he noted the snug, comfortable fit and, heart pounding, pushed the barrel of the lock into the receiving hole, and turned and removed the key. Setting it down on the table he got naked, picked up the cuffs, for which she had left no key, and quickly sealed his fate by snicking them shut round his wrists behind his back. Feeling light-headed at the choice he had made, he knelt as instructed, cock



straining in its cage, collar and cage keys within reach but the locks inaccessible with his arms cuffed behind his back, and very nearly came right there in his chastity.

Where the ten minutes went, he had no idea, but the next thing he knew she was standing over him, hands on her curvy hips, looking down at her new property with a sexy/smug little grin on her face.

She had hoped he would choose to be hers and was now feeling a mixture of victory, excitement, and more than a little fear that she would either not live up to his dreams or back out of taking him as far as she had planned in her mind overnight. But all that was way in the future, after all she wanted to marry this man and be a couple for a long time to come, but giving him the femdom lifestyle he craved at the same time. She would work her way up to his deeper fantasies in due course. They had little in the way of ties, no close family, and no desire to have kids, so all that stood in the way of some of her plans were money and know-how. Both of which she could work on quickly. For now, she had to cement her position as a Domme and show him how serious his new position as a sub really was.

"Do you like your new collar? It's amazing what you can get online in a rush these days. I hope it's comfy cos you're going to be wearing that thing a LOT. Not all the time as that would be impractical but luckily I also have you wearing a collar around your- sorry - my cock and balls, so there is always going to be a heavy reminder that I own you." So saying, she squatted down and squeezed his bulging, imprisoned package in her left whilst her right index finger linked through the collar ring in order to pull him into a deep, passionate kiss.

He returned it with enthusiasm, and she pulled him down on top of her, their lips still locked together and their breathing getting heavier all the while. She needed him badly right now and breaking the embrace by pulling his head sharply back by his hair, said "grind that cage into my pussy baby, I want to feel how much you want me!"

As they continued with this new type of sex, he began sliding his caged cock up and down her slit, feeling how wet she was and becoming overwhelmed at the whole situation but desperate to make his goddess cum. With his arms cuffed behind his back it was a real workout but that only seemed to be driving her

closer to orgasm and then, as she came from the cage rubbing her clit, he felt her pinch and twist his left nipple hard, and his head was pulled back again by his hair at the same time; he didn't know it was possible but he could feel himself cumming in his cage! With no room to get an erection it was a mind-blowing feeling, like his cock was exploding in pleasure, but also pain, too. Four weeks of pent-up cum jetted out of the cage and covered her pussy, thighs and belly.

When she realized what was happening to him and still in the throes of her own climax, a devilish sexy grin broke out on her face. If she could make him cum while locked then it was not mainly from base stimulation, it was much deeper than that and it proved to her (as if she needed it) that it was as much her dominance of him as it was the bondage and everything else. He was totally under her spell, and she loved it. What happened next surprised even her, as she held onto his hair whilst scooting backwards and shoved still shocked face into her cunt ordering him to "clean up your mess slave, I don't remember giving you permission to cum!"

He hesitated for maybe half a second as cum eating wasn't high on his list of kinks, but got to work nevertheless and did an ok job of licking up his own spunk from his goddess' creamy skin. Whatever she wanted, he would give her as a reward for being so understanding. Normally after cumming he got that immediate loss of horniness, but not this time - maybe it was the immersion in the scene, or because he came without his cock being stimulated, whatever it was he didn't care, and neither did his cock, which was still twitching in its prison.

"Oh baby, that was a wild ride, wasn't it? Who knew a man could cum hands-free whilst in a steel chastity cage! Now I know I don't need to release you to allow you pleasure, you're on very shaky ground indeed as far as unlockings go. Wow I came hard, thank you." Dropping out of character for a moment, she pulled him back on top of her for a tight but loving embrace.

"Thank you, so much," he said softly, not meeting her gaze. "Thank you for staying, thank you for your understanding and your willingness to indulge my fantasies. Thank you for getting into it so quickly, this has all been such a massive rush it's just how I imagined true submission to be."

Staring up at the ceiling whilst still panting, coming down from her high, she replied " oh baby, no, thank you! You have given me a greater gift than you could

imagine...yourself. If you think that was true submission, then you may have underestimated me just a bit. I intend to give you so much of what you desire in the coming years, I want to see just how far I can take you. But more on that later, let's shower and enjoy our Saturday together. It's a lovely day, fancy a country walk and pub for lunch?"

"That sounds great, mistress." In truth, he needed a bit of normality to come down from his high.

#### **Part 4**

Later that day, after a roast dinner at a lovely village inn, they walked hand in hand down a green lane, chatting. Outwardly they were just a standard young couple enjoying each other's company. But a fly on the wall would have blushed at the subject of their conversation.

"So, I'm thinking we're going to need a bigger place when we move in together after the wedding, let's start looking right away! Estate Agents near me are always wanting to value my flat and both our places together must add up to a good-sized house. I'll get some appointments; don't worry I don't need you to come along, this is the kind of decision a sub needn't trouble themselves over. And once we're married it's all official! Our lifestyle rules are going to be turned into a legal contract, not that we really need that since you're currently in a locked cage and steel collar but, I do like to be thorough. You're very quiet, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing and everything. I mean the turtleneck is a bit itchy..."

"Not lost your sense of humor then" she chuckled. "That's good, but to be serious for a minute, has it sunk in that this is all real, and actually happening to you?"

"Perhaps not, I mean tomorrow night you'll be going back home, and I won't see you for another two weeks, I'll just be living my normal life until I see you again for the weekend."

She gripped his hand tight, stopped, and faced him. Making eye contact she took his other hand and continued in a mock-reassuring tone "Oh, baby don't worry,

nothing will ever be normal for you again after this weekend, I promise! As I told you, putting on my collar started your new life and you agreed there are no limits and no time limit to what I can...sorry, to what we can do. Admittedly the first couple of weeks apart are going to be a drag but I'm going to put them to good use, don't you worry. And we still have the rest of today, tonight, and all tomorrow to explore this! This evening I want to show you some of your archive and hear from you a little more detail about some of the scenarios.

I'm even going to let you have a little input into how I'm going to bind you for the night. After all, you're still way more experienced and can teach me what's safe and comfortable as a longer-term position, can't you?"

"Ye...yes, of course...wait, you mean I'm going to sleep bound again tonight?"

"Why not? You want to be submissive to me, and I told you that you will always have at least one item of bondage on you. Right now, you have two, my steel collar and my steel chastity cage, both of which have those delicious hidden internal locks that are very secure. But you can also expect to be bound at night when we are together, in some way at least even if it's not full bondage like last night. You're mine now, remember? And I like to keep my stuff safe. Not just overnight, either, when we get back home, you're going to strip down to your cage and collar, and I'm going to get you to give me a practical training course in restraining willing male bondage slaves, after which I'm going to demand a good hard fucking, ok?"

"Ooooooh, yes mistress, whatever you say!" He laughed and hugged her tightly, excited at the thought of an afternoon's bondage followed by a much-needed break from the chastity cage and a chance to show he could still be her 'man'.

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Things were moving at a fast pace for Chris. His previously adventurous-yet-basically-vanilla girlfriend, who only a few months ago had first learned about BDSM and chastity, was now both his Fiancée, and very much his...well, Mistress? Dom? Owner? They hadn't discussed how he was to address her yet. They had gone from equals to Dom and sub literally overnight and she was already making major decisions for both of them like house-hunting and marriage rules.

It was evening now and whilst watching a film (when they could stop making out for two minutes together that is) and drinking a bottle of wine, anyone would have thought them a normal young couple in love. Apart from the steel collar locked around his neck, that is...which had not been taken off since he had put it on that morning, and she wasn't showing any signs of doing so. Still, at least he knew he was getting out of the chastity cage later since she had said she wanted to fuck...

The film finished, neither of them could say how it ended as they were both somewhat distracted by their thoughts of what was to come next. There was plenty of evening left and both were feeling the slightly buzzing effect of half a bottle of wine. She had wanted to drop her inhibitions a bit, without getting to the point of being unsafe, and he drank when nervous or excited and right now he was both! Tomorrow she would be going back home, and they would have to adapt to this new dynamic whilst apart.

For now, though, it was time to put him to the test and show her switchy side. Hot from the last hour or two of touching and kissing, she now wanted more. With a firm push down on his chest she threw her leg over his lap and straddled him, feeling his pulsing restrained cock against her pussy. "Time to switch baby, I need some cock and I need it hard, think you're up for fucking your slutty little fiancée?"

"Mmmmmm I thought you'd never ask!" He replied, excitedly, and as she pulled off her top he asked, "where is the key?"

"What key?" She smirked, playfully, losing her bra next and freeing her tits so she could give her nipples some attention. "Ohhhh, your cage key? Oh honey, you won't be needing that. I want you to fuck my brains out and having been locked up a month there's no way you could get hard enough for long enough! I saw how you struggled after two weeks locked up and it's now been 4! No, no baby, we'll have to do better than that" and so saying, she reached over the back of the sofa, pushing her tits into his face, and brought out the strap-on she had ordered last night.

"Here we go, what do you think of this bad boy?" She smiled playfully at his shocked expression...in reality he was reeling. Having fully expected to be released from the cage so they could have real sex, the idea of being kept locked

and wearing a dildo to do it was both sickeningly disappointing and hot as hell. But what did she mean about him struggling? She had never complained about his performance, or size!

The dildo on the harness was easily 8 inches compared to his 5.5-inch dick and looked like a realistic cock, though bright purple in color. It was thicker than him, too, he noted. Pulling him to his feet she slid the harness up his legs and tightened the straps, so his new cock was seated just above his caged-up package and in quite a natural position. She pushed him back onto the sofa and kicked his feet apart, squatting sexily between his thighs and holding the base of the rubber cock.

"Like I said slave, time to switch. Here are the rules:

1. I'm still your Dom when we switch, but I want you to play a role reversal
2. You get to do virtually what you want with me when we switch but we revert to Femdom and slave immediately after
3. There can be consequences for you once we switch back depending on what you do with me. These could be punishments or rewards...
4. Make me cum

Got it? Good. Now fucking TAKE ME!"

Quickly coming to his senses and getting into character, he pulled her into a passionate embrace, gently but firmly biting her bottom lip as he drew back from the kiss and then, holding her wrists together behind her back with one hand, grabbed her plaited ponytail and pulled her head back sharply, exposing her elegant, sexy neck. A small, breathy gasp escaped her lips as he licked her possessively in one long motion from her collarbone to her jaw before releasing her hair and turning her round to give her juicy ass a firm spank, still holding her wrists tightly together.

Facing away from him now, she could feel his strap-on in her back as he reached around to play with her now soaking wet cunt, and rub her sensitive clit through her shiny, black leggings. She play-fought him, struggling a little and pretending to try and break free. "Get your hands off me you bastard, you are MY slave, whose collar are you wearing? I'm going to make you regret this!"

"Oh really?" he replied sternly, leaving her clit and moving up to pinch a nipple, lifting her hands higher behind her back in his strong grip as he did so. "I may hold you to that, but first I'm going to give you something worth punishing me for!" The next thing she knew she was bent over the sofa arm, hearing the steel handcuffs ratchet shut round her slender wrists and feeling her leggings pulled off, exposing her pussy and ass since she had no underwear on. Three more firm spansks landed on each of her ass cheeks, leaving a reddening patch on each and causing more thrashing around from her, trying to get back upright and protect her bum from more punishment. However, her position over the sofa arm meant she couldn't get up due to her center of gravity being forward, and a light press on her back was enough to keep her face down and ass exposed.

"How dare you spank me?!" She seethed in mock anger, "let me up and take these cuffs off NOW, that's MY collar you're wearing and don't you forget it!"

"Ohhhh, I don't think so, I'm going to have a bit of fun with you first. You've kept my cock locked up now for over a month and made me spill my most intimate secrets at the risk of losing you completely, then demanded I still "be your man" before replacing my cock with a fake one and denying me a release! Well, you wanted to get fucked, and now you are. I may be collared but you are cuffed and the tables have turned."

With that, she felt another half dozen firm spansks, painful but pleasurable, and two fingers in her pussy were joined by his thumb in her ass. Her eyes widened and she moaned, struggling again in her light but secure bondage. There was no hiding how turned on she was no matter how much verbal protest she made to the contrary. He was really getting into the role of the Dom, even with his steel collar and tight cock cage, and knew this opportunity would likely be a rare one; he wanted to give her plenty of excuses to punish him later even though in reality she loved every second of it.

Continuing to massage her pussy and ass he pulled her head back using her braided hair once more, making her arch her back and whine with pleasure and that feeling of euphoria that comes with loss of control. "Beg for my cock, beg for it or I'll stop rubbing and leave you hogtied, gagged and hooded overnight, and I know how you'd hate that." He was right, she loved occasional bondage during rough sex but wasn't a fan of bondage for its own sake. However, she wanted to put up a fight, too, so replied hoarsely "fuck you, a Goddess doesn't beg her slave,

she orders him, now fuck me, that's an order!" Her speech was ragged and breathy with the pleasure and the position of her head, and as he abruptly took his hand away she moaned in frustration and tried again to assert herself "Fuck me now, you bitch I want to feel that massive cock in me!"

"Nope, beg me. Beg me for it if you want it so much more than my real dick, I need to know how badly you need it." Six more spanks landed on her reddened ass, and she struggled again to get up again to no avail. He really had her, and she knew it.

"Fine." She sighed and switching to a more seductive, sultry tone, "please fuck me baby, I need your dick in my pussy, please."

"Show me how badly," he said, letting her stand before turning her around and forcing her to her knees. He sat down on the sofa and said, "You want a huge dick, you make it nice and wet first, I want to see you suck it like the horny slut you are."

Her performance was astounding. She'd never blown him with such enthusiasm and considering her hands were cuffed behind her it was an amazing effort. He regretted having to watch what he should have been receiving himself if he wasn't locked away. His real cock was getting painful with trying and failing to get hard all weekend and for a brief moment he wondered what might be happening to it.

Snapping back to his Goddess choking herself on his strap-on, he wound her braid round his hand and lifted her head off the rubber cock and locked her gaze. She looked so hot with a loose lock of hair framing her eyes, and her mouth open, panting and covered in saliva.

She licked her lips and panted, "See, proper size dicks get the pornstar treatment," and gave a little, sexy but mocking laugh when she saw his expression of shock, and...shame? Embarrassment? "What? Bit harsh baby? Don't be shocked, you can't even see your cock right now, or get hard and you certainly can't fuck me senseless with it, it's less than two inches long in that cage and the best part is you asked for it!"

She continued to laugh at him. Even from her position of subservience. Tugging her own hair (which he was still holding) she forced her mouth back down onto



the dildo and continued blowing him while he sat stunned, considering how much power she really had over him. Sure, for now he was stronger, and she was cuffed, but he had no idea where the key to the cage and collar were, and she was right, he had asked for this. Also, he had pretty much never seen her so horny, and it was time to take this to its conclusion and surrender himself again as her slave.

She audibly gasped as he pushed the saliva covered cock into her pussy right up to the balls in one thrust, having bent her over the sofa arm once again so her bubble butt was perfectly presented. Both hands pulling back her hips he railed into her hard and deep until with a guttural, primal moan she came hard, having been pushed over the edge of orgasm by his thumb once again pushing into her ass and the other spanking her hard enough to leave a handprint.

He didn't let her go straight away. Her words about his size and ability had wounded him, especially because he knew it was partly true. Plus, he wanted to make her angry so she would punish him hard in some way - he couldn't think of anything he didn't want to experience with her, but he was also genuinely frustrated about not getting out of the cage as he'd hoped.

For her part, the last half hour had been everything she had imagined. It was fun to be tied up and fucked by him before all this and it was even better now when he had a bigger dick that didn't cum and lose interest before she did. Time to put him back in his place though now and she started to struggle upright, jingling her cuffs to remind him to set her loose.

"What?" He said, and putting a hand on her shoulder he forced her down to her knees. "Want out? You've got to clean your pussy juice off my cock first." She gave him an angry flash of her eyes, and refused, keeping her mouth shut tight. She was a Dom now and sucking cock would be on her terms only.

"Open wide!" he said, cheekily pinching her nipple hard. The sensual pain, and shock, caused her to gasp and immediately her open mouth was full of rubber cock that tasted of her pussy. Fixing his eyes with a very hard look, she started blowing him again, as best as she could with no hands. His cock tried to burst from the cage at the sight of her, but there was no way the steel bars would yield.

Her juices licked clean from the dildo, she sat back on her heels and gave him a scornful but playful look. Internally she was planning her revenge since he had

overstepped considerably...but she had also loved every second and was actually pleased he could still give her the treatment she needed now and then. But how to punish someone who wanted to be punished?

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At dawn the next morning, their last day together before she returned home, a drive of some four to five hours, the sunlight fell across the sleeping couple. His bondage was simple; chastity cage of course, but they had thought it might be dangerous to sleep collared in steel so instead there was a waist belt to which, in front, his locked leather wrist cuffs were attached. Other than the full spandex hood he was totally naked.

After last night's little 'switching' session she had reasserted her dominance over him straight away by reveling in her post-orgasm glow and taunting him about still being locked away. She told him how good the strap-on cock felt and that she wasn't going to be needing his actual cock any time soon. Shortly after seeing his crestfallen look at hearing this, she had bound him ready for bed. It had been a big day and her plan to look at his online stash could wait.

Now, she woke him by pulling off the spandex hood and smiling into his blinking, bewildered eyes. "Time to be a normal couple for a bit, I'm going to free you and we'll have a nice day together before I have to go home, but don't think for a second I'm freeing this..." she said, gripping his bulging, locked up package. "You will be staying locked for the foreseeable future, so I hope my cage is comfy."

"Not right now it isn't," he said with a sideways smile "and I can't believe you're not going to let me out. It's been 4 weeks! How long are you keeping me locked for?"

"Well, who can say? Oh, well I guess I could say since I have the keys...but anyway the point is even I don't know at this point how long you'll stay locked up tight and even if I had decided, you'd be the last to know. Put it this way though; we are about to be apart for two weeks, so I won't be needing your cock during that time since it will be over 200 miles away from my pussy. When I see you again after the two weeks you will have been locked for six weeks at that point so probably best for me to get another fucking from the strap-on since you would cum way too quick for me - so no need to release you for that either...wow it's not looking great for a release, is it baby?" She smiled and winked, but there was

a serious tone to her voice which he didn't quite trust. So why the fuck was he bulging through the cage bars again?!

As if she was reading his confused little mind, she burst into mocking laughter. "Ha, look at it, getting hard at the thought of being denied indefinitely! What's wrong with you, you absolute pervert?! Don't worry, I love it and I'm going to make sure you get what you need, your dick has got you in real trouble this time! But, before all that - coffee, chop, chop!"

## Part 5

Six months later and much had changed for the couple, having married in a small ceremony, and had a collaring and slavery contract signing in an even smaller ceremony. This was just them and a notary who would make sure all of everything was in her name only and that the envelope containing paperwork with his signature giving himself to her in limitless perpetuity was kept safe and secure. This was placed in an envelope along with two small keys and marked "for her access only". The notary, being by design a person of discretion, asked no questions about these. The man was a willing participant, had shown no sign of being under duress, and after all this was not the first of these arrangements they had attended to.

Having sold his house, and nearly all his possessions when they moved in together, there was a good chunk of cash there on hand for making the alterations she wanted to do to their marital home.

As promised all those months ago she had taken complete charge of the home buying process and had settled on a three-story Victorian detached and secluded house with a large cellar underneath. The house was what you would call a fixer-upper, which helped with the asking price and left more budget for her plans to adapt parts of the place into a bondage paradise for him and her to play in.

The main two floors were as normal as normal could be. They did these up themselves, redecorating, fitting a new kitchen and refurnishing throughout. But she kept the cellar and attic conversions secret from him, engaging specialist contractors to carry out the works. The plan was to move in together after they returned from honeymoon, which would be spent on a perfectly vanilla tour of

Italy and Southern France (well, apart from him being kept caged the whole time, and her finding as many ancient castle dungeon tours to go on as she could...) and from that point on he would live as her slave/sex toy/husband full time, only pretending to be normal in public and when entertaining people who didn't know about their unusual marriage.

Coming home in a taxi from the airport after their month-long honeymoon, he couldn't keep still. This was really it, from today he was going to live as a submissive to a beautiful Femdom Wife who had fallen so deeply in love with him and with BDSM over the last few months that he was more than a little apprehensive over what was to come tonight. His caged cock didn't even twitch at the thought these days, he had now been locked away for the better part of seven months without a single release from the cage. There had been no need, there was no discomfort to the skin, no problems with fit, or hygiene, she had a large strap-on he could fuck her with, and he had on more than one occasion cum from her fucking him whilst locked up! His (or rather her, he corrected himself) cock was so used to the cage that it didn't strain fit to bursting in the cage anymore, it had adapted to its confinement and though he swelled up when horny he was sure if unlocked it would not get to full size. Thinking about this ironically made him get a little hard...

His mind wandered back to tonight and his entrance into slavery. They were both tired, but he was sure she would start straight away. He looked across at her, she looked amazingly good despite the long travelling day, and nervous too, he thought. This was a big moment for her as well.

They pulled into the drive and paid the driver, then both stood in silence facing the house. Pulling herself together, she got into character and without turning her head, moved towards the flight of steps that lead up to the front door. "Bring the bags, slave" was all she said, and he immediately complied, keeping 3 paces back but enjoying her swaying hips and sexy ass as she ascended in front of him. Once inside, their bags against the wall out of the way, she fished in the top drawer of the hall table and turning back to him, she had the steel collar in her hands.

"Strip and kneel". He did so without wasting a second and bowed his head. "Ask me for the collar and it shall be yours, and you mine. It will be your only indoor attire other than my cock cage whenever we are alone unless you are dressed in anything else kinky."

"Please my Goddess, I beg you to collar me and make me your sub forever."

"As you desire, baby." And with that she slipped the cold steel around his neck, closed it, held it shut with one hand and with the other filled the lock with superglue, pushed in the key and locked the internal lock, snapping the intentionally weakened key off flush with the keyhole and stood over him, smiling devilishly.

He had NOT been expecting this and his eyes went wide, his hands flew up to his neck to feel if it had really happened and finding it had he cried out in despair, fear, and...lust, his cock filling the cage for the first time in ages and bulging through the bars!

"What? I told you this was for keeps, and I wasn't fucking around. I've put a lot of time and money into this house, and you won't be a normal husband now we are here. You're my slave, my prisoner, my fuck toy, and not only will you be dressed as such, you will live as such too, look, he agrees" she said, cupping his locked up cock. "Now it's time to show you your 'man cave'."

"My what, Goddess?"

"You'll see" she smiled to herself knowing he had no idea what she had created downstairs for him. Clipping a leather leash to the front of the collar she dragged him towards a bookcase in the study. Touching the hidden latch, it swung forward and revealed concrete steps going down into darkness. Flicking a switch, dim lighting below showed a stone floor at the foot of the stairs and a heavy looking steel door with a barred viewing window in it. Before descending, she lifted a pair of 2-inch steel cuffs, joined by a 6-inch chain, down from a hook on the wall and he obediently placed his wrists into them in front. They went down and she opened the prison style door which, without the key, no one inside was ever getting out. It groaned on its hinges, a sound that would bring mixed emotions for him in time - the dread of it closing vs the excitement of it opening.

The door was only the start, but it was certainly a harbinger of what was to come. Entering the underground room his eyes got used to the low light levels and he stood in the doorway shocked at what he saw. The main room was about 30 feet across by 30 feet deep and must have been a good portion of the footprint of the house above. The black floor was a kind of firm rubbery texture, the walls and ceiling painted matt black, too. A pulley hung in the center of the room over a

drain, and around the room were various pieces of bondage furniture including a St Andrews Cross, a throne, pillory, bondage horse and a huge rack of restraints, clothes, whips, etc. and he noticed two more metal doors opening off the main room. He struggled to take it all in and just stood there, stunned. She had created an absolute submissive's wet dream of a dungeon right under their own house!

"What do you think baby?" She gestured grandly at her creation and then came around behind and gave him a squeeze running her hands over his chest, thighs, and stomach, before changing from a firm caress to a light dragging of her nails across his skin. Resting her chin on his shoulder she spoke sexily into his ear, "Welcome to your new home; this is all for you my slave and you will be spending a lot of time down here, so I hope you like it. I'm going to make sure you don't entirely like it of course...I've done all this to fulfil all your fantasies in time, and of course I know now that this has got to be real for you to get what you need from it so there will be some genuine punishments, pain, and discomfort for you as well as sexy fun and games. Now, I'm tired from the journey and am sure you are too, so we shall save the tour for later. I want to get unpacked, shower and relax in my beautiful new marital home."

So saying, she stalked over to the steel door on the left of the throne, and heaved it open, revealing a small, dark room behind. Once his eyes had adjusted, he realized it was a cell. An actual prison cell with a toilet and sink, mattress on the floor, and nothing else. He followed the tug on his leash and went inside, kneeling in response to the downward pressure of her hand on his shoulder. The leash was taken off and replaced by a heavy chain, one end secured with a heavy-duty padlock at his collar and cemented into the back wall at the other. It was long enough for him to reach the toilet, but not the door. She did not remove the cuffs but walked backwards from the cell admiring her steel bound husband who had so willingly become little more than her property. He looked veryW sexy in collar, cuffs, and cock cage all matching, but also somewhat pathetic, helpless, and scared. It was making her wet, but she had to stamp her mark on his psyche right away, so she took hold of the door handle on the outside, and before swinging it shut said, in as serious a tone as she could, "goodbye for now slave, you'll be safe in here until I need you."

With that the door slammed, and then the locks clanked shut, sealing him behind a second layer of bondage. The viewing hatch slid open and there was her face again. "I can't imagine there are many new husbands with wives as hot as me,

who would shun taking her to bed and fucking her nonstop in every hole, but prefer being locked away in an underground jail cell instead, not even able to wank thanks to their dick being locked in its own little prison, but...it takes all sorts to make a world, I guess. Take this time to get used to your new surroundings, there is bread and water in there with you, I won't be back all that soon. But then since there is no clock in there, or natural light, time will be meaningless to you and let's face it, we have the rest of your life to play with this. Love you!"

Without waiting for a reply, the panel slid shut and then he faintly heard the outer door lock too; there truly was no escape.

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Heading up the stairs, she felt a bit...odd. What was it? Lust, for sure, she had totally loved the feeling of locking him up, and his helpless, shocked expressions as he worked out what was going on. But more than that. She was suddenly uncertain. They were just married, and home from their honeymoon, any normal young couple would be enjoying their new home, settling into their new lives together, planning for the future, etc. Instead, she had barely got through the door before guiding him into the basement and locking him up so that they were not able to be together. And this was only the beginning of what she had planned for him long-term.

Walking thoughtfully up the stairs she went into their bedroom. A large, sunny room with plenty of wardrobe space, a good sized ensuite bathroom, and a walk-in wardrobe. There were no outwardly obvious BDSM items in here so that the room appeared normal to visitors, but even here adaptations had been made to suit their lifestyle. The bed had concealed fixing points screwed into its solid wood frame, it also lifted to reveal a space inside so she could tie him up in there and sleep above him. One of the wardrobes was in fact a sensory deprivation cell, and finally there was a steel eye screwed into the ceiling which was discretely covered by a fake smoke alarm.

She was sure this was ultimately what she wanted. Above all else she did love him and wanted to give him his fantasy lifestyle - the whole works. Falling in love with him had opened a world of discovery to her and she had quickly found her inner Femdom. Always being a quick learner, the finer points of bondage, punishment,

and all the associated dirty talk had come to her with ease, and she got a lot of very helpful tips from online stories, and reading through and interacting with forums too, even making a particular lifestyle-Domme friend online whom she corresponded with every few days. This pen pal was an experienced Domme who was located in the next county to them, though as yet they hadn't met in the real world. After all, you must be careful with people you meet on the internet!

As for her marriage, her immediate plan was to keep him locked in that tiny cell for a couple of days at least, and for 24 hours minimum he was going to be completely alone, with not even the slightest contact. She wanted him to really savor her visits. After a week or two she would let him come upstairs, by then there would be laundry and other chores for him to do, but he would spend his nights locked away in his dungeon cell and right now she wanted him to think that might be a permanent arrangement. One day maybe it would be...that boy had some very dark desires and she loved him so much there was no way she would let him down - all his fantasies were going to be fulfilled here. Her income was secure and required only light touch, being mainly investment driven, so she had plenty of time to plan and make things happen.

Over the last few months, she had gone from what she thought of as 'normal' to being a Dominant Goddess to him, and she now thought of herself as his owner. Still a couple, but a Female Led Relationship where he had zero input into anything. A small part of her resented that it was all about him, which is partly why she took it all so seriously, and why she had squeezed so much of their 'normal' marriage into the honeymoon. If they couldn't be a normal couple now because of his kinks then fine, but they would rinse every ounce of normality out over time and some of the fantasies on his list would inevitably lead to permanent lifestyle changes for them both...more so for him; plus, deep down she secretly hoped he would come to regret his choice to give himself to her in quite such a limitless manner. She had her plans to get her kicks too of course. But how she felt about him was likely to change over time, and as of now she hadn't really processed this fact.

For now, she drew a hot, bubbly bath, poured a glass of fizz and relaxed, thinking of her free time - no compromises for tv, films, shopping trips, decor, meals...it was all her choice from here. Her mind drifted to her steel-bound husband, locked away in his underground cell and completely at her mercy. What was he thinking about? He couldn't even wank thanks to her cock cage which he had now had on



constantly for 7 months. Maybe after a few days of solitary she might have to pay his cock and balls some overdue attention...

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Down in the cell time passed slowly. Once he had examined his bondage extensively, he explored the cell. The walls were concrete blockwork, there was no obvious source of light other than the dim naked bulb that hung from the ceiling, about 10 feet up. The door was solid steel but for the viewing hatch, currently closed and a letter box sized hatch at the bottom, also closed. The cell itself was about 8 feet by 6 feet. He tried the mattress and found it surprisingly comfortable, then inspected the rest of the furniture.

What he had thought was just a toilet, sink and tap was in fact also a store cupboard, inside which were some long-life bread, a plate, cup, some books and a photo album where every photo was of him in some sort of bondage position or other. He had no idea she was cataloguing their sessions like this. He put it aside to look at later; the last items were a letter, tube of lube and a set of 3 butt-plugs in different sizes, the smallest one was around 5 inches long and about the same girth as his own cock - well, as his own cock used to be before this extended lock down - so about 1 1/2' across. The others went up in increments both in length and girth, so he assumed he had to work up to the 8inch x 2inch one. Of course, they were all purple, shaped, and textured like real dicks, and the bases flared front and back and narrowed in the middle so they would sit nicely between his ass cheeks; he could sit down with them in, and they could be held in by tight underwear or a harness. She had thought of everything, damn, she was creative!

He turned his attention to the handwritten note.

"My Dearest Chris,

Welcome to your new home, and your new life together with me, your doting wife, and now owner. As you are reading this letter you have by now fully explored your cell, and should be coming to terms with the idea that our relationship now that we are married is altogether altered. I have spent a significant amount of time and money making this fantasy dungeon a reality for you and since I am not destined to have a normal husband, you had better believe that I am throwing myself into making all your fantasies come true.

Since you introduced me to your little collection of stories, I realized that you didn't just want these things, you needed them. To be totally and completely dominated, choices taken away, owned, kept, used, bound, imprisoned and I knew from that very evening of your interrogation that I would have to give it to you. You have no safeword, as per our agreement, and no way to back out of what you are going to experience.

You see, I love you, more than it's possible for you to know. And I knew that if I broke up with you over your kinks then you would follow your cock down some potentially dangerous paths looking to fulfil your desires and you may come to harm. There are a lot of freaks in this world! So, I decided I would be your freak and now here you are, chained up to a wall in a cell, behind 2 locked steel doors, in a secret dungeon under my house.

We are married, yes, but you're not really a husband, are you? You have nothing except what I give you, and no freedoms other than what I allow, and how do you intend to be my man when you are so clearly a pathetic, submissive little bitch? Your cock hasn't been free for 7 months now, what use is it to me?

At the beginning of all this I told you I wanted taken on holidays, dates, be spoiled etc., and, well, I don't think you have it in you. So, I may have to look elsewhere for companionship at some point. That is unless you can keep me interested of course, from the confines of your cell.

It doesn't change how much I love you; never forget that everything I'm going to do to you is out of love. You'll need to hold onto this thought at times over the coming years. Don't mistake me, I love that you have placed so much trust in me, and over the preceding months I've come to really get off on being your Domme!

Enjoy your cell, oh, and your little presents, they are modelled on some of my ex-boyfriends cocks. Have fun.

Love, your Goddess and owner, Jo x"

He re-read the letter twice. The cage grew tight on his cock once again, and his stomach churned butterflies as the depth of her descent into BDSM became clear. She really, really knew how to press his buttons, this fantasy was more than he could ever have expected to live out. What a woman. When she eventually let him out, he was going to treat her like a queen and take her to dinner somewhere

special, maybe a show, or the opera...showering her with love and attention anyway!

So horny had the letter made him he needed to have a release of some kind, so lubing up the smallest butt plug and his arsehole, he eased the cock head in until it 'popped' past his ring, and began gently fucking himself until the thing was slid all the way in and his own body held it in place. Moaning in pleasure at the feeling of having a cock filling him up, he lay back and read the letter all over again. Wow, he chuckled, she had made this thing seem so authentic! But...then...he felt the now permanent collar round his neck, looked around the actual jail cell into which he was locked, in the secret cellar of a house no one knew they had bought...and realized there was in fact nothing he could hang onto to suggest this was a game rather than a reality.

Then he started to wonder which ex's dick was in his ass...

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Luxuriating on their king size bed, she could not stop thinking about her prisoner and wanting to go and play with him, or get some head from him at least. By now he must have found her letter and, she hoped, was down there either grateful and horny having got what he wanted, or terrified and wishing he'd been more careful what he'd wished for. To be honest both thoughts made her pussy soaking wet, so she'd be happy in either case. The one scenario she hadn't considered was him thinking it was all still a game, and that the letter was just part of the effect!

Her plan was to break him in hard by giving him a couple of days in solitary, so she dismissed the idea of using him physically to get off. Instead, she reached for her wand vibrator. It wasn't long before the wave of climax crashed over her, the mental image of her steel bound husband (she really needed to decide what to refer to him as - husband no longer fit) entirely at her mercy pushing her over the edge. Thinking more clearly now, she settled on "bitch" to refer to him, his actual name no longer needed. He would refer to her as "Goddess", when he was required to speak at all.

Her Domme friend online had suggested the breaking in period. "Don't let him think he's still a free man once you're married, enslave him straight away and do not give him any hope of freedom. Remember you've given up your own husband

to give him his fantasy!". She chuckled to herself as the realization hit her; she had her own place, her own money, total freedom, and a live sex toy in her basement who had willingly given her full control over his body and mind. Burying her romantic notions deep down in her soul, her plans to show him just how fucked he was, took shape.

## Part 6

How easy it is to lose track of time when all reference to such a concept is removed.

The dimly lit cell into which Chris was locked had no access to natural light, no radio, tv, or screen of any kind, and no clock. His wife had not visited since chaining him up and abandoning him down here on their return from honeymoon, and after a while he had stopped trying to work out how long he had been alone down there.

It had been late afternoon when they had arrived home, and she had wasted no time in getting him collared, and then subsequently jailed in their brand-new underground dungeon, not even stopping to show him around. 'All business', is how he could best describe her manner as she had bound his wrists in front using thick steel cuffs, and locked him away, permanent steel collar chained to the concrete back wall of the cell.

He had been hungry and thirsty several times, had slept what felt like the right amount for a whole nights' sleep three times, and had spent what felt like hours on end enjoying living out his fantasy of being truly helplessly held captive, in bondage, with literally no way to escape except if she decided to release him.

He'd been horny most of the time, playing with his butt plugs often, and had moved up to the middle sized one; it took a bit of work but had eventually slid into place after a steady fucking which felt amazing, especially when he worked out they each had a powerful vibrator inside (this he only worked out after realizing the rack they were in was a wireless charging station), which only activated when fully inserted into his rectum. Quite the incentive.

How long HAD it been? He guessed 3 nights, maybe, and that was only based on his bodily functions, though the bread and water diet was hardly going to make that a reliable timer... great though all this was, he wanted to see his wife, to thank her for making this come true, and to get out for a break! Not to mention the food had run out at this point.

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She lay stretched out on her Egyptian cotton sheets (a wedding present), naked, enjoying the warm morning sun cascading through the chiffon curtains and playing on her creamy skin. At the same moment as he was wondering how long he'd been in her cell, she was herself wondering if it was time to go and pay him a visit. It had in fact been 2 1/2 days and although her plan was to go much longer, the thought had occurred to her that he wouldn't know how long to ration his food, and there was no way to provide more without heading down to the dungeon. Perhaps a quick visit, but without physical contact would be ok. She could even tease or maybe scare him a bit, that could be fun...

After dressing sexily, she made her way down to the kitchen and grabbed some more bread, and some fruit to keep him healthy. A cup of coffee for herself was really a prop to tease him with, he loved coffee but would have to really earn it as a prisoner. She headed to the study and opened the secret bookcase door.

Down in the cell, he pricked up his ears as faint footsteps sounded on the concrete stairs - she was coming! He shuffled towards the door and was brought up sharply by the chain on his collar, still 2 feet away from the door itself. The dim sound of a key opening the steel dungeon door came next, the footsteps then died away as she reached the rubberized floor of the main room and approached the cell. He was standing with his face level with the viewing hatch when it simultaneously opened and she flicked the dimmer switch up, flooding the room with bright white light. So used had his eyes become to the dim bulb that he couldn't see for several seconds, and dropped to his knees, shielding his face with his hands.

"Haha!!" She laughed cruelly and triumphantly, "down on your knees where you belong, that's a good little bitch, I think we'll make that a rule from now on. Whenever I grace you with my presence, you will greet me by kneeling and bowing your head, k?" She took a sip from her cup.

"Yes Goddess, thank you for coming, how long have I been here? I'm so glad to have a break, oh God and COFFEE!!". He gazed up at her, his eyes growing accustomed to the bright light, and saw a vision framed in the little square panel in the door. Her face and deep red hair looked fantastic, scraped into a harsh, high ponytail, and at that point she opened the cell door fully, presenting herself to him in the process.

His jaw dropped; she was out of this world, and he was so lucky to have her. Knee length black patent flat-soled platform punk boots laced up to her knees, meeting sheer black nylon crotchless tights, and a very high cut white halterneck thong-backed bodysuit just barely covered her pussy and arsehole, her hard nipples showing clearly through the clingy material. Short black leather gloves with fishnet backs, and smokey eyeliner completed the look.

"So, how's my little prisoner been enjoying his incarceration so far? I see you've been using your new toys, you horny little fucker. You've got one up your arse right now, haven't you?" Noting the middle one missing from the rack, it wasn't exactly Columbo-level detective work, but the look of hand-in-the-cookiejar across his face was priceless all the same. "Well turn around, let me see. Ooooooh yeah that's all the way in, I'm impressed! I loved that guy's cock, just not the guy it's attached to. Looking at all that precum you love it too, huh?"

"Yes Goddess, thank you, I've been horny almost all the time! Thank you for this. It's been amazing, what an awesome job you've made of this playroom, and that letter made it all seem so realistic too, thank you so much for indulging my fantasies. Are we going upstairs now?"

Without comment, the additional food was put down by the door. On standing back up, she met his hopeful, even expectant gaze with a cold eye. Her Domme friend had advised that breaking him now, early on, would be best for both of them. He needed to know that this was real, totally real, and equally she needed to hold her nerve so as not to risk 'going soft' and maybe letting him move back towards 'husband' status - this would not be her fulfilling his fantasies at all, even if it seemed like he wanted that. Even if she might want that...no. She hardened her face, and spoke sternly, words she had partly rehearsed over and over the past hour or two.

"Upstairs? I don't understand why you're asking to go upstairs. This is your home, I built all this for you! Didn't you read my letter? Upstairs is for husbands, downstairs is for submissive little bitches - like you. Pathetic little bitches who would rather spend the first three days of their married life chained alone in a cell with a cock up their arse and their own cock locked up, than ravishing their gorgeous new wife on their feather bed, fucking her pussy, cumming deep in her butt, or over her tits..." she was basically scolding him now, and he felt shocked, and small, like he'd done something wrong. "I've come down now with your food and to make sure you understand. Look at me, hot as fuck, right? No need to answer, I can see your cock bulging in its cage...I'm going away for a couple of days to meet some new people, dressed like this and you're staying locked in my dungeon. Just so there's some incentive for you, this cell door will NOT open again until you can take that biggest buttplug right to the hilt". Her tone shifted to sexy, playful even. "Once you can take that big boy all the way, maybe you'll earn a reward of sorts. Maybe." Switching back to stern, "but let's be clear, Goddesses do not serve coffee to their slaves!"

"But, Goddess, where are you going? And I...I don't...please, you can't leave me alone here again what if I need to get out? What if it gets too much?" He scrambled to his feet and was again brought up short by the collar chain.

"Wow, OK so you don't get it yet? Ha! Oh my, this is priceless! Firstly, what the fuck are you doing asking where I am going? That's no longer your business. Secondly, I can do with my property whatever I damn well please and that includes you, my little bitch. Finally, don't worry, if it gets too much, you can rely on the concrete walls, locked steel door and of course your manacles and chains to keep you imprisoned. There isn't a man alive that could escape this dungeon, so you're quite safe; I love you and would never allow anything really bad to happen to you. Anyway, as they say, the bondage isn't real until you want out."

"But I want out now, Goddess, it's real, it's real!!!" he pleaded, getting desperate now.

"Right...so what? I didn't say you could get out once it was 'real', you're in there until I decide I need my little bitch for something, and I can't imagine when that might be. Just knowing you're down here trying to fit a replica of my ex's monster cock in your ass to earn a \*possible\* opening of this door is hot enough to get me off... but I guess I'll check in on you in a couple of days when I get back, if I

remember...oh, and I think you have altogether too much freedom in there, put these on". She handed him a pair of steel 2 inch ankle cuffs joined by a 12-inch chain, all polished to match his chastity cage, collar and wrist cuffs. He must have taken in a defiant look, as she suddenly exploded "Don't look at me like that!!" A shock caused him to crumple to his knees. "That's better, didn't know about your collar's hidden security feature? That's just in case you ever get the idea you could overpower me. Can't have that. I've decided there's no more switching either, I don't want you getting the idea you're in any way dominant over me. Now, cuff your ankles bitch so I can get going. Don't make me shock you again!"

He sat down to snap them shut and increase his bondage. As soon as he felt them he knew they were designed for long-term wear, like all the rest of his restraints. Pulling the key from the concealed lock, he passed it to her by sliding it across the floor, his neck chain prevented him reaching her.

Smiling victoriously, and without even so much as a goodbye, she slammed the door on him, and his hopes of talking his way out. He scrambled to his feet just in time to see her grinning face through the viewing panel, and her winking before that too was shut with a bang, and the light returned to its previous gloomy dimness.

The lie about her going away had been for effect, but this exchange had got her hot as hell, and dressed as she was it seemed a shame not to do something about it. Time to see if her Domme friend was online for a bit of advice...time they met for a drink, too. A fresh wave of heat passed through her as he started wailing and shouting from behind the steel door; another shock silenced him immediately. Only she in the whole world could free him and delighting in that thought, her boots ascended the concrete stairs to daylight.

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After about 20 minutes when it was clear she had gone (he'd heard the outer door creak shut but despair had gripped his mind), he was actually sobbing on his knees. He had to get a hold of himself; come on, this was great - she was actually holding him captive shackled in a cell, just like he'd always wanted...hadn't he? This situation was pretty extreme but it knocked the self-bondage he used to do. That was just masturbating with props, this was actually real, and my word it seemed she was enjoying herself! The shock collar frightened him though. Why



did she feel that was needed? Unless...unless her plans for him might make it likely he would struggle to stop something happening to him...that was a scary thought given the "no limits, no safe word" situation he had so willingly put himself in. He pulled himself together and sat back, the plug making itself known once again.

But... who on earth was she going to meet dressed like that??? He glanced down at the largest of the replica buttplugs and began to worry about its significance. Even before his 7 months in chastity his own cock was about 3 inches shorter than that one, and not as thick. God she'd looked sexy in that outfit but there surely weren't many vanilla places one could visit in a white thong backed bodysuit and black crotchless tights!? Suddenly, the image of her sucking on that huge cock popped into his mind...and he thought about doing the same, his cramped up cock swelling in its cage. "No more switching" meant she may be taking steps to get her own satisfaction...this was a super hot fantasy scenario but made him feel a bit off in reality. The pressure of the cage on his dick gave away his true feelings however and right then and there, it was clear that whatever the hell was going to happen long term, he had a task to complete, and daunting though that task was, he'd better get started if he ever wanted to leave his cell...

## Part 7

Jo was in need of company. It was mid Friday morning and she had just left her husband chained up and locked in his underground cell. He'd been there alone for two and a half days since they came back from honeymoon and she was dressed up like a fetish model, having done so to show him what he was missing. Having explained to him that he wasn't getting out of the cell any time soon, and that to even have a chance he had to take a buttplug up his arse that was a lifelike replica of her **largest** ex, she had left the dungeon horny as could be, and all dressed up with no place to go.

They didn't know anyone locally, having moved away to pursue their new lifestyle in private but even after less than three days she craved company, company that she could speak openly with about her prisoner. Only one thing for it, she logged into *bound forum* and created a direct message to her Domme friend, with whom she had been chatting online for 6 months, but not met in person yet. They had

loosely spoken about where each other lived, but nothing specific, Jo just knew that Goddess Freya had her dungeon in the next county, where she took appointments with paying clients, as well as having her own slaves; a man and a woman who had come to her originally for a session as a sub couple, and then signed themselves over to her ownership.

She wrote:

"Hey fellow Goddess! Please don't think me too forward, but are you free for drinks today? My husband is a little tied up ;- ) and I'm at a loose end, thought it was about time we met!

Yours,

Goddess Jo x"

Before she could back out, and with her stomach doing cartwheels with the nerves, she pressed send. Not 20 minutes later, whilst having another cup of coffee, her phone pinged with a reply.

"Hi Jo! Well, this is a turn up for the books! What happened to 'anonymous online, eh? LOL. For what it's worth I've been wanting to meet you for ages, do you want to come here? The slaves and I have a client until 2pm, then after that we'd love to have you, you can have the tour, stay for dinner and drinks. Can't wait to hear all about your husband's predicament!

Do come,  
Goddess Freya x"

No going back now. Jo dashed off a reply asking for the address and when it came back, she realized they lived only a 20 minutes drive from each other, Freya's home and dungeon being in the next town all along. Three hours until the appointed time, just enough to get ready and buy a bottle of wine on the way. Checking her maps app, it turned out there was a nice cross-country walk which made the trip on foot only about an hour, and it meant she could have a drink or two and not need to drive home. She could wear what she had dressed in to tease Chris, with her thigh length fitted black leather overcoat covering her modesty. The white bodysuit she had on under her black crotchless tights was very high cut, very tight over her mound, and thong-backed, leaving very little to the

imagination. But her chunky punk boots were just the job. She packed a backpack with a few bits; phone, wallet, keys, etc. and just before leaving she popped in a pair of ben-wa balls to make the journey there that little bit more interesting. Leaving Chris chained in his cell downstairs, she slammed the front door behind her and headed excitedly and nervously for Goddess Freya's house.

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She arrived a little later than expected; the route had been muddy and she'd stopped for a drink to calm down and had clean up her boots at a nearby pub. Freya lived on a small, 3 acre country estate that had been a farm once, and consisted of a large Manor type farmhouse, and an extensive set of outbuildings arranged around a cobbled courtyard, all of which was situated well out of sight from the road down a gravel driveway about a quarter of a mile long. High hedgerows around the perimeter and a pair of tall gates kept prying eyes at bay. This great level of privacy was one of the reasons she bought the place; it meant there was no problem with her now clacking her way down the grand stone front door steps to greet Jo in her full Dominatrix outfit of purple latex long-sleeved, high collar catsuit and black leather stiletto heeled thigh boots, her long, black, single plait pony tail swishing about near her bum like a bull whip.

"Hiya!" She called, and embraced Jo warmly "so good to finally meet you and don't you just look a treat! My slaves will love you in that outfit, they're both bi and not shy of showing it around my friends. You'll meet them soon when I give you the tour but for now come inside and let's get acquainted better."

"Awwww it's great to meet you too Freya, or should I call you Goddess around here? And what a place you have! I can't wait to see where you keep your slaves."

"Freya is fine whilst you and I are equals, but you'd address me as 'Goddess' should that ever change, or when in my dungeon and slaves are present. Come me inside and let's get that bottle open shall we?" Jo handed over the wine she had brought and said "Lead on! I confess I've been a bag of nerves all day and could do with a drink."

"Oh, my dear Jo, why on earth have you been nervous? We're all friends here". She took her hand, and they walked through a spacious hallway into a large modern kitchen as they chatted, making small talk and learning about each other's pasts as Freya took Jo's coat - had a discrete but lingering and appreciative

look at her new friend's revealing outfit and figure- and poured the drinks. She was a little older than Jo at a discrete distance over 40, but with the figure of a 30-year-old gym bunny, and the eyes and smile of a down to earth and genuine person. Her DD boobs, rounded butt and toned, thick thighs complimented her hourglass waist perfectly but at almost 5'11" not including heels she had a powerful, Amazonian confidence about her while Jo had more of a sexy-metal/rock-chick-with-an-attitude kind of persona.

They perched on stools at the kitchen island and after pouring them each a second glass of Sauvignon Blanc, and with nervous small talk over, Freya decided it was time to come down to business. "So, let's see him then," she said, holding Jo's gaze just long enough to subtly seize control of the conversation and gently assert her dominance.

"See who? OH! Of course," and pulling out her phone, Jo opened the security cam app to show Freya her husband in all his bound and imprisoned glory. A few moments later at the press of a button, the outer dungeon cam loaded onto the screen so her friend could see the whole facility she had created.

"Oh, Jo he looks SO hot like that, those manacles look heavy! And that dungeon you've built looks fantastic, I can't wait to see it in person. Is that a real prison cell door? Where on earth did you find that?"

"He does suit the cell, doesn't he? I love the slightly frightened look on his face. I left him like this just this morning after adding the ankle manacles. He already had the steel collar, wrist cuffs and chastity, they are ¼" stainless steel and lined for long term wear, and the collar can shock him if he tries anything. Each time I visit I'm going to add more steel to his body until I've fully broken him in. Anyway, I got the cell doors from a scrap yard of all places, they had three and I bought them all when I was fitting out the dungeon, all still in their frames and luckily they're all keyed-alike. Came out of a prison refit apparently!"

"Three? So where is the third? I can only see two."

"Well one is the door to the whole dungeon, so he is actually locked behind TWO jail cell doors, and the other is for the oubliette, you can't quite see it from this angle but it's next to his cell, the two doors are in the same wall with my throne in between. I added the night vision cameras without his knowledge, and he's kept with minimal lighting constantly so he can't keep track of time. I love the idea that

he has no idea we can see him! Look", she said, holding the phone so Freya could have a closer look, "the dirty little pervert is fucking himself right now! Good boy." The last two words she kind of whispered to herself, lost in viewing her husband trying to get a lifelike copy of her ex-boyfriend's dick into his arse.

"Oh my, you have GOT to give me a tour of this place, if you don't mind me seeing your slave in person of course. I simply must see what you mean by an 'oubliette'."

"Of course, you can have a tour, I'd love to have you over to visit. For a while I had been against anyone but me seeing him, after all, he's my husband, but....since we got back from honeymoon a few days ago and he became a full-time, permanent submissive prisoner, I realized that he's not REALLY a husband anymore, though I still love him completely. He's just my property now, so I can show him to anyone I trust.... he'd probably love that to be honest and right now I only know you round here and you are the only one who knows I have a real prisoner in my cellar."

"And it's, what, 6 months now locked in that chastity cage too?"

"7 actually, and he's not been unlocked even once, I'm really proud of that. Health wise, he's perfectly safe as it's a surgical stainless-steel device and it fits really well, I inspect him regularly of course. We got lucky nailing the perfect fit the first time. I've got SUCH a cool mindfuck planned for his eventual unlocking too."

"I bet you have! You seem very creative, but are you not worried about using his cock again someday? That's a very long time to be in chastity without a single unlocking..."

"No, I'm not worried at all." She replied, "A matter of fact. As I said, he's perfectly healthy skin-wise and there's no reason that would change now. When we first started playing with chastity, I noticed that after the longer lock-ups - back then 2 weeks was a long stretch for him- he didn't get back to full size straight away, and I often get myself off thinking about that. Like, he's given me the power to shrink his cock, maybe permanently, who knows? That was also a theme of a lot of the bondage stories and porn captions he had saved on his computer, it's definitely a kink for him and I warned him repeatedly not to share with me anything he did NOT want to happen to him. So no, I'm not worried. If I need dick, I've got several

strapons and dildos cast from molds of my exes, and a magic wand or two of course."

"You're dark, I love it! And I can tell already that you have the will to see it through for him. So many chastity couples are just playing and regularly or even frequently unlock for intercourse. But tell me, what was his state of mind when you discussed your permanent contract, hard limits etc?"

"Don't worry, he knew what he was getting into, Freya. True, I may have got him to confess all his deepest desires, fantasies, and fears whilst horny and a little tipsy, but he signed his life over to me in front of the notary, stone-cold sober and already 6 months chaste. He still had the chance to call it all off, but he would have lost me in the process, since I knew he would never have felt fulfilled. He's an all or nothing kind of guy and I'm an all or nothing kind of girl".

"As for playing at chastity, that's exactly what we did until I got the steel cage for him. Those plastic devices are fun but they're not for long term serious use. Suddenly it was like wow - he can keep clean, the skin can breathe, we can see what condition he's in, it looks SO kinky with those shiny metal rings, and there's been no actual need to release him! When I found a route to long term chastity it was like the Enlightenment - but there's lots of cock torture and other fun stuff coming before we take the final steps".

Freya gulped a little and asked in a quieter, more serious voice "Final steps? What do you mean by 'final steps'?"

Jo grinned, realizing she had suddenly gained the respect of her much more experienced friend, replied in a heartbeat "Permanent chastity. I'm going to lock his cock away from everyone, forever; and he's going to beg me to do it. Plus, he's going to love me for it every step of the way, though I imagine he will say otherwise at times".

Freya caught herself getting wet at the sound of all this. She owned slaves herself, a couple that both wanted to experience slavery but being both subs, had willingly come to her and signed themselves into her hands. But their arrangement had certain guardrails to stop it going too far, Jo's husband it seemed had wanted no such considerations in their contract and had specified no end date and NO limits. This lucky bitch had met every true Lifestyle Domina's dream man! If only she had someone like that....her thoughts ran on to Jo herself,

who was undoubtedly right up Freya's bi-sexual alley... *Stop it Freya*, her internal monologue dragged her back to the conversation and out of her daydream.

"All I can say is congratulations, Jo. You've met the perfect man and he's so lucky to have met you, too. Now, you've made me extremely hot with all this talk of permanent chastity and bondage so let's calm down a bit while I give you the tour, yes?"

They took their refilled drinks and started with the perfectly normal ground floor of the house, which was spacious and sumptuously furnished with deep, pile carpets in the living rooms and hardwood floors everywhere else. There were two living rooms, a separate dining room, and a study, plus cloakroom and toilet for guests. The upstairs was similarly decorated in a modern/traditional style with 5 bedrooms (one of which was definitely NOT intended for sleeping), and finally a further staircase revealed a double attic done up as servants' quarters - very sparse and plain - this, Freya said, was where her slaves lived, though they didn't always sleep here if she was having her fun with them. Jo noted how much more freedom was allowed to Freya's slaves than she was going to allow Chris, for the time being at least.

Back downstairs, Freya paused with her hand on the handle of a small white painted door that they had not been through yet. She looked thoughtful for a moment and then spoke.

"Jo, my darling, the tour continues with the public playrooms - where I see my clients for sessions and host my kinky parties. My slaves and I use some of those facilities too, where I am Queen, Goddess, Mistress absolute, do you know what I mean?"

"Of course."

"No....no my darling, I've not been clear. I want to show you my chambers and have you meet my permanent slaves, but I cannot have my authority over them questioned for even a moment. So, I must ask that through this door you refer to me as 'Goddess' or 'Goddess Freya' is that clear?"

"Yes Goddess." Jo replied instantly - this was so intriguing she simply had to see what kind of dungeon a real Domme had built.

"Very well, don't forget or I will have to punish you in front of them to keep up appearances." She winked at Jo and continued, "You agree that through this door I am sole Domme and therefore you must go along with any instruction given. Before we go any further do you have any limits I need to know about, around physical contact? I have to attend to my slaves' needs around now and I may require your assistance in one way or another."

"I... yes Goddess, I'm willing to help in any way except for intercourse with anyone I'm not married to".

"That's a fair response, and leaves quite a bit of wiggle room, thank you. Now as far as my slaves are concerned you are my assistant, OK? Follow me, three paces behind."

They proceeded through a linking corridor to the complex of outbuildings. Freya showed her the welcome lounge, with a changing room and shower and walking wardrobe opening off it. This was where Freya had a pre-session chat with her clients and got them ready if there were any special clothing requests.

Then came the playrooms themselves, each accessed off a stone-floored corridor running round the outside, which also had doors leading outdoors at regular intervals, into the courtyard. There was a traditional bondage dungeon, a suspension room, medical room, a 3-bay stable where she was introduced to slave 1 and slave 2, tack room and barn which even had a small cart, then a prison cell with barred door, and several smaller isolation cells or cages, before they finally reached what she called the "soviet-style interrogation room". This place made Jo shiver - all it had in it was a tiled floor with a drain in the center, a steel chair with cut out seat bolted to the floor, and a large hook on a chain hanging from the center of the room, leading to a winch on the wall. And a huge two-way mirror in the wall facing the chair. All the rest of the room was clad in white tiles.

"Freya, this whole place is amazing, but this room gives me chills!"

"Haha", laughed Freya, "that's good, it's meant to scare confessions out of my victi- er...clients. I could get you to tell me anything once I had you strapped to my chair, believe me."

With that she left the room, Jo staring still at the steel chair, its basic police style handcuffs welded to a ring behind, and one for each ankle to keep the subject's



legs apart, the high back had a leather collar attachment and a weird looking threaded contraption. Freya's high heels clacked away down the corridor, and she shouted back "Come along Jo darling, dinner's ready!" She snapped out of her trance, wondered why she had a strong pang of heat in her belly, and followed Freya's footsteps back to the house.

After dinner Freya and Jo relaxed on the sofas in the main lounge, wine glasses refreshed once again, both realizing what good friends they were going to be in the coming months. Each of them could feel the depth of connection strongly and their conversation was easy, neither holding back and both enjoying the companionship of the other. The topic switched back to Jo's locked up bitch of a husband when the male slave had brought them some after dinner chocolates.

"What are your plans for the next week?" Freya enquired, out of genuine interest.

"He's got a couple of days' worth of food, so I'll leave him abandoned until that's been run out for a while. Mess with his mind a bit. I told him I was going away for a few days and before I left him, I said he had to be able to take the biggest butt plug all the way in or the cell door would never open again; it's made from a mold of my biggest ex-boyfriend's cock just for added humiliation for him. If he can show me that he can take it, I'll let him out and show him round the dungeon properly, maybe session with him a bit and then put him away again afterwards. I've not planned much after that!"

"Sounds like a solid plan, can I make a couple of suggestions?"

"Please!"

"OK, well first of all, make him fuck his arse with the plug in front of you rather than just show you it fully inserted. You can add your own commentary about him only being good for taking cock now, call him an anal slut, maybe make some vague references to how good you know that cock feels etc. and if his cock leaks precum make him lick it up. Then, when you do let him out of the cell make sure to lock his arms behind his back and keep the hobble chain between his ankles and use a leash to his collar, or cock cage. That will emphasize his submission. Do you usually punish him with any impact play?"

"I usually spank him a bit, but when I stocked the dungeon, I just bought a whole rack of stuff we'd never played with before like paddles, whips, crops, even a

cane. Corporal punishment was never one of his kinks though, he's a bondage slut really".

"Hmm. Doesn't matter any longer if it was one of his specific kinks or not, does it? His submission to you was total, with no limits and trust me, a bit of CP will be needed, along with that shock collar of his, in order to break him fully. It can be a really good release for you, too, beating a deserving man. But we can build you up slowly, he's not going anywhere" she grinned and sipped her wine while Jo blushed. "It's important you remember too that if and when you ever submit to anyone, he, as your property, would also be subject to that person too. Now isn't that a thought...." Freya's mind drifted off into a dark corner as the faint outline of a plan started to form.

Jo felt like she was on a roller coaster of emotions today. She was his Domme and loved it, but in front of the much more experienced Goddess, she found herself almost feeling like a total novice, like a student to a teacher. What was that about subbing to someone else?

Freya went on to outline a whole scene for Jo to play out over the next few days to really intensify Chris's descent into permanent bondage, and by the time they realized what the time was, it was quite dark outside and much too late to walk home cross-country.

"Why not stay over?" Freya offered. "As you saw, I have a few spare rooms, as we sometimes run as a kinky B&B and it would be lovely to have you as my guest, we have no customers at present and you can make full use of the rooms' extra features".

"Extras? I'm intrigued! But I must get back to my husb- my bitch of a husband, just in case".

"Nonsense Jo, he's as safe as he could be and literally not going anywhere. Tomorrow, I can give you a class in whipping a slave safely, too. I can send slave 2 over to house-sit if you like?"

She thought for a second before replying "Oh... no it's OK, I'm sure you're right he'll be fine, and it's actually quite hot knowing he's genuinely abandoned in his cell. I can check he's OK on my security cam app. I'd love to stay, thank you."

## Part 8

Chris woke slowly, stiff and achy, to the gentle clanking sound of his chains as he stirred from his fitful sleep. His wrists, weighted by the steel cuffs and chain, felt the body-temperature steel collar round his neck, so comfortable a fit but the weight was a constant reminder of its presence and significance.

After a minute or so he became certain he was awake this time; the last few sleeps (he couldn't say 'nights' with any certainty any more) the dreams had been so vivid and all of them had been related to his current predicament, that it was starting to mess with his conscious mind.

He glanced over to the cabinet by the cell door- yes, this was real. Half a slice of bread - all of his remaining food - and a terrible hunger that his unlimited water supply could not diminish, settled the point. He had had no contact whatsoever from his Goddess since she had left to "visit some people" what felt like it must be days and days ago and given him the ultimatum that until he could get a replica butt plug of her largest ex boyfriend's cock into his arse, the door of his cell would never open again.

He had achieved this task after a lot of trying - he'd always played with butt plugs, but this one was a thick, 8 inch cock, pure and simple. After the 8 inch length it tapered down to a narrow stalk with a metal contact ring and then the safety stop was a molded rubber pair of testicles one side, and a curved flange at the other side. Gripping those as he tried to ease the purple head of the cock into himself was extra humiliating for him, but he couldn't deny the swelling of his steel caged cock as he did so. The first time he felt it pop past his ring it hurt - he breathed deep for a full minute as he got used to the girth and felt that his own body had sucked it in, greedily, betraying him. That time, he only gave it a few gentle, tentative pushes before popping it back out and replacing it with a smaller size one - again a mold of one of her exes - to keep him stretched for another go in a little while. This one was still a good size by most male standards, but it slipped in relatively easily by now with plenty of lube and his arsehole clamped shut around the base, activating the metal contact ring and setting off the powerful vibrator and e-stim that felt as of he was getting a nice, deep, slow fucking back there, and acted as an incentive to get that big bastard's dick seated home to see what that

felt like. After all, it was 2 inches longer and about 2 inches thick...he knew he could cum in the cage, but he hadn't managed it with purely anal yet...that was one of the thoughts that kept him going. Her abandonment of him was starting to cause despair.

A few sleeps later and he found quite by surprise the plug slid in after just a few minutes fucking himself with it, and the sudden, almost violent vibrations sent his eyes rolling back into his skull, even before the e-stim kicked in and, though he didn't exactly cum, it definitely milked his prostate to exhaustion. The sensation was so great that when it was over, he passed out with the plug still filling his arse. This would be a humiliating way to wake up; she couldn't have planned it better if she'd tried!

This very full feeling was how he had now woken up. Groggily he felt between his legs; just past his own locked up cock and balls was that rubber set of balls and he winced in pain and pleasure as he sat up, forcing the plug to restart its vibration sequence. He moaned a deep, guttural, primal moan and at that very moment the cell door creaked open, light flooding in and there was Goddess Jo, standing tall over him with a devilish smirk on her face, hands on hips, naked but for shoulder length black latex gloves, matching thigh high hold up stockings, and 6-inch patent heels with platform toes and 4 straps. Two crosses of black tape covered her nipples and her hair cascaded loose about her shoulders and her skin glowed and shone with oil she had applied.

"Tut, tut, tut, you filthy little bitch," she said in a sultry, low voice, wagging her index finger in mock admonishment.

He had immediately snapped out of his reverie and in shame (and in vain), tried to hide what he'd been up to whilst scrambling into the kneeling presentation she demanded of him. The plug kept buzzing away however and his cock was dripping.

"Just look at you," she said with mock disdain, though it felt real enough to him. "Is that my ex's cock you're having fun with? Turn around. On your knees, face on the floor, ass up." He did as he was told and presented himself to her, feeling tiny, dirty, and exceedingly horny.

"As I thought, well, you seem to be enjoying his cock even more than I did, and I'm impressed you've managed to take it balls deep already, kudos for that, but of

course I know just how good that dick feels buried in your ass, I've had it all the way in mine often enough...the original I mean, not the copy. But then perhaps I just underestimated how much of a cock hungry slut you'd turn out to be if left to your own devices. Have you anything to say?"

He hadn't spoken a word for several days, so a little croakily he said "Goddess, thank you for honoring me with your visit, I hope you are pleased I completed your task. May I ask how long I have been down here?"

"Very respectful answer, and I'm happy to come visit now and again as long as your suffering still entertains me. I'll always keep my loving husband safe," she said in a more demure tone. Then switching back to strict and dominant, "As for your task, yes I'm happy you managed it, but I'm not sure about all that pleasure you seemed to be having when I caught you - that may need to be...balanced out, shall we say? As for the term of your imprisonment, that is none of your business, you don't need to count the days, you're mine for life, remember?"

"Y...yes Goddess, of course," he said, still face down to the floor. "I'm sorry, I just missed you so much and I'm so hungry, and I want to get out. That's why I tried so hard to succeed with this plug...oh god, the e-stim is pulsing up again!" He couldn't speak any further, returning to that base moaning as the sensations got the better of him.

Jo stood there in the doorway and bit her bottom lip and without noticing, her gloved right hand began working her clit. Before her was a man that she had taken, bound, imprisoned, and now it seemed she had started to change his very being. He was nowhere near 'broken' yet though, as he had just mentioned once again about getting 'out', but she had him squirming like a wanton slut after just a relatively short time in isolation. This time was crucial - she had him teetering on the edge of total submission.

"My, my, that IS a lot of precum you're leaking! Estim plugs are wonderful, aren't they? But electricity can be such a fickle mistress; pleasure on the one hand of course, but she can also be used to administer..." With that she pressed the button on the shock collar remote, on a fairly low setting compared to what it COULD provide, but strong enough so that he yelped and wound up flat on the floor, and fully awake and present. "...Pain. That got your attention, had you forgotten about my little gift? Get up on your knees and look at me."

He struggled in his heavy chains and manacles, into a kneeling position and looked up into her eyes, drinking in the heavenly sight of his wife as he did so. Whimpering slightly as well, he noticed to his own surprise. The steel restraints had such a powerful effect, he looked every inch like a prisoner in a medieval castle dungeon, though the steel was highly polished rather than rusty.

"Hope that little buzz didn't hurt too much, but do try and remember your place and bear in mind that was setting 2 of 10, won't you? Good. Now then, you may stand, slave, and remove your butt plug."

He did so, carefully so as not to cause any damage to himself, but he couldn't help slumping onto his knees again as the big head popped out of his hole. He dropped the toy next to him with an exhausted sigh and stood back up, facing her. "Thank you, Goddess," was all he could think to say.

"You may not wish to thank me a little later," she said seriously, "but that was quite the little show - I may have to film you and make a porn-clip site with you as the star - hooded of course - make you earn your keep that way, huh?" She didn't wait for an answer but went on "I guess you'd like to know where I've been all this time. Well, I've made some new friends; they loved hearing all about my little prisoner and I've also learned some new skills. But enough words, let me give you a...demonstration. Lift your wrists to me."

He did so, walking forward to the extent of the chain that held his collar to the back wall of the cell, as she unlocked the chain from one cuff. "Turn around, hands behind your back. Quickly, bitch." And before he knew it his wrists were secured once more, the chain gone since the padlock joined the D rings on the cuffs together directly. He wriggled a little, testing the bonds. "You're right, still too much freedom. Hold on a moment, don't go anywhere."

She went over to the equipment rack and came back with a few items. He remained exactly where he was, fearing another jolt from the shock collar. That thing was terrifying.

A wide leather strap encircled his arms above the elbow, and he grunted as the buckle pin slipped into place and was then padlocked shut - totally unnecessary but in spite of himself and his current doubts he loved her for adding it. The excitement grew as he was turned to face the door and the chain was unlocked

from the collar, replaced by a leash clipped to the chastity cage, by which she led him out of the cell for the first time in over a week.

"How does freedom feel?" She laughed. "I figured you earned a change of scenery for completing my challenge. Let me give you a tour of my dungeon. You know every inch of your cell by now, I'm sure, and you see before you the main playroom - or punishment room depending on how I'm feeling."

Tugging on the chain she led him round the large room, allowing him to take in each piece of bondage furniture, the racks of equipment, restraints in leather and steel, harnesses, clothing, straps and other hardware, hoods, manacles, whips, floggers, a cabinet full of different lubes and lotions, dildoes, plugs, a couple of rolling carts for moving bits and pieces like e-stim machines, clamps closer to wherever the victim was restrained...there was too much to take in. She must have spent thousands on all this. The furniture alone consisted of a wooden St Andrews Cross, a throne, a heavy bondage chair, bondage horse, several cages of different configurations, one of which had a padded top, a winch, and that's before all the smaller but no less substantial items like wooden stocks and other items in the corners that he couldn't quite make out.

But he wasn't allowed to see behind the other locked solid-steel cell door, which she dismissed as unimportant.

"OK bitch, now it's time to balance out all that pleasure my ex-boyfriend's dick has been giving you, and this little bit of freedom. I've allowed you. As I said, my new friends have been teaching me some techniques - they're kinky people too, though not as dark as you - and I want to test out my skills, now, bend over this horse."

He was led back to the bondage horse. The leather was cold on his bare chest, but it warmed quickly with his body heat and he enjoyed the sensation of thick straps being tightened all over him, holding him tightly along the length of the padded top. It was a solid wooden contraption, painted black, about 2 feet wide at the bottom and tapering upwards to the 10-inch-wide black leather top like an old fashioned gym horse, but with many straps and eyebolts riveted to it. The top was the perfect height for her prisoner to have his legs spread apart (as far as the chain between the cuffs would allow) and tightly strapped to the horse at the ankle, knee and thigh, everything pulled taught. The latter straps lifted his round

butt cheeks the same way a jock strap does, and made it an even more inviting prospect. The final touch was to haul his steel bound arms upwards using a chain hoist to give him a sort of super-strict yet comfortable strappado, and leave his sexy arse totally open at her mercy, his caged cock and exposed balls trapped up against the wooden front of the contraption, the leash pulled down tight and tied off to a ring bolt near the floor, adding a delicious pull on his manhood while making any movement on his part somewhat more exciting.

This position was absolute heaven to him. Not an inch of give in the bondage apart from being able to jiggle his bound arms a little from side to side. Subspace was beckoning to his consciousness. Slowly, she strutted round in front of him, in her shiny, rubber stocking feet now but wearing a black military officers cap and ominously tapping a leather riding crop into her gloved left palm. Up went his eyes and met hers; she allowed him this transgression and caught herself looking down on him with love, tempered with lust, and more than a little pity, for she knew what he was going to experience next and was certain that when she was through, that loving look in his eyes would be gone, replaced either with despair or fright, anger or anguish - she couldn't wait to find out.

Roughly catching hold of his hair, she squatted down bringing their faces level, and ran the leather flap of the crop down the side of his face before licking the sweat from it and giving it a sexy bite. He swayed with desire in his strict bondage.

"Balance, baby. The universe exists in balance, and your life now is to be no different. To balance pleasure, we have to inflict a little...pain, to balance it out." The rubber gloved fingers of her crop hand found their way to her soaking pussy again and as she pulled his head backwards causing an open-mouthed gasp from him they entered his mouth, the taste of her cunt juices melted what was left of his resolve and he started begging, hand-gagged though he was. Her mind translated:

"Please, Goddess, please let me lick your pussy, please let me taste you and make you cum!"

She removed her fingers from his mouth and slapped him hard across the face, still holding his hair in her tight grip. She'd never done this to him before and he was stunned into silence.



"Trouble is, this pussy is currently out of bounds to pathetic little bitches. And what are you?"

He paused half a second too long and received another slap. Still holding his hair she lined his eyes up with her own so they were looking deep into each others' gaze.

"What. Are. You?" Her tone now took a more serious, stern tone and immediately, almost before she finished the question he blurted "your pathetic little bitch!"

"Say it again, say it properly"

"I'm your pathetic little bitch, Goddess"

"LOUDER!"

"I'M YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE BITCH, GODDESS JO!"

She smiled a dangerous, devious, victorious smile and let his hair go as she stood up. "That's right. My pathetic, little, bitch. So no, no more pussy for you unless it pleases ME to use you in that way and I think I've made it QUITE clear that today that is not the case. With you locked away down here behind two steel doors and in all those steel restraints it is honestly a bit of a chore getting you out - so don't expect me to be using you all that often. Lucky for me the long-term bondage fantasies you shared with me mean I could lock you away and forget about you for months on end and you'd still love me for it, wouldn't you?"

She was circling him again with the crop tapping ominously once more, inwardly, he admitted to himself that, yes, he would love her all the more for that. She went on "no, no, I'm not here today for any other reason than to tell you about - that is to say demonstrate - my new skill, or perhaps hobby, if I like it! Pretty sure I'm going to love it and I hope you'll get some kind of enjoyment from it too. As for my own pleasure you needn't worry about me, I'll make sure I'm looked after in that regard".

The next thing he knew was the stinging pain across his arse as the crop came whipping down, and the involuntary "ARGHHHHH FUCK! What are you doing?!" that left his mouth as a result. Immediately, he dreaded the next few minutes.

Previously he had been spanked, of course, and pretty hard too, even by her. But this was his first real experience of real impact play, or corporal punishment as it had never much interested him before. Who the hell were these "new friends" and what else might they lead Jo into doing to him? Before he could process these thoughts she was in his ear again.

"That's a funny way to say 'thank you Goddess, may I have another?' As it was a surprise I'll let it slide but I don't want any more slips in your manners, so let me help you out. Open wide."

A large, but soft, leather gag was forced into his mouth, packing it fully, and his caged cock twitched as the lattice of thin leather straps tightened around his head and under his chin, a padlock being added to the main buckle for no reason other than she knew it would increase his libido still further. "I love locking that mouth of yours away" she whispered in his ear.

Again the crop came down without warning, harder this time and a quiet but powerful "MMMMFFFFF! NNNNNNGGGGGG!" and a good deal of whimpering interspersed with quick breaths through the nose told her that the gag was effective, and the crop was having the desired effect. It sounded like he might be trying to request that she desist from cropping him...so she ignored this of course as his opinion was worthless, and continued.

Twelve more swats with the crop and it looked like he was genuinely trying to break out of the totally inescapable bondage she had him in, and he was making such sexy gagged noises that rubbing her naked, soaking, clit with her free hand gave her waves of pleasure through her whole body, topped up with each successive stroke. At 14 strokes he went limp in his restraints, but the breaths came short and fast as he tried to breathe through the pain. The look on his face that she had been so keen to see turned out to be more a mixture of shock and exhaustion than anything else, and at this point the blows stopped; he'd had enough for the first time. As his breathing returned to normal the winch was released, dropping his arms onto his back. Another long strap snugged his arms down tightly, this alone told his pained mind that this wasn't over yet. But at least the cropping must be, since he could now shield his butt with his hands, if he dared.

"I'm impressed at how well you took my crop, not that you had any choice of course. I wasn't sure I was going to enjoy it and I'm almost ashamed to say it gave me great pleasure causing you to make such sexy noises... and it appears I really enjoy you suffering for me. It didn't sound like you entirely enjoyed it... but that's not my problem - sorry not sorry, right? You can stay here a while, your day isn't over yet but I badly need to get off, and you haven't earned the right to enjoy the sight or sound of me cumming just yet. See you later honey, don't go anywhere!"

With that she was gone the steel door of the dungeon creaked shut and locked behind her. All he could do was wait.

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Why had she not done this before? As Jo ascended the stairs back to the normal part of the house, with that familiar feeling of butterflies in her stomach, and soaking wet cunt, she almost asked this question aloud. It had been her friend Goddess Freya, a local pro and lifestyle Femdom, who had suggested that punishing Chris might be a useful part of the 'breaking in' process. Apart from a bit of moderate spanking, corporal punishment hadn't formed part of their play when they were a 'normal' couple, nor had it been prevalent in the wealth of kinky material that he had collected online and shown to her when she had wanted to learn what his deepest and darkest fantasies entailed. This collection of stories, captioned photos and even a couple of videos had indeed been deep, and dark - she had warned him not to show her anything he didn't want to **possibly** become reality, but like any kinky man he had thought only with his dick, gone balls-deep and just let her loose on the whole lot - extreme bondage, permanent slavery, chastity, femdom, anal, cuckolding, denial, abandonment...even some packaging and burial stories were in that folder.

But nowhere had he saved anything that was purely about pain. Jo had said this to Freya when she had asked how she was punishing Chris, and batted away her protestations that it "wasn't one of his kinks"; since Chris was now no more than Jo's possession, her bitch, her toy, prisoner, plaything...victim even, and as they had deliberately and willingly specified no limits, it was going to be important to do things to him that he wouldn't have chosen. This would be especially important during the breaking-in phase; he simply HAD to be shown that he had literally given up all his choices. That first, relatively short 14 stroke session with the riding crop had clearly been moderate in its intensity and the red lines on his

ass would probably be gone by morning and definitely wouldn't bruise or anything. Plenty of time to work him up to that if made her as hot as this; new kink unlocked! She couldn't wait to see Freya again and show her the video of it all.

Heading up to the bedroom Jo sprawled on her huge bed and finished herself off with her magic wand, bringing herself to a shaking climax in under two minutes before unintentionally falling asleep exhausted still in her fetishwear.

A couple of hours later the afternoon sun, warm on her skin, and even warmer where she was covered in rubber, woke her as it moved round and hit her face. She started up quickly and peeled off the rubber leggings, gloves and tape before shoving her legs into bright blue seamless gym leggings and pulling a tight long-sleeved matching crop top down over her breasts. Not bothering with a bra, her nipples poked out strongly through the thin, clinging fabric. Catching her hair up in a simple, high, ponytail fastened with a basic hair-tie, she checked the ensemble in a full length mirror; perfect for a bit of attention in the gym, she was really getting into being a tease and as her body was already sweaty it made sense to head there next and shower afterwards.

On the hardwood floor her sexy bare feet left little prints of moisture as she padded towards the stairs, but he wouldn't get to see them this time as a pair of trainer socks and white sneakers were pulled on in the hallway - making herself ready for a workout. This body didn't just happen, after all. Checking the camera app on her phone to see all was well, she grabbed her gym bag and headed out for her session.

Her bitch could wait - he had no choice.

## **Part 9**

Down in the dungeon, her prisoner had had altogether too much thinking time; strapped along the bondage horse, exhausted, sore and unable to move after his cropping; there hadn't been much else to do. The problem was that in his previous life, before accepting his Goddess' collar and now surrendering to her his free will, body and soul in perpetuity, safeword free, he had always been something of an over-thinker. This is not good when you have nothing but

thinking time and your free-will has been given over to another, and that other is making way more of it than you thought her capable of. The identity of these "new friends" she had mentioned, who had taught her about administering pain, and their possible other influences on his Goddess was turning his mind inside out, and back to front. She hadn't been in the scene, or known much about BDSM until meeting him, and he wasn't aware of any local acquaintances - kinky or vanilla - so who WERE they?

And also WHAT were they? All women? A couple? Men? D or s, or both? Were they lifestyle or Pro? And what would their motivation be towards teaching his Goddess how to inflict corporal punishment on him?! For all he knew they could be sadistic lesbians who dislike all men and were working Jo up to some really harsh treatments just out of malice, or they could simply be people in the scene giving her genuine tips to be a better Domme.

What had she been up to? He knew they had taught her how to use that crop. Some lovely images of such a lesson played out in his mind's eye...his cock twitched slightly in its small steel cage.

Eventually some submissive part of his brain reminded him that his Goddess wouldn't let him come to real harm; she loved him. And that he should be grateful she was getting so into the kink and doing so much to make his fantasy reality...then he remembered the permanently locked metal around his neck, and the paper he had signed giving her no-limits ownership over him. He remembered what she had said about no longer being a real husband but just her property, no more switching, about not having her needs met by him now...and some other images came into his head that he should NOT have found so arousing...

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The dungeon door crashed shut, slammed from within, and he woke with a start, having not heard her open the door; he couldn't see as he was facing away, still strapped along the horse. Knowing it would be foolish to ask any questions through the large gag packing his mouth, he wondered in silence what was going on behind him with all the stomping about and annoyed sounding sighs coming from her.

He had no idea how long she had been gone, but his arse didn't hurt any more after the cropping earlier so maybe it had been a few hours. Next the straps were

cast loose, and the gag taken from his mouth. The built-up saliva dropped onto the leather padding and increased his feeling of helplessness. Without a word he opened his mouth as a new gag with a straw-like tube through it was forced in and locked around his head. The design allowed him to suck and swallow but not to speak. Still working from behind and out of his view, all the rest of his restraints were removed, except for the more or less permanent metalwork encircling the neck, wrists and ankles.

This meant that Chris was standing up, gagged, ankles chained together by a 12-inch chain between polished steel cuffs, wrists in matching steel cuffs padlocked close together behind the back, matching permanent steel collar - the lock had been filled with epoxy and the key snapped off in it - and of course his snug fitting steel chastity cage which had now been locked on his cock for over seven months without a single removal.

Facing into his dark cell, Jo began to speak for the first time since her arrival. Her voice tone was cold, matter of fact, tinged with annoyance.

"Bitch, I've had to come home to put you away, instead of being able to go out for dinner and clubbing with some people I've met at my gym class. This cannot become a problem for me, I want to live my life and not become YOUR slave so I've decided to accelerate my plans for you by a few weeks. The gag you have in your mouth will allow you to drink and once you go back into your cell it will be connected to your sustenance supply of water and essential vitamins and minerals to keep you alive - I don't know when I'm next coming to see you and this feeding system means I can be free to explore the area, and myself for a while without having to be YOUR fucking maid!"

With that, a firm hand between the shoulder blades pushed him into the dark cell and his collar chain was locked back in place with a mechanical grunt from his mistress.

He turned and saw her as she flounced out of the cell, coming back carrying a five gallon drum of his sustenance and a thin tube which was then connected to the gag in his mouth. This would last a very long time, he noted with fear. Too long to be gagged for, surely? He'd never been treated like this and her attitude was very worrying, they couldn't have been doing this for much more than a week and she was fed up already? Surely not, after all a huge amount of work and cash had

gone into converting the house, hopefully this was just a short-term bad mood. Still made him feel shitty though as the last thing he wanted was for her to regret her choice to indulge him in his fantasies.

"Better make this last," she said mechanically. "This tank is all you have until I decide to bother with you again. You won't need your hands for anything so they can stay behind your back, but you might as well have this little present whilst I'm here. Her arms reached round his middle and closed another piece of steel, this time a rubber lined steel belt about 3 inches wide just above the hip bones, locked with the usual concealed padlock at the front. Quickly clicking the cuffs holding his wrists to a short post in the center of the belt behind him, the bondage took on a slightly stricter feeling. This would not be a comfortable period of isolation for him and as panic set in the begging, pleading, and struggling became frantic. Advancing on his Goddess in shuffling, desperate steps towards her until the collar chain brought him up with a yank and he fell to his knees as it shocked him strongly for three seconds.

It didn't stop the gagged pleading, however, which went on for some time after he'd seen the look of disdain plainly etched on her face as the door closed once more, plunging him into darkness for an indeterminate sentence. For some minutes after locking the cell, she stood outside and listened to the gagged wailing coming from within and despite her genuinely pissed-off mood, the power felt intoxicating. He was suffering in there, at her whim. All he would be able to do was sleep, drink, use the toilet, and despair until she decided he'd had enough.

Satisfied that there was nothing more to be done in the dungeon, she locked up and went for a glass - which became a bottle in short order - of wine and a bath in the roll top tub that made the master bathroom feel that much more luxurious. Sometime after Jo's third glass, a text message pinged up on Goddess Freya's phone:

'Hey lovely, can I pop over for a chat tomorrow? Need some advice from someone who understands x'

Freya had been working up to inviting Jo back anyway since they had had such a good time and didn't hesitate to reply: 'Hey! I'd love to have you over again, why not come early tomorrow and stay for a couple of nights? Bring some kinky outfit

changes and you can help me with a couple of client sessions and continue your training'.

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The evening of the 1st day of Jo's second visit to Freya's estate saw the two Dommies reclining on a plush sofa in the living room, each resting their bare feet on the back of a slave. Freya's slaves had once been a kinky married couple but both being subs, had come to Freya for a session together as dual slaves. One thing led to another, and they had eventually signed a slavery contract submitting themselves to Freya for the long term. It wasn't a "forever" deal like Jo and Chris had made, but slaves 1 and 2 ( slave 2 being the female and therefore slightly above the male) were only given the option to leave once every year and if either took it, Freya would dismiss them both. Of course, this meant that neither ever would, not wanting to ruin the other's chance to live out their ultimate fantasies!

The day had been spent hosting a CFNM event and they were both exhausted. It's hard work belittling 6 grown men for several hours, thinking up constant new insults and trying not to use the same words to describe each small dick - and all the while in tall heels and a clingy black nylon catsuit with a webbing harness over the top.

Two of the men were in chastity for Freya already so these guys got the full verbal treatment from Jo, it being an area of some expertise for her having teased Chris long-distance for so long. By the end of the day, two more had been locked up, taking advantage of a free two-week keyholding trial (once they had bought the devices) and Jo had got a real thrill when Freya asked her to do the honors and click the locks shut on their cocks, though at first she'd hesitated, wondering if it would be considered cheating.

Freya had reminded Jo that you cannot 'cheat' on a possession and that in any case, she was taking these guys' cocks AWAY from them with chastity, not having sex with them. Quite the opposite!

After this she had had no qualms at all when Freya offered her a thick rubber tawse and the chance to redden the ass cheeks of all six as they obediently knelt in a row with their heads down for six of the best to close the session out and give all of the men something to think about on their way home.



Freya included her own slaves in the lineup too, so Jo was forced to discipline them as well - her first direct experience of anything remotely sexual with another woman and she was interested to feel the same rush of power and heat at the sound of her screams and moans as she felt at the men's! The tiny hint of a smile this elicited did not go unnoticed by Freya. "I'll make a sadist of you yet my lovely," she said, giving her a squeeze as they clacked their way back down the stone corridor to the main house, leaving the slaves to clear up the dungeon before following along to be used as footstools and to serve dinner and drinks.

"I don't know about that", she replied coyly, "I love giving them pain, especially knowing its part of their kink too, but I hate receiving it. I never liked spanking, gags, nipple clamps etc when bitch and I used to switch."

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"So I need your advice with something", said Jo after the warming confidence of a G&T had done its work. "See, we used to switch as I said, when I needed to get some dick. As you know, I used to let him loose on me with a strap on now and again when I needed a good fucking (his cock has been in chastity for months and I won't need it again), and he was pretty good at it, even cuffed me and stuff but...he's permanently collared now and as you said, I needed to assert my dominance once and for all. Having left him the way I have, I really can't go back to allowing that little bitch to have any freedom, let alone any dominance over me even if I want to. I don't want to cheat on him with another man, slave or not...but when I need to not be in charge for a bit, what do I do??"

"That's a big question, and it depends on a few things. How submissive are you, like, what ratio of Domme to Sub would you say you are?"

Jo looked a little puzzled at this question and replied "Oh, I'm not submissive at all, I'm a Domme all day long I just want to get fucked every now and then!"

Goddess Freya had almost 20 years in the scene compared to Jo's year or so, and wasn't having any of this. She leaned forward, put her gloved hand on Jo's knee and replied kindly "No, Jo, you are not 100% Domme. Very few women are, and from what you have told me over the last few months, I'd say you were about 60:40 Domme to Sub. Your lifestyle may suggest otherwise; let's face it, you've taken your husband and given him his ultimate fantasy, that is to say a total transfer of his power, to you. He can no longer back out of whatever it is you've

got planned for him, even if he changes his mind! You know it's what he wants, deep down, and because you love him, you'll see it through, no matter how much he might regret it. But you're now realizing that it's all on you and YOU might not be getting everything you need from your husband as a result, that's why you've come to me, right? I thought so,"

She reclined again as Jo's eyes dropped and gave her away. "Oh, do you think I won't be able to give him what he needs?" Jo asked, sheepishly.

"Oh no, you're doing great, he'll be loving or hating every minute, it's YOU I'm thinking of. You're his Domme, his owner, his Goddess and that's a big responsibility, and unless you get your needs seen to, you'll be as much his slave as he is yours and that's not good for either of you. You don't want to end up resenting him like you did the other day, but you are responsible for your prisoner at all times too, and it does weigh on a Domme, trust me I know. There needs to be balance. Hey look, the good news is you don't have to do this alone since you have me and my slaves here to help. Don't get hung up on who does what to whom and what's 'cheating' and what isn't. You're a Goddess and you should get what you need, whatever that may be, whoever it may be from and don't be afraid to ask for it, especially here! We can help you push your boundaries, learn about yourself, let you switch, and we can even help you with your bitch back home if you'd like a longer break - why should you get him all to yourself?" she winked.

Freya extended her heavily tattooed arm and gripped Jo's hand, firmly, shooting a sultry stare that made Jo lift her eyes until they met; she looked away quickly, feeling that Freya had seen something deep in her soul for a moment, her hands shot submissively to her lap.

"I... I..." she stammered, and with a gulp met Freya's piercing but friendly gaze for a moment. "I..." in this moment all her confidence had been reduced down to nothing, she was confused about her desires, torn between getting her kicks and loyalty to Chris - in that moment she stood up overwhelmed and ran from the room in embarrassment, heading for the dungeon area to get her coat but in her confusion missing the door of the cloakroom, stepped instead into another chamber.

Still in her black nylon catsuit and high heels from the afternoon session, the metal chair of the soviet interrogation room sat before her. Standing, staring at the chair, a hand gripped her shoulder tenderly and Goddess Freya spoke softly in her ear.

"It's okay hun. Hey, why not let me take control, and make you tell me what you desire, if you can't find the words yourself? I promise to respect your limits... and that you'll enjoy it. I saw how this room affected you when you first saw it."

Silence. Jo was frozen to the spot, aware of the question, aware that her friend was trying to help, but also aware that some part of her subconscious was screaming at her that this moment, this decision, would change her forever, one way or another.

Freya knew this could be her one chance and slowly encircled Jo with her arms, one across her chest and the other round her waist, hugging her firmly but not roughly from behind. Her breasts pressed into Jo's back as she spoke in a gentle whisper.

"I don't know if you meant to come into this room specifically, but I'm glad you did, it's my favorite. We'll find out all your desires and limits in here. We already know you like to be handcuffed and fucked; I wonder what else you're into... let me help you find out? You trust me, don't you Jo?"

Jo breathed deeply and made her choice based purely on the butterflies in her stomach "I... I do, Freya. Please, Goddess. Take control of me."

"My pleasure," she whispered in triumph and before Jo could back out, Freya had her right arm looped around Jo's elbows and tightened her grip over her chest with her left and was hustling her quickly over to the chair. Plonking her down she secured her friend's wrists in the handcuffs welded to the back-rest and quickly did the same with her ankles, spreading them to the outside of each front chair leg to which a single cuff was welded. This kept the victims' legs spread and since the seat had a cutout, gave full access to the crotch area.

Jo began to protest as the tall, thick leather collar was fastened round her neck and cinched to the top of the backrest, but Freya ignored this and carried on securing her, adding an elbow belt, and another belt to each thigh holding her legs to the seat.

All this bondage was so efficiently applied it took her breath away. It held her posture elegantly upright, with a straight back and head facing forwards almost defiantly, unable to look anywhere but in front. Her arms were pulled tightly but comfortably together behind the backrest which thrust her tits forward beautifully. The black catsuit was still clinging to her in all the right places, though the webbing harness had been taken off before dinner. Freya stood back and admired her handiwork- she had not expected to seduce her friend into bondage quite so soon but was not one to miss a signal when it was thrown out. She had liked what she saw of Jo as soon as they met; not just her sexy figure, curvy but toned, slightly alternative look, but her whole manner and the way she had come from vanilla to keeping her husband in permanent chastity and restraint mainly to fulfil HIS submissive desires, out of love for him, so quickly. But she also knew when someone needed to be brought out of their shell and made to see what they really wanted for themselves, and when someone may well possess sexual tendencies, they didn't know they had. Jo's nipples stuck out like bullets and this fact didn't go unnoticed.

Jo considered herself straight, but there was something about the taller, stronger, and more experienced Amazonian femdom that made her feel...different. She hadn't admitted it to herself until moments earlier when Freya had got her in that firm embrace from behind and even now, sitting bound into such a strict but vulnerable position she couldn't quite bring herself to consciously think of herself as even mildly bi-curious...but what the fuck else were these feelings?

"Don't go anywhere," chuckled Freya as she left the room, shutting the door behind her. Once her slaves had been given their instructions, she could turn her full attention to the interrogation in front of her, and to decide where she wanted it to lead.

Meanwhile, Jo tested her bondage, struggling with a mixture of trepidation, excitement, and a growing sense of having made a rash decision to suddenly switch from Domme to fully bound and helpless submissive. The excitement she felt was new to her and was mostly because of how Freya made her feel rather than the bondage itself, which she didn't care for much, except the handcuffs; the bite of the steel into her slender wrists was always an exciting feeling. Collars had never been something she liked - and then the color drained from her face; she had allowed Freya to collar her. They hadn't agreed on any terms, limits,

safewords or time frame but Jo knew that the collaring was significant in Freya's world.

Wait. They HAD discussed limits; Jo had said she would do anything in the dungeon except intercourse with someone she wasn't married to! And that was all! She hadn't meant to get herself in this position though, the terms she had agreed were intended for her to be a Domme at the time. But the collar and her emotional confusion had changed all that and now here she was, inescapably bound and about to be interrogated about her true fantasies, by a very sexy and powerful woman who she had in fact only met once before, even though they'd been chatting online for months.

Freya had taken the chance to change into an even sexier outfit than the one she had on for paying clients, and strode back into the room in olive green latex stockings held up with garters to a matching boned, latex, thong-backed bodysuit, with long sleeves and high collar, military style insignia on the shoulders, and finished with black polished combat boots and officer's cap. She looked every bit the Russian Interrogator with her back hair hidden in a bun under the hat, and black leather fingerless gloves.

If Jo had wondered if she found Freya sexy or not, all doubt was now gone as her mouth went dry at the sight of her friend strutting into her field of vision. Another, final tug on the cuffs to check that she could still hide behind an 'I was chained up and had no choice' defense, and then she froze as Goddess Freya stood before her and then slowly squatted until their eyes met less than a foot apart, and her hands squeezed Jo's spread thighs just above each knee, before pushing upwards until her thumbs were so close to the younger woman's clit that she stopped breathing and her heart pounded with excitement.

"So here we are, Jo. We're both about to learn a lot about you. First, you need to know a little about me. You may already know that I'm bi-sexual - but really, I'm more than that, I'm whatever the term is for 'generally just horny all the time and happy to be kinky with anyone'. And so, when I come across someone like you, a beautiful, sexy, confident, kinky honey who literally has no idea what she's into or has got herself into, it makes me wet like you wouldn't believe. But then, so does the video feed of your little prisoner; I've wanted to do that to someone for as long as I've been in the scene so I'm properly jealous of you in that regard." Freya stood up at this point, pushing down on Jo's thighs as she did so, and the younger

woman started breathing again before giving a stifled "yelp" as her erect nipples were brushed through the fabric of her catsuit by a wandering hand.

"Oh, liked that, did you? Tut tut, I thought you might like your nipples played with when they stood to attention as I bound you, slut. So, how's this?" With that question unanswered Jo felt her pinch both nipples firmly and then roll them between thumb and forefinger, eliciting closed eyes, a thrown back head and a low moan.

"Someone getting some confusing feelings? Just relax and let yourself fall into it darling. It's not wrong, you're hurting no one, you deserve to get what you want." Freya spoke now in a reassuring, friendly tone, but her voice never lost that seductive edge.

Jo nodded, eyes still tight shut, her body betraying her completely, squirming in the seat in time with Freya's manipulation of her stiff nipples. She thrashed her arms about to feel the cuffs holding her, enjoying the metal biting into her wrists; as she did so her breasts jiggled too, increasing the sensation on her nipples.

"You have incredible tits Jo, and your nipples are perfect for clamps, they're lovely and plump-"

"No clamps, please Freya, I never liked the idea, or gags, hoods, pain or electrics either," replied Jo, hurriedly, in a moment of clarity and an attempt to regain at least some of her usual dominant persona. Freya let go of her nipples immediately and circled round behind the chair in order to whisper into Goddess Jo's ear. Her voice was still seductive, and calm, but now had a harder, more dangerous edge to its tone.

"Thank you for the list, though how you dare to presume you can speak to me that way when you're in such a position, I can only put down to your inexperience as a sub. Might I remind you whose collar is buckled around your throat? Just be aware you won't get a second chance, you will speak when spoken to, answering my questions only, or you will be punished; and now I have a lovely list of things to threaten you with so if I were you, I'd watch my pretty little mouth. OK, so you don't like punishments, tell me what you do like when you're switching."

Jo gulped, thought for a moment, and deciding this was no time to be coy, replied "my main reason for switching at all is that I love a good, hard fucking, the

rougher the better. Before Chris, I would always go for a bad boy, you know, who could throw me around the bedroom? Hold my arms and bend me over, preferably with a big dick and who wouldn't take 'no' for an answer if you know what I mean... which isn't very woke of me, I know... I guess that's where the handcuffs came in, the only type of bondage that really turns me on. But then I fell in love with Chris, and I realized sex could be amazing in different ways, and the power I had over him once he revealed his desires to me was just so intoxicating!"

She broke off here, remembering her current position and cast her eyes down, awaiting the next question.

"And if we can make arrangements for you to get that kind of treatment, be out of control for a while but know you're going back to being a Domme afterwards, and that your slave is being looked after by us, would that help? I guarantee that he would agree to it in a heartbeat by the way. Subs like him, especially those in chastity always, always should be cuckolded, it puts them firmly in their place and secretly they all get off on watching their owner getting railed by a full-size cock and telling them how good a real one feels".

Jo breathed in to protest but Freya saw it coming and added "it doesn't have to be a real cock of course, a strapon has just the same effect, if anything that more humiliating still; think about it, another woman giving you more pleasure than her man ever could? Pretty emasculating, he'll love it". Having circled back in front of Jo, she flashed her a reassuring wink.

"I... I guess... you know, it wouldn't really be cheating..."

"Of course it wouldn't, and even if it WAS, it doesn't matter since you OWN him, he's just a possession now. A sexy, vulnerable, helpless possession... oh yes, that reminds me." With that she picked up an object from a table near the door, crouched behind her prisoner and Jo felt her finger forced to press onto a flat object.

"Ah ha," said Freya triumphantly, coming back into Jo's field of vision with her mobile phone!

Unhappy at this invasion of her privacy she tugged strongly at her bondage, demanding Freya set her free and give the phone back. Silently the Domme

tapped on the collar round her friend's neck whilst uttering a sinister "tut tut tut" almost under her breath and without looking up from the phone, on which she had opened the security cam app showing Chris in his cell.

Still trying desperately to escape and now both angry and indignant, Jo screamed in angry frustration, a scream stifled after about three seconds as Freya, making good on her word about behavior, gave two turns to the mechanism on the chair back that pushed out a metal bar into the back of the prisoner's shoulders, tightening the collar considerably as a result.

Quick as a flash a large but soft leather gag was forced into Jo's mouth and strapped behind her head and under her chin, reducing her cries to frustrated and angry muffled sounds. Suddenly she had to start gasping for breath around the gag as the constriction of the collar partially choked off her air and after a moment or two of panic, the struggling reduced and the muffled screams stopped so she could focus on breathing.

Freya kept one eye on this to make sure her friend was not in any real trouble, whilst studying Chris's situation back at Jo's dungeon. If she'd been slightly envious before she was properly jealous now, seeing what total freedom Jo had to do whatever she wanted to him. Casting a glance down at the bound Dominatrix however, she wondered if the younger woman would in fact be able to go the distance and fulfil his darkest fantasies, given that she was clearly a switch, and in the right hands - hers hopefully - may even be submissive in truth.

First things first, however, this slave on the cam shouldn't be left alone with that new gag/feeding contraption for much longer. 36 hours would be long enough for a first go and as he had no day/night reference points he could easily be made to think it was much longer already. Her quick intellect ran through the best courses of action and in the blink of an eye she decided on a bold course of action. The next few days would hopefully cement her place in the lives of this kinky couple.

Releasing the choke on the torture chair, leaving Jo to her renewed indignant, gagged shrieking, she strode confidently from the room to start putting her plan into action.