

## Gwen's in Trouble

"You certainly have a lot of...um... toys," said Gwen, apprehensively. She looked around Anne's "playroom" with some trepidation. They's shared everything in High School; secrets, clothes, everything. But this... This was a bit much to take in.

Gwen and Anne had graduated High School together, but after the first year of college, they'd written each other less and less and slowly drifted apart. It was the upcoming five year reunion that had brought them together again. Anne invited her to stay with she and Ron while she was in town for the reunion. Before she knew it, they were sitting in Anne's kitchen, talking as if they'd never been apart. Only now they were drinking coffee instead of soft drinks, and Anne was telling Gwen about things Gwen had only heard rumors about; kinky stuff of the kind Gwen never dreamed her sister (as she thought of her) would ever get involved in.

"It's all for our mutual pleasure," explained Anne, opening a set of stocks, placing one wrist inside and closing it again. "Inside here," she explained, "when you can't escape," she pulled her captive wrist for emphasis, "you have to face it. You have to face everything; your fears, your desires, your hopes, your fantasies... yourself." She opened the stocks again and removed her wrist. "You can't escape from the pleasure, so you just let go and enjoy yourself."

"Sorry," said Gwen, apologetically, "I guess I just don't get it."

"Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to be at someone else's mercy?"

"I guess I never wanted to be out of control," admitted Gwen. "Maybe

that's why it didn't work out between me and Dave. But the idea of being beaten..."

"It doesn't have to be about pain," explained Anne, waving dismissively at a whip and riding crop lying on a table. "You can set your own limits. That's the great thing about this; it can be any kind of fantasy you agree on. Haven't you ever fantasized about being tickled by a man until you agreed to let him have his way with you? I know you used to like tickling."

"Well, I don't think I'd let it go that far," said Gwen.

"Take off your shoes and socks," said Anne.

"Excuse me?" said Gwen.

"Do you trust me? Nothing bad is going to happen. Just take off your shoes and socks."

Gwen reluctantly took off her sneakers and socks, leaving her in her jeans and blouse.

"Now sit here," said Anne, patting the padded seat attached to the stocks.

Gwen sat slowly on the seat and Anne opened the stocks.

"Come on," said Anne, indicating the stocks."

"Anne, I don't know..." began Gwen.

"Hey, I'm not going to hurt you. We're sisters, right?" said Anne. "Now put your feet and hands in."

Gwen reluctantly put her feet and hands into the grooves cut into the board. Anne quickly, but carefully closed the stocks. She flipped up a padlock staple at each end, slipping a padlock into each and snapping it shut. Gwen pulled and flexed experimentally.

"See? It's not so bad, is it?" asked Anne, soothingly. She began to run her nails along the soles of Gwen's helpless feet and in no time, Gwen

was squirming and laughing.

"Ah! Stop!" cried Gwen.

Anne stopped a moment and went to get a feather. Gwen struggled a moment more, examining the stocks and the padlocks that held them shut. "This thing is really built," Gwen marveled.

"If you'd sit still to be tickled, it wouldn't need to be," said Anne, smiling.

"I can't help myself," protested Gwen, returning the smile. "It tickles."

"Now you begin to understand. That's what the lock is for," she said cheerfully, pointing to it with the feather. She then began to give Gwen a thorough treatment with the feather until Gwen was in tears.

"Okay, okay, I give," gasped Gwen. Anne relented, folded her arms across the top of the stocks, put her chin on top of her arms and gave Gwen a wicked smile. Gwen couldn't help but chuckle one more time.

"Well?" Gwen asked.

"Well, what?" asked Anne, as innocently as she could.

"Are you going to let me out?"

"Is that any way to ask?" chided Anne, brushing the tip of Gwen's nose with the feather.

"Please!" Gwen laughed and shouted, wrinkling her nose.

"You enjoyed yourself. Admit it," said Anne, withdrawing the feather and resuming her smug pose.

Gwen suddenly felt ridiculous, her bare feet and wrists locked in stocks and at the mercy of her one-time best friend, tears still streaming down her cheeks, sniffing as she recovered from the assault.

"I can keep this up for hours," Anne threatened. She began to stroke the bottoms of Gwen's bare feet with her nails again.

"No! Stop!" cried Gwen. "Okay, okay! I admit it! It IS fun! Now please

let me out!"

Anne stopped and gave Gwen a little hug, which Gwen found herself unable to return. "If it's fun, why do you want to stop?" Anne asked her innocently. She then broke into laughter and went back across the room, dropped the feather and picked up a ring of keys.

Gwen looked amazed at the ring of keys. "You look like a jailer with all those keys," she commented. Anne laughed an evil laugh as she selected the one she wanted and unlocked the padlocks on the stocks.

"How do you know what's what?"

"You get used to it after a while," she said, raising the stocks and allowing Gwen to remove her wrists and ankles. After lowering the stocks again, she examined Gwen's wrists and ankles, rubbing each a bit. "Better?"

"Yes, thanks," replied Gwen, standing up. She gave another look at the stocks.

"I've spent a lot of time locked in those myself," said Anne. "It can be hell and heaven all at the same time."

"I think I can see why," said Gwen. She began to look around at the other toys. Her eyes fell on what looked like a metal jock strap with rubberized chains running up the back and a narrow slit in front. "What on earth..?" she began, taking a step forward and reaching a hand out to touch it. "Is this what I think it is?" she asked, in almost a gasp.

"We talked about getting them to protect ourselves from boys," reminded Anne. "Yes, it's a chastity belt. I wear it before a special evening sometimes. I've even worn it for days at a time when Ron goes out of town."

"You let him lock you in this? Like some kind of medieval woman whose husband has gone to the crusades?"

Anne smiled wickedly again. "Actually, it's kind of fun to wear for a day, thinking about that night. Though I really think wearing it for a long time is a challenge. I was locked in for a month once. When he got home, I couldn't get him to unlock it and into bed fast enough. It was quite a night."

"A month," marveled Gwen.

Anne picked up the belt and showed it to Gwen. "See it really isn't as nasty as the ones in those old pictures. This one is lined with neoprene rubber so it won't chafe. You have to remember to use a little baby powder though. It goes on next to the skin and you can wear it to go to the bathroom, to shower, anything."

"But how does it... Um..." asked Gwen.

"How does it lock?" Anne asked for her. "It just clips around the waist, the shield comes up between the legs, and then this special lock goes over the locking post. See?"

The lock seemed fastened behind a metal knob and had a pin that went right up the center and would fit right through the post when it was in place.

"But why that big metal knob? Why not just a regular padlock?"

"Gwen," admonished Anne. "And I thought you were learning. What was the reason for the lock on the stocks?"

"To keep you in when you want out," said Gwen.

"Right," said Anne. "The lock is behind that knob so it can't be cut off or otherwise tampered with."

Gwen shivered a bit. "Sure seems secure."

"Oh, it is," said Anne, smiling. "I was just about out of my mind by the time Ron came back. If I could have cut the lock off I would have. I just needed to feel something big inside me." She laid the belt and lock

down. "I couldn't get out of it no matter what I tried, and I was ready and waiting for Ron when he came back. You wouldn't think frustration could be so satisfying. Fun toy."

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Gwen laid in bed thinking of the world Anne had opened to her. It just seemed incredible. She got out of bed and went downstairs to the playroom. She switched on the light and looked around the room again. She laid a hand on the stocks. Those really had been something. She wondered if Anne would lock her in them again if she asked. Of course Anne would. With glee. She looked again and her eyes found the chastity belt again.

Anne and she had shared clothes years ago, so she knew they were the same size. They'd both taken care of themselves, and only five years had passed. She picked up the belt and examined it. She wondered what a chastity belt would be like. If it would be as fun as the stocks. She opened her robe and slid down her panties, kicking them off. With a little tremble in her hands, she carefully clipped the waist band around herself. A snug fit, but not too uncomfortable. She reached between her legs and lifted the shield into place, a little chill going through her as she did so. She stood there a moment holding the shield in place and wondering what it would be like to not be able to take it off. It was open in the back so she could shit, and she could pee through the slit in front, but wouldn't be able to get anything wide enough to be useful through the slit.

She took a few steps around the room experimentally, the shield popping itself loose from the belt. It was too difficult to just hold in place. She picked up the curious lock and examined it. If she just slid it into place and didn't lock it, she could wear it safely. Friction should

keep everything in place. She pressed the lock into place and slid it home, being careful not to lock it.

She took a few more experimental steps. It felt strange to have that huge metal shield pressing against her. It made her lips want to protrude through the slit. It was a strange, stimulating feeling.

She reached down and felt the lock and wondered again what it would feel like to be locked inside it. The U shaped bolt of the lock was sticking up from behind the protective metal knob. When locked it would be unaccessable behind the steel knob. She gently fingered the bolt, wondering what it would be like...

SNAP.

The lock had suddenly given under her fingers without warning. Gwen clutched at the lock, but it wouldn't give. The chastity belt was locked. Keys. The keys had to be here somewhere. She looked around and spotted what she'd called Anne's jailer's keyring. She grabbed up the ring and began trying keys one at a time. There were so many of them! The sound of movement upstairs startled her. Anne was awake and moving around. Gwen heard her footsteps on the stairs. She suddenly wasn't sure she wanted Anne to find her like this. She quickly laid down the keys, closed her robe and stood by the stocks.

"I thought I heard you down here," said Anne, entering the room.

"I couldn't sleep," admitted Gwen. "I wanted to look around here some more."

"Intrigued?" asked Anne, smiling.

"Well, yes," said Gwen, suprising herself. They'd never kept secrets before, so why should they start now? She was suddenly aware of the chastity belt again and wondered if she should tell Anne she'd locked herself in.

"You want another ride?" she asked, smiling wickedly as she noticed Gwen was standing next to the stocks, admiring them.

"Well," began Gwen, forgetting the chastity belt for the moment, "I was thinking of asking you..." she said sheepishly.

Anne gave Gwen a hug. "Well, have a seat then," Anne said, opening the stocks once more. Gwen sat and then realized the belt would be visible as soon as she raised her legs.

"Um... Well..."

"Come on Gwen, put your hands and feet in place."

"I just...." stammered Gwen.

"Come on!" said Anne, taking her by the ankles and slowly lifting her feet up into place, not yet spotting the steel of the chastity belt between Gwen's legs. Gwen, grasping and leaning forward to maintain her balance, saw no point in resisting something she wanted anyway and placed her hands in the stocks as well. Maybe Anne wouldn't see the chastity belt and she could return to her search for the key later. Anne closed the stocks and had them padlocked in a wink. "I hope you're comfy, because you won't be going anywhere." Anne stroked the bottom of one of Gwen's feet with a finger for emphasis. "Since you had some earlier and you're back for more, what do you say we tickle you really good?"

"Yes, please," said Gwen, earnestly.

"You've been tickled until you pee," said Anne. It wasn't a question, it was a statement of fact.

"Yes," answered Gwen, meekly.

Anne went across the room, picked up a towel, and started back for Gwen. Gwen suddenly realized what Anne would find.

"No!" Gwen said suddenly.



"We can't have a mess in here," said Anne.

"No," she whimpered. She wriggled and closed her legs as much as she could with her wrists and ankles trapped in the stocks.

"I'm not going to hurt you," said Anne, soothingly. "And it's no use trying to close your legs. I've found that Ron can have access to me any time he wants while I'm locked up like that."

Anne pulled Gwen's robe back the rest of the way to place the towel and stopped, suddenly shocked. She pulled the robe open further to reveal the chastity belt, securely locked around Gwen's waist and between her legs.

"I'm sorry, Anne, but I was so curious..."

Anne started to laugh. She checked the lock. "It's locked!" she said laughing. "How did you manage that?"

"You're not mad?" said Gwen.

"I think it's hilarious!" said Anne, laughing. "But we better get a little baby powder under the waist band so that rubber doesn't stick to you." She fetched a small plastic bottle of baby powder and gently worked some all around under the waist band.

"Then you'll still tickle me?" asked Gwen.

"Without mercy," said Anne, smiling. She placed the towel in front of Gwen's chastity belted crotch and stepped around to the other side of the stocks. "And now I'm going to tickle you until you pee yourself." She started in on Gwen's feet with a feather, but changed objects when Gwen seemed to becoming used to them. She used feathers, fur, wooden spoons, fingernails... It was an endless parade of objects. Sometimes she would double back and use an object she'd used before. Anne walked around to the other side of the stocks and pulled back Gwen's robe and used her fingers on Gwen's ribs, and a feather on her

breasts.

Gwen laughed hysterically as she begged for mercy.

"Does tickling still get you hot?" Anne asked her, not letting up for an instant.

"Yes!" cried Gwen, still laughing, sobbing, and struggling desperately.

"You still like that big dildo vibrator? Did you bring it with you?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Wouldn't it feel good to have it in you right now?" taunted Anne.

"Yes!"

"Too bad you locked yourself in that chastity belt."

Gwen knew she couldn't hold her water any longer. She pee'd herself right through the locked chastity belt. Anne, knowing Gwen had pee'd and was spent, unlocked the stocks and gently helped Gwen onto the floor. Gwen collapsed gratefully onto the floor and fell asleep almost at once. Anne placed a pillow under Gwen's head and a blanket over her, letting her sleep where she was. She took the towel to dispose of it and let Gwen rest.

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Gwen rose late and found Anne already making breakfast for them.

"Good morning," said Anne, cheerfully. "I hope you slept well. Are you ready for the big reunion today?"

"I hope I wasn't too much trouble last night," said Gwen, sheepishly. She took a place at the table.

"Nonsense," said Anne, setting a place in front of Gwen. "I enjoyed myself too."

"If I could ask you for one more thing," said Gwen.

"Name it," said Anne, setting a plate of eggs and bacon in front of Gwen.

"Could you please unlock this?" begged Gwen. She opened her robe to show that she was still securely locked in the chastity belt.

"Eat your breakfast; it's getting cold," said Anne. "So how did you like your night in a chastity belt?" said Anne, smiling. She sat down and started to eat.

"After I woke up I saw that I was still locked in this. I went through all those keys, but I couldn't find the one that unlocks this."

"The key isn't on that ring," said Anne. "I expect you were pretty hot by then."

"Yes," Gwen admitted, glancing down sheepishly. "I wanted to use my vibrator to get off."

"Frustrating night?" asked Anne, knowingly.

"Very!" said Gwen.

"But fun?" Anne prompted.

"Well... yes, it was kind of a kick, being locked in this belt, not having a key, not being able to get anything inside me... But I really want to get out of it."

"Well, don't worry about it. Lack of sex won't kill you," said Anne, between bites. "Who knows? You may come to really like it," Anne said, grinning wickedly.

"Will you please unlock this after breakfast?" asked Gwen, as nicely as she could.

Anne smiled wickedly again. "You asked so nicely, I wish I could oblige you."

"Please?" whimpered Gwen.

"It's out of my hands," said Anne, still smiling. "Do you think I have a key for my own chastity belt? Ron has the only keys for that belt, and he's out of town until tomorrow."

"Oh no..." said Gwen, clutching at the belt and lock.

"Struggle all you like," said Anne, "if it will make you feel any better.

You can't get out. I know. I've tried. Would you like some toast?"

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"I can't believe I had to wear a chastity belt to the reunion," said Gwen, shaking her head as they entered the house.

"That guy you were dancing with was really cute," said Anne, smiling and raising her eyebrows.

"Yes," said Gwen, pouting, "and I could've gotten laid tonight. Instead, I had to settle for a phone number and a kiss."

"Too bad our parents didn't lock us in chastity belts for the prom," said Anne, smiling knowingly.

"Yeah," said Gwen, chuckling a bit. "Or our whole senior year. It would have kept me from making that mistake with Cliff. I guess being locked in one of these isn't all that bad."

"I'm glad you feel that way," said Anne, smiling a little sadly.

"What?" asked Gwen, feeling something was coming.

"I phoned Ron and asked him to send the keys ahead. He thinks I've gone and locked myself in it for him. It wouldn't be unusual, since I've done it before. That's why it sits here unlocked." She reached out and took Gwen's hand. "I'm sorry Gwen, but he's been sent straight on to another computer job. He's on his way to Israel and he's taken the keys with him. He told me he doesn't want to hear any more begging for the keys. And he's going to be gone for a month."

"A month!" Gwen gasped and grasped the belt. "But I don't want to be chaste for a whole month! Can't you ask him again? What if you sent him a picture for proof?"

"Asking him again wouldn't do any good. He knows I've worn this for a

month before and how horny I was when he finally unlocked it. He also knows that once it's locked and I'm horny I'll say or do anything to get out. He'd think any photo I sent him was doctored. I have my desktop publishing setup and I've put heads on other people's bodies before. He knows it. I'm really sorry Gwen, but you wanted to know what it was really like to be locked in a chastity belt. You should be careful what you wish for."