

# Hannah

The girl next door....a dominatrix....a lover

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Smashwords Edition

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## Chapters

1. [The girl next door](#)
2. [Becoming his keyholder](#)
3. [Hannah realises her power](#)
4. [Dinner at Hannah's, making love and the trunk](#)
5. [From the secure to the extreme](#)
6. [She sits, he's caged](#)
7. [Honey I insist, I'll drive home tonight](#)
8. [Leather, electricity, Hannah tightens the screw](#)
9. [Holidaying at the dungeon](#)
10. [An intimate night](#)
11. [Panties, role playing and the blonde hostess](#)
12. [Proposing in the rain](#)

## [Chapter 1](#)

### *The girl next door*

This was turning into a very awkward conversation. The girl in the next door apartment had as good as invited herself in for coffee. Normally that would have been fine, in fact more than fine. Hannah was single, in her late twenties and good looking. She was slim with a nice figure and shoulder length brown hair.

But as he was making the coffee, she'd seen a print out from a local mistress that he'd accidentally left on the coffee table. And to make it worse, he'd annotated it with possible times and dates. Hannah was holding the paper in her hands as he walked in with the coffees.

“She looks like fun,” Hannah giggled.

He paused and composed himself. He had only seen the dominatrix once and had only tried very tame stuff. He was between girlfriends and it seemed like it might be fun. What was wrong with that, what was wrong with trying new things? However, that didn't stop him feeling very awkward right then.

“Let me tidy up,” Tom replied as he reached for the paper.

“No, I'm interested in this,” Hannah smiled as she moved it out of his reach.

This was bad, he really didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

“Do you like being tied up then Tom?” she asked.

“I'll try anything once,” Tom smiled back.

Tom started to drink his coffee and tried to change the conversation.

“Wow are these her prices?” Hannah asked as she read on.

Tom shrugged as casually as he could and quickly changed the conversation.

Later that evening, Hannah sat in her flat looking at bills that she couldn't afford to pay. She had temped for various marketing agencies over the last two years, but the recession had meant that she hadn't worked in over three months. She was close to being evicted from her apartment.

She poured a glass of wine and looked out of the window. How could that mistress earn so much, all she did was tie people up. The mistress looked almost 40! She was at least 10 years younger and much better looking. Why would Tom want to see her? He was a great looking guy who could get any girl he wanted.

‘Perhaps I could undercut her prices’, Hannah thought to herself with a nervous smile. ‘It might be fun and anyway it would be a way to get to know him, plus earn money!’ She finished her glass and jumped up to change.

Tom put down his report and opened the door for the second time that night. Hannah stood there wearing a yellow summer dress that only reached halfway to her knees. Hannah noticed him glance down at her legs.

“Perhaps I can undercut her price,” she opened nervously.

“Sorry?” Tom replied.

“Your mistress, I will do what she does for only half of her price.”

Tom watched as she fidgeted nervously and blushed. She'd obviously been drinking and was staring at the floor as she spoke. Being tied up had been fun and Hannah was certainly a sexy woman, but he liked the anonymity of seeing a stranger and letting a neighbour tie him up didn't feel right. But then she really did look good in that dress.

“But I'm not sure I'll go again,” he replied, “it really was just to try.”

She crossed her arms and started to look embarrassed. “I'm sorry,” she stuttered.

He smiled as he watched her reaction, “OK, why not, that would be great.”

“Really?” she asked wiping a few tears from her eyes.

As arranged, Tom knocked on her door at 7pm the next evening.

“You look great,” he smiled as he again admired the yellow dress.

“I bought these,” she smiled as she pulled out a pair of hinged handcuffs and a pair of foot cuffs. Both restraints were high security and could only be opened with a unique key.

“I hope you like them.”

Tom looked at the cuffs with slight fear. The dominatrix had used rope which on the whole he'd managed to wriggle out of. Where on earth had Hannah found these? There would certainly be no wriggling out of Hannah's cuffs.

“They look good to me,” he said.

“Great!”

“Assuming you let me out again.”

Hannah beamed.

“Please take off your shirt and lie on the floor with your hands behind your back, please,”

Tom was amused by the politeness of her request and by the way she struggled to lock the cuffs around his wrists. Although by the time she’s finished, she’d locked and double locked the cuffs very tightly around his wrists. She then secured one foot cuff before passing the chain around the handcuffs and back on to his second ankle. Within a few seconds Tom was securely hog cuffed.

“Not bad,”

Tom tested the cuffs and soon realised that there was no way that he’d ever be able to escape. Hannah watched him struggle in the chains.

“Would you prefer it if you had the keys?”

He smiled, “Hannah, I think that would defeat the point.”

“OK, I’ll keep them.”

He watched as Hannah perched on the edge of her sofa with her knees together and her ankles crossed and placed the keys into a pocket in her dress. She certainly was a unique dominatrix.

“Let me know if you want me to unlock you,” she smiled as she brushed her dark hair behind her shoulders.

“Hannah, it’s you that’s in control here, I should stay locked up until you decide to let me go.”

“Oh OK, sorry.”

He smiled.

“So what do we do now?” she asked innocently, “what did that other woman do?”

“I’m not sure you’re up to what she did,” he smiled.

“Why, what sort of things?”

Tom paused, wondering whether to go on.

“OK, well after she tied me up, she left me for a while and I had no idea when she’d return. When she did return, she gagged me with her panties. She then locked me in a chastity belt and then locked me in a steel cage.”

Hannah stood above him with her hand over her mouth. Tom watched her reaction. He felt bad, Hannah was obviously too innocent for all of this, he had no doubt that she would soon be feeling very uncomfortable. And so he was very surprised by her response.

“Wow!”

“Don’t worry you don’t have to do all of that, not at the first session at least,” he smiled reassuringly.

“I want to.”

“No this is good for today.”

“I thought you said that I was in charge?” she persisted.

“Well yes....”

Hannah jumped up and stood above him, one foot either side of his head.

“Any final words?” she asked.

Tom watched as she reached up inside her dress and slowly pulled down her white cotton knickers, letting the material rub along her long tanned legs.

“Wow, you’re...”

Tom was cut short as she stuffed her panties completely into his mouth. She made sure that his mouth was completely closed before fetching some duct tape from her desk and wrapping it tightly around his head.

She then sat back down on the sofa with her ankles crossed and her knees together.

“Like that?” she smiled as she looked down at her manacled, gagged prisoner.

Tom looked backed completely amazed. That had been so sexy. He wanted to get up and kiss her, but of course he couldn’t.

Hannah caught the look in his eye which only turned her on even more. F\*\*k he was sexy. But hey, so was she, she’d just stuffed her panties into a guy’s mouth! Her, she had!

Hannah stood up, took the keys from her pocket and dropped them between her breasts.

“Try to get out of that,” she said as she rubbed her hands down her dress and back up her legs and under her dress.

She saw that her hands were trembling, due to being nervous and from being increasingly aroused herself. Only yesterday she had been afraid to talk to this great guy, now he was her prisoner and she could do anything she liked to him.

Tom watched as she blew him a kiss and walked out of the front door with nothing on under her short dress. She closed the door and Tom heard her lock it behind her. He had no idea where she was going or how long she’d be.

She had left him completely helpless, he couldn’t move and couldn’t call for help. He imagined her walking down the street, her long legs striding out, her short dress blowing up as she walked.

However, Tom’s image of Hannah confidently striding down the road, giving lucky passers by glimpses of her tanned thighs, and possibly even more, as her short summery dress moved with her body, were completely wrong.

Unknown to Tom, Hannah was sitting on the step outside her door with her knees pulled into her chest, nervously sliding one high heeled shoe on and off her foot, trying to manage all of her nervous excitement. She felt the keys between her breasts. She had chained up a sexy guy in her apartment and he was now her helpless prisoner. She’d even gagged him with her panties! She took some deep breaths.

What else had the other mistress done to him? Lock him in a cage? That might be tricky, she didn’t have a cage. Lock him in Chastity? She liked the idea of that, but how would she do it? Hannah stood up, pulled her dress as far down her legs as it would go and walked down the steps to the street and headed for the nearest ‘adult’ shop.

Tom heard her footsteps fade into the distance. This wasn’t how he’d expected things to turn out, but it was certainly fun. He’d never really noticed Hannah before, but now the image of her in her yellow dress standing above him was all he could think about. The only slight problem was that Hannah had locked the cuffs too tightly. In her innocence she had squeezed the cuffs until they would go no further. Although she had made no mistake in double locking them securely in place. There was no way he was going to escape without the key. Blood was still flowing, but his wrists and ankles were starting to ache.

Tom tried to bring his cuffed hands from the back to the front, but he couldn’t get them around his butt. Still, after much effort, he was able to get to his knees and start edging his way across the lounge. He had seen Hannah take the cuffs from a drawer in her bedroom, perhaps she had left a spare key there.

He peered into the open drawer only to see Hannah's underwear. He smiled as he saw various panties and bras, mainly in whites, flowery pattern and pastel colours. Not the wardrobe of a typical dominatrix. He couldn't see a spare key and with hands cuffed behind his back could only use his face to search the drawer. Her scent was beautiful and he lost himself for a few moments with his face buried in material.

However there was no spare key, Hannah must have taken them all with her. Knowing that there was no way to get free from the overly tight cuffs, he crawled back to where Hannah had left him, laid down and waited for her return.

Hannah checked the street and quickly ducked into the sex shop. Heart pounding, she started to search the shelves.

"Can I help you love," the guy asked, wondering what this woman, who wouldn't have looked out of place in an English summer's day picture postcard, was doing in his shop.

"I want to buy a chastity thing," she replied while avoiding his gaze

"For you?" he asked.

"No! For a guy."

"OK... what about this chastity cage?"

"Yes, I'll take it." she quickly replied.

After a few more questions, Hannah left the shop as quickly as she could with her eyes fixed securely on the pavement. She reached her apartment and waited by the door composing herself. She checked that the key was still in her bra and ruffled her long brown hair out around her face. He'd told her that she had to be in charge, she was going to try her best.

Hannah unlocked the door and walked in with her sexiest walk.

"I see you haven't managed to escape from my handcuffs."

She smiled as she knelt down on the floor next to him and tucked her skirt in modestly around her. Tom turned over on to his side and looked up at her beautiful, but uncertain face.

"I'm going to put you in a chastity, umm, thing now," Hannah announced without much authority. She then held up the heavy steel chastity cage.

Shit, if the cuffs were anything to go by, this was going to be painful, Tom thought as she started to undo his jeans and slide them down over his hips. Hannah touched his penis very gently with a smile on her face.

Tom studied her face intently as she spent the next five minutes fitting the chastity ring around his balls. She then positioned the cage which fitted him tightly, but she was so gentle that he hardly felt any discomfort. He finally heard a small click which was immediately followed by a more confident smile across Hannah's face. Only then did she look at him.

"How does it feel?" she asked as she peeled off the duct tape and pulled her wet panties from his mouth.

"I wasn't expecting a steel chastity cage," he replied.

"Too late now," she said slightly hesitantly.

The dominatrix had locked him in a plastic chastity device, Whether it was because this was steel, or because it was an amateur locking him inside, this time it all felt scarier.

"Perhaps I should hold the key this first time," Tom suggested.

Hannah smiled and shook her head, he was obviously just testing her again.

"This key belongs to me," she purred sitting down on the sofa and crossing her legs.

“How does it feel?” she asked as she played with the padlock key.

“Tight, particularly when I’m watching you in that dress.” he replied

“Go on, see if can get an erection.” she said, slightly embarrassed by her own words.

“Hannah, I would have one right now if it wasn’t for your cage!”

“Wow, you really can’t use it, can you?” she purred as she ran the key between her lips and recrossed her legs.

“Hannah, that’s not helping!”

This was starting to get frustrating for Tom. His wrists and ankles were now red and his dick ached like hell.

“Hannah, this has been fantastic, thank you.”

“I’m afraid I don’t have a cage, I’ll have to buy one for next time,” Hannah said standing above him.

“Next time?”

“Yes?” Hannah replied uncertainly.

“I’ll look forward to it,” Tom answered honestly.

Hannah beamed and pulled the cuff keys from her bra and rattled them above Tom’s head.

“Shall I unlock you?”

“It’s up to you.” he smiled.

Hannah looked at his cuffed wrists, “They’re all red!”

“You did make them very tight.”

“Oh, I’m sorry!”

Tom smiled as she put her hands to her mouth, she was unique.

“You should have said something.”

“I had your panties in my mouth.”

Hannah felt embarrassed and folded her arms in front of her. She was so cute, Tom was desperate to kiss her and then do so much more. He looked up her skirt to her cute naked butt. Fuck, if only he could reach it. But all he could do was to kiss her foot.

“You were great Hannah.”

Hannah smiled as knelt down above his head, trying to work out which way the cuff key went in and which way it turned. Tom’s eyes remained fixed on her slim thighs as she tried several times before finally unlocking the cuffs.

“You’ve been chained up for over two hours.” Hannah observed as she folded up the restraints.

“It feels like it.”

“And I guess you’re be wanting this?,” Hannah said holding out the key to his chastity cage.

‘Not necessary’ Tom thought to himself as he put the key on the table and poured two glasses of red wine from the bottle he’d brought. They then sat next to each other drinking and talking, both of them occasionally glancing at the key. Finally Tom stood up to leave.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” she asked, picking up the key.

“No.”

“Oh I see,” Hannah said as she slowly realised what he meant.

“That way you’re guaranteed of repeat business.”

Tom kissed her on the cheek as she slipped the key into her dress pocket. He then left her apartment with his penis still securely under her lock and key. He returned to his flat, poured half a glass of whiskey, downed half with the first gulp and closed his eyes.

In the next door apartment, Hannah lay on her bed, hugging the special key into her chest. She thought back to the evening, the sexy guy and the games. It had been the best evening of her life. And he still needed her if he ever wanted to make love again. Maybe next time he did make love, it would be with her?

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## Chapter 2

### *Becoming his keyholder*

The next morning Tom woke, remembered the night before and smiled to himself. Yesterday had been fun, even if he had had to induct his own dominatrix. He felt a slight ache between his legs and reached down to feel the steel chastity cage tightly encasing his cock. 'Shit, that's right', he had left the key to the cage with Hannah'. What had he been thinking?

In the next door apartment, Hannah woke, with the padlock key still in her hand. She took it and rubbed it gently between her legs. Wow, had she really done all those things to her sexy neighbour? She must be some sort of sex goddess! And she still had his cock locked up. For once she wouldn't have to feel lonely and jealous when his multiple girlfriends knocked on his door. He may not be her boyfriend, but having him locked in chastity had to be the next best thing.

It didn't take Tom long to realise that he couldn't go to work that day, with his wrists still red from Hannah's handcuffs. So if he couldn't work, there was only one other thing to do, go and see his neighbour.

Hannah opened the door, casually dressed in blue jeans and tight fitting t-shirt with her hair in a ponytail.

"Can I buy you a coffee?" he asked.

"Are you asking me or this key out for coffee?" Hannah smiled back as she produced the key to the chastity cage from the back pocket of her jeans.

"You, but the key can come too."

"OK, we'd both love to come."

He watched intently as she slid the key back into her pocket, where it lay safely pinned against her butt. He could have wrestled the key from her if he'd wanted, but right then he was loving the power that she had over him and loving how excited she seemed to be with their arrangement.

They sat on stools in the window of the local coffee shop.

"Does it hurt?" Hannah asked.

"Its fine," Tom smiled at his beautiful and most considerate dominatrix.

"Let me know if you want me to let you out, I have the key right here." she said tapping her jeans.

"Yes mistress," he joked.

As if remembering her role Hannah said, "I'm still going to lock you inside a cage, like that other woman." And then after a short pause, "Where do you think I can get a cage?"

They left the cafe and Tom watched Hannah walk up the street, wondering how she might tackle the next challenge. As he watched her butt, his cock started to ache. She was certainly doing something right.

Two hours later Hannah knocked on his door, took his hand and led him into her apartment.

"It's a tool trunk," Tom remarked as he examined the steel box in the middle of Hannah's lounge.

"It was all I could find," she replied somewhat disappointed by his reaction.

"Its thick metal, you won't be able to escape."

"I know, that's what I'm worried about."

"But that's the fun part isn't it?"

"OK let's give it a try," he smiled.

"Cuffs first," Hannah said as she held up the heavy restraints.

"Hannah, my wrists are still red from where you cuffed me up yesterday."

"That's only because you tried to struggle," she purred, "just accept that there's no way out without my keys and you'll be fine."

"And maybe don't lock them as tightly?"

"But you weren't able to escape were you?"

"Well, no..."

"So I must have done it right," she giggled.

Hannah found herself getting more and more confident. This was partly as a result of becoming familiar with the restraints, but also because chaining Tom up was such a huge turn on for her.

However she still lacked the real mean dominatrix instinct and so went to find one of her old silk scarfs and scissors to cut it into two. She then gently wrapped one half around Tom's left wrist and tied it in place with a small knot. She then took the heavy steel cuff and slowly ratcheted it closed around his wrist.

"OK, that's good," Tom smiled as she squeezed the cuff tighter around his wrist.

"Just one more click, for me?" she asked and she continued to tighten.

"Hannah, there is no way I'm slipping out of that!"

"I know," she said in a matter-of-fact way as she tightened another three clicks and engaged the double lock.

Tom watched as she locked the other cuff equally tightly around his right wrist and then did the same with his ankles. Tom stood there chained hand and foot as Hannah lifted the trunk's steel lid.

Inside she had already placed a mat. Tom kicked off his shoes and climbed in and lay down on his back with his knees drawn up to his chest. Hannah placed a few cushions around to fill any gaps.

"I had the shop drill some small holes in this end of the lid so that you can see out a little and of course breathe," the brunette explained as she looked down at him.

"Hannah you're too kind."

"Don't speak too soon...."

"This is tight fit, I'm not sure the lid will close."

"Let's find out," she smiled as she gently lowered it in place.



With an inch left to go, the lid was resting on Tom's legs. Determined for this to work, Hannah placed a knee on the lid and forced it closed. She then flicked the two padlock hasps in place to hold the lid shut.

"I can't move a muscle. My nose is even touching the lid!" Tom complained as he looked up at Hannah through the small drill holes.

Hannah almost didn't hear him as she pulled out two large padlocks and in her excitement fumbled as she tried to unlock them.

"Hannah, I really can't move at all!"

But Hannah's focus was only on the padlocks as she slipped them through the hasps and locked them in place. Her excitement mounted as the second lock clicked shut. She then held up her key ring above the trunk so that he could see it through the drill holes and counted out the keys.

"This one is for your hands, this one for your feet, this one for the box and this one... for your cock."

She smiled as she slowly and deliberately slipped all the keys into the back pocket of her jeans. She then ran into her room and lay down on her bed. She unbuttoned her jeans and ran her hands up and down between her legs.

She was buzzing with excitement. A few days earlier, she had been too shy to talk to him, now she had him locked in her trunk. He was quite literally her property, she had the only keys to release him. She had to get some air. She changed into a t-shirt and bright pink running shorts and walked back into the lounge.

The tight confines of the steel box were starting to freak Tom out. He was just about to call out and ask Hannah to release him when she walked back into view and dropped the keys into the pocket of the sexiest little running shorts he'd ever seen. Seeing her butt in those shorts swung his emotions the other way and he said nothing and just lay there and watched her stretch.

"Nice shorts," Tom remarked from inside the trunk.

"What about now?" Hannah smiled as she faced away from him and touched her toes.

"And what about now?"

Hannah sat on the box just above his head and in so doing took away Tom's only light and fresh air. Tom looked up longingly, her perfect butt was so near and yet so far. He puckered his lips to try and get just a little bit closer to her.

"I assume as you're admiring my bum that you are OK in there?"

Tom didn't know how to reply, this was the most exciting, most scary and most erotic he'd ever experienced.

"Good, then I'm going to for a run so you can enjoy the trunk in peace."

Hannah jumped up and once again left Tom alone and unable to do anything other than await her return.

When she did return half an hour later, she was out of breathe and glowing with perspiration. She walked over to the trunk and without saying a word, stripped off her damp top and bra. She then pulled off her shorts and knickers.

"Wow, you look amazing." Tom said through the steel lid.

"Thank you."

Hannah smiled as she held out her dirty running kit and dropped in on to the air holes, plunging Tom once again in to darkness. Tom could only lie there and breath in her scent as he listened to her shower.

Ten minutes later she returned to the lounge wearing her yellow dress.

“What do you think,” she smiled as she gave him a twirl.

After giving him only a few seconds to admire her outfit, Hannah pulled out her dress and sat her knicker clad butt down over the air holes and placed the keys to the trunk in her lap. She giggled as she heard the inevitable coughing from her prisoner below. She had sprayed perfume on her butt which was now only half an inch from Tom’s face, he was now breathing in almost pure D&G. Her initial coyness was fading fast.

“So do you think you can get out of there?” Hannah purred.

Tom was starting to realise how much his imprisonment was turning her on.

“No way, I’m completely at your mercy Hannah.”

He heard her giggle and felt her butt wriggle above him.

“You know you’re going to have to make it worth my while to let you out.”

Tom smiled, “What about dinner tonight at Annisa?”

“Mmm, I’d love to!”

“And if I buy you champagne will you also unlock the cock cage?”

Hannah thought for a moment and then replied, “Not a chance.”

While still sitting on the trunk, Hannah picked up her book from the coffee table, crossed her legs and started to read. Her underwear was still blocking all of the air holes. The little air that Tom had was thick with perfume and was starting to heat up.

“Hey, aren’t you going to unlock me?”

“Yes....but not yet.....never rush a girl when she’s getting ready for a big night out...”

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### Chapter 3

#### *Hannah realises her power*

Later that night they arrived at the restaurant and were shown to a table at the back. Tom had obviously been there before and seemed to know most of the waiting staff.

Hannah looked at the attractive guy sitting opposite her.

“Did you really like what I did earlier, I mean was I OK?”

“It was great, you were great,” Tom smiled.

“Wasn’t it a bit scary for you, you were completely helpless?”

“Completely at your mercy, I know, that’s what made it so much fun.” he replied.

Hannah looked a little embarrassed,

“It feels strange, I’ve locked you up and put my underwear in your mouth and now we’re just sitting together in a restaurant.”

“And you still have me locked in chastity.” Tom reminded her.

Hannah had forgotten and checked that she still had the key.

“You still have it?”

“Maybe,” she giggled.

Tom watched her carefully, “It seemed as though you were enjoying yourself too.”

Hannah looked down at the table, breaking their eye contact. It had been amazing, but she couldn't tell him that.

"Yeah."

"So what did it feel like when I was chained up in the trunk and you were practically sitting on my face?" Tom asked.

Hannah blushed and tried to compose herself.

"Hey, I'm the dominatrix, I ask the questions here."

Tom held his finger to his lips.

"Sorry," she whispered.

They paused the conversation as the drinks arrived, this time carried by another waitress that Tom seemed to know. Although after giving her a quick smile, he returned his full attention to Hannah. Her dark hair was hanging around her cute face and she had an entrancing expression, a mix of excitement, embarrassment and arousal.

"You look great, especially in that dress. You have no idea what effect you're having on my locked up cock right now.

Hannah smiled coyly.

"And I love the way you giggle with excitement when you lock a padlock or cuffs on me. And I even love the way that you lock the cuffs far too tightly."

Tom pulled up a shirt sleeve to reveal his red and slightly bruised wrist.

"It serves you right for trying to escape."

"Escape? No one could ever escape from your cuffs Hannah."

She smiled proudly.

As they walked home, Hannah was desperately thinking through her next move. She would love to invite him back to her place and make out with him. But he hadn't shown any interest in her before she'd become his dominatrix and so if she dropped that act now, then he was bound to lose interest in her again. She smiled at her own pun.

Also, while she would have loved to sleep with him and start dating, she was also excited about the prospect of continuing to dominate him. He seemed to be so besotted with her as a dominatrix, she really could whatever she wanted to him. At her whim, he could spend the night in cuffs, or locked in the trunk, or with the panties that she was wearing right then stuffed in his mouth. Her mind started to play through the various scenarios, which unconsciously brought a smile to her face.

When they reached their apartment block, Hannah had made up her mind and took Tom by the hand and led him down in the building's underground parking area. Here each apartment had a car parking space, although Hannah didn't have a car, and a small secure storage room. She opened the padlock, slid back the bolt to open the barred door to her storage room. Inside there was her bike and a few suitcases.

"Sit here," Hannah ordered as confidently as her nerves would let her.

Tom had no idea where this was going, but so far he had enjoyed everything Hannah had done to him and so he played along.

She unwrapped the old chain that she used to lock her bike from around her saddle. She then looped the chain around both one of the building's steel columns and Tom's neck. Finally she took the combination padlock that was hanging on the end of the chain and used it to lock the chain in place. By the time she had finished, Tom was securely chained and Hannah was shaking again from nervous energy.

"A combination lock, do I have to guess the number?" Tom asked.

"You'll never guess."

“It’s your bra size, isn’t it?” he joked.

Hannah responded by using the toe of her shoe to press down on his balls.

“Ouch! Sorry.”

“Bad boy! For your punishment, you can massage my legs,” she said as she lifted her dress up and over his head so that he was inside her dress.

Fuck! This was the first time he’d touched Hannah’s body and the excitement made him breathless. Her legs looked every better up close, almost impossibly soft and smooth. The air under her dress was warm and fragrant and the whole atmosphere was really playing with his mind. He started to massage her legs using both his hands and his face. When he reached her butt, he ran his fingertips up inside her black silk underwear.

For Hannah, it felt fantastic having his head rubbing up against her thighs. And just as importantly, it made sure that he couldn’t look at her in that sexy way that made her almost fall apart.

Tom slowly rubbed his mouth against the front of Hannah’s panties and smiled to himself as he heard the inevitable response. He teased her by stopping and starting a few times before gently pulling the material aside and using his lips and tongue on her. He knew exactly what he was doing and by the time he had finished thirty minutes had passed and Hannah was panting.

She stepped backwards so she could see him again and sat down on one of her suitcases. “Wow,” she mouthed breathlessly.”

“Does that earn me the key to the chastity cage?” he asked hopefully.

Why, is it getting a little tight in there?”

“Hannah, you rub your butt over my face and ask if my chastity cage is tight?”

Hannah giggled, “Good it’s supposed to be tight.”

Tom looked up at her in the half light of the storage room. She looked different to yesterday, the innocence was fading and her eyes now had a mischievous, teasing look. She was increasingly enjoying the power she had over him. Her confidence was adding to her control, with Tom now having less and less influence over what she did to him.

Tom would have loved to make out with her there and then, but he knew that unless she locked the chain that was impossible. He watched her take the key from her pocket and hang it on a hook on the far wall, well out of his reach.

“It’s just over here,” she purred as she returned and sat down on his lap with one leg either side of his body.

“What’s the combination?” he asked.

“I’m not telling.”

“Just the first number?”

“69.” she giggled and rubbed herself over his locked up cock.

In a moment of weakness Tom tried to kiss her, but she leant back and out of reach. She whispered into his ear again.

“I’ll do you a deal. Its 11pm now. If you can escape and get to my apartment by midnight, then you can kiss me.”

With that, Hannah stood up and walked over to the storage room door. She closed it behind her and blew him a kiss through the bars. She then strode confidently away, trying hard to hide her excitement.

Tom watched her long legs and swaying hips disappear out of sight before turning his attention to the combination lock around his neck. Only three dials, Hannah would be

able to open it in seconds, he hoped to crack it within the hour. Although after only a few tries Hannah turned off the lights and he was plunged into almost total darkness.

It was starting to get cold, when at 11.30pm, the lock clicked open. '7-4-5, easy' he smiled as he jumped up and grabbed the key to the chastity cage. He pulled down his trousers, unlocked the padlock and finally freed his cock, over 24 hours after Hannah had first locked him in.

He then pushed the storage room door, but it was stuck and so he tried to slide the bolt back. Only then did he see the second combination lock, this time with 4 dials. He kicked at the heavy barred door and reached his hands pathetically through the bars. He'd totally fallen for her trick. He picked up his phone and dialled.

"I'm waiting for you." Hannah purred as she answered.

"Oh you're good," he smiled as he lay back against the cold, hard bars.

"Don't tell me you're giving up already."

"A second lock, that's not fair."

He heard her giggle.

"Please, Hannah what's the number?" he openly begged as he randomly turned the dials with his free hand.

"Have you tried my bra size?"

Hannah then hung up but two minutes later walked back into the underground parking area. She was wearing high heels and a black leather jacket underneath which she wore a very short black silk nightie. The jacket was unzipped, but she held it closed with her hands in her pockets. She walked up to the bars and looked down at where Tom was slumped on the floor.

"God, you look fantastic," Tom said.

"I see you've removed the chastity cage without my permission." Hannah replied.

"Permission?"

Hannah was feeling more confident. She now felt she had real power over him, over and above that afforded by cuffs and padlocks.

"Please Hannah, what's the number?" he begged as he automatically kissed her shoe that she'd just pushed through the bars.

"Put your chastity cage back on." she ordered.

Tom tried to clear his mind, but her partially silhouetted figure standing above him and the smell of her leather shoe that he was kissing were overpowering. He pick up the chastity cage and slowly and as gently as he could, forced his cock back inside.

"Put the key in my panties." Hannah ordered as she opened her leather jacket a little.

Slowly Tom reached through the bars and slipped his slightly numb fingers into her black silk underwear. It was warm and right then he wished his whole body could slip inside. Reluctantly, he let go of the small key which dropped down into her crotch. He removed his hand and she quickly reclosed her leather jacket.

"Goodnight," Hannah smiled as she turned to leave.

"Hannah, I thought we had a deal?"

She smiled and walked up to the bars. "I didn't say I was going to let you out."

Tom was close enough to reach the key he needed to free his cock, but he didn't. Although this was way past anything he'd done before, he realised that her power was intoxicated him. Right then, looking at her semi naked body through the bars, she could have done anything she wanted to him.

"There are blankets and some of my old clothes in that suitcase."

Tom looked up and smiled resignedly.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you.” he breathed.

Hannah started to smile, but stopped herself. “Enjoy your night behind bars,” she replied as seriously as she could manage.

He watched her silhouetted shape walk away as his numb fingers started to turn the padlock dials.

Hannah gave Tom the benefit of her sexiest walk as she left the basement, although once back in the warmth of her apartment she immediately questioned whether she’d done the right thing. She removed her leather jacket and looked at herself in the full length mirror.

It had seemed sexy at the time, but surely Tom couldn’t be happy spending the night locked in that cold storage room. As she put her fingers into the front of her knickers and pulled out the chastity key she felt embarrassed, why had she made him do that? Why had she locked him back into chastity? She put the key down on her bedside table and sat on the edge of her bed.

She sat there playing with her high heeled shoe, slipping her foot in and out. She had to go and free him. But maybe she shouldn’t, and anyway maybe he’d already cracked the combination. Wearing only her very short black nightie, she sat on her kitchen bench top and poured herself a glass of wine. And then another. After the second glass, Tom’s fate for the night was sealed.

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## Chapter 4

### *Dinner at Hannah’s, making love and the trunk*

Tom was woken at 10am the next morning by a knock on his front door. He wrapped a towel around him, walked to the door and found his neighbour standing there in a short black flared skirt and low cut stripy top. She looked slightly uncertain and was reluctant to make full eye contact.

“I brought you some coffee?” Hannah said hesitantly, holding up two takeaway coffees. She studied his reaction eagerly, but his smile told her that maybe she hadn’t messed up the night before. They sat down on the bar stool in Tom’s kitchen and started to drink.

“I don’t think I’ll ever forget the look of you in that black leather jacket, and not much else.” Tom smiled as he took a mouthful of coffee.

“How long did it take you to get out?”

“Long enough, it turns out 4 dials is much harder to solve than 3.”

“What time?”

“4am.”

“Oh my god, that’s long. All you had to do was turn them to 9-4-6-9.”

Tom smiled. “Nice skirt by the way.”

Hannah smiled and slowly crossed her legs for his benefit.

“Don’t do that!” he smiled as he pointed to his crotch.

“Nice chastity cage by the way,” Hannah giggled as she pulled the towel from around Tom’s waist and let it fall to the floor.

“Oh yes and while we’re on the subject, any chance of letting me out Madam, Mistress or whatever?” he asked.

“Mistress, I like it.” she giggled.

“It’s aching like hell.”

“Kneel,” she ordered as both of them tried not to smile.

Hannah stood up from the stool. “Find the key and I’ll unlock you,” she said, “but you can’t use your hands.”

Tom was delighted, he had free reign over her fantastic body. He looked up and down checking for pockets, but there were none. He wanted to feel her breasts and so ran his lips over them slowly.

“And no tickling,” she giggled, almost spilling her coffee.

“Enjoying yourself?” he asked as he put his lips over her erect nipples.

“Hey, mind your own business and keep looking if you ever want to get out of that thing.”

“They’re not here,” he finally concluded.

“Yes they are, keep looking.”

He knelt back down and with his hands behind his back, put his head up inside her skirt. Again in no hurry, he ran his lips very gently around and inside her white silk underwear. He soon felt the key inside and used his tongue to let the key fall out and on to the floor.

At that point, Hannah pushed him backwards on to the floor and sat astride him, rubbing herself against the steel cage for several moments before unlocking him.

“Thank you,” he cried as his cock immediately became hard.

“It looks as though you wanted to get out of that for a while.”

“I did, but somehow the key ended up inside your panties,” he replied.

“Funny that,” she giggled as she sat back down on the stool, again playing with her shoe.

Tom was still exhausted from lack of sleep and so lay down on his sofa and closed his eyes. He opened them a few minutes later as he heard Hannah picking up his keys and phone.

“Let me cook you dinner at my place tonight, to thank you for the meal last night,” she said.

“What are you doing with my keys?”

“I don’t want any distractions while you get your beauty sleep.”

Tom watched as she took his key, knowing full well what she was planning. He watched as she positioned the chastity tube and the unlocked padlock on the table. The key to the padlock was nowhere to be seen.

“Make sure you dress for dinner,” she reminded him, pointing to the steel chastity device.

Hannah then blew a kiss and left Tom’s flat, dead locking the front door as she went. Tom lay back down on the sofa. He was now locked inside his own flat. Ironically, he had given the woman in the flat opposite his other spare key and now Hannah had taken his key. He was now the only person on the floor who didn’t have a key to his flat.

He didn’t even have a phone. And a few seconds later he didn’t even have electricity, as Hannah switched off his power from the meter box in the hallway. He had no choice,

but to lie there, think of Hannah and wonder what surprises his newly inducted dominatrix had planned for him that evening.

Hannah clutched Tom's front door keys with both hands as she walked quickly along the corridor and back to her apartment. She placed his keys on her sofa and sat down on top of them, if she couldn't see the keys then maybe she wouldn't be so over excited about the situation.

She looked around her lounge, thinking about what she would do for him that evening. It had to be good, it had to make up for a night locked up in a cold basement and a day locked inside his own flat. She had to keep his interest. She felt the keys beneath her and smiled to herself. Whether he was still interested in her or not, he was going nowhere that day.

But how would she keep his interest? She stood up and walked over to the metal trunk that she had locked him in the day before. She automatically raised her hand to her mouth as she thought about how she had locked Tom inside. She closed the empty trunk and slowly sat down on the lid. She pulled up her skirt and wriggled her butt over the air holes.

"Try and get out of that," she purred to nobody other than herself. "And if you don't kiss my butt right now, I'll fart in your face." she continued.

She blushed, jumped up and walked into her kitchen. What was she doing? Why was this turning her on? She flicked on the coffee machine and looked back at the trunk. She was fidgeting with lid of the coffee jar and dropped it noisily on to the floor. It made her jump. She looked back to the trunk.

Slowly, she unzipped her short skirt and let it fall to the floor. With her heels still on, she walked as seductively as she could back to the trunk and sat down on the lid.

"You are now completely trapped under my butt," she whispered, afraid that someone might hear her. "And there is no way I'm letting you out."

What would it be like in the trunk? Hannah stood up and opened the lid. She locked the padlocks to the open hasps to make sure that they wouldn't fall down and trap her inside.

Hannah then climbed inside the trunk and lay on her back with her knees drawn up. She started to pull the lid closed above her, but the lid was heavier than she realised and it banged closed on top of her. She startled, but then calmed down and explored the small dark space. She started to imagine that someone was locking the padlocks and securing her inside, but the thought frightened her and she quickly pushed the lid up and climbed out.

Why would Tom let someone lock him up like that? Why would he let 'her' lock him up? Whatever the attraction, it must be pretty strong to overcome the fear of being locked inside. Hannah closed the trunk and sat back down on the lid. Whatever it was, this was fun.

It had gone midday when Tom finally woke up. He turned on the kettle to make some coffee, only to remember that Hannah had switched off the power. In desperate need of caffeine, Tom made himself a cup using water from the hot tap.

As he drank the lukewarm coffee he inspected the chastity tube that Hannah had left for him to wear that evening. The idea of locking himself into chastity before going to a girl's place for dinner seemed bizarre. Nonetheless, the thought excited him and he knew that he would comply with her request. Tom finished the questionable coffee and took a long shower.



At six o'clock, Tom changed out of his old boxers and t-shirt, and into chinos and shirt. He brushed his hair, shaved, applied aftershave and all the usual things he did before an evening out to ensure that he impressed the girl.

He examined the cock cage again, turning it in his hand. He thought about masturbating one more time, this may be his last chance for a while, but decided against it. It would be more fun to find out what Hannah had in store.

He fitted the cage around his cock and balls, although no matter how he positioned it, it was tight. He slipped the padlock in place and looked at himself in the mirror with the open padlock hanging from the lock. It actually felt nice, although if Hannah hadn't unlocked him by this time tomorrow, it might not be so comfortable. With a picture of Hannah clearly in his mind, Tom locked the padlock. He pulled up his boxers and chinos and waited for his date to arrive.

Tom had to wait almost an hour for Hannah to unlock his door and walk in. Tom thought she looked stunning in a short fitted red dress with a thin brown belt around her waist. Her long brown hair was hanging around her shoulders and she wore brown leather bangles on her wrist. Tom walked up to her and kissed her on both cheeks.

"You look fantastic."

"Thanks," she replied bashfully. He was already having that effect on her.

"Your place then?"

"Umm, yeah, sure." she replied.

Tom followed Hannah down the corridor.

"Are you wearing it?" she asked.

"Yes,"

"And do you have the key?"

"Yes, I'm wearing it," she smiled.

Tom studied his hostess in her tight dress, trying to imagine where the key might be.

They walked into Hannah's apartment, where the table was laid for dinner. In front of one of the two places was a heavy steel neck and wrist fiddle. Tom started to examine the fiddle as Hannah poured two glasses of wine.

"Standard wear for dinner guests?" he joked.

Hannah felt embarrassed. She had fantasized all afternoon about locking him inside it, but now he was actually here, she was embarrassed. She drank half a glass of wine straight down and had to top it up before bringing the glasses out.

"OK," Tom smiled as he held his hands up in front of him.

"You want to try it?" she asked hesitantly.

"I assumed I had no choice."

"Umm, yes, that's right," Hannah said quickly as she put down the glasses, slightly spilling one, and picked up the fiddle.

Hannah was four inches shorter than Tom and looked up into his eyes as she positioned the fiddle around his neck. She could smell his aftershave and had to try desperately to keep a steady hand. She enclosed his neck and wrists and locked the whole thing with the padlock. She then grabbed a glass of wine and stepped back still clutching the key in one hand.

"It's tight," Tom said as he tried briefly to escape.

"Can you get out?" she asked.

"Yes, if you give me the key."

"And if I don't?"

“Well I could try and grab the key from you.” he baited.

Hannah smiled and tucked the key into her bra. Tom stepped forward as if trying to take the key, but at the last minute bent forward and kissed Hannah on the lips. Hannah stepped back and sat down on the sofa with her eyes looking down to her lap.

“Tom, what’s happening here? Am I your dominatrix or your girlfriend?”

Tom sat down on the opposite sofa looking past his restrained hands to where his hostess was sitting. Tom knew why she was asking, but didn’t know how to reply. He loved being restrained and dominated by her, but he was also aware that he was falling for her.

“The truth is I want you to be both, I guess,” Tom finally replied.

“Really?” Hannah looked up timidly.

“How do you feel about this?”

“I don’t know. I’ve fancied you for ages. I also really like doing.... this stuff to you, it makes..... me feel sexy.” Hannah replied.

Tom smiled. “It seems strange having this serious conversation while I’m locked in this fiddle.”

“I know,” Hannah laughed nervously, “do you want me to unlock you?”

“I really don’t.”

Hannah could see that he was getting off topic.

“So what are we?” she persisted.

“Friends.”

“Friends?” Hannah replied, “You’re sitting her in my flat in chains and in chastity.”

“Good friends, then?”

Hannah stood up and walked over to him.

“Can this work?” she asked.

“I don’t know, but if we both enjoy it, maybe we should find out?”

Hannah thought for a moment, “OK. Good friends, who like to play umm.... games and.... maybe sleep together?”

“Really?” it was Tom’s turn to be surprised.

“Maybe, if you do as I say.”

The next two hours was spent eating the meal that Hannah had prepared. Tom ate as well as anyone who was locked in a fiddle could eat. His mishaps were a constant source of amusement for Hannah, although at no point was she tempted to release him.

Halfway through dessert, Hannah sat down on Tom’s lap and with her arm around him and started to feed him the crème brulee.

“What shall we do now?” he asked.

“The washing up.” she giggled.

“Can’t I’m stuck in this, sorry,” Tom smiled as he rattled the heavy steel fiddle.

“Yes, I’m looking forward to watching you try.”

“No chance of being unlocked?”

Hannah shook her head and threw him a cloth which landed on his head. She then sat down on the kitchen counter, crossed her legs and watched.

Washing the dishes was almost impossible, every time he put his hands in the sink, his face almost touched the water. A couple of times Tom got bubbles on the end of his nose, which gave Hannah almost uncontrollable giggles. Plus the task wasn’t made any easier by having the world’s sexiest woman sitting next to him in a very short dress.

“That’s so funny,” she smiled.

Tom pulled at the padlock securing the fiddle. "It would be so much easier if you gave me the key to this."

"I know."

"Can I have it?"

"No," she giggled as she jumped off the kitchen counter.

Hannah instructed Tom to crouch down. She then placed one high heel clad foot inside each of his arms, so that each foot was inside a closed circle formed by his arms and the fiddle.

"OK, stand up," she ordered.

Tom slowly worked the fiddle up between her bare legs. By the time he was kneeling, the fiddle had reached her crotch and could go no higher. Hannah slid up her dress to get a better view. Tom's hands were up against her butt and his face was up against the front of her underwear, with his wrists and neck connected by the fiddle that ran between her legs.

"I don't seem to be able to go any higher," Tom observed, gently pushing the fiddle up into her crotch.

"Mmm, it feels nice when you try though."

"Why do people always end up in this position, unable to move with their face up against your panties?"

"People?" Hannah questioned, "It's only you who ends up in this predicament."

Tom had already started to kiss her black silk panties.

"Well we are good friends...."

Hannah smiled as she pulled her tight red dress back down, this time with Tom's head inside. The wine and her mood had now completely overcome her initial coyness and Tom had no option but to go along for the ride.

Half an hour later and Hannah had finally freed Tom from inside her dress. She was now pulling him along by the small steel loop attached to the front of the fiddle. She led him into her bathroom and made him lie down on his side so that his head and shoulders were inside the shower cubicle and his legs stretched out across the bathroom.

Hannah then knelt down next to his head and used a padlock to lock the front of the fiddle to the metal drain that was in the centre of the shower. Tom tried to stand up, but the drain held firm. He was still trying to detach himself from the plumbing when Hannah returned to the bathroom completely naked.

"Wow!" Tom exclaimed as he looked up.

Hannah was tanned all over, with a very athletic physique. She walked into the shower and stood with one foot either side of his head and turned on the water. Tom tried to watch her, but the water fell into his eyes and he blinked it away in an attempt to continue to watch. His shirt was soaked, but he didn't care. All he wanted to do was to reach out and touch her, but the fiddle held his hands in place and he could do no more than touch her feet.

The chastity cage made it feel as though someone was standing on his balls. He could see the key for it lying out of reach on the bathroom floor, having fallen out of Hannah's panties as she undressed.

Hannah stood in the shower, gently rubbing her clit. Her eyes were closed and she was completely lost in the moment. If she stopped and thought about what she was doing, she would have been too self-conscious to continue. She daydreamed about Tom making love to her. She would have to unlock him from the fiddle, but that would only be a

temporary freedom. Would he want to make love to her? The look on his face right then told her that he would.

She stepped backwards and almost trod on Tom's face. The noise of the water all but drowned out any chance of conversation and even if Tom had said something, she wouldn't have heard.

Hannah finished her shower, stepped over Tom's head and dried herself. She wrapped a towel around her waist and looked down at her wet, chained up friend.

"Hannah, this fiddle is driving me insane, please let me out," Tom begged.

"If I do, will you make love to me?"

Tom looked up at her cute face, if only this wasn't a tease.

"Well?"

Maybe she was serious, "Yes, of course!"

Tom watched with slight concern as Hannah rummaged through her clothes, which she had strewn across the bathroom floor, looking for the key. However all she did was unlock the fiddle from the drain and with the fiddle still locked, led Tom into her bedroom. She then used the padlock to attach the fiddle to the metal frame of her double bed.

Tom knelt on the floor by her bed as she brushed her long dark hair with nothing more than a towel wrapped around her.

"I thought we were going to...."

"Patience," she purred as she continued to brush.

Hannah slipped on a short night dress and then unbuttoned and removed Tom's trousers and boxer shorts. She then played with the chastity cage and rattled the padlock. Taking her time, she took the key and unlocked the padlock and freed his cock, which was immediately hard.

Tom reacted by pulling even harder at the fiddle in a desperate but hopeless attempt to get free.

"Hannah!"

"If I unlock you, will you keep your promise?" she asked as she looked into his eyes.

"What do you think?"

The brunette smiled and after a few more minutes of teasing unlocked the padlock and opened the fiddle. It fell to the floor with a clatter. Tom stood up, peeled off his wet shirt and lifted Hannah into the air and laid her gently down in the middle of her bed. He kissed her and this time she kissed him right back. The events of the last two days had made him want her more than he'd ever wanted any woman.

Hannah lay on the bed smiling. He was incredible fit and incredibly gentle. For the first time in their brief relationship, he was taking charge. He had already shown that he trusted her totally; she now knew that she trusted him too. The next two hours passed in a blur.

By midnight they had showered again, this time in a more conventional manner, and were sitting on the bar stool in the kitchen drinking Cointreau. Tom wore only his boxers and Hannah was wearing her short black night dress and panties.

"It seems strange being with you and not being locked up," Tom observed.

"I can soon fix that." she purred.

"I believe you."

"How would you like to spend the night?" Hannah ran her fingers up his thigh.

"What do you recommend?"

All sorts of ideas were running through Hannah's mind, but she wasn't sure how far to push it. They'd made love now, so did that change what he wanted her to do? She would love to lock him in the trunk until morning and sleep holding the keys to the trunk. Was she crazy to even think that? Would that be too much for him to take? But he had asked her to suggest something.

"Will you do anything I say?" she asked.

Tom watched her as she rubbed her glass between her lips, she looked a little unsure, but still as cute as hell. Just falling asleep with this beautiful woman should have been enough, but somehow he was more excited about what else she might make him do, even if it meant suffering another uncomfortable night.

"Anything," he replied as he downed the remainder of his drink.

Hannah already had her cuffs in her hand and was sitting on the lid of the steel trunk. She looked so cute, Tom imagined himself inside the trunk right beneath her butt. Although whether he could take that for the whole night he wasn't sure.

"Hand please," Hannah instructed.

"Not too tight?" Tom asked hopefully.

"Next hand."

"That's still quite tight."

Hannah tried to tuck the key inside her bra, but she wasn't wearing one, and so the key fell on to the floor. She was embarrassed as she crouched down quickly to pick it up.

"No bra?" Tom asked unhelpfully.

"Inside the trunk," Hannah ordered slightly annoyed.

Tom climbed in and lay on the cushions that Hannah had placed on the bottom of the trunk and which she had also piled up at one end for his head and shoulders. It was actually very comfortable.

Hannah then reached in and cuffed one of Tom's ankles, passed the chain through the handcuffs and then cuffed the second ankle.

"Here's the deal, if you can open the lid with me sitting on top, then I won't gag you with my panties." Hannah said as the very sight on Tom lying chained in the trunk was turning her on like crazy. She lowered the lid and sat down on top.

"OK, go."

Tom pushed up and was just able to lift the lid. Hannah lent forward and held on the sides to balance herself. There was four inches of daylight between the lid and the box which was as far as Tom could push, but Hannah was easily able to balance on top.

"There, I've opened it." Tom exclaimed as he fought to hold it up.

"OK, climb out then."

"What?"

"There's not much use in opening the trunk if you can't climb out." Hannah replied.

Tom knew that Hannah was being unfair, but then she was the one sitting on the lid and so she made the rules. There was no way that he could hold the lid up and climb out at the same time. There was also no way he could hold her weight for any longer than a few seconds. He let go and the lid crashed back down on top of him, plunging him into darkness. He knew what that meant.

Hannah sat on the lid for a few moments, happy in the knowledge that her little butt was enough to trap him inside. She finally stood up and opened the lid. Once she was sure he was watching, she slowly and theatrically slid her black silk underwear down her

legs. Tom opened wide as she stuffed them into his mouth and wrapped duct tape round and round his head to keep them in place.

“And this,” Hannah purred, picking up the fiddle.

Tom was again completely under her spell and so complied as Hannah positioned it around his neck and wrists and padlocked it closed. She then took the red dress that she had worn earlier in the evening and wrapped it around his head. She then checked he could breathe through the material.

With no sexy eyes to distract her, Hannah confidently closed the lid and used the two large padlocks to secure it in place. She pulled up her night dress and placed her naked butt down over the air holes. She gently touched herself and inadvertently let out a moan as the sensation sent a shiver through her body.

“Don’t worry, I won’t leave you here all night,” she purred, “just a few more minutes, just while I...”

Tom was equally turned on in the trunk only inches beneath her, but thanks to the fiddle that Hannah had locked on him, he couldn’t touch himself. He knew this was a deliberate ploy on her part, she was starting to develop a teasing streak. But otherwise it felt nice in the trunk, warm, soft and filled with Hannah’s scent.

Hannah moved to her bedroom and lay down in her bed holding the keys into her crotch. She was exhausted, but the adrenalin kept her going for one more time. She then relaxed and closed her eyes, which could mean only one thing for a woman as tired as she was. Within seconds she fell asleep, still holding the keys between her thighs.

Tom lay in the trunk, listening to Hannah moan. Once she let him out, he would definitely suggest they make out for one last time. However things were becoming quieter, what was she doing? He then heard her breathing more heavily, which he knew meant that she had fallen asleep. He tried to call out, but panty gags are effective, particularly Hannah’s.

Really just for his amusement, Tom kicked and pushed at the trunk and at his restraints. It was pointless. With the woman in the bedroom asleep with all the keys, there was nothing he could do until the morning. A few moments later, he too was asleep.

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## [Chapter 5](#)

### *From the secure to the extreme*

The next morning Hannah woke and stretched out in bed. She felt the keys lying next to her in the bed and squeezed them into her body and smiled. With only a sheet to cover her, she rolled over and closed her eyes, what a lovely morning. She started to remember the fun that she and Tom had had the night before, the games, making love. He had been incredible. She reached out, expecting to find him in the bed next to her, but she was alone.

Finally her memory caught up with her. Oh no! She hadn’t unlocked him from the trunk. The poor guy had spent the whole night locked inside, completely helpless and barely able to move a muscle. He had spent the whole night with her dirty panties in his

mouth! Was he alright? Even if he was, this would surely be the last time he'd let her lock him up. How could she have been so stupid?

All sorts of scenarios ran through her mind as Hannah threw off the sheet, sprang out of bed and, with the keys in her hand, ran into the lounge. She fell to her knees and peered anxiously through the small air holes in the lid of the trunk. To her immense relief, Tom was still breathing and even better, he seemed to be asleep.

Quietly, Hannah took her keys and unlocked the two heavy padlocks and opened the steel trunk. Tom was sleeping and looked amazingly peaceful. Maybe this would be OK after all.

Leaving him still locked in the cuffs and fiddle, Hannah quickly showered and changed into her favourite blue jeans and fitted pink t-shirt and put her long hair up in a ponytail. She sat on a stool next to the trunk and tried to compose herself. She decided that the best approach was to act confident, as if she'd meant to leave him there all night. But inside she felt stupid, and the sight of her used underwear in his mouth just made her feel worse.

By the time Tom woke, she was sitting as calmly as she could, drinking coffee.

"Morning sleepy," she said as she bent down and peeled the duct tape from around his head.

Tom spat out Hannah's dirty underwear and slowly got his stiff jaw moving.

"What's the time, did I spend all night in here?"

"Yes, all night under my lock and key, held captive by a girl," she said with a slightly false laugh.

Tom smiled at the thought as he struggled to climb out of the trunk with the fiddle and the cuffs still locked in place. He finally climbed out, but could only sit helplessly on the floor.

"Any chance of getting out of these?" he asked rattling the restraints.

"Maybe," Hannah replied as she crossed her legs and turned away to check her phone.

He started to notice the discomfort caused by the lack of movement, particularly in his arms. He climbed to his knees and shuffled along until he was next to her stool and looked up his jailer. Shit, she looked sexy. He loved those jeans, they made her butt look out of this world.

"Oh my, where did I put the keys?" she said, trying to sound as casual as possible.

Tom watched Hannah as she glanced around the room as if trying to locate the keys. Although after a little more theatrics, Hannah stood up and pulled some keys from the back pocket of her jeans.

"I hope I haven't bent the keys by sitting on them," she said as she took her time inspecting each key to find the right one.

Tom smiled and raised his eyebrows slightly.

"And if you make one comment about the size of my butt, then I'll lock you back in the trunk," Hannah smiled as if knowing what he was thinking.

With plenty of further theatrics, Hannah slowly unlocked the fiddle and the foot cuffs, but left the handcuffs in place. She then tucked the keys back into her pocket and sat back down, pinning the keys beneath her.

"You forgot these," Tom said holding up his chained hands.

"I thought it might be more fun if you tried to pick those locks."

"Pick these! Have you seen just how complicate the key is? There's no way."

“Now, don’t be such a defeatist,” she smiled as she stood up and placed her bare foot down on the cuff chain, thereby pinning his hands to the floor, “I’ll even give you a hair clip.”

Hannah fetched a hair clip from her room and dropped it on the floor next to where Tom was still kneeling. She then started to walk around her apartment, cleaning up from the night before.

Tom played along and straightened out the clip and inserted it into the lock on one of the cuffs. For a few moments his positive attitude got the better of him and he tried in earnest to open it. However, a few minutes later reality kicked in and he threw the hair clip across the room. It was a pointless exercise.

“Hannah, this isn’t going to work.”

“That’s a shame, I thought we could go out for breakfast,” she replied while straightening the sofa cushions.

“We can, the cuff key is in your pocket!”

“I guess if you can’t get out of your cuffs, then we’ll have to stay in.”

She was starting to drive him crazy and so he stood up walked over to her. Hannah saw him coming and gracefully ducked under his arms and skipped into her bedroom. Tom, his legs still stiff from a night in confinement, followed her more slowly.

“Hannah, the key?” Tom asked as he cornered her in her bedroom.

“Silly me, have I got your key,” she giggled as she ducked inside his cuffed arms and kissed him on the lips. Tom gazed into her dark eyes and hardly noticed as she pushed him backwards so that they both fell on to the bed. Hannah finally ducted out from inside his arms, sat astride him and pulled out the key.

“What’s it worth?” she asked, dangling it above him.

“Not tickling you to death,” he smiled as he lifted her t-shirt and tickled her around the waist.

Hannah burst into laughter and had to slide forward until she was sitting on his chained hands to stop him.

“OK, OK,” she giggled as she slipped the key into one of the cuff locks and released his wrist.

However, instead of unlocking his second wrist, she simply relocked the first cuff around the metal bed frame. Before Tom could react, Hannah had jumped up and with her back to Tom, slipped the key into her back pocket and started wiggling her hips from side to side. With one hand tethered to the bed, Tom tried to vain to reach her.

“Looks as though we’re having breakfast in, I’ll go pick up some coffees.”

Once again she had him helplessly chained up, she was getting quite a knack for it.

“Can I have the hair clip then?” he asked.

“Sure,” Hannah purred as she blew him a kiss and left the flat.

Hannah returned with takeaway coffees and they sat together on her bed to drink. Once they had finished, Tom grabbed Hannah and pulled her pink t-shirt up and over her head, no mean feat for a guy chained by one wrist to the bed. Encountering little resistance, he started to unbutton her jeans and one handed started to ease them down over her hips. A few seconds later he was on top of her and they were making out. Again it was incredible and she orgasmed within seconds.

Hannah finally got to her feet and walked totally naked over to the bathroom. She then stopped, turned around and picked up her jeans and threw them out into the lounge and out of reach of the bed.



“You didn’t have to do that,” Tom said, his plan to distract her and get the keys having failed.

“You’ve got your hair clip, now get to work.” she purred, stepping into the shower.

Hannah stood in the shower debating whether or not she should share her next idea with Tom. It was a bit extreme, but the thought of doing it really excited her. So far Tom had played along with her suggestion, so maybe it would work.

Hannah towelled dry and then, to maximise her chances of success, dressed in the short yellow dress that she knew Tom liked. She returned to the bed and sat astride Tom’s waist.

“I was just wondering,” Hannah said as she played absentmindedly with the cuff that was locked to the bed, “.... whether you wanted to try something else..... maybe try a safe?”

Tom laughed out loud with surprise. “What? Well, I’m not sure. Anyway I wouldn’t fit.”

“You’d fit in the one at the advertising agency where I tempt. It’s Sunday so we’d have it all to ourselves,” Hannah replied hesitantly, although now wishing that she hadn’t said anything.

Tom thought of what to say next. So far Hannah’s crazy ideas had been fun, but surely this was too extreme. Also was it dangerous? Would he be able to breathe? What if the safe wouldn’t open again? What if Hannah chose not to let him out.

At that moment, Hannah slid further up his body, until she was sitting astride his chest. Tom’s attention quickly moved from the risks of her latest idea and back to her sexy legs and that yellow dress. Tom tried to kiss her legs, but Hannah kept them tantalisingly just of reach.

“What about we just go and look, I won’t close the door unless you tell me.”

Still fixated by the dress, Tom just nodded without really thinking.

While still sitting on top of him, Hannah unlocked the cuff from around Tom’s wrist. Finally seeing his chance for freedom, Tom quickly pushed her over on to the bed and lay on top of her. It was amazing how different and less threatening she looked on the rare occasions when she didn’t have him chained up.

Hannah led Tom on the twenty minute walk to her work. They walked through the unmanned reception, took the lift to the fifth floor and then opened the door with her pass card. As promised, there was a large safe that the agency used to store original designs, although for whatever reason it was currently empty.

Hannah took the key from her boss’s office and turned it in the lock. She then typed in a code, which with hindsight Tom wished he had watched, and then pulled open the heavy door. Inside was a space 3 foot by 3 foot and 4 foot high. As Hannah had promised it was easily big enough to accommodate him.

“OK, just sit inside and see what it feels like,” Hannah said, with her ankles crossed and nervously slipping one high heeled shoe on and off.

Tom opened the door a little wider and then carefully climbed in and sat down with his knees drawn up in front of him. He looked around at three sides of solid steel and one side of Hannah fidgeting in her yellow dress.

“Well it has a great view of your legs,” he smiled as she reached out to touch.

“Not now,” Hannah slapped his hand away, “I want to know what you think.”

“I’m not sure, it’s a bit scary.”

“What if I close the door a bit, I promise I won’t lock it.”

“Umm, well..... OK.”

Hannah stepped back and slowly pushed the door until there was only an inch of light between the frame of the safe and the door. Tom reached out a hand to steady it and to make sure that she didn't close it all the way by accident. Hannah crouched down and looked through the gap where the interior was still lit by a small bulb.

“OK,” Tom said slightly nervously, that's far enough.

“See you have plenty of room.”

“It's not the space I'm worried about, it's the fact that I'd be completely helpless.”

“I've had you helplessly locked up before.”

“I know, but this is somehow more helpless.”

Hannah stood up and looked at the almost closed safe. She was so turned on by the thought of locking him in and was desperate to hear the mechanism click closed. She had already decided that she would sit on top of the safe and masturbate, but all that was academic if he wouldn't let her lock him in.

Hannah was standing only inches from the door, a quick flick of her hips would be enough to push it closed. Oh she was so tempted, but even Hannah knew that wouldn't be fair. She would have to take the other approach. She pulled open the door and stood in front of the safe with her legs apart and her hands on her hips.

“Kiss my foot,” she ordered, her sexual energy overcoming all her nerves.

Tom smiled and duly complied and then worked his way up her legs as directed. By the time he kissed her inner thigh, his head was inside the yellow dress and the dress was working its spell on Tom. Hannah knew the moment was right.

“Are you ready for me to lock you in the safe?”

Hannah had to squeeze her thighs together, squashing his head, to get his attention, but Tom clearly said yes.

“Inside,” she ordered.

“OK.”

“Right, I'm going to lock you in.”

Completely aroused, Tom complied, his eyes still on her body. Hannah pushed the safe door to and checked to make sure Tom wasn't protesting. She only waited a couple of seconds, but to her that was enough. She stood next to the safe and with a flick of her hips, pushed against the door with enough force to lock it.

Hannah's mouth was dry as she pulled off her knickers, threw them to the floor and then jumped up and sat down on top of the safe. Her first touch made her cry out loud. She startled herself, but soon realised that no one could hear. The office was empty and Tom was behind three inches of steel.

Tom sat inside in the dark, unaware of the girl touching herself above him. He couldn't hear or see anything; to him the world had stopped. But to his surprise he wasn't freaking out. All thoughts had left him, he couldn't even picture where he lived or anything else from the real world. The only image filling his mind was Hannah, her voice, her laugh, her figure, her cute face, her legs and the yellow dress. Time was standing still.

What neither of them knew was that Hannah's boss had just walked past reception and was making her way up in the lift. Within less than a minute she would be with them.

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## Chapter 6

### *She sits, he's caged*

The lift doors opened and Emma walked out into the office that she had run for the past three years. She was about to turn 35 and was a total career girl. She was dressed in blue jeans and a tight bright pink top, her long black hair up in a pony tail.

She saw Hannah sitting on top of the safe.

“Hi Hannah. What are you doing in today?”

Hannah quickly crossed her legs and pulled down her skirt, hoping desperately that her boss hadn't noticed that she was naked underneath.

“Err.... just waiting for a friend to call and umm... going for a drink in town,” she muttered nervously.

Emma didn't seem to notice anything was wrong as she walked into her office and started rummaging through papers on her desk.

“Have you seen my locker key, I need to change into my running kit.... it was attached to the safe key I think.”

The key ring that her boss was looking for was on the floor in front of the safe where Hannah had dropped it in her hurry to touch herself. Hannah quickly jumped down off the safe and was about to grab the keys when she saw her underwear also lying in plain view on the floor. In a split second decision, Hannah first grabbed her panties and only then grabbed the keys, however by this time Emma was already coming out of her office.

“I really should take better care of these!” Emma said as she took the keys from Hannah's hand and stuffed them into the front pocket of her jeans.

Hannah was in shock. Tom was locked inside the safe and her bitch of a boss had just walked off with the only keys. She'd only been Tom's girlfriend for a matter of days and now she was about to be responsible for his slow and painful death. Hannah watched with panic as Emma walked into the lift and the doors closed behind her.

“Oh my god, that bitch has taken the keys!” Hannah cried, as she ran over to the lifts and back over to the safe still holding her underwear in her hand.

She typed in the code and pulled at the handle, maybe she hadn't actually turned the key. What was she thinking? Of course she had. She remembered the pulse of excitement that she had felt when she had heard the mechanism click over.

She pulled as hard as she could at the door until she noticed that she was shaking. She stopped pulling and wiped away a couple of tears from her cheek. What had she done? Why had she had this to Tom, it was a stupid idea. How could she get him out?

Hannah realised that she was still holding her panties in her hand and threw them down and kicked them across the floor in frustration. Although after a few moments she calmed down, picked them up and slid them up over her slim legs.

She looked down at her tarty yellow dress, wishing that she was wearing something less conspicuous. She tried in vain to pull it further down her legs as she sat down on the nearest chair and kicked the floor in frustration.

Maybe she could catch up with Emma and discretely take the keys from her pocket? Fat chance. Even if she had to confess to her secret she would. But either way it was hopeless, she had no idea where that workaholic, fitness freak bitch would be.

Hannah was pathetically kicking the heavy safe when the lift doors opened and Emma walked back into the office having changed into running shorts and t-shirt. She walked straight into her office and dumped a pile of clothes on her desk.

“See you tomorrow sweetie,” she called to Hannah as she walked back out to the lifts.

Hannah was still shaking as she ran into Emma’s office, grabbed her jeans and started to look through her pockets.

“Yes!” she exclaimed as she grabbed the keys and ran back to the safe.

Hannah was about to unlock the safe when she paused to wipe some more tears from her eyes. She must look terrible, Tom couldn’t see her like this. Picking up the keys, which from now on were not going to leave her side, she walked to the bathrooms.

She splashed water over her face and started to fix up her makeup that had started to run. She brushed her hair and straightened her dress. She didn’t want to leave Tom locked up any longer than she had to, but she had to calm herself down. She stood in front of the mirror looking at her reflection and taking deep breaths.

Only once she was ready, did she kneel down by the safe and inserted the key. She typed in the number and pulled open the heavy door.

“Hi prisoner,” she said trying to look as relaxed as she could.

“You took your time,” Tom replied.

Time inside the safe had been a strange mix of terror and excitement. As long as he focused on his sexy dominatrix it was exciting, if his mind wondered on to the practicalities of his vulnerable predicament, it was terrifying.

“I’m sorry,” Hannah was starting to well up.

“Hey, what’s wrong?”

“My boss came.... took the key, I almost ....”

Tom was confused, he hadn’t heard anything inside the steel box. He put his arms around her, took his handkerchief and wiped her eyes and brushed her brown hair back over her shoulders. He found her current vulnerability strangely attractive, and for some reason the idea that Hannah had almost lost the key seemed to be turning him on. If Hannah had been up for it, he would have gladly climbed back into the safe and let her lock him in again.

“I don’t care, that was amazing, you look so sexy,” he whispered.

“I’m sorry, anything could have happened, I won’t do anything like that to you again.”

“I forgive you,” he smiled as he looked longingly into the safe.

But Hannah couldn’t bring herself to even look him in the eye and instead focused on fiddling with the leather bangles on her wrist.

Tom took Hannah to a nearby restaurant and from there they took in a movie. She couldn’t understand why he was being so nice to her, she’d almost let him suffocate in a safe, while the slut that she was, sat on top touching herself. He’d trusted her and she’d let him down. Was he just letting her calm down before dumping her?

Tom kept glancing at her in the cinema, her legs and arms were crossed and she was staring intently at the screen. Having this cute brunette as a dominatrix was certainly exciting and unpredictable. Letting someone so cute and innocent have so much power over him. These experiences would make a great story one day, not that he would ever share them with anyone.

It was Friday evening and Hannah was at Tom flat where he was cooked dinner. He was please to see that Hannah was back to her smiley, sexy self. She was sitting at his dining table in a short blue summer dress. Her long brown hair was in a ponytail and her playful look was returning to her eyes. She sat totally upright as always, with her ankles neatly crossed under the table and watched with almost nervous excitement as Tom carried the main course to the table.

“Why are you being so nice to me?” she asked, still feeling bad about the incident with the safe.

Nice? All he had done was to cook her dinner. The reality was that right then he’d willingly do anything for this cute woman, but she was too modest to ever realise it. They started to eat.

“What?” Tom asked as he saw a half smiled cross Hannah’s face.

Hannah shrugged.

“What’s so funny?”

“It seems strange sitting here eating dinner like normal boring people.”

“By boring, do you mean with me being free of any of restraints?” he asked.

“Yes, maybe you should be wearing at least something?”

Tom stood up and retrieved his latest purchase from his bedroom. It was a round cage that locked around the head. It was made of thick steel bars at close centres and could be locked in place on the side with an Allen key.

Hannah’s big eyes seemed ever bigger and she was already on her feet with excitement. She walked around the table and within seconds had taken the heavy steel cage from him.

“Wow, can we try?”

“You realise that you won’t be able to kiss me once I’m inside this?” he asked.

Without letting go of the cage, Hannah kissed him on the lips, only stopping when she had to draw breath.

“I’m already glad I bought it,” Tom smiled.

Hannah was giggling like a school girl as she opened the cage and gently manoeuvred into position around Tom’s head. She slowly closed it up, making sure that she didn’t catch any skin between the thick steel bars. Once closed there was very little space between the bars and Tom’s head and only enough room to push a few fingers around the neck line.

“Where’s the key to lock it up?” Hannah asked eagerly.

“Hannah, we’re still eating.”

“So?”

Tom could see the excitement in her sexy eyes and couldn’t bring himself to disappoint her and so handed over the only Allen key. He watched as Hannah inserted the key and turned it as fast as she could and then used all of her force to tighten it as hard as she could.

“Hannah, that should do!” If she damaged the key he really would be in trouble.

“It looks great on you!” she exclaimed.

“I’m glad you like it.”

“Oh and look, there’s a place for a padlock.”

With the key still in her hand, Hannah skipped out of his flat and returned with one of the large padlocks that she’d used to secure the trunk. She slid it in place on the head cage and locked it, the click sounding ominously loud in his ear.

“That’s typical of you Hannah, why settle for high security when you can have ultra high security.”

“Oh stop complaining, you weren’t getting out anyway.” Hannah purred as she kissed the bar of the cage nearest to his mouth.

They sat back down and Tom watched the smiling brunette through the bars of his cage. He picked up his wine and tried to drink, but only succeeded in pouring red wine down the front of his shirt. Hannah had another fit of giggles.

“I told you we should wait until after dinner.”

“Too late now,” she almost sang.

“Can I have the keys?”

Hannah was staring intently into his eyes as she shook her head. Under the table she was rubbing herself with the Allen key and was so turned on that she had to try hard not to moan. She had her sexy guy locked up and there was no way that he was getting out. It was a lovely feeling.

She walked over to the kitchen and looked through the drawers until she found a straw which she helpfully stuck in what was left of his wine. She then unbuttoned and removed Tom’s shirt and couldn’t resist massaging his nipples with her lips and tongue. Tom was also now on a high and just closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling.

After dinner they were clearing the table when Hannah grabbed one of the bars on the front of the head cage and led him over to the kitchen cupboards and then pulled his head down to the floor.

“I’ve found another use for you as a step to reach your ridiculously high cupboards.”

Tom played along and lay down on his back as Hannah kicked off her black heels. He then watched as she carefully placed one foot and then the other on to the front of the cage, so that her bare feet were almost touching his face. He tried to sit up, but he had no chance with the whole of the woman’s weight pressing down on the cage.

“I can reach!” she cried as she held on to the cupboard handle and did a little dance on the cage.

“Good for you! Whereas I’ve got your smelly feet in my face.”

“Smelly!” Hannah pretended to be insulted.

She pushed her toes through the bars and used them to tickle his face, although inadvertently one of her toenail caught him on the cheek and drew blood.

Once Hannah had finished carving up his face with her toenails, she stepped off and held one of the bars and pulled him towards the sofa. As instructed he lay down on the sofa on his back, knowing full well what was coming next.

“Take a deep breath,” the brunette advised as she pulled up her dress and sat down on top of the cage. Her dress was pulled out around her, with all of her weight being taken by the cage.

The sofa was soft and Hannah’s weight pushed Tom’s head deep into the cushion. He was now fully engulfed in pillow, butt and skirt. The cage bars indented a pattern on Hannah’s butt, but any discomfort that she felt was more than compensated for by the rush of excitement she felt from having him securely pinned down beneath her. She looked at his bare chest, wishing that she had also cuffed and shackled him.

Tom lay underneath her running his hands up and down her bare legs. He was as hard as hell, enjoying the rare reprieve from Hannah’s chastity cage. He knew that he could easily pull her over and get out from underneath the girl’s butt, however getting out of the

head cage would be harder. He had no idea where she had put either of the necessary keys.

Hannah turned her attention to his cock and in doing so took away from him any chance of rationale thought. She took her time, teasing him. By the time he came, the feeling and temperature inside the cage was at fever pitch. She gave him a few moments to recover before guiding his hands further up her legs.

“Higher,” she ordered as he deliberately teased her by massaging her thighs.

“Higher!” she cried out of frustration as she pulled his hand inside her panties.

Again Tom teased her and ran his fingertips around her narrow waistline. She could feel his body shaking from laughter.

“In there! If you ever want your freedom!” she half cried, half laughed as she pushed his hand back down towards her crotch.

Tom complied, taking things as slowly as he could.

Without getting up, Hannah reached for the remote and turned on the TV which was halfway through a movie.

“I can’t see,” Tom complained.

Hannah pulled up her dress and opened her legs. Tom struggled on to his side, turning his head inside the cage, until he could look out between Hannah’s thighs.

“I can’t watch from down here,” Tom complained, which only started Hannah giggling.

“Perfect place for you,” she smiled as she turned up the volume.

Hannah sat on top of him and slowly closed her legs to reduce his field of vision, wondering how long it would take for him to notice. After a minute she felt his strong hands wrap around her thighs and pull them back open.

She let him open her legs a little before slowly squeezing her thighs together. Even with his full force, he was overpowered and his field of vision started to close again. By the time she had finished, not only could he see nothing at all, but his hands were also pinned securely in place between her thighs,

“Hannah!”

“Yes honey?”

“I can’t see!”

Tom was pulling at her legs which she easily held closed. They play fought for a few more minutes before Tom pulled her over and struggled to sit up.

He looked out through the bars at the giggling girl who he knew had hidden the keys to the cage.

“OK, where are the keys?”

“What?” she smiled innocently, but then couldn’t stop herself from laughing.

Tom slowly ran his hands over all of Hannah’s body, partly to make sure that she wasn’t concealing them, but mainly just because he wanted to.

“They must be in your apartment.”

He climbed to his feet and grabbed the keys to her apartment, which she had left on the table, and walked to the door, with Hannah in close pursuit. After checking that all was clear, he ran up the corridor and let himself into her flat. Hannah followed him in and quickly went to sit down on the metal trunk.

“Oh, so that’s where they are,” he smiled.

“No.”

“Stand up!”

When she didn't comply, he lifted her up and dropped her down on to her sofa and checked inside the tool trunk.

"Fooled you," Hannah smiled as she walked up to him and started to rattle the large padlock that was securing the cage.

Tom moved on to her bedroom and after a few minutes found the Allen key in her dirty laundry basket.

"I've found one!" he boasted as he returned to the lounge.

"Good for you but I've got the other."

Hannah was standing next to the trunk with her arms crossed with a confident look in her eyes. She pointed to the padlock key that she had placed on the corner of the inside rim of the trunk. She had then lowered the steel lid down so that it rested on the key, with the key stopping the trunk from fully closing.

"Take one more step and I'll sit down and... snap!" Hannah smiled with her mischievous eyes.

As Tom started to move forward, Hannah started to sit down. Her blue dress was just about to rest on the lid when he stopped and took a step back.

"Stalemate, I think. You come any closer and I snap the only key to that padlock."

Hannah smiled as she watched his indecision. She knew he couldn't tell whether she was serious. After some of the things she'd done to him, he was entitled to think that anything was possible.

Tom watched the beautiful woman standing in front of him. She had that very determined look which he knew from experience meant that things were about to become interesting.

"While you were making coffee I posted the other key to this padlock to myself," Hannah explained. Tom thought back, yes he had wondered where she'd gone.

"Posted?"

"Aha. First class, it will arrive on Monday."

Tom smiled, he loved the way that she was always a step ahead of him.

"So if I sit down..." Hannah left the sentence unfinished.

"I'm stuck in this thing for the whole weekend."

"So shall I do it?"

Tom thought about Hannah's kind offer to snap the only key that could unlock the metal cage around his head. It should have been an easy question to answer, why would he want to be stuck inside that all weekend. If she sat down, he would not be playing football and drinking with the guys tomorrow. He'd have to cancel lunch with friends on Sunday. He wouldn't be able to go outside at all. And yet for some reason the thought turned him on. He was again besotted with the power she had over him.

Tom walked up and kissed her on the lips and then sat down on the sofa.

"OK."

"Really?"

Hannah was pleased. She had hoped he'd play along, but felt that she had to give him the choice. A mischievous look came over her face as she used one hand to smooth her dress down and then sat down on the box. She had almost her whole weight on the lid and nothing had happened, maybe it wouldn't work. Then suddenly the lid shut all the way with a bang that made her jump.



Her weight had guillotined the key in half, with one piece of bent metal clattering on to the wooden floor and the other piece hitting the bottom of the metal trunk beneath her. They down sat in silence for a moment before Hannah giggled.

“You look great behind bars, honey.”

She pouted and slowly shook her head, her long brown hair now lying dishevelled around her head. Tom knelt down and picked up one piece of the key. He tried to retrieve the other half, but Hannah refused to stand up, and so that piece of metal stayed trapped in the box beneath her.

They showered and Hannah dressed in skimpy black silk knickers and nothing else. Her sexy slim body was once again playing tricks with Tom’s mind. They made love, with Hannah on top until the early hours. There was no need to get up early the next day, there was very little Tom would be able to do until Monday.

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## [Chapter 7](#)

*Honey I insist, I’ll drive home tonight*

“How do I look?” Hannah asked as Tom drove.

It was the classic question that guys get wrong. Getting it wrong for most men could mean the silent treatment while they tried to repair the damage that they had inadvertently caused. However, for Tom the penalty for getting it wrong could be much more interesting.

Hannah mystified him even more than the other women he had known, but he somehow knew that it was his responses to these types of questions that influenced how she behaved. Given how much control she had over him, responses to her questions could be greatly amplified in their effects on him.

Perhaps she would leave him chained up for a few more hours than she would otherwise have done, or maybe even leave him shackled all night. Or maybe she would tighten the cuffs just a few extra clicks, so that they bit into his wrists with no hope of any give in the restraints until she returned with her key. Tom had spent many hours under Hannah’s lock and key, wondering what thoughts were going through her head.

Not that he had a problem being held captive by Hannah. Many times he had deliberately made inappropriate comments and then enjoyed watching her beautiful brown eyes widen with surprise and shock. She would then flick her hair behind her shoulders, purse her lips and that cute determined look would come across her face. Her voice would change from playfully to slightly more stern and she would stay that way until the cuffs had ratcheted closed and the padlocks clicked shut.

With Tom again helpless, her body would relax slightly and her smile would return, first just in her eyes and then across her lips. She would then shake her head slightly, to free up her long hair which would again frame her cute face. She would look directly into his eyes with confidence returning, and then the teasing would begin as she took full advantage of her sexy prey.

How did she look? It was a very easy question to answer. Hannah looked beautiful, with her long brown hair up in a ponytail, her cute face, her short black cocktail dress that extenuated her perfect figure. He particularly loved her long slim legs, crossed twice as they always were when she was a little nervous, covered with thin stockings, held up by a suspender belt, hidden from view under her dress.

“You look fantastic.” Tom replied honestly as he took his eyes off the road for a few seconds to admire her.

The look in her eyes and the sudden crossing of her arms suggested that she wasn't entirely happy with the response. And even though Hannah had the keys to his chastity cage tucked in her bra, the dress having no pockets, he smiled, she was a complete enigma.

They were driving to a party hosted by one of Tom's old work mates. Hannah was often shy when meeting new people and right then she was sitting in the passenger seat, fiddling nervously with the two silver bangles on her left wrist. She could be a woman of extremes, shy one minute, confidently dominating him the next.

As they walked in to the party, it was clear that Tom knew nearly everyone. Hannah didn't know a soul and held tightly to Tom's hand. He took two glasses of wine and Hannah started drinking quickly to try and calm her nerves.

Although they were talking with an increasingly large group, Tom couldn't help but glance constantly at Hannah. Partly because she looked great, but also because he knew that she was holding the keys to his balls. Every time he looked at her, particularly when she noticed him and smiled back, he felt the pressure build.

Hannah knew the effect that chastity had on him and this was why she 'insisted' that he wear the cage whenever he left her flat. He would occasionally protest, but she would correct these misguided actions by ordering him to kneel down in front of her, a technique that was especially effective when she was wearing a short skirt or nothing at all.

Or sometimes she would order him to lie on the floor and she would sit astride his body, sliding up towards his head if further convincing was required. With Tom still pinned beneath her, Hannah would apply the cage, which by now was not an easy task.

When Tom next looked over, he saw Hannah on her own sitting on a stool by the bar.

“Hi, my name's Tom,” he smiled as he walked over and held out his hand.

Hannah giggled, but played along, “Hello Tom, I'm Hannah,” she replied over her shoulder, while still facing the bar.

“Do you come here often?”

Hannah turned around on the stool to face him and recrossed her legs. As she did so, she took the keys from her breasts and let them fall to the floor.

“Silly me,” she smiled.

“Allow me.”

Tom knelt down and picked up the keys. As he did, Hannah uncrossed her legs so that Tom could see up her skirt, although she only allowed him a fleeting glance before recrossing them.

“You don't seem to have any pockets, would you like me to look after these?” Tom offered, still kneeling on the floor.

“That's very kind, but, I don't think so.”

Hannah held her hand out.

“Here are your keys Hannah.”

“Thank you Tom,” she smiled as she very slowly squeezed them back in place  
“Nice to meet you Tom.”

Hannah then stood, stepped over where he was still kneeling on the floor and walked away. She flicked her hair over her shoulder and swayed her hips all in one seamless move. Tom was mesmerised and only stood back up when another woman sat on the seat above him.

Hannah climbed the stairs and stood on the balcony overlooking the room below. She saw Tom stand up and knock into a blonde in a very short dress who had taken her stool. Hannah crossed her arms as Tom and the blonde started talking.

‘He’s no good to you sweetheart’, Hannah whispered to herself, ‘he’s all locked up.’

Hannah continued to watch from her elevated position as the blonde moved her leg slightly so that it touched Tom’s thigh. Hannah then smiled as she saw Tom discretely rub his crotch in reaction to a failed erection. Hannah watched with interest while subconsciously pushed the keys further into her cleavage.

Tom walked to the bar and looked back at the sexy blonde that he’d just blown off. Shit that cage was effective. He was used to the idea of wearing a chastity cage and Hannah having the key, but with such a blatant come on from the attractive blonde, he was now getting used to the full implications of what the cage really meant. He physically couldn’t go with that blonde even if he wanted to. He was also a little concerned that Hannah had been watching and would no doubt respond in her own unique and unpredictable way.

Tom climbed the stairs and walked up behind Hannah and made her jump by kissing her neck.

“Did you enjoy watching that?” he asked.

“Probably more than you,” she purred as she grabbed his chastity cage through his cotton trousers and twisted slightly.

Tom grabbed Hannah’s butt, pulled her closer and kissed her. Hannah kissed back then gently bit Tom on the lip. With Tom distracted, she took her cuffs from her purse and ratcheted one around the hand that was holding her butt. Tom instinctively reached down with his other hand to try and stop her, which only made it easier for Hannah to cuff the second hand as well.

“Hannah! The key!” Tom whispered as he stood up against her with his chained wrists hidden between their two bodies.

Hannah just ran her hands up his arms and over his biceps. She loved his muscled arms and she loved the fact that all of that strength was useless against her cuffs. She also loved the look on his face when she told him that the cuff keys were back at her flat.

Tom looked down at his cuffed hands. “There are many ways to tell your partner that you want to leave a party, but this one I think is unique to you”.

“Stay if you want,” Hannah shrugged her shoulders and stuck her tongue against the inside of her cheek.

Tom looked down at his shackled wrists in semi disbelief.

“And you certainly won’t want me to be in a bad mood on the drive home.” Hannah reminded him.

Tom smiled and ran his cuffed hands up the front of Hannah’s dress. Yes, the drive home would be fun.

It was just after midnight when they carefully and discretely walked back to where they had left Hannah’s old car at the back of the car park. Tom had assumed that she

would trade it in when she bought her new car, but Hannah had had a better idea. It had taken Tom a couple of weeks to make Hannah's specific changes and he had had to buy a new seat, but it was how Hannah wanted it and this was their first time using the finished product.

Hannah took the car key out of her purse and unlocked the small two door car and lifted up the driver's seat as if getting into the back seats. But the back seats had been removed leaving an open space that led into the boot.

"OK honey," Hannah smiled as she hugged herself and moved slightly up and down on the spot trying to keep warm.

"Now?" Tom asked, just to see the reaction

"Now!" she cried impatiently as she pushed him towards the car.

Struggling slightly with cuffed hands, Tom climbed in and lay on his back on the floor of the car, so that his head was underneath the driver's seat.

"OK," he said as he looked up at the beautiful brunette above him, her slightly dishevelled hair silhouetted in the street light and her silver earrings reflecting the light.

"I don't want any 'under' seat drivers," Hannah giggled.

She then lowered the driver's seat back down, which due to minor modifications, closed neatly around Tom's neck. Tom was now pinned underneath the seat with his face semi protruding through a hole cut out of the middle of the seat.

"The world's first smother box in a car, I feel very honoured," Hannah said as she placed one high heeled shoe on the inside rim of the car and looked down at him.

Tom knew from their earlier testing that there was no way that he could reach the lever to lift the seat up. Hannah knew this too and was in no hurry as she swung her hips further into the car and knelt one knee on the driver's seat just next to Tom's face.

"Hey, why are you keeping me waiting?"

"It's a long way home, it may even take us all night." Hannah purred as she ran her fingers up dress and around her black silk underwear.

Tom tried to reach up to touch her, but with the seat resting on his shoulders he could get nowhere near. Seeing his frustration, Hannah climbed back out, closed the driver's door and walked around to the passenger side. She climbed in and seductively sat her cute figure down on the passenger seat. She then proceeded to twist and turn and rub her butt into the seat just inches from where Tom was trapped.

"Hannah!" Tom cried out as the brunette pulled the chastity keys from between her breasts and ran them between her lips.

"Mmm?"

The car was cold and little goose bumps were forming on her tanned arms. Her nipples were also starting to create indents through her thin black dress. Hannah reached back over the seat and started to unbutton Tom's trousers.

"Hey, are you taking advantage of me?"

"You're not that lucky.... not yet anyway."

She then took a padlock and slipped it through the handcuff chain and pulled it down to the chastity cage. Tom swallowed, his mouth dry from the excitement of his increasing predicament.

"I know how much you like being cuffed to your balls,"

Hannah had a half mean, half mischievous smile on her face as she padlocked the cuffs to the cage. She was breathing quickly, both excited by the prospect of the drive

home and slightly nervous that someone might see them. Tom was past caring and was once again falling under her spell.

“OK, your turn,” she finally smiled as she threw a blanket over his body and returned to the driver’s side of the car.

This time, without much delay or theatrics she pulled up her dress and sat down in the driver’s seat and looked down at Tom’s cute face between her thighs.

“Why aren’t all cars made like this, I love you down there.”

Hannah loved his brown expressive eyes, even if they tended to make her fall apart. In her increasingly turned on state, she was glad that she could control the force of those eyes.

Which is what she did right then, as she closed her legs together and rubbed the back of her thighs across his face. Tom was moaning to himself, his chastity cage about to explode. He had thought about asking Hannah to unlock him for the drive home, but he knew from experience that that this would only prolong the predicament.

“And now for the real fun....”

Hannah pulled the lever and slid the seat forward. As she did so, Tom’s face moved closer into her crotch. First his mouth disappeared from view and then his nose pushed up against her clit.

“Oh yeah,” she cried as she moved the seat slightly forward and then slightly back multiple times.

Hannah then moved the seat further forward, her silk underwear sliding over Tom’s face until she was sitting squarely on top. She settled down over his features and waited for the inevitable struggle as the air ran out. Only when the struggling became desperate did she slide the seat back so that she was sitting only on the lower part of his face, with his nose pushed up against her underwear.

“Now I suggest you think twice before commenting on my driving tonight.”

Tom tried to reply, but she couldn’t hear the words or decipher the tickling.

“Perfect you can’t speak, I think we’ll always travel this way from now on.”

Hannah turned the key in the ignition and the engine turned over, but failed to start. Tom felt Hannah’s butt muscles tense slightly and looked up. Hannah quickly closed her legs, she had Tom’s mouth sealed up and certainly didn’t want him expressing any opinion with his sexy eyes. She tried the car for a second time. On the third attempt the old car started.

Hannah pulled her dress back down and started to make her way out of the car park. She was now just a regular girl driving home from a night out.

Tom had been watching Hannah all evening, her body, her butt, the way she moved, trying to imagine what this would be like. Reality was ten times better. The vibrations from the old car felt strong on the floor and his face felt like it was acting as a shock absorber for the woman sitting above. The noise of the engine combined with the music from the old radio in the warm, scented darkness.

Ten minutes later they had left town and were driving along an unlit road. The feeling of Tom underneath her was starting to become a distraction for Hannah and on a couple of occasions she nearly veered off the road. Tom could feel the car sway and Hannah’s body swaying in an attempt to keep the car on track.

It was over an hour later when Hannah pulled into her flat’s underground car park. She turned the engine off and sat there trying to control her over aroused state. Tom had

no way of knowing where they were, perhaps she could start up and just keep driving. Explain to him later that she had got lost.

However, she finally pulled up her dress, pushed her seat back and looked down at Tom between her thighs.

“We can sell my new car, this is the only way to travel,” she said with a breathless hoarse voice that surprised even her.

Tom was also breathing deeply as he took advantage of his first fresh air.

“You won’t believe how ready I am for you now....”

But Tom was cut off as Hannah moved forward and sat right on his face.

After a short delay, she pushed her chair back and giggled. “Sorry, you were saying?”

“Just wait until I get you inside.” Tom gasped, absolutely desperate to pick up his beautiful girlfriend and carry her in to her bedroom.

“I can’t wait,” Hannah said as she opened the door and climbed out, throwing a scarf over his head to hide it from sight.

“Hannah, no way!”

She blew a kiss and then locked up the car with him still inside.

Inside the car Tom was going crazy. If only he could reach the lever to lift the seat, then he could get out. He could see it but there was no way to reach it, even if he hadn’t been cuffed to his own balls.

Tom was started to think that he’d be spending the night in her car, when he heard the locks click open and saw Hannah standing above him wrapped in her back silk robe. She opened the door and pulled open her robe to reveal her naked body.

She had showered and smelt of both soap and perfume. She had a very slight bikini line around her waist, but not around her breasts, which were slightly more pert than usual from the cold. Her hair hung down just below her shoulders.

“Wow!”

She stood there thinking though her options. She watched his reaction as she put her hand on the seat lever, but didn’t push it up.

“Who was that woman at the party?” she finally asked.

Tom swallowed, not sure whether she was serious.

“No one important,” he replied hopefully.

Hannah looked unconvinced and then thought for a few more seconds.

“Can you hold your breath for one whole minute?”

Hannah checked that the car park was still empty and then pulled up her robe and turned to show Tom her naked butt. She then swung her hips inside the car and sat straight down on Tom’s face. She started to count. In her aroused state, all her inhibitions were gone.

By the time she reached fifty, Tom was trying to turn his head, but his nose was too deeply buried for him to achieve any sideways movement. Sixty, she climbed back out of the car and wrapped the robe back around her body.

“That was your punishment,” Hannah smiled sweetly.

“Fuck that was amazing.” Tom gasped.

Hannah pushed the lever and lifted the driver’s seat. Leaving the car door open, she walked barefoot out of view and back to her flat.

Tom struggled out of the car, his hands still connected to his balls. Holding up his trousers with one hand, he carefully walked up the stairs to Hannah’s apartment and through the open door.

Hannah was sitting cross legged in the middle of her double bed, completely naked other than the keys that she was playing with between her fingers. She slowly stretched up and climbed gracefully off the bed. She walked around Tom twice, looking him up and down before dropping his trousers and boxers to the floor and unbuttoning his shirt which then hung from his cuffed hands.

“Nice.” Hannah rubbed her body against him and gently bit his ear.

Knowing exactly what would happen once he was released, Hannah excitedly fumbled and dropped the keys. She picked them up and unlocked his wrists and chastity cage. The second that the steel restraints fell to the floor, Tom grabbed her butt and with one leg either side of his body, lifted her up to him. He carried her so that her back was up against the wall and she started to kiss him madly. They started to make out and were still awake when the sun came up four hours later.

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## Chapter 8

### *Leather, electricity, Hannah tightens the screw*

Tom woke up just before 7am after only a couple of hours sleep. He carefully extracted himself from Hannah’s cuddle and walked over to the bathroom. He’d been woken by the discomfort of a failed erection that had pushed hopelessly against the inside of the chastity cage. He couldn’t even remember Hannah locking him back inside. He could remember making love to her all night, surely he was entitled to some time off.

Hannah was starting to use the chastity cage more and more. She locked it on whenever Tom left her flat and also increasingly when he didn’t. She was also starting to use it as a means of restraint. She had recently padlocked the cage to the bathroom door handle while she showered. Of course she had attached him to the outside of the door and she had locked it from the inside, so that Tom didn’t even have the consolation of watching her shower.

He walked back to the bedroom where daylight was now peeping in around the edges of the curtain. Hannah was still fast asleep, only partially covered by a single white sheet. Her long brown hair lay dishevelled on the white pillow. She was breathing slowly and quietly and as usual lay diagonally across the double bed.

I need to get some unbroken sleep, he thought as he pulled at the small gold padlock. Squeezing his balls out was impossible, he knew that, so he started to look around the darkened room for the all important keys.

Whenever possible, she liked to keep the keys on her. He carefully pulled off the sheet and looked up and down her body. She was naked and wasn’t wearing a necklace or bracelet. She was, however, wearing her silver anklet, but unfortunately for Tom there was no key attached.

Tom lay on the bed next to her considering his options, but all he could think of doing was to kiss her cute butt. She smiled in her sleep, stretched her legs and gently worked her hips back and forth into the mattress. He kissed again, this time pushing his

nose gently between her cheeks. Her reaction was the same, but with an almost imperceptible moan.

Not wanting to wake her, and also now suffering from a throbbing cock, he lay down and pulled the sheet over them both. He put one arm around her and reached down with the other to check the padlock. Little by little she was tightening the screw, increasing his captivity and in doing so, increasing the power she had over him.

There was no way he could unlock the padlock without waking the beautiful woman sleeping next to him and she looked far too peaceful to be woken. He watched her closely, eyes flicking slightly and her beautiful lips curling a little. Who knew what this crazy, sexy girl was dreaming about. He closed his eyes and within minutes was asleep.

When Tom woke again it was past midday and Hannah was sitting on a stool by the breakfast bar. She had already been for a run and was wearing short pink gym shorts and white gym top. She was barefoot and she still had a slight glow in her face from her exertions.

Tom, wearing only boxer shorts and chastity cage, walked over to kiss her cheek and then turned his full attention to the coffee machine. As he waited for it to finish, he sniffed and then held his hand to his face.

“Hannah, I can still smell your scent, it seems to be indelibly printed on my face.”

Hannah looked up from her laptop and smiled as she remembered the previous night. She was a little self conscious as she thought back to what she had done to him, but that didn't change the fact that the memory made her as horny as hell.

“You were down there for a long time.”

“I know.”

“And you nearly stayed down there for a whole lot longer,”

Hannah replied in distracted voice that suggested that she was imagining what more she could have done. She closed her computer, walked over and took the coffee that he'd just made for himself. Just as she was about to put it to her lips, he pulled her arm towards him and took the first sip.

“You're feeling very brave this morning.” she smiled, pulling the cup back to her lips.

Tom smiled back, this was often how their games began.

“And I assume you've discovered that your dick is back in jail.”

Tom automatically reached down as if to check. “Yes, how did that happen?”

Hannah giggled.

“And where's the key?”

Hannah giggled again, this time shrugging her shoulders.

Tom looked over to the parcel that had been delivered the day before and was now sitting opened on the kitchen bench. Hannah said she had ordered it as a present for Tom, but he knew that it was very much for her enjoyment.

She saw him looking and with the coffee cup now in her hand, reached inside and lifted up the heavy steel collar. She put the coffee down and with her other hand picked up the small remote control.

“Ouch! Fuck!”

The remote control was designed to send an electric shock to the collar and Hannah had accidentally just shocked herself. Tom laughed out loud. Hannah was embarrassed, shocked by her own hand. How could she be so silly? At least now she knew what it would feel like for Tom.



Tom walked over to her and kissed her on the cheek. He picked up the coffee cup and drained it in one gulp. He must be feeling brave.

She looked at Tom's lovely smiling, provocative eyes. Beautiful though they were, she was looking forward to see them change from smiling to pleading, possibly pained, as they played out yet another fantasy. Although she would have to keep her distance from those eyes, if she was to be able to inflict the necessary pain.

"Kneel, hands behind your back!"

She was always amazed by how quickly he obeyed her, without regard for whatever fate lay in store. He looked so fucking sexy, but she must try to keep her hands to herself. How could she properly dominate him if she was this obsessed with him.

Hannah tightly locked hinged cuffs around his wrists and larger cuffs just above his elbows. She made sure her thighs rubbed against his chest and head wherever possible. She tucked the cuff keys into the back pocket of her gym shorts and zipped them inside.

"I need to shower," Hannah said.

"Couldn't you have done that before you cuffed me?"

"Well take them off if you want."

"But I can't!"

"I know." Hannah whispered with dramatic effect as she gave him a twirl as if modelling new clothes.

Tom watched her walk casually into the bathroom and turn on the shower. This was typical. She would apply one or two key restraints and only then remember that she had to meet a friend, or go shopping. Tom would have to wait for her to return, unable to do anything but imagine what she had planned for him next. It could really play with his mind, but he wasn't complaining.

He struggled to his feet and walked around her kitchen unable to do anything, including make a coffee. He thought about getting the keys, but if he started searching through her dirty running gear she would jump out of the shower and within seconds would be laying on the bathroom floor underneath a hot, wet, bubbly and slightly pissed off woman. Hannah didn't make the same mistake twice. This time she would chain him to an immovable object before taking the longest shower imaginable.

Having dropped this idea, Tom finally managed to manoeuvre the TV remote behind his back and lay down on his front on the sofa to watch. His head was resting on Hannah's clothes from the night before. He buried his face and thought back to the party.

Hannah finished her shower and started to dry her hair. She looked at her body in the mirror. Would he like her new outfit? Maybe she was going too far? Her phone started to ring, she picked it and walked back out into the lounge with her white towel wrapped tightly around her slim waist. She smiled as she saw her muscular boyfriend lying helplessly on the sofa.

Hannah turned off the TV and sat on the arm of the sofa with her feet resting on Tom's head. She looked at the two pairs of cuffs securing his wrists and arms. As usual there was very little space between the cuffs and his skin and as usual his wrists were already slightly red. It was his own fault, why did he insist on struggling, surely he knew by now that there was no way out.

Her panties from the night before were underneath her black cocktail dress. She pulled them out with her fingertips and laid them over Tom's face and held them there with her foot. Tom tried to turn his head to the side and she responded by pushing her toes into his open mouth to hold him in place. She smiled as he tried and failed to move

his head away. With Tom's head pinned under her feet, she continued talking with her friend.

Five minutes later and with water from her hair dripping on to his face, Tom was starting to get impatient. He swung his legs off the sofa and struggled until he was kneeling on the floor. Even then it took him another few minutes to prise his head out from under Hannah's feet.

With Hannah seemingly distracted on the phone, Tom walked to the bathroom, crouched down and with his hands behind his back, started to search through Hannah's gym gear for the shorts and then the keys. He retrieved them easily enough, only to find the keyholes pointing the wrong way.

It was then that Tom heard a 'crack' behind him and looked around to see Hannah standing by the bathroom door. He lost his balance and slumped back against the wall. His cutesy dresses and shorts girlfriend was standing in front of him wearing black thigh length leather high heel boots and tight leather teddy that was very low cut at the front with straps around her neck. Her hair was up and her hands on her hips, with a whip in one hand.

"Fucking hell!"

Tom instinctively recoiled against the wall as she slowly walked towards him. She cracked the whip which echoed loudly around the tiled bathroom. Tom looked up at her stern eyes. His throat was dry as he swallowed. He looked again into her big brown eyes and saw a just an edge of that hesitation that he found so attractive.

"How do I look?" Hannah asked uncertainly.

Tom was still in sensory overload.

"Do you like it? I thought you might like something different?"

Tom smiled. She may have lost her initial striking dominance but shit she was hot.

"You look great."

She beamed.

Hannah cracked the whip again and again Tom jumped. It was amazing how tight leather and a whip could add to her already overpowering position.

"Return the keys and follow me... or else...."

Hannah cracked the whip once more, almost catching Tom's foot, before swaying her hips and walking away. Tom pushed himself off the wall and followed almost trance like, fixated on her leather outfit.

Tom knelt in front of her and studied her new outfit. She was holding the heavy metal collar which she slowly and carefully positioned around his neck. Tom smiled as she struggled to retrieve the key for the collar which she had pushed up between her butt and the tight leather teddy. One finger, two fingers, a little wriggling of her hips and the key was finally free and fell to the floor.

She locked the collar, but thought twice about tucking the key back in her teddy and instead left it on the kitchen worktop.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"Heavy."

"That's not all you'll feel."

"You love me, you won't hurt me," Tom smiled warily.

"You've a lot to learn," she whispered shaking her head.

Now Tom wasn't so sure.

Hannah turned the dial to 'one' and pressed the button on the remote control.

“Ouch!”

“It goes much higher than that.”

Hannah’s face once again conveyed totally confidence. Once she was turned on, Tom lost all control. All he could do was enjoy the ride.

Hannah turned the dial to ‘three’ and then pushed the remote control up between her butt and the leather teddy. She then crossed her arms and leaned casually against the wall. The weight of her butt through the leather pushed the button and started the electric shock.

“Arr!”

Hannah watched him, pretending not to care, even though the pleading look in his beautiful eyes was driving her crazy.

“Hannah!”

Tom leant forward, lost balance and was now lying on the floor between her feet. The electric shock from the collar had started as a discomfort, but was now starting to ache. He rolled on to his side and look up from where he lay between her boots.

“Please!”

Hannah stood up from the wall, thereby disengaging the button. As she walked around his prostrate body, his sexy eyes followed her every move. She was desperate to strip off and let Tom do what he did so well, not that it would have taken much to bring her to orgasm right then. But she wanted to keep up the act of the cruel, heartless mistress for a few minutes longer. She had to do justice to her outfit.

She cracked the whip again, missing his body by a fraction. Tom was watching the whip now. She smiled, but he need not have worried. There was no way she was going to scar his perfect body with a long red wound that would take weeks to heal.

Hannah took the remote and turned the dial to five. She crouched down above his head so that he was framed between her thighs. His eyes were watching her intently, it was a lovely feeling. She pressed the button. He closed his eyes as he cried out in pain, but when they reopened, their intensity was even stronger. She pressed again. The atmosphere was electric, literally, they focused on nothing else but each other.

Hannah turned the dial to ten and held it out for Tom to see.

“Are you ready for full power?”

While ‘five’ gave quite a shock, it was mainly the anticipation and the unknown timing that was driving him crazy. However they knew from reading the instructions that ‘ten’ was more serious and could make him pass out. But right then, and at Hannah’s hand, he couldn’t wait to feel the pain.

“Kiss my boots!”

Tom didn’t hesitate. He looked up at her from the corner of his eyes. Shit she was fantastic, whatever she did to him would be great.

Hannah rested one heel on his bare chest.

“OK, get ready.”

He loved the fact that there was nothing he could do to stop her. Hannah walked around, gently pushing her heels into various part of his naked body. She was in no rush, until finally she let her cute smile return to her face.

“Maybe another time...”

She smiled, put down the remote and lay down next to him. She rested his head on her leg and then lower the other until she had his head squeezed between her thighs. She stroked his dark hair.

“You didn’t think I’d do that to you, did you?”

The leather smelt strong as Tom tried to turn his head so that he could see her better.

“You can’t get out,” Hannah giggled as she squeezed more tightly.

“Is that a challenge?”

“If you like.”

A determined look came over Hannah’s face as she prepared to prevent any escape attempts. But with arms behind his back that were already sore from the cuffs Tom had no chance and after a few half attempts he just lay there looking up at his captor.

“I win!” she smiled

She released her vicelike hold, rolled him on to his front and unlocked both sets of cuffs. She then unlocked the chastity cage with a key that was buried in her hair by means of a hair pin.

With Tom still wearing the collar and Hannah still wearing her boots, they made out. With the boots removed, they took a shower and dressed, Tom in chinos and shirt and Hannah in white jeans and fitted t-shirt.

Hannah locked Tom inside the chastity cage and then took the key for the collar and locked it inside her safe. Tom stood there in disbelief as he pointed to the steel still locked around his neck.

“You look great honey, with a scarf around your neck no one will notice.”

“What about the remote?” Tom asked.

“In my pocket,” Hannah purred.

The indent of the small square remote was visible inside the front pocket of her jeans.

“So you’d better behave....”

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## [Chapter 9](#)

### *Holidaying at the dungeon*

It had been three months since Hannah had first knocked on Tom’s door and inadvertently discovered his planned visit to the mistress. She had known immediately that this was too good an opportunity to miss. He was a fantastic guy, successful and popular, and despite her own good looks, she knew that she lacked the confidence to ever win his attention. Here she had both the chance to exploit a fetish that he hadn’t shared with anyone else, and the chance to indulge in games that interested her more than she had ever realised.

They were now living together and while he provided most of the money, the friends and activities, she most definitely controlled him. Her dominance resulted in a sexual attraction that neither of them had experienced before, and that often made it hard for either of them to focus on anything else.

It was Saturday morning and Tom and Hannah left their flat and were taking the lift down to the underground parking. This was going to be their first weekend away together. Hannah had insisted on organising the trip and had been very secretive about their destination.

“Which car shall we take?” Tom asked.

“My old one,” she replied quickly.

Tom raised his eyebrows and smiled, he knew exactly what that meant. He looked at Hannah, who was wearing his favourite yellow dress that just seemed to hug her body so perfectly. He felt himself becoming aroused, at least as much as was ever possible inside the padlocked chastity cage.

“You did bring the key for this?” Tom tapped his crotch.

“Maybe.”

Tom gave her a friendly slap on her butt that made her giggle. She then turned around and playfully stuck her tongue out at him. As she walked, she turned around again to take another sneak peek at his chest and abs inside his tight t-shirt.

Hannah unlocked her car and lifted up the driver’s seat and waited while Tom climbed in and lay down on the floor. She lowered the seat and looked down at Tom’s face which now formed the middle of the seat; the part where she would be sitting.

“Do you like sitting on me?”

Hannah was always a little embarrassed when he was this blunt, even though she knew he only did it to tease her.

“Probably as much as you like being sat on,” she replied after a slight pause.

In that case she did like sitting on him.

“Is it far?” he asked.

“You’ll find out.”

She swung her hips inside the car, pulled up her dress and lowered herself down. She positioned herself so that she was directly on top of his mouth, with his nose up against her flowery silk panties.

An hour later, Tom felt the car turn and the road become rough. The car bounced in and out of potholes and he heard branches rub against the sides. It was now just about possible for him to talk as Hannah had finally moved herself back so that Tom’s mouth was free. This had been mainly for her benefit and she had enjoyed what he had been able to do with his freed tongue.

“Where are we going?” he asked, inadvertently tickling her clit.

Without stopping the car, Hannah pulled up her dress and looked at his red face, framed between her thighs.

“It’s a secret.”

Hannah closed her legs so that her thighs were touching as the car went up a steep incline and bounced over a tree root.

“What was that?” came a muffled voice from beneath her thighs.

Hannah held the wheel tightly and steadied the car. With the car back under control she moved forward again in her seat so that her butt again sealed his mouth.

“Anything else to say?” Hannah asked.

The car finally stopped and Hannah climbed out. Tom tried in vain to reach the lever to lift up the driver’s seat. But Hannah was too busy looking at the house she’d rented. It was an old two story stone building, set just back from a small deserted bay and miles from any sort of civilisation.

“Hannah?”

“Wow, it’s beautiful...”

“Hannah, please.”

The sun was reflecting off the calm water and the cliffs rising up either side of the bay. Hannah put on her sunglasses and with her hands on her hips, surveyed the view. She knew Tom was desperately struggling to get out and the very thought turned her on. How much longer could she legitimately wait before releasing him?

After an almost cruelly long length of time, she finally reached in with one hand and quickly flicked the lever to free him.

By the time Tom had climbed out, Hannah was at the old house, unlocking the heavy wooden door with an oversized key. It opened with a creak to reveal grand rooms with high ceilings.

Hannah ran in excitedly, looking in each room in turn. She then opened a small door off the hallway and walked down a steep flight of steps. Tom followed the excited brunette down the steps and into the cellar.

When he arrived, Hannah was standing at one end of the empty space inside what once had been the wine cellar. It was a space six foot square, enclosed on three sides and the ceiling by brick and on the fourth side by old iron bars. The middle third of the bars comprised a door that opened outwards. There were no windows, only a heavy grill about six feet from the cellar floor that looked out at ground level on to the lawn at the front of the house.

“This is why I chose the house,” she smiled excitedly.

Hannah was already standing inside what would make perfect prison cell. She walked over and pulled the door shut.

“It’s perfect, I assume you have a padlock.” Tom said from outside the cell.

“It’s not for me!” Hannah exclaimed.

“Oh, I don’t know, you look cute in there.”

Hannah pushed the door open and walked out. This was one of Hannah’s ultimate fantasies, to lock Tom in a dungeon, behind heavy iron bars. The intensity of the situation was actually making her nervous. It reminded her of when they first met and how she had felt the first time she’d handcuffed him. She had locked him in handcuffs hundreds of times since then, but the atmosphere in that dusty old cellar brought back the same emotions.

“You will be my dungeon slave,” her very words made her shake with excitement.

Tom kissed her and squeezed her butt with both hands. As they kissed, she pushed him further towards the open door. When she stopped, Tom was inside the cell. She stepped back and swung the barred door closed, a little too quickly and it made a loud clang. Tom reached through the bars and kissed her again.

“Aren’t you going to lock me in?” Tom asked.

“Yes.” Hannah immediately searched through her handbag.

“Quickly, or I’ll escape.”

Hannah was starting to get cross with herself, where had she put it.

“Too late,” Tom started to push the door.”

“No!” Hannah cried as she put one leg against the bars to hold it in place.

Tom pushed a little harder, pushing Hannah slightly off balance. She then used her butt to increase the force and the door clanged shut for the second time. Tom took the opportunity to kiss her, even though he knew such an indulgence would inevitably lead to his imminent captivity.

A few seconds later Hannah had found the padlock and used it to lock the barred door. She stepped back.

“Wow!” she cried.

Tom rattled the bars for effect as he watched her face closely. The amazement in her eyes stayed, as her mouth slowly turned into a smile. She swallowed and rubbed the palms of her hands over her hips.

“Come here,” Tom breathed as he reached through the bars.

Hannah walked closer so that they could kiss.

“I don’t usually do this, but today you just look too sexy,” Tom panted.

He took the key from her hand and unlocked the padlock. He swung open the heavy door, grabbed the excited girl and lifted her up. She immediately wrapped her legs around his waist and started kissing.

He carried her upstairs into the master bedroom and laid her down in the middle of the large four poster bed. While sitting straddling her waist to make sure she didn’t move, he ran his hand over her breasts and down into her bra. Hannah was already moaning softly as he pulled out a small silver key.

Tom put Hannah’s arms above her head and used one hand to pin both of them in place. With Hannah secured to the bed and writhing around in ecstasy, he stood up and undid his trousers and let them drop to the floor. Again with just one hand, he used the key to unlock his chastity cage. Finally free of the cage, he lay down on top of her and smiled as the brunette started madly kissing.

“You don’t usually let me out this easily,” he smiled.

Hannah didn’t answer, she was lost in the moment, plus she knew that she would get her revenge soon enough.

An hour later Tom was exhausted and lay on his back with Hannah cuddled up to him. She was ready to go again and went down on him to encourage him to continue.

“Hannah, I need a breather.”

“You know what that means?” she replied looking at the cage.

“What?”

“Use it or lose it!” she giggled.

Tom just lay there as his inexhaustible girlfriend picked up the chastity cage and sat on his chest, with her back to him. He felt her position the cock ring. Tom smiled to himself as he started to exploit her weakness. He reached around Hannah’s waist and pulled her backwards until her clit was above his face. He then pulled her down on to his tongue.

“You can’t stop me that easily,” Hannah breathed.

She dropped the padlock between his legs and by the time she had retrieved it, the cage was no longer in place. After a few seconds of being completely lost in her own thoughts, Hannah refocused and tried to push the cage over his erect cock.

She gently, but firmly pushed it into place, she was desperate to lock him up before her next orgasm. It was in place, just. She was breathing harder, oh fuck. She slipped the padlock through and snapped it shut just in time. She threw the key across the room and into the bathroom as she collapsed down on to his legs.

Hannah rolled on to her side and slid her head between Tom’s muscular thighs so that she could admire the cage from all angles.

“Nice try,” she panted as she slipped the heavy steel cage into her mouth.

It was Tom’s turn to moan, even when he was locked inside the cage, her mouth could do amazing things.

“OK, let’s go again,” he breathed.

“Too late for you,” Hannah replied kissing the cage.

“Come on, one more chance?”

Tom lay back and relaxed, that was fine with him, she had done more than enough for now. He thought about earlier in the cellar and a smile came across his face.

“Hannah, you must be the world’s worst medieval jailer, letting your prisoner escape just because you wanted to make out with him.”

Hannah wrapped her thighs around his neck and tightened.

“You’re still in my custody.”

“But I know your weakness, I can escape anything.”

“You’re very cocky for a condemned man who’s lost his freedom and is about to be incarcerated in a dungeon.”

“Do I get any special privileges?”

“Nope! Maximum security from here on, and the guard is pretty sadistic.”

‘Pretty’ certainly, Tom smiled to himself as he kissed the inside of the woman’s thighs.

“Where is the key to open these?” Tom pulled against her legs.

“No key, just the mind of a crazy woman.”

“Piece of cake.”

She squeezed him harder, it felt nice between her legs. She was in no rush, neither was he.

Tom and Hannah ate lunch together on a picnic rug on the lawn outside the front of the house. In line with their role play, Hannah had locked his wrists, ankles and waist in high security transport restraints, with the cuffs locked a little too tightly as usual.

Tom was wearing only black silk boxers, while Hannah was in short pink cotton shorts and tight white t-shirt. Due to the restraints, Hannah pretty much had to feed him, but given that she couldn’t keep her hands off him, it wasn’t an onerous task.

Tom lay on his back with Hannah’s head resting on his chest, looking up at the blue sky and a couple of birds that seemed to be playing together over the cliff.

“As free as a bird,” Tom said as he watched.

“Mmm, just like you aren’t,” Hannah replied.

“They don’t know what they’re missing.”

“You’re my little bird in a cage,” Hannah said as she gently bit his lip.

“Unless I escape.”

“I’d like to see you try...”

Tom took the bait, rolled on to his front and struggled to his feet. Hannah sat on the rug laughing as he hobbled off as quickly as the four inch ankle chain would allow. She jumped up and even running like a girl, quickly overtook him and stood blocking his way, her hands on her hips.

“Nice try, but I’m afraid attempted escape carried serious penalties.”

Tom smiled and raised his eyebrows suggestively as Hannah unzipped his fly. However, unfortunately for Tom, all she did was take hold of his chastity cage and use it to lead him back to the house. Despite his stronger physique, he had no choice but to follow every move made by the slim five seven brunette.

“Still thinking of escape?”

They looked at each other as she slowly led him back to the house and down to the basement. Hannah watched the muscular athlete hobble slowly and helplessly behind her. Tom, meanwhile, was focused on Hannah’s cute butt moving in her pink shorts. He



wanted to bury his face between her cheeks, but no doubt that would happen soon enough.

Why had he been so tired earlier? He would give anything to make love to her again right now, but he knew she wouldn't allow that. But then when they had made love, it was the thought of her leading him to the dungeon that had run around his mind. Would Hannah remove his cage and release his hands so that he could have some relief? No chance he thought, she always ensured he saved himself for her.

Tom hobbled into the cell.

"Kneel down."

Hannah was once again aroused by the dark, dusty feel of the cellar and its solid brick walls and ceilings. To make sure she didn't fall for the urge of making love to him again, she quickly left the cell and padlocked the barred door behind her. She tucked the key into the front pocket of her shorts and then walked back and forth admiring her beloved prisoner.

Tom watched her perfect figure through the bars, knowing that it was now hopelessly out of reach.

"How does it feel to be in there?"

"With you the other side of the bars in those shorts, fantastic."

Hannah smiled, this was gorgeous.

"Can I touch you?"

"No," she replied.

"Anyway, I have to drive into town for some food, I hope you won't miss me."

"Not at all I may go for a run."

Hannah's stern role play face broke into a smile.

"Sure, you can hobble around your six foot cell all you want."

"Given that you can't keep your hands off me, I'll be out before you know it."

The stern look was back, "Oh didn't I mention that I've sentenced you to thirty years imprisonment. In fact I won't even unlock your cell until three decades have passed."

Even though he knew she was joking, the thought of spending a big chunk of his life in the cell sent a shiver down Tom's spine, although not necessarily a shiver of fear. He thought about how Hannah could buy the house and keep him there forever. There really would be nothing he could do about it.

"You can have your phone while I'm gone," Hannah said, her attempt at a stern expression somewhat at odds with her cute little shorts and t-shirt and her tendency to giggle.

"This is the phone that you have locked so that the only person I can call is you?"

"That's right sweetheart."

"And this is the phone that you use to send me provocative photos of your body so that I get even more frustrated that I'm locked in a cage?"

"Maybe..."

"You keep it."

Hannah thought about this for a moment. What if there was an emergency and he needed help. Tom knew what she was thinking.

"Hannah, you have me shackled in a cage, what sort of trouble can I possibly get in to?"

She walked up to the bars and they kissed. Then without a word, she turned on her heels and left. Tom watched her climb the stair and leave the house. He then watched as

her sandals walked past the heavy grill and then, within half a second, were gone. The car started up and the noise of the old engine soon disappeared into the distance.

Tom sat down against the wall and listened to the old house creak. He could hear the waves in the bay and the birds that they had watched earlier. He certainly wasn't free as a bird now.

He looked down at the cuffs that held his hands on either side of his waist. He looked at the empty keyholes wondering if there was any way that he would be able to pick them without the key if he really had to. He laughed and looked up above him at the sunlight streaming through the grill.

When Hannah returned, she walked quickly past the grill and went upstairs to the bedroom. She stood in front of the old freestanding mirror and unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor. She removed her underwear and shoes and took another shower.

She then took her new dress from her suitcase. It was a white shoulderless, knee length dress that she had had specially tailored. She eased it over her naked body and struggled a little to zip herself in. The cotton felt lovely against her naked skin.

The dress managed to be both classic and sexy at the same time. It fitted perfectly around her breasts, her narrow hips and her pert butt, before flaring out over her thighs. She watched her reflection as she twirled and flicked her hips and blew kisses at herself. If the dress was already turning her on, what would it do to Tom?

She finished the outfit with white heeled sandals, sunglasses and a pale wide brimmed summer hat with a flowery ribbon that held her long brown hair back over her shoulders. With her book in one hand and her keys in the other, she walked back downstairs and repositioned the picnic rug on the lawn, only a meter from the cellar grill.

Tom watched as Hannah sat down on the rug facing the grill, with her legs and feet together at her side. Her lightly tanned skin looked fantastic against the white fabric. She looked classically feminine, he almost expected birds to come down and start singing.

"Wow."

Hannah smiled, she had made a good first impression. She peered into the darkness of the cellar and could just make out the light and shadows falling on his muscular chest and toned forearms. She loved his abs and legs as well, but unfortunately they were hidden from sight.

"Is it time for my exercise? I have some ideas that you may like," Tom asked hopefully.

"Thirty years isn't up quite yet."

"What! Hannah, you're driving me crazy!"

Hannah pulled her sunglasses off a little and winked at him. She then lay down on her front on the rug, facing away from him with her legs tightly together. She propped herself up on her arms and with her legs bent up at the knees and feet crossed, began to read.

"Hannah, please!"

He studied how the dress moulded itself up and over her bottom. This was too much.

"Please Hannah, just throw me the keys."

Hannah just rolled to one side, placed the keys where she had been lying and rolled back on top of them. They felt lovely, strategically positioned beneath her.

Tom swallowed on his dry throat and pulled pointlessly at the cuffs. As he watched, Hannah rolled over on to her back, threw her head back and bent one leg slightly. Tom watched with anticipation. She took off her hat and flicked her hair out. She then opened

her legs a little more so that Tom could tell what she was, or rather what she wasn't, wearing underneath. Tom's nose was now pushed up against the cold steel grill.

After what seemed to be an age for Tom and only a few seconds for Hannah, Hannah stood up, smoothed down her dress and stood with the tips of her shoes touching the grill. She stood there, almost feeling Tom's eyes run up her legs to her naked crotch and back down. She could also see his full body from this angle, his muscles tensing and glistening slightly from perspiration.

She jingled the keys from one hand.

"Only twenty nine point nine nine years to go, sweetheart."

"The last ten minutes been an eternity," he breathed.

"Well you'd better get used to it. I've got the only keys to your prison cell."

Hannah turned so that Tom could see up her skirt to her butt, again almost feeling the heat of his focus on her skin. Then without a word, she clipped off in her heels and a minute later was in the cellar.

She unlocked the cell door, walked in and pulled down Tom's boxers. She unpadlocked the chastity cage and then dropped it and her bunch of keys to the floor. She wasn't going to free him any more than was necessary.

Hannah turned around and Tom used his mouth to unzip the dress, which Hannah carefully stepped out of to make sure it didn't land on the dusty stone floor. She jumped up and wrapped her legs around his waist, where his hands were in the perfect position to hold her.

"That's why transport chains are designed like that," she giggled as he pushed her naked body up against the cold wall.

The next twenty minutes was as good as it gets and afterwards they both lay on the floor, breathing heavily.

"See, thirty years will soon pass," Hannah said as she ran her hands over his chest.

"Hannah, I think I've done my time."

"Oh no you haven't!"

Hannah jumped to her feet and grabbed her keys from the floor. Tom struggled after her, but chained hand and foot he was much slower. The naked woman was already outside closing the door.

"Hannah, no!"

She had now slipped the padlock in place and clicked it shut and was teasing him with the keys through the bars. Tom grabbed her dress from where it hung on the cell bars.

"Open the door if you want your dress back."

"It's your souvenir."

Tom couldn't help but smile at her as she ran back up the stairs completely naked.

He looked at the dress, it didn't look quite as sexy without Hannah's body inside, but it did smell of her perfume. After a few attempts, he managed to get his head inside the dress and sat there in the middle of his cell, breathing in her scent.

Sometime later, Hannah returned to the cellar dressed once again in the yellow dress. She unlocked the door and stood above Tom, legs apart, hands on hips.

"If I release you will you cook me dinner?"

Tom nodded as she took her keys and effortlessly unlocked his ankles, wrists and waist chain. Free from everything, even the chastity cage, Tom led Hannah back upstairs.

They finished the first bottle of wine on the lawn, the second with dinner and then fell asleep together on the four poster bed.

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## Chapter 10

### *An intimate night*

The weekend away had been amazing. They had spent many hours talking and really exploring their relationship and where it was going. Some conversations had been had lying on the lawn under the warm sun. Some conversations had been had sitting on large beanbags in the cellar, next to each other, but either side of the locked iron bars, with the keys to the padlock in Hannah's pocket.

It was a week later and they had just returned from a Friday night out with friends. In the restaurant, they had sat at opposite ends of a table of eight, but had still been unable to keep their eyes of each other as they ate. At one point, the friend sitting next to Tom had put slipped her hand under the table and placed it on his thigh. She had only been an inch away from the chastity cage and from then on Tom had been careful to watch her every move.

Tom had held the friend's hand to make sure that she went no further. She looked at him and he looked at her. She was a sexy woman, but whether it was his love for Hannah, or simply the practical reality that the chastity cage meant that he couldn't have sex with her, she didn't seem to interest him at all.

Tom and Hannah walked home hand in hand. Tom used his key to open the Yale lock on their apartment door. They always used this lock and it gave more than enough security. However, Hannah had added a high security dead lock for which she hadn't given Tom a key. She loved having the power to lock him in, or lock him out at will, usually when he least expected it.

Hannah had been building up the courage to introduce her new toy for a few days now and as it was Friday and as she'd had a few drinks, this was as good a time as any. She showered slowly and came out of the shower with a white towel wrapped around her. The towel just about covered from her butt to breasts and looked liked the world's skimpiest dress.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and towel dried her hair. Tom was now in the shower and so she pulled out a small package which she had hidden in her bottom drawer, inside her folded jeans.

Tom finished in the bathroom and walked back into the bedroom wearing only his chastity cage. As had become customary, he knelt down on the floor in front of his girlfriend and kissed the inside of her bare thighs. Hannah giggled and opened her legs a little further, not wanting to get in his way.

"Well if you want me to make love to you, you'll have to unlock me."

This was the only time of the day where she let Tom take control. She would release him from the cage, and often other restraints, and then his size and strength gave him a natural advantage.

She loved it when he lay on top of her on the bed and pinned her hands down. Sometimes he would sit astride her and use his legs to pin her arms to her sides. Like this, he could kiss her or tickle her and she would just wriggle helplessly beneath him as she became more and more turned on.

A few times, he had slid forward and sat over her neck with his strong thighs towering up either side of her face. After proving to herself that she couldn't escape, she had moved her mouth inside his boxers and done to him what he had done to her so many times before.

But tonight would be different, she would stay in control. The thought excited her and she had a feeling that Tom wouldn't mind either. That said, she was still a little apprehensive, as this would be as personal as it could get.

"Hannah, the keys?"

"Not tonight."

"Well my cock is pretty much useless like this."

"Completely useless."

"Exactly, so..."

"Be patient honey."

Hannah picked up her new toy and started to unscrew it with the special Allen type key.

"What's that?"

"Let me show you."

Hannah then took the small, one inch long device and held it against the bottom of Tom's nose. With one curved bar inside each of his nostrils, she slowly tightened the screw so that the bars closed around the small strip of gristle at the base of his nose.

"Does that hurt?"

"No. What is it?"

"What about now?"

Hannah continued to turn the key very slowly until she was satisfied that the device wouldn't come off.

"A nose shackle, what do you think?!"

Hannah removed the small key, lent back and crossed her legs and arms, a little apprehensive of how Tom would react.

Tom felt with his hands and soon realised that it wouldn't come off without ripping off the base of his nose. He tried to turn the screw with his fingers, but of course that wasn't possible.

"Not without the key," Hannah whispered and then gently bit his ear.

She stood up, stepped over Tom head and pulled a pair of hinged cuffs from her underwear drawer. With no naked woman sitting in front of him, Tom climbed to his feet and watched as Hannah gently took his wrists, positioned them behind his back and locked them together.

As she did so, her towel fell to the ground to reveal her naked body. She instinctively tried to grab it before it hit the floor, but then stopped herself. Given what she had planned for him, there really was no reason to hide her body.

Hannah then took a long pink ribbon and threaded it through the small metal ring on the front of the nose shackle. She then knotted it so that the shackle was attached to the midpoint of the ribbon. She pulled very gently on the ribbon to bring him closer to her.

"You see, there is no fighting against this ribbon, wherever it goes, you follow."

Hannah loved the fact that with only a gently tug on the ribbon, she could lead his muscular body wherever she wanted. She gave him a quick kiss on the lips before walking over to her wardrobe and unthreading a thick brown belt from the belt hoops of her jeans. She then buckled the belt around her naked waist.

“Nice outfit,” Tom smiled.

“It’s just as well you like it, you’ll be seeing more of it tonight....”

Hannah continued to lead him by the nose around the room and then over to their bed. With Tom kneeling next to the bed, she placed the ribbon on the white sheets and then sat down on top of it, only an inch from Tom’s face. She crossed her legs and looked down at him.

“See if you can get up, sweetheart.”

Tom move backwards, pulling on the ribbon, but the limited force he could apply without hurting his nose, wasn’t enough to slide the ribbon out from under Hannah’s butt. Her weight and the friction of the ribbon against her naked skin was too great. Hannah giggled.

She then lay back on the bed and wrapped the ribbon around her thigh and tied it in a bow. Again Tom tried to pull away.

“Tethered like a dog to my thigh, gorgeous.”

“I’m not complaining.”

“Maybe not yet,” Hannah smiled knowingly.

Tom positioned his head between her thighs and started to kiss her clit. He knew from experience that within a minute Hannah would be totally aroused and that that would give him the best chance of being unlocked and allowed to make love to the beautiful woman.

“Hey, stop it!”

Tom’s mouth was too busy to reply.

Hannah knew she had to slow things down. She untied the ribbon from her thigh and turned over on to her other side. She then very gently and slowly pulled his head back between her legs, but this time with his face up against her butt. She then ran one end of the ribbon up her backside and tied it on to the back of the belt. She then ran the other end of the ribbon back between her legs and tied it on to the front of her belt.

“How does that feel?” she asked, peering over her hip to see him.

Tom explored the new position and found that whatever he tried, he couldn’t move his nose more than an inch from her naked butt, and more importantly his mouth couldn’t reach her clit.

“I can’t reach you from here.”

“I know. You’ll just have to ‘kiss my ass’ instead.”

Tom ran his lips over her butt and smiled as small goose bumps appeared. He then gently bit her, with just the right force to get a cry of pleasure in reply. As usual, Tom seemed to be able to tease her and turn her on even from the most restricted positions. Hannah had imagined him being much more helpless than this as she thought about her next move.

She untied the ribbon that was attached to the back of her belt and started to pull it tighter. As she did so, the ribbon disappeared between her cheeks and Tom’s nose had no choice but to follow.

Both ends of the ribbon were now pulled tight and the material felt nice and tight against her clit. But Tom's face, now buried into the lower part of her butt, felt even nicer. He was now personally involved with her butt, surely she was finally in control.

"How does it feel?"

"Very intimate," Tom mumbled, his voice almost incomprehensible.

"It's not that intimate, this is how I greet all my friends."

"Hannah, it feels like I'm inside your bum!"

"Well, try and get out then, I'll give you a chance."

With that, Hannah lifted her top thigh to take the pressure of Tom's neck. Tom was now able to climb to his knees and manoeuvred himself as best he could with cuffed hands. He tried pulling his nose straight out, then up, then down towards her crotch. He then tried to twist, but nothing would even get his nose out from between Hannah's cheeks. Tom started to feel as though he was part of her body, no longer with a mind of his own.

Hannah tried hard to suppress her delight as she watched his big muscular body try in vain to free itself from her bum. The day before, she had practiced this position with the teddy bear that Tom had won for her from the fair. The bear's soft pointy nose had felt good, but this felt ten times better. She could feel his warm breathe against her skin and his nose tickle her. But best of all, she loved listening to his moans, a mix of frustration, amazement and increasingly, excitement. The teddy hadn't done that!

"OK, I give up."

"Oh dear, you really are going to be in trouble now then..."

Hannah squeezed her thighs tightly around his neck, while at the same time tensing her butt so that her cheeks closed around Tom's nose. She then bent her knees until her heels were pushing against the back of his head and pushing him further inside.

Tom relaxed for a moment before realising that his nose and mouth were sealed and that trying to breathe only created a vacuum. His struggling started to arouse her and she held on for a few seconds longer than she knew she should. When she did relax her thighs, Tom was breathing hard and his cock was bulging out of the cage.

"I assume I have your complete attention now?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Tom could just see past her butt and across the bedroom. That all felt a long way away and completely out of his reach. Hannah gave him a quick tense of her thighs.

"Well?"

"Yes sweetheart, mistress, honey, whatever," he replied as he relaxed back into her butt.

Hannah laughed and then inadvertently did a little fart.

"Hannah!"

She thought about untying the ribbon but she could see that the knot had pulled tight.

"Yes?" the girl replied innocently.

She was a little embarrassed as she imagined what that must have been like for him, but her thoughts were soon distracted by the quiet moans of pleasure coming from her shackled boyfriend. She looked down at butt and her thighs. She had been to the gym every day this week and they were really looking good.

Now just about able to breathe, Tom was enjoying the experience. He may have been completely trapped, but her warm butt felt fantastic against his face.

"How long are you keeping me here?"

“How long would you like to stay there?”

“I thought you were in charge, sweetheart?”

Tom knew that would provoke her and sure enough, she tensed her thighs and his air stopped for a few long moments.

When Hannah finally untied the ends of the ribbon and rolled over so that she could see him, Tom’s face was flushed and glimmered from perspiration. She felt a little self-conscious and modestly rolled on to her front. Although, his big brown eyes were looking lovingly up at her, which told her that she could carry on.

Hannah turned around so that Tom’s head was again between her thighs, but this time his face was resting against her clit. Again she tied both ends of the ribbon to the front and back of the belt, but less tightly than before. In this position, she could now look down and see his eyes.

“What do you think?”

“Fuck, you’re incredible!”

A big smile came across Hannah’s face.

“Since you’re down there...”

“Yes?” Tom asked teasingly.

“You know.”

“Do I?”

“Tom, stop it. I mean start it. You know what I mean!”

“Sorry Hannah, you’ll have to explain.”

“Tom!”

Hannah tightened her thighs and squeezed. Tom smiled back at her innocently at first, but then he felt the pressure building around his neck. He looked up at her big determined eyes, her pert little nose that turned slightly up at the end and her lips that were squeezed closed in sync with her legs. It was time to get to work.

Tom loved to listen to Hannah orgasm, it was a mix of breathing, almost purring and cries of pleasure. And she would never be rushed. She would move her hips backwards to move him away from her, and then her hips would thrust him back towards her when the time was right.

Once she was satisfied, she lay still catching her breath. Her hair lay randomly around her head. She smiled down at him and started to run her fingers around the features on his face. Tom kissed her clit and Hannah’s body jumped and she let out an inadvertent cry of pleasure, which embarrassed her and she looked down crossly at him.

She untied the ribbon, stood up and led him like a horse into the shower. She tied the ribbon to the metal shower head above where he stood.

“I love being able to tether you with just a pink ribbon.”

“I can tell.”

“And you really can’t do anything to get away.”

“Oh I can, but my nose won’t come with me.”

She knelt down and put the chastity cage in her mouth.

“Hannah, please, I can’t take it.”

She looked up teasingly with her mouth full.

Hannah then left the shower and returned with a key that she held between her lips. She knelt down and with the key still between her lips, ran its tip around his waist and down to his crotch. By the time the brunette actually unlocked the cage, Tom was almost crying out her name.



Hannah untied the ribbon and unlocked the cuffs before turning on the water. They then spent the next thirty minutes in the steam engulfed cubicle making out time after time.

They dried and lay on the bed together, Tom pulling at the nose shackle.

“How do get this off?”

“It doesn’t undo, sorry.”

“Yes it does, give me the key.”

Hannah threw a pillow at him, which started a pillow fight which Tom won. Hannah looked out from under a pile of pillows.

“Don’t you want to keep it on tonight?”

“You mean do I want to spend the night with my nose secured to your crotch?”

“Well if that’s what you really want, honey.”

“Hannah!”

“I’ll wear some panties.... your favourite ones?”

“Is that your idea of compromise?”

“I think I’m being very reasonable.”

Tom looked over at Hannah’s butt. Shit, she was cute.

“Front or back?” he asked.

“Back, just for a few minutes while I read my book.”

Hannah pulled on white flowery satin underwear and lay on her side, with Tom’s head between her legs. With her guy back in his rightful place, she tied the ribbon to the front and back of her belt. Hannah hadn’t cuffed him and so he could untie himself at any point, but instead he chose to lay his head on the inside of her thigh, close his eyes and within a minute he fell asleep.

While it hadn’t been her plan to keep him there all night, it did feel nice with him down there. She looked at the clock and did the maths. Six hours, would he be OK? He obviously thought he’d be OK, either that or he’d given up hope of her letting him out before morning.

Hannah made her decision. She pulled him tight against her and closed her legs to make sure that he didn’t inadvertently turn in the night and hurt his nose. Once she was happy that Tom was secure, she too fell asleep.

Tom woke early the next in need of some water and it took a couple of seconds to remember where he was. Once his memory had returned, he started to untie both ends of the ribbon. Due to Hannah having tightened the knots, this wasn’t easy.

He gently eased himself out from her thighs, which were slightly sweaty from having spent the night wrapped around his neck. He took a drink and then walked to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. He untied the ribbon from the nose shackle and then with the aid of a screwdriver, tried to undo the shackle from his nose. After a frustrating few minutes, he gave up and took a long hot shower instead.

By the time Hannah had awoken, showered and dressed in blue jeans and pink t-shirt, Tom was sitting in the kitchen drinking black coffee. He looked up as she walked in.

“Good morning.”

Hannah giggled.

“I was going to run down to the cafe to buy you coffee and breakfast, but....”

“But you have a lump of steel locked to your nose,” Hannah helpfully finished the sentence for him.

“You noticed.”

“Well, I’ll go instead.”

While Tom did want a decent coffee, Hannah’s solution didn’t solve the obvious problem. He watched as Hannah kissed him on the cheek and picked up her purse and keys.

“Well if you’ll take this off I can come with you,” he offered hopefully.

“Oh yes, the girl in the cafe..”

Tom remembered their earlier visit and his playful banter with the friendly serving girl. Despite the fact that he had been there with Hannah, the girl had gone out of her way to smile and wink at him. He had been flattered. Hannah hadn’t been impressed. She jealously guarded her relationship with Tom and was quick to take offense if other women were too friendly. She put down her purse.

“OK, on two condition.”

“Great.”

“You don’t know what I’m going to say.”

“I’ll take my chances.”

“First condition is I lock you in the chastity cage.”

OK, he wouldn’t be able to fuck the girl at the cafe, but then he had no desire to make love to anyone other than Hannah.

“Second condition is that these will stay in your mouth until we return.”

With that Hannah went to fetch the satin panties that she had worn the night before. She held them between her fingertips in front of Tom’s face.

“But I won’t be able to talk.”

“You wait until we get back to tell me how much you love me,” Hannah said with her sweet provocative smile.

“But what if we run into friends?”

“It your choice. Cafe with my knickers, or I’ll leave you locked inside my apartment.”

Fuck she was sexy when she was in this mood. Determined, mean and bitchy, it was a combination Tom couldn’t resist. Especially when every now and again her act failed and a cute smiled crept over her face, or better still, when she couldn’t hide her arousal.

Tom unbuttoned himself and positioned the cock ring and cage and held them in place waiting for the denim clad brunette to lock him up. Hannah secured the two piece of steel together with the padlock and then theatrically dropped the key into the back of her knickers.

“Are you sure it won’t fall out?”

“No.”

“You have a spare?”

“No.”

“So if it does fall out?”

Hannah put her arms around him, kissed him and whispered into his ear.

“You’re fucked, honey.”

They laughed, Tom a little nervously.

Tom then opened his mouth and let Hannah stuff her dirty underwear inside. He closed his mouth and used his tongue to position it so that no one would notice.

“And your mouth stays closed until we return, understood.”

Tom looked pleadingly and Hannah couldn’t help but smile back. She then pulled a small Allen key from her jeans pocket and used it to unscrew the shackle from his nose.

They left the flat and walked the five minutes to the cafe. As they walked, Tom's hand slipped from Hannah's waist down to her butt and he gave her a playful slap.

"You're brave."

Tom pinched her.

"Very brave!"

The same serving girl was on duty and smiled to Tom as they entered. She looked disappointed when Tom barely acknowledged her.

"Much better, sweetheart, it's amazing what a pair of panties can do."

The mix of danger and dominance brought on by being gagged in public was really turning Tom on. A feeling only heightened as he watched Hannah's denim clad butt standing at the counter. He pulled out his phone and texted Hannah 'Nice butt!'

He watched as she pulled her mobile from her back pocket and read the text. Tom then watched as Hannah pretended to stand with her hands on her hips, but instead slid her hands down so that they were massaging her own butt. The serving girl kept looking over at Tom, but his eyes stayed firmly glued to Hannah.

Hannah sipped her coffee as they walked back, something Tom couldn't do. It didn't matter, when they got home, Tom would get coffee and more, much more.

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## [Chapter 11](#)

### *Panties, role playing and the blonde hostess*

It was Friday night and Tom was in the elevator on his way up to their apartment. It had been a hard week at work with difficult negotiations with banks and investors and he desperately needed to wind down. In the past that would have meant a bottle of wine and then on to the spirits, but not anymore. He knew that Hannah had something planned for them and that she would soon take him to a whole new world of fantasy and escapism, unattainable through alcohol.

Hannah was constantly thinking up new games and ways to explore their shared passion. She had recently introduced a new game that had made Tom more focused than usual on his girlfriend's underwear.

It had started a few weeks back, after they had made love together. Hannah had been picking up her clothes, which as usual had ended up all over the bedroom, when on a whim she decided to put her dirty knickers over Tom's head.

The elastic material had clung to his face and moulded itself around his features. Hannah had run her fingers over them, exploring how the material clung to every chiselled contour. She had felt herself becoming more and more aroused and had ordered Tom to leave them on his head until the morning. Amazingly, he did.

When Tom had awoken the next morning, the world still looked dark and blurry through the black silk material. Hannah was cuddling him and he kissed her on the lips. She kissed back, even though she was actually kissing her own underwear.

"You OK in there?" she asked, surprised as ever by her power over him.

"I always did want to get into your panties," Tom joked.

“Well now you really have.”

“Permission to remove them?”

“No.”

She had hugged him more tightly and shook her head. It was just another secret that they shared, one that no-one else would ever know. A successful guy, an attractive, slightly shy woman, a social couple. But no-one would ever understand the real magic in their relationship.

While Hannah would only choose to play this particular game once or twice a week, timing was completely at her discretion. Every day Tom would admire her outfit and wonder what was underneath and what that might feel, smell and taste like. Every night after they had made love and just before they turned out the light, Tom knew that his world might become filtered through the brunette’s used underwear, still warm as the elastic pulled tight over his face.

Not that Tom minded at all, and he had on occasion he had felt a little disappointed when she placed all her clothes in the washing basket instead. The underwear felt nice on his face, her beautiful scent giving him a permanent reminder as he drifted to asleep. It also felt nice to be claimed, to be wanted by someone so beautiful.

Hannah loved Tom’s obedience, knowing that once positioned, he would never remove them until morning. She would look at him as he lay next to her and see a physical demonstration of his complete trust and commitment to her. Added to that, the anticipation of what she might do with her panties when she returned home from work, aroused and distracted her throughout the day. In private, she would rub her hands over her butt and imagine his fate.

Some mornings Hannah would stand in front of the full length mirror teasing Tom while trying on different underwear. Tom would watch with interest and amusement. ‘Do you think you’ll be able to breathe in these, sweetheart?’ Or, ‘would you prefer cotton or silk tonight, honey?’ She also enjoyed sending him regular updates throughout the day and sometimes even photos of the garment in question.

Tom had joking offered to buy her some g-strings, which would have both revealed much more of her butt and have been less all encompassing around his face. After a playful smack on his hand, she had countered by threatening to buy even tighter underwear in future.

The elevator doors opened and Tom’s thoughts returned to what she might have planned for him this particular Friday evening. Wearing his suit without a tie and his shirt undone a couple of buttons, he walked through the front door and stopped and stared.

It was Hannah, but he had to look twice to make sure. She was standing in the middle of the open plan living area dressed as an air hostess. She was wearing a long blonde wig, which hung down over her shoulders and her makeup was much heavier than usual, particularly around her big brown eyes.

Hannah stood in front of him, one hand on her hip as he studied her outfit. She was wearing a red skirt suit with gold insignia over a white blouse. The jacket was buttoned halfway up and was tightly pleated around her waist. The skirt was mid thigh length with a slit halfway up the back. It was tight, and curved over and around her butt. She wore stockings and black suede heels. The outfit was finished off with a small red hat with the same gold insignia.

“Good evening sir, welcome aboard,” Hannah said in a slight accent.

Tom was still staring. She was even wearing different perfume.

“Wow, it really doesn’t look like you.”

“I’m sorry sir?”

Hannah had positioned chairs in a row to recreate an aeroplane. She showed Tom to a chair that they had recently bought at an art market. It was like a regular dining chair, but made from curved pieces of wrought iron. It was incredibly heavy, something Tom knew well after having carried it home from the market.

“Can I get you a drink, sir?”

“A beer would be great.”

Tom watched Hannah walk to the fridge, it really was a tight skirt. This was his kind of role play, beer and a sexy outfit, although he knew that Hannah wouldn’t be this accommodating for long. He watched as she turned and a mischievous smile crossed her face. Hannah then returned without his beer, but with plastic zip ties in her hand.

“I’m sorry sir, but we’ve had a complaint about your behaviour,”

“How did I know?”

“And under flight regulations I’m afraid I will have to restrain you for the remainder of the flight.”

It was as if the words were being spoken by a stranger. The play acting, the voice, the hair and the outfit all seemed very real.

“I’ll have to ask you to put your hands on your arm rests sir.”

Tom looked up and smiled, but the serious look on Hannah’s face soon made him stop. This was Hannah wasn’t it?

“I hope you’re not going to resist.”

“Resist?”

Resisting any order from Hannah was near impossible for Tom. He positioned his arms as instructed and watched as she tightened the plastic straps around his wrists and the metal frame of the chair.

“That’s quite tight.”

That was the wrong thing to say, as Hannah then tightened them further. And as she did so, she couldn’t help but smile. She then crouched down carefully because of the tight skirt, and used two more zip ties to secure his ankles to the chair legs. Within seconds Tom was helpless.

“Sorry sir, let me get your beer.”

Hannah curtsied slightly, turned and walked back to the fridge. She returned and placed the beer bottle in Tom’s restrained hand.

“Very amusing, ... ‘blonde Hannah’!”

Hannah giggled, dropping her act for a moment. She then sat down on his lap, turned her head and kissed Tom. Wow. She always found that the more she restrained him, the more passionate his kisses. She assumed that was simply because under such circumstances it was even more important for him to please her.

“I don’t think the airline would approve,” he smiled kissing back.

Hannah ignored him and positioned a stool in front of Tom’s chair and sat down facing him.

“Crew please be seated for landing,” she giggled.

She looked down at Tom from her much higher stool, crossed her legs and ran her tongue around her lips. Her boring week at work was now completely forgotten, as she completely immersed herself in yet another fantasy with her fantastic guy.

Tom could feel the pressure build inside the chastity cage. Shit, how he wanted to take her right there and then. He really struggled against the zip ties and watched as Hannah unsuccessfully tried to hide her arousal.

Hannah uncrossed her legs and opened them as far as the skirt would allow. She watched him carefully, a teasing look in her eyes. Tom was strong, and right then was using all of his strength against the zip cuffs. He knew that if he could break free, then she was his. He would pick up the blonde air hostess, carry her into the bedroom and do whatever he wanted with her. He knew from experience that she would love whatever he did.

Hannah continued to watch him struggle. She had Googled how much force was required to break the zip ties and so knew that he hadn't a hope. She pulled her skirt halfway up her thighs and opened her legs a little wider.

"A little stuck are we sir?"

"I can do this!"

"No you can't," she shook her blonde head.

"Sweetheart?"

"No, but please keep trying, you know how I love watching you struggle to get free, especially when we both know it's impossible."

Hannah eventually stood and pulled her skirt back down. She carefully tilted Tom's chair backwards and lowered it on to the floor. Hannah then walked back and forth, her heels only an inch from where Tom's head rested.

"Red panties as well, you really are a company girl," he observed, having good reason to pay attention the blonde's underwear.

Hannah looked down at his strong, restrained body, his eyes were following her every movement, his lips slightly apart with anticipation. The urge to pull up her skirt and kneel down over his mouth was almost too much to resist. It reminded her of some of the things she did when she was younger.

She would often take a soft toy, or even an old doll, and tie its hands and feet together with a ribbon or belt or whatever she had to hand. Then, wearing her briefest underwear and with her pretend victim lying on her bed, she'd sit on top of it, her legs open, her victim's head just sticking out between her thighs. With one hand, she'd pull its head into her crotch and massage it from side to side. Her old teddy bear's face was now very worn, although no one, not even Tom knew why. She hoped Tom's face wouldn't go the same way as her bear's!

Once finished, she would stay sitting on her prey, talking to it, pretending that beneath her was the man of her dreams. She'd brush her long hair, continually looking down between her legs at the helpless toy. Now her toy was real and it really was the man of her dreams.

"Hannah?"

Tom could tell that her mind was wondering. She stopped walking and knelt down by his head, again careful of her tight skirt. She could feel the cheap polyester of the uniform sliding against her silk underwear. It felt nice and she moved her hips from side to side to feel it again. Would she use that on him tonight? Possibly.

She saw that Tom was still holding his beer and amazingly hadn't spilt a drop, even when she'd tipped him backwards on to the floor. She took the bottle from Tom's hand and slowly poured a little into his open mouth. He automatically smiled. What was it with guys and beer? She poured some more, but a little too quickly and he coughed.

“Oh I’m sorry.”

He coughed again and went slightly red in the face, but soon recovered and opened his mouth for more.

“It’s good to see that blonde Hannah is so considerate.”

“Don’t speak too soon!”

“I guess it’s all relative, it’s just that brunette Hannah can be a right sadistic bitch.”

Hannah reacted instinctively with a slight intake of breathe. Damn! She knew Tom was just teasing her. And now he was smiling. Shit.

“Careful mister, look where you are and where I am.”

“Yes?”

“If I don’t release you, how long will you stay tied to that chair?”

“I’m cool.”

“How long?”

Tom thought about the question for a moment and then struggled again against his bonds, she was right, he was helpless.

“I could leave you tied to the chair all weekend!”

“I could call for help.”

“And I could gag you... you know what with.”

They both loved these conversations and they watched each other intently for a few moments. Hannah then blinked and stood back up with one foot either side of his head.

“I know that brunette Hannah would never agree to this, but could you unlock the chastity cage?”

“And you think I will?”

She looked down at him. Which way would she play it? She pulled down his boxers.

“This outfit really works for you, doesn’t it?”

Hannah walked over to her handbag and picked up her key ring, which these days held over twenty keys. She jangled them like a medieval jailer above him. She then crouched down so that her butt rested gently on his face and unlocked the steel cage.

“Don’t get used to this treatment, brunette Hannah will be back soon.”

Seeing an opportunity for a little fun, Tom used his head to nudge Hannah’s hips, which made her lose her balance and she had to use her hands to stop herself falling over. She stood up and placed one shoe next to his now unprotected balls.

“Please no!”

“Don’t worry, I have a better plan. A return trip in the cargo hold.”

Tom looked confused as Hannah walked into their bedroom and out of sight. Once there, she couldn’t resist the chance to touch her butt in the tight shiny skirt. When she finally returned, she wheeled behind her a very large suitcase. She laid it down next to him and started to unzip.

“Borrowed it from Kate, what do you think?”

“You’ll never fit the chair in.”

“I’m going to release you from that, you fool!”

“Then I might run away.”

“And miss out on the delights of being locked inside a suitcase by blonde Hannah? Who’s very considerate by all accounts.”

Hannah took some scissors and effortlessly released Tom from the zip ties. She then undressed him and down to his boxers ran her hands over his body. Shit, she didn’t want to wait too much longer. Tom could see that look in her eyes and ran his fingers up the

inside of her skirt. Hannah moaned with pleasure, almost passing the point of no return, but pulled away just in time.

Following directions, Tom squeezed into the suitcase and Hannah folded the lid over on top of him. This was already turning her on and she hadn't even zipped him up yet. She knelt on the lid as she started to pull the zips closed with Tom inside.

"Aha, you're all done up!"

However the two zips just happened to be by Tom's hands and using his finger tips, he started to pull one open.

"Hey, stop it!"

"Brunette Hannah would never make that kind of mistake."

"Right I'm going to padlock you in."

Tom could hear Hannah run to the bedroom. He could have unzipped himself, but being padlocked inside seemed like more fun. He heard her heels clip back and saw the zip slide shut again. A second later he heard a little click.

"Try and get out of that, Houdini," she breathed as she stood back up to watch.

Tom tried the zips again. He pulled one, but the other zip moved with it. He then pulled one zip one way and the other zip the other way. Nothing. He was hit by the usual shiver of excitement.

Hannah pulled the keys from the small padlock and let them drop to the floor. She carefully sat down on one end of the suitcase, on top of where his head would be, and put her legs out in front of her across the lid.

"That's a bit mean of blonde Hannah, isn't it?" she giggled as she wriggled herself above him.

Tom tried to push her off balance, but with almost no room for him to move, Hannah sat there easily able to ride his limited efforts. She stayed sitting on top of him until he was exhausted and lay motionless beneath her. With her man beaten down, she jumped up, there was only one more thing she wanted to do before she let him go free.

She kicked off her high heels and after a struggle managed to lift the suitcase up on to its end and started to pull it across the room.

"Hey where are we going?"

"The cargo hold of the next flight back!"

"What?"

Hannah put on her running shoes and dragged the suitcase out of the apartment, along the corridor and into the lift. Once they arrived in the basement, she wheeled the case over to their walk in storage locker. She unlocked the barred door and wheeled him inside. She positioned the case between their own suitcases and threw an old sheet over all three items of luggage. She then sat down on Tom's case and described to Tom his predicament.

"That bitch, blonde Hannah, is going to leave you here."

Tom was breathing hard with anticipation. Hannah was trembling with excitement and couldn't keep her hands off her own legs. Fortunately there was no one who could see her.

"But luckily for you, brunette Hannah may let you out at the other end. Assuming of course blonde Hannah doesn't take the keys to the suitcase with her..."

Tom cried out in pleasure. Hannah smiled, she more than felt the same way.

"Will brunette Hannah wear the red skirt?"

"From time to time," she smiled.



Unable to control herself any longer, Hannah left the locker, padlocking it as she went. As quickly as possible in the tight skirt, Hannah ran back to the apartment and stripped off the uniform. She would have a head start tonight, but Tom wouldn't be far behind.

Back in the locker it was dark and silent, the air was cool, although the temperature inside the suitcase was rising. Tom felt for the zip and managed to push one finger through to the outside. He felt the small luggage padlock. He tried to pull it open, he would love to see the look on Hannah's face if he could get out. Although five minutes later he had given up. He would still be inside the suitcase when she returned. He really hoped that she wouldn't keep him waiting for long.

Only ten minutes later, a slim brunette in white cotton shorts and fitted pink t-shirt casually walked into the basement. A bunch of keys in her hand, a smile on her face.

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## [Chapter 12](#)

### *Proposing in the rain*

It was Saturday morning and already 10am. They had been at a friend's house until past midnight and hadn't got to sleep until gone two in the morning. Tom was still tired and slightly hung over, but this would hopefully be a very big day.

As he started to focus, he checked to make sure that he was free of chastity cage, panties and anything else that Hannah might have used on him. For once he was unrestrained. He looked at Hannah who was cuddling up against his chest with her long brown hair sprayed out in almost 360 degrees around her head.

He kissed her, eased out of her embrace and got up to get some water. By the time he returned, Hannah was kneeling on the bed, completely naked, with her big brown eyes watching him.

"What shall we do today?"

"It's a secret," Tom replied as he bent over to kiss her.

"Tell me!"

Hannah pulled him on to the bed and sat astride his chest, she would keep him pinned here until she had an answer. She ran her hands over his chest, feeling the muscles.

"You'll find out soon enough, sweetheart."

"Tell me!"

Tom rolled Hannah off, took her by the hand and led her in the shower and turned on the hot water. When they were done, he carried her out of the shower, with her legs wrapped around him, and deposited the cute brunette on the bed. He then opened Hannah's wardrobe and lay his favourite yellow dress on the bed next to her. She had worn that dress the first time she had offered to be a dominatrix, the memory of which was still very clear in Tom's mind. She had also worn the dress on other occasions where she had wanted to be at her most persuasive, such as when she'd locked him in a safe.

Without stopping for breakfast or even coffee, Tom took Hannah by the hand and led her down to the underground parking garage.

“Let’s take my car, I’ll drive.” Hannah said.

The very thought of Hannah’s car with its built in smother box turned Tom on and he was already getting hard simply from her suggestion. They would take her car, but Tom would drive for now. He sat in the driver’s seat, with the hole beneath him that was usually filled with his head, now filled with a cushion. Tom started the car and drove out of the garage and then out of the city.

He looked across at his girlfriend. Her initial excitement of dressing up and Tom taking her somewhere as a surprise was now tempered by the fact that he was driving. She sat on the ‘regular’ passenger seat, wishing that she he was underneath her, kissing her, massaging her, making it almost impossible for her to drive. Maybe he was starting to lose interest in that, maybe he was starting to lose interest in her. She hadn’t locked him in chastity before they left and he hadn’t even reminded her. She crossed her legs and arms and looked silently out of the window. Maybe she was crazy to think that he’d like her and her games forever.

Half an hour later they arrived at a restaurant perched on the side of a hill, overlooking the coastline. The waitress smiled at Tom as they walked in, but then that wasn’t unusual. The waitress led them to a private room furthest from the bar, showed them inside and then closed the door behind them.

Hannah walked over to the balcony and looked down over the steep cliff edge to the water beneath. She was about to speak when she turned around and saw Tom on one knee in front of her.

“Oh my God!” she held both hands to her mouth.

“Good to see you’re playing it cool.”

Hannah didn’t react for a few moments, but then walked closer until her dress was almost touching his face.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

Hannah put her hands to her mouth again and turned away for a moment and then back to face him. Tom looked up at her almost uncontainable excitement. All she had to do now was to say yes, but then Hannah was never that accommodating or straightforward and would never pass up a chance to tease.

“You realised that you would be condemning yourself to a life of.... well, slavery!”

“Slavery? I hardly think so.”

“You don’t know what I have in mind.”

“That’s true, but...”

“And complete obedience.”

“I’m looking forward to that,” he smiled.

Hannah had now recomposed herself, which Tom knew would only make his task harder. She always took advantage of her power over him and he guessed that his proposition would be no exception. Hannah checked that the waitress wasn’t in sight before lifting her dress.

“Hannah?”

She stepped forward and dropped the dress back down with Tom’s head now inside. She could be crazy, but that was just one of the million reasons that he was so desperate to marry this fantastic girl. He gently kissed the front of her knickers. Surely no other guy in the history of the world had had to resort to this while proposing.

Hannah knew her answer, but even at a time like this she wanted to exert her power. His kisses felt fantastic. What must he be thinking inside there? How long could she keep

him waiting under her dress? At all costs she had to accept his offer before he changed his mind. Hannah stepped back so that her dress pulled away from his head.

She looked down at his hopeful eyes, "Yes, I will!"

Tom jumped up and hugged her, lifting her off her feet and swinging her around. After kissing for a few more minutes the waitress coyly opened the door to give them the wine list. Tom studied the list and quickly ordered. He then asked the waitress for directions to the bathroom.

Hannah was sitting at the table, bouncing her legs excitedly under the table when Tom returned and sat down opposite her. Shit, he was sexy, could they do it here? Tom then dropped a small key on to the table in front of her.

"You forgot to lock me up this morning."

"Yes I did."

Hannah smiled, she always seemed to feel happier when his cock was in lock down. She hurriedly picked up the key, knocking her fork as she did so. She slipped it underneath her and sat down on top.

"I guess today of all days you should own me," he smiled.

The conversation stopped as they both took in their new relationship.

"I've always wanted a house with a dungeon," Hannah finally said, almost to herself.

"With a prison cell?"

"Yes, with steel bars and a big padlock on the door," Hannah fantasised.

"And a pool table?"

"No!"

Hannah gave Tom her sternest look before they both laughed. Tom refilled their glasses and they both studied the menu. Hannah looked up, thinking hard.

"I probably keep you chained or cuffed for three or four hours a day.....umm, so you would be imprisoned for five years out of the next thirty!"

Tom put down the menu and thought about her love of putting her dirty underwear over his head at night, often a couple of times a week.

"And I will have your panties over my face for maybe three year."

Hannah blushed and put her wine glass to her lips. The idea was both sexy and crazy at the same time.

They spent the next three hours in their private dining room, eating, drinking, talking, kissing. By the time they left, a storm was building out to sea. Tom drove as they travelled up the coast to a remote house only fifty metres back from the coast.

Once at the house, they changed and then Tom led Hannah back out and down the steep path to the beach. He was in board shorts and white t-shirt. She was in a short white flowery summer dress that reached halfway down her thighs, but the wind from the building storm meant that it blew up constantly revealing white cotton underwear. In her hand she carried a pair of cuffs, although Tom doubted that there would be much to cuff him to on the deserted, windswept beach.

They reached the beach and Tom picked her up and gave her a piggyback down to the water. Hannah laughed, wriggled and hugged him tightly as he pretended to drop her off in to the ocean. When he finally put her down on the beach, she was looking very sexy and determined.

"Come with me!" she shouted over the noise of the water and the wind.

She took his hand and led him up to the back of the beach. Hannah had seen an old metal sign which she thought would easily be strong enough to secure her fiancé. She

positioned Tom next to it and pulled his hands behind his back and chained them around the metal post.

Her face was inches away from his, her long hair blowing out in front so that it touched his face. He studied her excited features, her dancing eyes, her perfect lips that looked as though they were about to kiss, her pert nose that looked just a tiny bit posh. She looked at him, amazed as always that someone so good looking should be so madly in love with her. He looked particularly rugged in the wind and she couldn't help but kiss him.

It was still hot and the humidity was even higher, a sure sign that the storm was approaching. It was starting to rain with heavy drops of water falling. Hannah threw her hands up and danced in front of her helpless guy. Her dress was now soaked and she pulled it off over her head and it blew away before landing on the sand in front of Tom.

Hannah walked seductively up to him, removing her wet bra and underwear as she moved. She pulled down his shorts to reveal the locked chastity cage.

"Oh damn!" she cried.

"What?"

"Wait here!"

Tom stood helplessly as Hannah, now completely naked, ran back up the steep path to the house. He watched her pert butt bounce away and out of sight. The rain was getting harder and the wind stronger, although he still felt hot, due in part to his incredible girlfriend.

Five minutes later Hannah ran back and this time Tom watched her modest, pert breasts bouncing around. She knelt down in front of him and quickly unlocked the padlock and freed his cock.

"Hannah, my hands," he reminded her as he shook the manacles.

Hannah was already climbing on him and positioning herself to make love, but without him to hold her it was too hard.

"Lie down," she ordered.

With Tom still chained to the post, they lay side by side on the sand and making out over and over. They were both drenched by the rain and the noise of the wind and the water was deafening. After a while when Tom was exhausted, Hannah knelt astride his head and pulled him as close in to her as she could. The wind and rain only added to Hannah's appetite. She tasted slightly salty, they both did as the spray from the sea covered them repeated.

When Hannah finally released him from her thighs, she cuddled up against his chest, sheltering from the wind. She felt safe and protected beside him, even though he was still helplessly chained up. She held him tight, showing no intention of moving.

"Hannah, where are the cuff keys?" he called.

Hannah nestled into him more tightly as they heard thunder in the distance. The storm was definitely getting closer. The evening light was now starting to fade.

"Hannah!"

His fiancé reluctantly stood up, with one foot either side of his body and looked around. As she did so, lightning lit up her lithe, naked body. She then skipped over him and went to retrieve the key from the pocket of her sodden dress.

Tom lay exhausted in the sand as he looked up into the driving rain to see Hannah's naked form above him, swinging the keys from her fingertip.

“Fancy staying here for the rest of the storm? Or would you like to come to bed with me?”

“Bed! Please.”

Hannah put her hands on her hips and looked down at him.

“Hannah!”

Tom smiled to himself. Marrying Hannah was in many ways like being chained on a beach in a storm; a little crazy, sometimes frustrating, occasionally dangerous and painfully, but always wildly exciting.

Hannah dropped down on to his body, her wet hair hanging down, and released him from her cuffs. They ran back up to the house and into the shower, the water falling on to their already soaked bodies. This would be a night to remember.

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