

Tales of Female Domination

Her Prisoner

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.... "tell me if you want me to release you", the girl next door come 'dominatrix in training' was certainly unique....that said there was absolutely no way out of her cuffs or chastity cage

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 mid 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 explained 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 temped for various advertising agencies and the recession had meant that she hadn't worked in over six 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 about 40, she was almost 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 smiled as she saw 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 a third of her price."

Tom watched as she blushed. She'd obviously been drinking and was fidgeting 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 mainly used rope which on the whole he'd managed to wriggle out of. There would be no way to wriggle out of Hannah's cuffs.

"They look good to me," he smiled, "assuming you let me out again."

Hannah giggled, "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,” he said as he 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 points!”

“OK, I’ll keep them.”

He watched as Hannah perched on the edge of the 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.

He smiled, “Hannah, remember 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, she gagged me with her panties and sat on my face. She then locked me in a chastity belt and then locked me in a steel cage.

Tom smiled as he watched her reaction.

“Wow!”

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

“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 looked up as she reached up inside her dress and slowly pulled down her knickers, letting the silk rub along her long tanned legs.

“Wow, you’re....” were the final words he said before she stuffed her panties completely into his mouth. She made sure that his mouth was completely closed before wrapping duct tape tightly around his head.

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

“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 guys mouth!

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

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

She saw that she was trembling and very turned on. 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.

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 legs crossed, 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? Sit on his face? That would be fun, she could certainly do that. Lock him in a cage? That might be harder. 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 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 and smiled to herself.

Tom studied her face intently as she spent the next ten minutes fitting the chastity tube on his dick. The cage 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 smiled.

The dominatrix had locked him in a plastic chastity device, but 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. She sat down on the sofa and crossed 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 smiled.

He laughed, “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. She recrossed her legs.

“Hannah, that’s not helping!”

This was starting to get frustrating for Tom, “Hannah, this has been fantastic, thank you. I hope we can do it again some time.”

“We haven’t finished yet,” she smiled, “I’ve got two things left to do.”

Tom looked confused.

“Sit on your face and lock you in a cage.”

Shit, he’d only said those things to get a reaction from Hannah. He hadn’t done all of them with the dominatrix and certainly didn’t expect Hannah to do them all to him right then.

“Maybe it’s time to sit on your face,” she purred as she knelt down with her knees either side of his head.

He looked up between her legs. She still wasn’t wearing any knickers, had she forgotten? Surely she wasn’t going to sit on him naked?

Tom was about to remind her when she lowered her naked butt straight on to his face, but with so little pressure that she barely touched.

“Tell me if you get squashed.” she said.

Tom laughed, “I will, but so far no problem.”

“Oh right,” she smiled, “you want a little harder?”

“Try your whole weight.” he advised.

Hannah felt embarrassed, she was supposed to be in charge here. ‘Try this’, she thought as she sat on him with all of her weight and waited for inevitable reaction. As he started to struggle, Hannah reacted by tightening her thighs to hold him in place. Tom was starting to get desperate by the time Hannah finally lifted up.

“How was it?” she asked politely, “Do you want to go back inside my skirt?”

“Wait.” Tom gasped as he caught his breath.

“Too bad, I’m in charge.” she smiled as she pulled out her cheeks and sat back down on his face.

Finally, she felt like she was in control. She could feel him struggling beneath her which only increased her sense of power and turned her on even more. She finally climbed off him and knelt back down next to his head. All he could taste and smell was her scent. His wrists and ankles were now red and his dick ached like hell.

“How was that?” she asked innocently as she pulled her skirt around legs and brushed her hand back over her shoulders.

“You’re a natural at this,” Tom gasped.

“Thanks,” Hannah smiled, looking genuinely pleased.

Tom looked up at her big brown eyes which were now starting to obsess him. Why hadn’t he noticed her before, she was an incredibly sexy woman.

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

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

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

“Shall I unlock you?” she asked.

“It’s up to you.” he smiled back.

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

“You did make them very tight.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she replied, putting her hand to her mouth.

Tom smiled, she was unique.

“You should have said something.”

“I had your panties in my mouth.”

Hannah looked a little embarrassed.

Tom kissed her thigh which was only an inch from where he lay, “You were great Hannah.”

Once Hannah had worked out which way the key went in and which way it turned, she unlocked the hand and foot cuffs.

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

“It feels like it.” Tom smiled as he climbed to his feet and pulled up his jeans.

“I haven’t unlocked your chastity cage,” Hannah said holding out the key.

Tom took the key and placed it in the middle of the coffee table and poured two glasses on red wine from the bottle he’d brought. They sat opposite each other across the table drinking and talking and both occasionally glancing at the key.

Finally Tom picked up the key and stood up to leave. “Can I keep the chastity cage as a souvenir until next time?”

Hannah smiled, “Of course, that way I’m guaranteed of repeat business.”

With that he dropped the key into her dress pocket, kissed her the cheek and 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.

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, his wrists were 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 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.”

“Oh 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 with scissors 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 purred and she continued to tighten.

“Hannah, there is no way I’m slipping out of that!”

“I know,” she giggled 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. He 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.” she giggled.

“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 white top 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 to Hannah to ask her 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 finally 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 purred as she sat on the box just above his head and in so doing took away Tom’s only light and fresh air.

“Anyway, I’m going to for a run to let you enjoy the trunk in peace.” Hannah smiled as she jumped up and once again left Tom alone unable to do anything other than await her return.

She returned half an hour later, 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 smell 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, that key stays with me.”

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...”

[Anna and the Cuffs](#)

....he founds the cuffs lying in her underwear drawer....he ratcheted them around his own wrists and now she doesn’t have the key....or does she....

For the last couple of years, Tom had rented the flat with a guy he’d known since drama school. When the friend had moved out Tom had wanted to stay on and so advertised for a flatmate. Anna had called up and made an appointment to view the place.

Tom had smiled as he saw the cute brunette on his doorstep, but then had spent much of the next half hour on the phone to his agent. By the end of the interview he had found out almost nothing about his prospective flatmate and completely distracted by his next potential role, had offered Anna the spare room.

The new role was fantastic, his second TV appearance, and he spent the next week in his room learning lines. He barely even noticed as Anna moved into the flat and into the bedroom next door to his. He didn’t even think to offer to help her carry in her boxes.

Later that night he was sitting in his room with a glass of whiskey, when he heard some clicking coming from Anna’s room. He stopped and listened and soon recognised the sound of cuffs closing. He smiled to himself as he imagined what she might be getting up to just metres away from where he sat. He crept out of his room and over to her door and tried to look through her keyhole, but the key was blocking his view.

The next morning after Anna had left for work (he couldn't even remember what she did), Tom slowly crept into her room. The room already smelt of her perfume and jeans and other clothes hung from hangers and from the back of chairs. He looked around for the cuffs that he was sure he'd held her playing with the night before.

He pulled open a draw and saw her underwear neatly folded. Pinks, blacks, whites, in various silks, satins and cottons, on top of which was sitting a pair of heavy handcuffs. 'Bingo', he smiled to himself as he picked them up.

He soon realised that the cuffs were not standard issue. They were made of thick silver steel, with only three links between each cuff and the large lock was opened by a large complicated looking key. Unlike most cuffs he'd seen before, these could only be opened by the right key. At that point his phone rang again, he dropped the cuffs back into the drawer and left her room.

Tom was out when Anna returned home. She went up to her room and threw her black suit jacket on the back of her chair. She unzipped and pulled off her black boots and opened her top draw. Immediately she knew that her things had been tampered with, her cuffs were no longer neatly lined up. She slammed the draw closed and started to think.

It must have been Tom, who else could it have been? Had he heard her playing the night before? What a bastard. See thought for a minute. What a cute bastard. She smiled. What had he thought when he'd seen his cuffs? Had they turned him on? Had he tried them on? Would he try them on again?

Anna picked up one of the two cuff keys and started to rub it against her stone window sill. After a few minutes she wiped it clean and tried it in the lock. She smiled to herself as she saw that it wouldn't turn. She left the cuffs with the ruined key in her draw. She then changed into jeans and top and slipped the remaining key, now the only key that would open the maximum security cuffs, into the back pocket of her jeans and went out.

Tom arrived home after a few beers to an empty house. Who was this flatmate and why did she play with heavy cuffs? He had to investigate. He walked into Anna's room and pulled out the cuffs. He checked that Anna wasn't walking up the street before ratcheting the cuffs closed around his wrists. They felt good, very secure. He left the key in Anna's underwear drawer and walked back to his room. He lay on his bed and imagined that she had cuffed him and planned to use him as her sex slave. If she arrived home before he could retrieve the key, at least part of the fantasy would probably come true. He played with the cuffs, shit they felt secure.

He waited as long as he dared and then returned to Anna's room for the key. He casually slid it into the lock as he admired her range of panties. His attention, though, suddenly returned to the key as he realised that it wouldn't turn. He tried a few different ways but it still wouldn't unlock the cuffs. Shit! Was this the right key? Did Anna keep the cuffs keys somewhere else? Had she taken them with her?

Half an hour later and Tom knew he was in trouble. The key wouldn't work and he had searched Anna's room and there was no other key to be found. He heard the front door open. Shit!

Tom ran back to his room and closed the door. Anna poured herself a glass of water and then returned to her room. She immediately opened her drawer and this time found the cuffs were gone. She smiled to herself as she changed into her favourite silk nightie and knickers and waited for the inevitable knock on the door.

"Anna, are you there?"

Anna stood up and smiled at the handcuff key in her hand. Realising that she had no pockets, she tucked it into black silk knickers.

She opened the door.

Tom's breathe was taken away by his scantily dressed flatmate with her long dark hair down and hanging partly over her face.

"Hi Tom" she purred.

Tom was still admiring her legs, which her nightie did nothing to cover.

"I'm really sorry Anna, but I borrowed something from your room earlier."

"That's OK, we're flatmates," she smiled.

"Yes, but I really shouldn't have," he stuttered.

Tom held up his cuffed hands. "I borrowed these."

Anna smiled, "Oh," she said.

"I'm really sorry."

"Can I have them back?" she asked.

"Well that's the problem, I can't undo them."

"Undo?" she questioned

"I mean unlock."

"There should have been a key with them."

"There was, there is," Tom explained, "but it doesn't work."

"Oh dear,"

"Please can you help me," Tom begged anxiously.

Anna took the key that he was holding up and beckoned him inside her room.

Tom walked into her darkened room. It was warm and there was the same perfume that he smelt the night before. Anna sat down on a wooden trunk that was next to a lamp. Anna pointed to the floor in front of her and Tom slowly knelt down and hesitantly held up his cuffed hands.

Anna pulled him closer so that she could reach the cuffs which brought him between her open legs. Anna lent forward, her long dark hair falling over her face, only inches away from Tom.

Anna slid the key into the lock on each of the cuffs. "The keys been damaged," she concluded as she threw the key into her dustbin.

"But how can I get out of them?"

"You can't," Anna purred, as she looked directly and provocatively into Tom's eyes.

"What, there has to be a way," Tom replied desperately.

Anna turned away as she suppressed a giggle.

"We could use a hacksaw?" Tom suggested.

"We?" Anna questioned. "Anyway, these are made from ultra hardened steel, a hacksaw won't work."

"You could try a locksmith or the fire service," she offered.

Tom looked shocked, "I've just played a role in a national TV show. People know my face. If I do that it'll be all over the papers!"

Anna tried hard not to laugh. "Do you think wearing handcuffs for the rest of your life will be a problem?"

"This is no time to joke Anna," he snapped.

She looked at him sternly

"I'm, I'm sorry Anna," he replied.

She could tell that he was worried and with good reason. She knew that she had a key that could free him in seconds, she could feel it resting between her butt and the hard wooden box, but he didn't know. And anyway, she had no intention of giving him the key anytime soon.

Anna stood up and stepped over Tom's head, the inside of her bare thigh brushing the side of his head. She checked that the key wasn't about to fall from its hidden place as she walked to the door.

"There's nothing you can do tonight," Anna concluded.

"But, I can't sleep in these chains!" replied her increasingly frustrated, but also increasingly sexy flatmate

"You don't have any choice," she replied as she opened her door for him to leave.

Anna locked her door, lay down on her bed and pulled out the key. She lay on her back with her feet up against the wall that separated their two bedrooms and ran the tip of the key down the inside of her thighs.

On the other side of the wall Tom was desperate. He'd had to cut his shirt off so that he could shower and was standing in his boxers frantically thinking of a way to get out of Anna's cuffs. His friends would arrive in the morning to rehearse lines for the new role. What would they think if they saw him like this?

Anna came down to breakfast the next morning wearing her shortest skirt suit. She was wearing tights and high heels and had her hair up in a bun. She poured some black coffee and sat down on one of the bar stool and slowly and deliberately crossed her legs.

Tom, by contrast, was hunched up at the kitchen table, bare chested with cut and bruised wrists.

"How can I get these cuffs off?" he asked despondently.

Anna shrugged and recrossed her legs, while sneaking a look at Tom's pecks.

"Are you sure no don't have a second key?"

Anna shook her head while at the same time feeling the key in the toe of her right shoe.

"My friends will be here soon," Tom realised

"Give them my regards," Anna smiled as she rinsed out her cup.

"Shit, they have a key for the door, if I don't answer they'll just let themselves in and start rehearsing lines," Tom said as started to think through the logistics.

"Shame they don't have a key for the cuffs," Anna smiled.

Anna picked up her handbag to leave, "Well, you'd better leave the house to make sure that they don't catch you like this," Anna offered.

"But I can't go out, I'm handcuffed!"

"Hide in your room then."

"They'll look for me there."

Anna started to walk towards the door.

"Please can I hide in your room?" Tom begged.

"Do you really want to risk the consequences of playing with any more of my things?" she joked.

"Please, I promise I won't."

She led Tom back to her room and unlocked the door.

"Thanks Anna," he said as he sat down on her couch and tried to think through how he'd get out of his restraints.

"Have fun," Anna smiled as she turned and walked out of her room.

Tom watched her as she walked. Long tanned legs leading up to a tight, short business skirt moulded around her butt. Fitted jacket, a very professional look. A very sexy look. He watched as she closed the door and then listened as she turned her key and deadlocked the door.

“Anna!” he called as he ran over to the door.

There was no reply.

Tom lay down on Anna’s bed and closed his eyes, how was he going to get out of this? He turned his head and could smell Anna’s perfume on the pillow. Exhausted, having been up all night, he soon fell asleep.

When he woke a few hours later, he could hear his friends rehearsing lines in the lounge. He struggled to his feet, stripped off his jeans and went into the en suite bathroom to shower. He towelled dry, put his jeans back on and walked over to the bedroom door to see if there was any way to open it.

It was a heavy wooden door, locked with an old deadlock. He could probably open it with a few well placed kicks, but where would that get him? The only thing that was assured of achieving was to further piss off his flatmate and thereby lessen any chance he had of getting out of the cuffs.

He sat watching the window waiting for Anna to return with hunger gnawing at his insides. He had been looking for an hour before he saw a slim brunette in a business suit walk up the street. He listened as she opened the street door and entered the flat. Next he heard her key turn in the bedroom door and the door open.

“How was your day?” she asked as she set her handbag down on the table and took off her jacket.

“You locked me in your room!”

“There wasn’t much else you could really have done while locked in my cuffs.”

How can I get out of these?” he asked as he rattled the manacles.

Anna just shrugged as she pulled a half eaten pack of sandwiches from her bag and dropped them on the floor in front of Tom. As he reached down in a desperate bid to get the food, Anna walked over and placed one foot on the floor between his arms. She then used the other foot to kick the sandwiches across the room and out of reach.

In his desperation to eat, he tried to go after the sandwiches, but Anna’s foot anchored him in place. He looked up at the woman standing above him, her tanned legs, her short skirt, her long dark hair hanging around her cute face.

As he stood up his cuffed hands ran up the inside of Anna’s leg, but before he could stand up straight his cuffed hands had reached her skirt and were starting to slide it further up her thigh.

Partly out of modesty (he really didn’t know Anna very well) and partly because he was dependent on Anna’s help to get out of cuffs, he knelt back down with his cuffed hands resting gently against her ankle.

She smiled as she watched the sexy, half dressed guy kneeling in front of her.

“I’ve called the cuff company and they will deliver a replacement key tomorrow,” she lied. The key to the cuffs was now in her jacket pocket.

“Oh, thank you!”

“My pleasure,” she smiled.

“Can I have my hands back now?” Tom asked as he tugged his cuffs gently against her calf.

“No,” Anna replied in a matter-of-fact way.

Tom looked up at her dark eyes and tried to read what she was thinking.

“If you want me to free you tomorrow, you’re going to have to do everything I say this evening.”

Tom knew he had no choice.

Anna smiled as Tom tried to achieve the impossible of getting his cuffed hands free from between her legs. After watching for a few more seconds, she finally lifted her high heeled shoe and allowed him to escape by slipping his hands underneath.

She led him out into the hallway and lifted up a three foot square hatch in the floor to reveal the cellar beneath. She then took a short ladder that was propped up against a wall and lowered it through the hatch and down into the cellar.

Anna took a length of chain from her handbag and looped it around Tom’s waist. She then took a padlock and slipped it through both ends of the waist chain and also slipped the padlock through the handcuff chain. Tom looked on with concern as she clicked the padlock shut. Not only were Tom’s hands cuffed, they were also now secured to his waist.

“Down you go,” Anna smiled, pointing at the ladder.

Tom climbed down carefully barely able to hold the ladder.

The cellar was only six foot deep and so when standing inside, Tom’s head reached up to floor level. He looked up at Anna standing above him.

“Aren’t you joining me?”

“No,” she smiled as she pulled the ladder back up and rested it back against the wall in the hallway.

Tom soon realised her plan. Usually he could have reached up and pulled himself out of the cellar, in fact he often did that instead of using the ladder. But with his hands chained to his waist he was now trapped. Other than the meter box, the cellar was completely empty, there wasn’t anything he could use to climb up on.

“How are you going to get out of that one?” Anna smiled as she stood right next to the opening where she knew he would be able to look up her skirt.

Tom tried to reach up and tried to jump, but it was pointless.

“Please Anna, the ladder?”

“No way.”

“The key to this waist chain then?”

She giggled and shook her head.

“Those sandwiches then? I’m starving.”

She shook her head again, her long dark hair falling in front of her face as she looked down at him.

“Bye bye.” she smiled as she walked back to her bedroom and out of sight.

The cellar extended under Anna bedroom and Tom followed, looking up at his flatmate through gaps in the floorboards that creaked as she walked. Anna then took a shower and Tom returned to the opening and looked hopelessly up into his own hallway. Although Anna had left the hatch open, he was still completely trapped down there.

When Anna returned she was wearing a short flowery summer dress which reached down to her knees, but from Tom’s view point in the cellar covered nothing at all. She

placed a cushion on the floor next to the hatch and sat down on it with her legs dangling down into the cellar.

As Tom walked over he studied her high heeled shoes and long smooth legs. They were such a contrast from the damp smelling cellar and rough splintered wood of the hatch. He stopped with his face only inches away from her knees that were pressed tightly together with the thin cotton of her skirt lying gently on top of them.

He looked up at her face. "What are you going to do with me?" He was starting to feel very overpowered.

Anna stared back giving very little away. Tom tried in vain to work out what she was thinking. He was starting to feel very vulnerable. It was one thing to be held captive by a beautiful woman, but quite another to be completely helpless at the hands of a crazy beautiful woman.

Tom watched as she slowly opened her legs and felt her hand push his head between her knees and then between her thighs. Her skin was amazingly soft. Once inside, with his nose up against her silk underwear, she squeezed her legs together and used his face to gently stimulate herself.

By the time she released him from her thighs, it was noticeably darker outside. Anna stood up and turned on the hall light. She then picked up her heavy D-shaped bike lock which was hanging from her handlebars and crouched down by the edge of the opening.

"How do you like your new necklace?" she asked as she beckoned him closer with her finger.

"No not that please."

"Why, are you worried I might lose the key?"

"Anna, don't joke, it would be almost impossible to get it off"

"I know."

"So?"

"So come here," her voice made it clear that the negotiations were over.

Anna reached down and locked the shackle around Tom's neck. She withdrew the key and held it up for Tom to see before reaching up inside her skirt and dropping it into the front of her knickers.

"You must be hungry, let me cook you dinner." Anna purred.

"Thank you."

"My pleasure," she smiled as she blew him a kiss.

Anna slowly closed the cellar hatch and then dropped it with a small bang. She knelt down on the hatch and turned the catches to lock it in place from the outside.

Tom sat in the cellar in the dark and listened to Anna's high heels walking on the floorboard above him. The cellar smelt damp and he could see dust in the air where light shone down through gaps in the boards. His wrists were starting to bruise from the cuffs which he'd now been wearing for over 24 hours. He was starving and the smells coming from the kitchen only made that worse.

His attention turned to Anna's bike lock around his neck. He couldn't slide it over his head. He'd hear of horror stories of people having these things stuck around their necks, getting them off was not easy. The key was in Anna's panties. What if it fell out? What if... but his thoughts drifted back to the beautiful woman walking around above him.

After what seemed like hours, Anna's high heels clipped overhead and he heard the latches on the hatch being unlocked. Anna then lifted the hatch and sat back down on the edge of the opening. She grabbed the heavy bike lock around Tom's neck and used it to

pull him towards her. With her other hand she used a fork to take some pasta from the bowl and put it into his mouth.

“What do you think?” she asked as he ate.

He nodded encouragingly, knowing that any other response would have been very unwise. Anna continued to feed him, alternating forks between the two of them.

Tom watched her while he ate, what was her plan, why was she doing this to him? He was also struggling to understand his own emotions. He was chained up and trapped in the cellar, but right then he had no complaints. This was fun.

Anna then picked up the second smaller bowl containing some pre-prepared chocolate mousse. She paused and then pulled up her dress, put her legs together and spooned some of the mousse on to her bare thighs.

“Dessert.” she purred.

Tom was past questioning her orders and stood on tiptoes and started to eat from her bare skin. This tickled Anna and she giggled and wriggled to help him reach the last bits.

Anna then stood up, collected the bowls and walked back to the kitchen. Tom once again watched her go, becoming more and more frustrated by his predicament. She was really turning him on and yet there was so little that he could do about it, stuck as he was in the cellar. ‘Shit’ he could see the hall, it was so close and yet so impossible to get to.

Anna returned having cleared up and having washed her sticky legs.

“Please let me out of here Anna.”

Anna looked down into the cellar and shook her head.

However she then picked up the ladder.

“Lie down on the floor with your head there,” Anna directed. Tom complied.

Anna then lowered the ladder through the hatch and positioned it so that it straddled Tom’s neck, with the bottom rung pinning his neck tightly to the cellar floor. She then stood on the ladder and started to climb down, her weight holding Tom securely in place.

Without taking her weight off the ladder, she turned and sat down on one of the rungs with her feet resting on the cellar floor, either side of Tom’s head. Tom couldn’t use his hands and so could only try and wriggle free using the strength in his neck, which was no match for the weight of Anna’s butt pushing down on top of him.

Anna placed one of her high heels on Tom’s cheek and started to press down gently. She heard Tom’s cuffs rattle as he tried in vain to stop her.

“I won’t hurt you,” she smiled as lifted up her heel and bent down and gently stroked his cheek with her hand. Tom had lost all control and now focused totally on Anna, wondering what she had planned for him next.

“You hardly noticed me when we first met at the interview.” Anna stated.

“Yes, but”

“You’ve noticed me now, I hope.”

“Anna, yes.....”

“Good, it’s nice to have your full attention?”

Anna looked beautiful in the half light of the cellar, with the light coming down from the hallway lighting her dark hair. Her soft skin was such a contrast from the rough wood and brick of the cellar.

“Would you like to sleep with me tonight?” she purred.

“With you?” he repeated.

“Yes.”

“OK”

Anna then stood up and climbed back up the ladder. When she reached the top she quickly pulled the ladder back up into the hallway.

“Hey, I thought...” Tom stuttered climbing to his feet.

“Yes?” she smiled.

“That we would sleep together?”

“Sure, come to my room.”

“But I can’t get out of here!”

Anna shrugged, “Oh well.”

Anna’s long slim legs looked beautiful. She was again standing on the edge of the opening and he could see up her dress to her cute little panties. Right then there was nothing he wanted more than to sleep with her.

“Oh and by the way,” Anna giggled as she held up a key hanging from her necklace, “here is the key to cuffs. I’ve had it all the time”.

Tom stood there open mouthed as she let the key fall back between her breasts. She could have released him from the cuffs at any time.

Anna gave him a little wiggle of her hips and blew him a kiss before closing the hatch on him. She secured the latches and walked off leaving Tom to a long, uncomfortable night.

The Only Key

....she had a shackle locked around her ankle she had hidden the only key inside her friend’s jeans.... how would she ever get it back

The new girl who had moved into the house-share fascinated Kate. She was tall, in her mid-twenties with long dark hair. She had a fantastic figure and was always well dressed, although usually in casual attire. She was single, but flirted with many guys. Despite having spent a number of wine-filled evenings with her and the other two housemates, Kate still didn’t know much about her, she had a certain attractive mystery surrounding her.

One evening, Tessa had playfully locked Kate in the cupboard under the stairs. Kate had watched through the keyhole as she had tucked the key into her jeans pocket and sat back down on the sofa with the other women in the house. She didn’t know why, but this had really excited her and she found herself thinking back to the incident constantly.

One day, Kate returned to the house early. She poured a glass of wine from the bottle in the fridge and relaxed at the kitchen table. She looked out towards the garden where clean washing was drying. Tessa’s blue CK jeans, the same ones as she had worn on that night were on the line. Kate immediately had an idea.

She ran to the bike shop on the corner and bought a small maximum-security shackle lock. She hurried back to the house, rolled up one leg of her trouser suit and tried it for size. Perfect. It locked tightly around her ankle with no chance whatsoever of getting it off with the key.

She took one key out to the back yard and hit it with a hammer until it buckled and snapped in two. There was no way she could use that key to escape the lock around her ankle. She then took Tessa’s jeans from the line and rushed inside. After a moment’s

thought she started work. She unpicked a small section of the waistband to reveal the small cavity inside. She then tucked the second and now only key inside and carefully re-stitched everything so it could not be seen.

The plan was complete, the key was now discreetly hidden in the waistband, which given the thickness of the denim and the fact that Tessa always wore a belt, meant that it would probably never be discovered. Kate returned the CK's to the line and ran upstairs to her room.

She sat on her bed and pulled at the shackle lock. It was never going to come off without the key and she no longer had that. She pulled on a pair of longer socks and dropped the leg of her trouser suit. Nothing could be seen. She left the house and went into town to meet some friends.

By the time she returned, Tessa had returned and changed into her jeans. Kate walked into the kitchen as Tessa was cooking her dinner. "Hi Babe," Tessa smiled.

"Hi," Kate replied, somewhat nervously, unsure as to whether Tessa had discovered the key. The two girls cooked together and then sat down to eat.

Kate was concerned that Tessa might notice the lock tightly secured around her ankle or the key to that lock that was concealed in Tessa's jeans. However, Tessa seemed unaware of either, or the fact that she now effectively had Kate under lock and key.

That night, the two girls went to their respective rooms. Kate sat on her bed in her underwear thinking about what she had done. What would happen if anyone noticed the lock around her ankle? What if Tessa discovered the key? She lay down wishing she hadn't gone through with her plan.

How could she retrieve the key? When Tessa went to work, she locked the door to her room. Invariably when she came back from work, or at the weekend, she wore her jeans. Therefore, the key would either be behind a locked door, or against Tessa's arse. She hadn't thought her plan through.

A week went by and Kate had had no opportunity to retrieve the key. She had spent a lot of time with Tessa drinking and socialising, but all she could do was to watch as Tessa drunk, laughed and danced, all the time an unwitting key holder for the shackled that remained locked around her ankle.

A couple of weeks later, Kate was in luck. Tessa had gone down to the kitchen wearing only her nightie and left her room unlocked. Kate quickly entered Tessa's room and started to search through her drawers for the infamous pair of jeans.

She found them and felt for the key – it was still there. But as she was leaving the room, she heard Tessa's footsteps on the stair. She quickly returned the jeans to the drawer and hid in the wardrobe. She then watched through the keyhole as Tessa walked in, sat down at her desk and started to drink her coffee. Kate stayed totally still, terrified that she would be discovered.

Ten minutes later, Tessa took her towel and made her way to the bathroom. Kate jumped out from hiding, grabbed the jeans and made for the door. It was locked! Why was Tessa so bloody security conscious? Kate screamed silently. She pulled the door again, but the brunette had definitely turned the key in the lock as she left. Kate sat on the floor in desperation.

After a moment's thought she looked around the room for something to cut the jeans. The first drawer she opened contained a pair of handcuffs! Kate couldn't believe it; she'd never seen a pair before. Although she secretly wanted to play with them, this was not the time. She continued to search, but there was nothing with which to cut, not even a nail

file. She pulled at the seam that she had sown, but it wouldn't move. She looked out of the window, but the other housemates were eating breakfast in the kitchen downstairs so climbing out of the first floor window was also not an option.

The shower stopped and Kate was forced to return to hiding. She watched as her housemate returned, dropped her towel to reveal her black underwear. She started to search through her drawers for something to wear. As Kate had feared, she chose her jeans and sat down on the bed as she pulled them up over her long tanned legs. She stood up and pulled them up over her hips and secured them with her belt. It was hardly necessary, Kate thought as the jeans literally hugged her pert backside.

Once she was fully dressed, she picked up her keys and left the room. Kate distinctly heard the jangle of keys and the click as Tessa relocked her bedroom door, unknowingly imprisoning Kate inside.

Kate had to wait an hour until all the housemates had left. She was now locked in Tessa's room, with no way out except through the window. She had already searched the room for a spare key, but it had seemed that the key now in Tessa's pocket was the only key for the door. Kate felt a sense of *deja vu*. Maybe she could wait in the room, hidden in the wardrobe, until another chance to escape through the door came. But who knew when that would be. Also, there was a key in the lock on the wardrobe door. There was no telling whether this security conscious brunette would decide to lock the wardrobe as well to keep her clothes secure. If that happened, Kate would certainly have to give up the game.

After a terrifying half an hour, Kate finally managed to scale the drainpipe and land in the back garden of the house. Only then did the next problem hit her – she didn't have her key. After climbing another fence she was out into the street. She sat there on the front wall, barefoot, wearing only jeans and a T-shirt with no money or keys. It would be a long wait until anyone returned.

As fate would have it, Tessa was the first to return. After laughing about Kate's predicament, she finally unlocked the house. Kate ran upstairs to her room, sat down on the bed and started to think. She couldn't spend the whole summer like this. She'd not been able to wear skirts or sandals for weeks now, and her friends were starting to wonder why she wasn't going to the beach with them anymore. She decided she would have to explain all to Tessa.

"Hi Tess," Kate whispered as the brunette opened her bedroom door.

"Hi," Tessa replied as she went to turn the music down. "What's up?"

Kate followed her into the room and closed the door behind them. "I have a confession to make," Kate continued, before explaining the whole story to her housemate.

Tessa reached around the back of her jeans and felt the key. "And this is the only key to that thing around your ankle?"

Kate, who was still barefoot, nodded and pulled up her jeans to reveal the shackle lock.

Tessa looked down and smiled, "Oh you poor thing, so that's why you've been avoiding the beach," Tessa purred, obviously amused by the embarrassment on the face of her high-flying housemate.

"I'm really sorry," Kate replied as she waited for Tessa to hand over the key.

"So what will you give me for this key?" Tessa smiled teasingly.

"What!" Kate exclaimed. She'd never expected that she might have to buy her way to freedom.

"Well you're the lawyer, but I thought possession was nine tenths of the law, and the key is certainly very much in my possession," Tessa smiled as she slapped her own backside with her palm. "I'll tell you what," she smiled, "you do whatever I say this afternoon and evening, and tomorrow morning I'll give you the key. Deal?"

Kate was still shocked but had no choice. She nodded. Yes.

Tessa went to her drawer and pulled out her handcuffs. "Strip!" she ordered, "down to your underwear!"

Kate slowly and reluctantly complied.

"These were given to me by a friend. They're max security and all that and all uniquely keyed" Tessa smiled as she took obvious delight in explaining to her housemate how totally escape-proof the handcuffs were. Poor Kate had never even seen a pair before and wouldn't have been able to escape from a shoelace tied around her wrists let alone these.

"Perfect!" Tessa smiled. "Now for the chains." She reached into another drawer and pulled out a length of heavy silver chain. She reached around Kate and tightly locked the chain around the young woman's waist with a padlock at the back. She then brought the chain up between Kate's legs and started to attach it to the chain at the front.

"How tight would you like it?" she smiled as she immediately padlocked it tightly in place. "And now for the fun part," she smiled as she threaded a padlock through the short chain connecting the handcuffs and reached through Kate's legs and padlocked it to her crotch chain, so that her hands were locked tightly into her crotch. Tessa stood back to admire her work.

Kate was now stood there semi-naked, crouched over with her hands between her legs. It looked to all the world as though she was masturbating. And she did feel very turned on, the chain, the position of her hands and the fact that this beautiful woman had just chained her up gave her an incredible orgasm which she could barely contain. She was also very embarrassed, what would this woman make her do next?

Tessa smiled, that trick had never failed to have the desired effect. However she wanted to take it further. She took another chain in one hand, Kate in the other and led her flatmate down to the communal lounge. She then locked one end of the chain to the radiator and the other end to the shackle lock around Kate's ankle.

"What are you going to do with me?" Kate whimpered, still trembling from her earlier excitement.

"Well, you look so cute all trussed up like that so I thought the others should have a look."

"No!" Kate shrieked. "You can't!"

Tessa waved a bunch of keys in front of her. "I think I can."

"I'll give you anything, anything!" Kate cried. "Just give me those keys!"

"Sorry honey, I'm keeping you chained up, you'd better just start to enjoy those restraints," Tessa smiled.

Kim was the first one home. Tessa met her in the hallway and explained what had been going on. Any hope of Kim taking pity on her went as Kate heard their laughter echo down the hall. Kim entered the room still smiling. She was a slim woman, also in her twenties, with shoulder length blonde hair and was wearing a smart business suit with a short skirt.

"Having fun?" Kim joked as she came in and sat down on the sofa near to where Kate was chained.

Kate just sat on the floor and stared at the ground.

"Here, I've got to get some things from the shop," Tessa smiled as she tossed the bunch of keys to Kim.

Kim stood and started to look for a pocket for the keys. When she found she had none, she hitched up her skirt and tucked them into her knickers, before smoothing her skirt back down.

"I think we're going to have some fun this evening," she smiled as she walked out to the kitchen to pour herself a drink.

Kim walked back into the lounge with her glass of red wine and sat down on the sofa near the fireplace. Kate had continued her attempts at escape but had got nowhere and was now resigned to the fact that she would be free without Kim's help and the keys. Kim was the first to speak.

"What did you do to Tess to get into this?" she asked her housemate.

"Nothing. Please give me the keys," Kate begged.

"But you look as though you're enjoying yourself" Kim joked as she pointed towards Kate's hands.

"You're not going to help me are you?" Kate conceded as she watched the blonde laughing to herself of the sofa.

"I want to see what else Tess has planned for you" she smiled back.

Fifteen minutes later Tessa returned. With some food and drink. She smiled as she saw that Kim hadn't unlocked their housemate. "I told Kim about what turns you on" Tessa said, "and maybe between us we can turn you on even more".

Kim reached into her knickers and retrieved the keys to Kate's restraints. Tessa knelt down on the carpet next to Kate, reached between her legs and unlocked the padlock that held Kate's hands in her crotch. She then padlocked a chain to Kate's handcuffs and pulled the other end so that Kate fell to the floor. She continued to pull the chain until Kate's hands were above her head with her body drawn out along the floor. Kate's ankle was still chained to the radiator and so once Tessa had padlocked the end of the chain to the radiator at the other side of the room Kate was prostrate on the floor and totally unable to move.

Tessa stood above her victim and looked down, her long dark hair hanging down either side of her head. She held up her new toy, "Do you know what this is?" she purred.

"Please don't lock me in that thing" Kate begged. Tessa just smiled, "This has been described as one of the most inescapable chastity belts ever made" she purred ignoring her housemate's pleas.

With Kim's help she slid the steel belt around Kate's waist and ratcheted the two ends together tightening the belt around Kate's slim waist. By the time she had finished, it enclosed her waist so tightly that it was physically impossible to ever slide it down over Kate's hips.

Tessa then brought the lower part of the steel restraint up between Kate's legs. It was a snug fit against her butt, around her crotch and up her front where it locked back on to the belt. "And now to deadlock you inside" Tessa whispered as she inserted a complicated looking silver key into the lock and turned it a full turns.

Tessa crouched down by Kate's head. "I once read a story about a woman who spent over two years in one of these belts. She locked herself in and hid the only key in her friend's underwear drawer. The key was never found, or at least that's what the friend said. She tried the best locksmiths but nobody could break the lock. And to cut it would require heavy industrial cutting equipment, not the best thing to use when the metal is wrapped tightly around your skin. So she was trapped inside." Tessa left the story unfinished as she slipped the key into the front pocket of her jeans. "I wonder how many years you'll be wearing that," she purred.

Tessa and Kim sat back on the sofa and Tessa started to explain. "Once I released you from the radiators you will be locked in three restraints. The handcuffs, the chastity belt and of course the shackle lock around your ankle. Now the only key for the handcuffs I have given to my friend Jackie who works at the bar. I've told her to give you the key providing you ask for it by midnight so I'm afraid you'll have to go to the bar wearing those handcuffs. The key to the chastity belt I have, but I'm going to give it some random person at the bar so it'll be up to you to get it back."

Kim took over, "I have the key to the shackle lock and I won't give you that until you are free of the other two restraints. Kim unlocked Kate from the radiators before slipping the shackle lock key into her hiding place.

Kate pulled on her jeans easing them up over the chastity belt. She couldn't wear anything else over her black bra as she was locked in the handcuffs. She managed to put a jacket over her shoulders to cover herself and held a jumper between her hands to hide the cuffs. The three friends then left for the bar.

Kate walked straight up to the bar, keen to get the handcuff key before anyone realized her predicament. Jackie was standing by the bar, a tall athletic brunette in her mid-twenties wearing the bar uniform of t-shirt and short flared skirt. "You must be Kate" she smiled, "Tess told me to expect you". Kate followed Jackie behind the bar but as she did so her jacket caught on the bar and fell to the floor revealing her bra.

"Quickly, down here" Jackie said as she ushered Kate down to the floor and into an empty fridge beneath the bar. Still holding some glasses, Jackie used her leg to swing the glass door of the fridge to before turning around and using her butt to push the door closed. Kate was now out of sight and Jackie started to distract the guys at the bar whose interest had been sparked by the semi-naked woman.

Kate sat inside the fridge freezing cold watching Jackie legs through the glass door as they walked back and forth. From this vantage point, Jackie's thighs looked amazingly toned and amazingly strong. Kate was getting colder and pushed on the door to try and let in some warmth, but the fridge door had latched itself and she found that she was trapped inside. She tried to beckon to Jackie as she walked past, but the noise of the bar drowned her out.

Finally Jackie bent down and opened the fridge. "Sorry, I had to wait until the bar was free" she smiled as she took a key from her skirt pocket and started to unlock Kate's cuffs. Just as she finished, another customer arrived and she stood up to serve, this time leaving the fridge door ajar.

Maybe this was time for revenge, Kate thought as she put on her top and picked up the cuffs and the key. She quickly ratcheted one end around one of the bar's wooden supports and then gently locked the other end around Jackie's ankle. Kate then squeezed out between Jackie's legs and quickly walked over to where Tessa and Kim were standing.

“Come with me” Tessa said to Kate as she walked over to the cloakroom. A blonde woman who was quite drunk was crouching on the floor picking up her cloakroom pass that she had dropped. As she crouched down her jeans slid slightly down her butt revealing the top of her green knickers and the top of her butt cleavage.

“Watch this” Tessa smiled, as she walked up behind the woman and dropped the only key to Kate’s chastity belt into the back pocket of the woman’s jeans. Tessa then pretended to stumble into her to distract her from noticing the key. The woman stood up and Tessa apologized as the woman smiled and went to join her friends in the cloakroom queue.

Kate looked on in disbelief, the key had dropped into this woman’s pocket and the woman hadn’t even noticed. Her only chance of ever having sex again was now resting tightly against some unknown woman’s butt!

Kate followed the woman and her friends to the underground station where she followed them on to the train. Kate sat opposite and slightly up from the blonde; how could the woman not feel the key beneath her? Fortunately for Kate, the woman left both the train and her friends at the next station. Kate followed her out of the station and up to the front door of her nearby flat where she made her move.

“I’m sorry, but my friends have played a joke on me by slipping my car key into your jeans” she explained. The woman looked confused, but after further explanation started to check her pockets.

She pulled out the key. “What kind of car do you drive?” she asked. Kate said nothing. “I recognize this key and it unlocks something much more important than a car” she smiled.

Kate couldn’t bring herself to admit that someone had locked her in a chastity belt, but the woman was insistent. “Take off your jeans and then you can have the key, otherwise I’ll put it back in its hiding place” she smiled. And as promised she dropped the key back into her pocket. She then unlocked her front door, went into her flat and sat down and waited for Kate to make a move.

Finally Kate stood up and unbuttoned her jeans. The blonde smiled, “You poor bitch, that thing is very secure you won’t be having much fun for a while”. Kate sat down on the floor as if to show her submission. The blonde continued to pour herself a glass of water and before sitting back down. Kate looked on, her eyes transfixed on the location of the key. The woman finally took pity and reach behind her for the key. She knelt down and put the key in the lock and turned. The belt popped open freeing Kate from its grasp.

It was well after mid-night when Kate returned to the house. She was now free of the cuffs and chastity belt and now just needed the key for the shackle lock around her ankle. She knocked on Kim’s bedroom door and went in to find Kim wearing a negligee sitting in an armchair with her legs up over one arm.

“You did it” Kim smiled, “I didn’t think you’d ever find the key to that belt”. Kate sat on the floor and pulled up her jeans and took off her sock. “How many weeks have you had that thing locked around your ankle?” Kim smiled obviously enjoying the moment. “Six” Kate answered with a tone of resignation.

Kim had hidden the key under the cushion of her armchair and reached under where she was sitting to retrieve it. The blonde placed the key in the keyhole and slowly turned it, listening to each little click. “You’re free” Kim purred as she removed the lock from Kate’s ankle.

Kate returned to her room, her housemates had kept their promise and she was now free. However as she walked into her room she saw Jackie sitting with her legs crossed on her chair. She was still wearing her bar uniform and had one side of a pair of handcuffs hanging from her left ankle.

Before Kate could react, Jackie walked over to her took her keys and relocked the bedroom door. "I'm sorry" Kate said quickly in a hope to make amends. Jackie smiled, "Do you know how many comments you get serving in a bar with cuffs locked to your leg?" Kate giggled and then immediately wished she hadn't.

"If it hadn't been a wooden support that you locked me to, I'd still be there" Jackie said with a half smile, "chained to my own bar". Kate smiled again. Jackie raised her manacled foot, "Well aren't you going to release me?" she asked. Kate reached into her jeans pockets until she found the keys, she then knelt down to release her.

Jackie picked up the cuffs and stood above where Kate was kneeling. The barmaid bent Kate's head forward and then positioned her head so that it was between her thighs. While still standing, Jackie crossed her legs gripping Kate's neck in a vice-like grip between her thighs. Showing off her flexibility, Jackie leaned forward to reach Kate's ankles. Both of her ankles were locked in the secured cuffs before she released the inescapable grip of her thighs.

"See you later sweetheart" Jackie smiled as she unlocked the bedroom door and relocked it on the outside leaving Kate's keys hanging from the lock.

Kate woke the next morning to find that it hadn't been a dream and that her ankles really were cuffed together. She hobbled to the door and found that that was also locked. "Hey can you unlock my door?" she called out as someone walked past. Kim smiled as she saw the keys hanging from the outside of the door. "No" she giggled as she took the keys out of the door and took them with her into the bathroom.

Kate sat on the floor inside her locked room listening to Kim shower and pulling pathetically at the heavy cuffs. She poked a paperclip into one of the keyholes and tried aimlessly to free herself, knowing full well that it wouldn't happen.

Kim finally unlocked Kate's door and walked in wearing her pale business suit with its short skirt. She looked down at Kate, "You've only got yourself to blame" she said, "Jackie really was pissed off last night".

At that moment Kate's mobile rang and Kim smiled as she watched the brunette hobble out of her room and down the stairs to try and answer it. "That might have been Jackie" she moaned as she sat on the bottom stair with her phone beside her.

Her phone rang but Kim quickly picked it up and stood a few steps up from Kate teasing her housemate. "Please answer it" Kate begged looking up at the blonde. Kim just smiled as she tucked the still ringing phone inside the top of her suspenders and walked back up the stairs. Kate watched the phone in its resting place inside Kim's skirt as it went up the stairs and out of sight.

Tessa and Kim then came back down the stairs brushing past Kim as they went. "I've got something that might interest you Katie" Tessa smiled as she held up a silver key before walking off to the kitchen. Kate tried to follow but tripped on her cuffs and fell to the floor. By the time she finally arrived in the kitchen Tessa and Kim were talking at the

table. "Please" Kate begged, "I can't do anything in these cuffs. I can't even take my jeans off".

"OK I'll release you, but in return you must let me lock a gag in your mouth". Kate would have done anything to get out of the cuffs that chained her feet together with only a couple of inches between them and therefore prevented her from even leaving the house. How bad could a gag be? As least she could leave the house and go for help if she needed to.

Tessa and Kim, both now wearing suits, helped Kate back into the lounge. "As soon as I've secured the gag I'll unlock your cuffs" Tessa offered. "No way" Kate replied, "unlock the cuffs first and then you can put me in the gag".

Tessa thought about this for a minute. "On the floor" she finally announced. Kate lay down with her arms stretched out on the floor above her head. Following Tessa's instructions, Kim then pulled up her skirt and knelt down with one knee either side of Kate's head so that she was facing towards Kate's body. She then sat down on her haunches trapping Kate's upper arms beneath her butt and moved Kate's forearms out to the side so that they were held in a vice-like grip between her thighs and calves. To ensure that Kate's arms were completely immobilized, Kim finally gripped both of Kate's wrists with her hands. "There's no way out of here, Katie" Kim smiled as she squeezed her thighs around Kate's head.

Tessa sat astride Kate's legs and only then reached behind her and unlocked the cuffs. Kate breathed a sigh of relief, she was finally free of all metal restraints, although was still restrained by two 'female' restraints. She tried to free her arms but they were totally stuck beneath Kim, she had no choice but to wait and see what they had planned for her.

Tessa held up a small silver metal device. "It doesn't look like a regular gag" she purred, "but it's the most secure on the market and I guarantee you won't escape". She put the whole thing inside Kate's mouth and then started to turn the small knobs on the front of the device. As she did so, the device started to change shape as specially designed pieces of metal opened up and contracted inside Kate's mouth. By the time Tessa had finished, Kate's jaw was held rigidly in position with her mouth half open.

"Try moving your mouth" Tessa asked. It was clear that Kate was trying but that nothing was happening. Tessa smiled, "The gag is now shaped so tightly to your jaw and your teeth that you have no movement at all. You can't eat or talk or even kiss. And guess what this key does" Tessa giggled as she put the circular key into the keyhole in the front of the gag and turned.

Tessa inspected her victim. Kate could just about close her lips and hide the gag so that no one would know it was there. "Now unless you want to risk having heavy drilling equipment in your mouth, I'd say this gag is just about escape proof" Tessa giggled as she threw the key to Kim. "Kimie can look after the key, and oh and by the way, that is the only key" Tessa purred as she kissed Kate on the cheek and left the room.

Kim looked down at the brunette between her thighs. "I hope you weren't planning on going to work today," she said. Without releasing her grip on prisoner, Kim pulled her skirt up to reveal her white knickers. She then took a small key ring and secured the key to the inside of the white fabric.

"You really are stuck" Kim purred as she felt Kate's arms beneath her. She tensed her legs squeezing Kate's forearms even tighter. Kate went to cry out in pain but could make no more than a whimper from behind the gag. Kim smiled, "I would love to sit on

you all day, but I have to go to work”. And after a few more minutes of using her thighs to play with the shape of Kate’s face did she finally stand up and pull her skirt back down and smoothed it over her hips.

Kate was still massaging her arms to relieve the aching caused by Kim’s legs when she noticed Kim getting into her car and driving off. She raced out to the road but it was too late, Kim and the key had gone.

Kate pulled at the gag and tried everything to get it to move but her efforts were in vain. She couldn’t go to work and so took advantage of at least being able to take off her jeans and took a hot bath. She spent the rest of the day on her bed watching videos. Mid afternoon Kim called, “Hi Katie, I know you can’t talk but I hope you’re enjoying your day anyway. I can feel the key underneath my butt right now” she purred, “maybe tonight I’ll release you, for a few minutes anyway.”

When Kim returned home she walked into Kate’s room carrying a large pizza box. As instructed Kate lay on the floor and Kim promptly sat on her haunches on Kate’s neck with Kate’s head between her thighs. She looked into Kate’s mouth, “Have you really had this on all day” she asked seeing the Kate still locked in Kate’s mouth. Kate nodded slowly. Kim smiled, “So you haven’t eaten or said a word all day just because I slipped the key into my panties before I left for work.”

“Are you hungry?” the blonde asked. Kate nodded quickly as Kim tightened the grip of her thighs around the brunette’s head. The blonde slowly reached both hands behind her and into the back of her knickers to unhook the key. “I kept it warm for you” Kim joked as she unlocked the gag and then turned the knobs to release its grip on the blonde’s mouth.

“Oh thank you” Kate exclaimed as she started to move her jaw again. “I’ve bought dinner but I’m afraid you’ll have to eat it lying on the floor as I don’t want to let you out from between my thighs until you are safely relocked in the gag” Kim purred as she started to feed her captive.

Kate could have tried to throw her captive off but for some reason she didn’t. It had been exciting to daydream about how the only key to her inescapable restraint had been safely tucked into this attractive woman’s underwear and now the woman’s thighs around her head felt nice. She ate the food, drunk the wine and even cleaned her teeth while all the time her head stayed pinned between Kim’s thighs.

“Any last requests?” Kim asked as she picked up the gag. Kate shook her head and opened her mouth and Kim refitted the gag just as tightly as Tessa had done. She relocked the gag and returned the key to her panties and only then released her thighs.

Kim changed into jeans and t-shirt before returning to lie next to Kate on the bed. As the evening was so warm, Kate was lying there in only her knickers and bra. Kate turned and ran her hand over the blonde’s butt and felt the key. She turned her attention back to the movie and became lost in the next dream.

The two women were lying on their fronts on the bed watching the movie when Kim moved so that she was sitting astride the brunette back. She took Kate’s left wrist and pulled it into the small of her back before pulling a pair of cuffs from the back pocket of her jeans and locking one side of them around her wrist. The blonde then pulled Kate’s other wrist behind her back and cuffed both of her wrists together.

Kim picked up Kate’s brush from the bedside table and started to gently brush her friend’s hair. Still unable to speak, Kate silently started to explore the cuffs so see if there was any way out. “Don’t even bother” Kim smiled, “those are Tessa’s maximum security

cuffs which I've double locked tightly around your wrists, you'll be wearing those until I chose to release you."

Once Kim had finished with Kate's hair, she pulled a second pair of cuffs from her pocket and reached behind her to manacle Kate's ankles tightly together before taking a padlock and locking both sets of cuffs together. Kim lay back on the bed next to Kate, "You are now tightly hog chained with very secure restraints" she purred, "and I have the only keys" she giggled as she held a small bunch of keys in front of the brunette's face.

She went up to her room and started to carry down pieces of metal. Once they were all downstairs, she started to piece them together with the aid of a couple of padlocks. Kim smiled as she realized that Tessa was constructing a cage.

"This should be fun," she purred.

Kate looked concerned, "You can't lock me in cage" she cried knowing very well that they could.

Once constructed, the cage was 3 foot square by two foot high with thick steel bars. There was an opening in the top that could be padlocked in place. Kim removed the keys from her underwear and passed them to Tessa who unlocked the chain from around the radiator. Kate immediately tried to stand up and run off before Kim and Tessa grabbed her and held her in place.

"I'm not some animal who belongs in a cage!" Kate protested.

"Some of your desires are a bit animal-like" Tessa joked as she and Kim moved Kate nearer to the cage.

Kate spread her legs out to stop herself being put inside the cage. "If you do that I'll just chain your feet together as well," Tessa promised as Kate continued to struggle. "Have it your way" Tessa continued as she forced Kate on to her back, knelt astride Kate's body with her arse just above Kate's head. "Anymore movement and I'll sit on your face" Tessa warned.

Kim sat astride Kate legs and after some struggling succeeded in chaining Kate's ankles together. Kate continued to struggle despite the fact that she was chained hand and feet and had two women on top of her.

This time the housemates managed to get Kate into the cage and slammed the lid closed behind her. They quickly sat down on top to make sure there was no escape. Tessa then padlocked the cage close leaving the key in the lock. Kate was still struggling inside.

Tessa smiled, "She certainly is a wild thing, just as well she's caged up". Kate looked at her through the bars, "There's no way out of here is there?" she said. Tessa shock her head and smiled. Tessa slipped the keys into her pocket and went out to the kitchen to prepare the meal.

[The Party Discovery](#)

...but why did this model have a guy chained and caged in her basement and what might she do anyone who discovered her secret...

Emma and Kate were excited about being invited to the party. Lauren was a top model, very wealthy and had a reputation for hosting the best parties. She lived in a huge Victorian Terrace house in a fashionable part of London.

The women arrived and were soon into the party atmosphere. Champagne seemed to be running freely not to mention the other substances on offer. Soon after midnight, the friends were standing in the hallway. “Hey this must be the way down to Lauren’s famous champagne cellar” Emma said as she pushed open a door to reveal steps leading down to the basement.

Still very much under the influence, the girls stepped inside and descended the stairs. There was a dim light bulb that lit the cellar revealing three brick arched vaults, each with a heavy barred door. As they descended, Kate picked up a ring holding three large keys that was hanging at the bottom of the stairs. “These should be useful” she smiled.

Inside the cellar was cool and musty. They walked up the first arch and looked inside at the vast number of dusty bottles. The second vault however was empty.

“Hey why don’t you lock me inside?” Emma joked as she took the keys from Kate and unlocked the barred door. She slipped inside and closed the door behind her. “Go on, turn the key” she giggled.

Kate reluctantly turned the key and took it out of the keyhole. Emma pulled on the bars, “This is quite exciting,” she purred.

“Glad you like it” Kate smiled, “maybe I should leave you there”.

Kate walked over to the third vault. “There’s a guy in here!” she cried. “Hey let me see!” Emma said wanting to see the real life prisoner. Kate unlocked Emma’s cell and the two girls looked through the bars of the third vault.

At the back of the vault was a man locked in a small cage. The vault was the same as the others apart from it had large pictures of Lauren taken during various photo shoots hanging from the walls.

“Hey you OK?” Emma asked.

The man couldn’t speak but tried to move.

“Quick Kate, open this cell” Emma cried as Kate searched for the right key. She turned the key in the lock and opened the door.

The guy was locked inside a small, very secure locking cage. He was wearing only his underwear and had been heavily chained. His hands and feet were locked with heavy cuffs and the handcuffs and foot cuffs were also padlocked together. A very heavy chain had been padlocked around his neck with one end padlocked to his foot cuffs and the other end locked to a metal ring on the back wall of the vault. His neck had also been locked to the bars at the back of the cage by a high security bicycle shackle lock. A further chain locked both his elbows and knees together. He was also gagged. Emma had never seen anyone so securely restrained. She had occasionally handcuffed people to her bed, but nothing that compared to this.

Emma knelt down next to him reached through the bars and unbuckled the strap around his mouth. He then spat out a pair of rolled up silk knickers.

“Are you OK?” Emma asked again.

He rubbed his numb mouth on his shoulders as best he could. “Been better” he replied.

“What are you doing down here?” Kate asked.

“I did something that Lauren didn’t like” was all he replied.

“Let’s get you out of here” Emma said, “where are the keys to unlock you?”

He smiled ironically, “Lauren has them”. Emma pulled on the padlock locking the cage as if to make sure that it was locked.

She then sat down on the cage to think.

“You’re almost sitting on his face” Kate pointed out, “not very polite to someone you’ve just met, especially in that so called cocktail skirt!” she smiled. Emma jumped up realising her knickers were resting only an inch above his head and were in full view.

“Look Lauren locked me in here and she’s threatened that she’ll keep me here for two weeks” he explained, “I was seeing her and went with someone else behind her back. Therefore the pictures of her around the walls for me to realize what I’m missing, or at least I think that the idea. Look I don’t want anyone to know she’s done this to me and anyway, even if you do get me one of here, I’m worried she’ll do something else to get even”.

“Two-timed her?” Emma replied as she sat back down on the cage.

“Yeah, I know and anyway I’m sure you aren’t as keen to help me now” he said, “but I would like some food and drink, she’s starved me for the last two days”.

“OK, but I think we should put you back as we found you first” Kate said.

Emma picked up the knickers with her fingertips. “I can guess whose these are” she winced as she pushed them back into his mouth and retightened the buckle around his head. The girls left the vault and Kate, with a certain amount of satisfaction, turned the key to lock him in. They hung the keys on the hook and went back to join the party.

The party was still going strong with Lauren as usual the center attraction. The friends took some food and drink and returned to the cellar. They unlocked the vault door and went back inside. Emma sat down on the cage, unbuckled his gag and started to feed him some food.

“So you’ve found my friend?” a voice said from behind them. They turned around to see Lauren standing at the open cell door.

“Yes” Kate replied abruptly.

“That’s fine” Lauren continued, “I’m sure I can trust you not to tell anyone”.

Lauren walked over and sat on the edge of the cage. She looked stunning. She was wearing a tight, semi-see-through dress that hugged her figure all the way down to her ankles. Her long dark hair streamed over her shoulders. From where her captive was confined, he could see her arse just inches from his head. He could tell that she wasn’t wearing any knickers and he knew only too well where they were.

Lauren looked down at him. “That’s the closest you’ll be getting to my body,” she purred. “Too bad for you that there are bars in between”.

He looked up at her trying to look for the slightest sign of pity. A few moments later she stood up and walked back to the door. She pulled a key from between her breasts, “Here might be easier to feed him if you unlock the cage first” she smiled. “And by all means give him some food, but nothing to drink. Oh and one last thing, if you girls happened to accidentally lock yourselves in here, we could always have some fun later”.

Emma took the key and unlocked the cage. She swung the lid open and sat down on the rim. “Maybe we should take her up on the offer,” Emma said as she continued to feed her charge.

Twenty minutes later. “Are you sure you’re not coming?” Kate asked for a second time.

“No, I want to see what Lauren has in mind” Emma replied.

“Fine, but once I’ve locked you in there’s no going back” Kate reminder her. Emma shrugged her shoulders.

“And before I leave I’m locking the cheat up” Kate said as she slammed the cage lid closed and relocked the padlock. She then locked the vault door from the outside and

looked back at her friend the other side of the bars before climbing the stairs and leaving the party.

Emma pulled at the barred door and looked around her cell. There really was no way out. To take her mind off her own predicament, she picked up the knickers, stuffed them into his mouth and re-buckled them in place. She then sat down on the cage to think.

An hour later Emma heard footstep on the stairs and then Lauren's figure outside the cage. "I'm glad you decided to stay" Lauren smiled as she beckoned Emma to come to the front of the cage and turn around. She tied Emma wrists together with a silk scarf before tying a second scarf around her eyes. She then unlocked the door and led Emma upstairs.

When they arrived upstairs, Lauren untied her hands and started to remove her clothes. She then retied her hands. They were in a large tiled room with a large spa bath and showers. Lauren helped Emma into the large round spa bath and sat her down. Blindfolded and bound, Emma sat in the warm bubbly water.

Lauren removed her dress and changed into a skimpy bikini. She slipped her beautiful body into the water next to Emma and started to run her fingers over her friend's body. She then moved Emma so that they were facing each other. "Do you trust me?" she purred before she pushed Emma's head underwater. She then glided forward so that she was sitting on Emma's shoulders with Emma's head between her thighs. She tensed her legs and held on to the edges of the spa holding Emma under water.

After a few second's Emma started to struggle for air. She shook her body but Lauren maintained her grip. She was becoming more and more desperate for air. After what seemed like an eternity, Lauren released her grip and let Emma back to the surface. Still blindfolded and bound, Emma gasped for air.

Lauren then untied her wrists and removed her blindfold. "Was that fun?" she asked. Emma didn't know how to react. "Do you want to try another game?" Lauren asked.

"Sure" Emma smiled.

At the other side of the room was a glass box in the shape of a coffin. "Do you want to go inside?" Lauren asked lifting the hinged lid. Emma, still overwhelmed by the sight of Lauren's semi-naked body, agreed. Once inside, Lauren closed the lid and sat down on top.

"See if you can open the box with me on top?" Lauren asked from outside the glass. Emma pushed but couldn't move Lauren's bikini-covered arse an inch. Lauren then turned a tap that started to fill the box. Emma could see what was happening and again tried to move her captress from on top.

The water continued to rise. "Please let me out!" Emma cried using the small amount of air that was left inside.

"Just trust me" Lauren smiled back not moving. Finally when the box was full and Lauren turned off the water. Emma was beckoning desperately from inside but Lauren's butt held firm.

Finally, when the moment was right Lauren stood up, opened the lid and helped Emma to sit up.

"You bitch!" Emma cried as she tried to take in enough air. "But wow" she continued as she recovered from her ordeal.

Lauren then took a long plastic pipe and gave one end to Emma. “Here you can breathe through here” she smiled. She then threaded the pipe through a small gap in the glass box before closing and sitting back down on the lid. Lauren bought the pipe up between her thighs and held the end in one hand. Emma was again totally immerse in the water but could now breathe through the pipe.

Lauren then put her thumb over the end of the tube for a few seconds as she watched Emma struggle for breath. She smiled. She then crossed her legs with the plastic pipe still between her thighs. The weight of her legs squeezed the pipe and again cut off Emma’s air. Lauren pretended that she hadn’t realized what she’d done and just looked aimlessly around the room. After a few moments she uncrossed her legs, just long enough for Emma to take a breath and then re-crossed them the other way. Again Emma struggled and pushed desperately to try and move her captress. Lauren continued to cross and re-cross her legs, each time cutting off Emma’s air.

Finally, Lauren took pity and stood up and opened the box. She helped her out of the water and sat her down with a towel.

“Stay here for a moment” she said as she matter-of-factly handcuffed Emma’s wrist to the towel rack. Lauren then took her shower in full view of her guest.

“How does it feel to have someone chained up in your cellar?” Emma asked.

Lauren stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her. “Good”, she smiled, “knowing that I have absolute power over him”.

“Where do you keep the keys?” Emma asked.

“Various places” Lauren replied, “I don’t even know what your friend has done with the key for the cage”.

“But then Kate could release him?” Emma questioned.

Lauren laughed, “I have the only key to the industrial chain and padlocks that I’ve used to lock his neck to the stone wall. And I will be sleeping with that key tonight, I guarantee he won’t get free”. With that, she slipped on a pair of knickers over her pert backside and dropped the key into its home for the night.

Wearing only knickers and a lacy top, Lauren unlocked Emma from the towel rack, led her into her bedroom and recuffed her to the frame of her iron bed. Lauren pushed her back on the bed and sat astride her waist. “I’ve a spare cell downsides, how would you like to spend the night in there?” she asked. Lauren unlocked Emma from the bed and recuffed her hands behind her back. She then led Emma back down to the cellar.

“First I want to show you some of the fun you can have with a prisoner” Lauren purred as she unlocked the guy’s cell. She reached inside the cage and unbuckled his gag and took off her top. She then sat down on top of the cage with a water bottle in her hand.

Lauren then poured the water slowly on to her hair. The water flowed down her long dark hair and on to her body. Some of the water ran down between her breasts and down to her thighs. The water trickled around her waist and thighs and down into her knickers. The rest of the water flowed down her back, into her knickers and down between her cheeks. All the water congregated deep in her crotch where it dripped down into the cage below.

The poor guy beneath her hadn’t drunk for over a day and desperately moved his head as best he could to drink every drop of the water. Lauren smiled as the water ran down her body and into his willing mouth.

“If I wasn’t such a nice girl, it would be so easy to pee right now” she laughed. Emma watched on amazed at the power she had over him.

When the bottle was empty, Lauren picked the cage key out of her wet knickers and then slipped them down her long tanned legs.

“How about a fresh gag?” she smiled before stuffing the wet underwear into his mouth and buckling it tightly in place. She then slipped on a fresh pair of knickers. “This is where the key to the chain will be if you need it” Lauren smiled to him as dropped the key back into its new home.

The women left his cell and locked him in. Lauren then unlocked the spare cell and walked in. She opened the small heavy cage at the back of the vault and beckoned Emma to climb in. Wearing only her underwear, she climbed into the small space and sat down on the mat inside.

“Chains are OK for guys” Lauren smiled, “but for you I think I’ll try something a little more comfortable.” She produced a complicated one-piece bunch of leather straps and helped Emma lie on her front with her feet brought up to her arse. Lauren started to fit the device to her friend’s body. She buckled a strap around Emma’s neck and then two further straps around each of her wrists so that her wrists were strapped together behind her back. The harness continued down her body with a strap buckled around each of Emma’s ankles so that they were drawn up tightly behind her. The ankle straps were also connected to straps that Lauren buckled around each of Emma’s thighs.

By the time Lauren had finished, Emma was in a strict hog-tie. Lauren checked her work, “Not a lock in sight, but still no way you’ll ever get out” she purred.

“It feels nice” Emma smiled as she wriggled against the soft leather.

“Maybe a gag” Lauren said as she carefully adjusted a metal gag with a red ball into place around Emma’s head. “And this one I will lock” Lauren smiled as she snapped a padlock closed behind Emma’s head. She lowered the lid of the cage, sat down on top and padlocked the cage.

“How does it feel?” she asked.

“Mmmm” Emma replied.

Lauren held up a silver key. “The only key in the world to that high security ball gag you’re wearing and it’ll be spending the night in my knickers” she smiled. “Without this you’ll never say another word” she purred before tucking it inside her underwear. “And this is the only key to the cage” she continued, “It’s also passing the next few hours buried deep in my crotch”. She blew her captive a kiss, before locking her cell and returning to her comfortable bed upstairs.

The next morning Lauren returned to the basement wearing a smart skirt suit. She unlocked Emma cell and walked in.

“Good morning” she smiled as she looked down on her captive in the cell beneath her. “I have a meeting with my agent this morning and so I’d better unlock and unbuckle you before I go” she smiled.

She unlocked the padlock on the cage and lifted the lid. She then unlocked the gag from Emma’s mouth and unbuckled the leather restraint.

“You’re free to go” Lauren announced, “Although I will need the key to the other cage that your friend took last night. I can unlock his hands and feet and get my maid to help him use the bathroom, but at some point I’ll have to let him out of the cage”.

Emma smiled, “She’ll be reluctant to give that back, but I’ll see what I can do”.

By the afternoon, Lauren had returned from her meeting and Kate had arrived at the house. "It's a pity you didn't stay last night" Lauren said to her, "Em and I had fun. But maybe you won't miss out altogether".

The three friends went back to the cellar and into the guys cell. His was still locked in the cage, but Lauren had released him from all his other restraints. Suddenly, Lauren grabbed Kate's wrist and snapped a cuff around it. Then bending the rigid cuffs until it hurt, she managed to lock Kate's wrists together behind her back. "Hey what's that for?" Kate asked somewhat shocked.

"Just a game, go with it" Lauren purred as she undid Kate's skirt and let it fall to the floor. Kate was standing there in her skimpy white knickers that were already riding up her arse. Lauren padlocked a chain tightly around her waist and used the spare end to pull her over the cage.

With Emma's help, she sat Kate down on top of the cage so that one leg hung down either side. Lauren then looped the waist chain, around one of the cage bars and padlocked it back onto itself.

"Perfect, you are now chained to the cage" Lauren purred. Kate tried but could not lift her panty covered arse from the bars.

Lauren then used a pair of handcuffs to lock Kate's left ankle to one of the bars at the base of the cage. She then repeated the exercise with her right ankle. She then took the key to the padlock that Kate had returned and unlocked the cage.

"A human padlock" Lauren smiled. "As you were so keen to keep him locked in last night, I thought it was only fitting that you should use your body to keep him incarcerated today".

Lauren unlocked Kate's wrists and let her explore her position. Not only was she sat on top of the cage, there was no way to open the cage because her ankles were tightly chained to the bottom of the cage. Her legs were effectively acting as a chain holding the lid closed. The guy tried to push up and while he could just about lift Kate, the cuffs around her ankles stopped the lid from lifting more than half an inch. Lauren and Emma left the basement leaving the cell door unlocked.

Not only had Kate been locked up, she was also sitting semi-naked, with her legs wide apart on top of a guy she didn't even know. He lay in the cage below looking at her body that was now he only thing between him and freedom.

An hour later Lauren returned to the basement.

"You're a cruel mistress" Lauren joked, "you still haven't lifted your cute little arse off the cage and let him out. You must enjoy having a guy locked up beneath you." After a few more minutes of teasing, Lauren hog-chained the guy with handcuffs, before unlocking Kate. With Kate off the lid, Lauren opened the cage and tipped it over on to its side so that he could wriggle out.

Without giving him any chance to escape, Lauren changed his restraints so that he was lying prostrate on the floor of the cage in the spread-eagle position with his hands and feet chained to the four corners of the cell. The two women stood above him.

Lauren walked over and stood directly above him head so that he could see right up her business skirt.

"Oh the endless possibilities" she smiled to herself as she gently placed one of her high heels against his throat. "A little more pressure here and you'll be dead within seconds" she purred as her heel started to make a small indentation in his neck.

“But what a waste that would be” she continued as she knelt down above him and locked a ball gag inside his mouth.

“Can you look after him while I make a call” Lauren said to Kate before running back up the stairs to the house. Kate stood there in her short summery skirt and top looking down at the guy. She walked over and gingerly stood with one foot either side of his waist. She then picked up a blindfold that was lying nearby and placed it over his eyes.

Her confidence was growing and she was starting to enjoy the power she had over this guy. She crouched down and sat on his chest. She smiled as she saw how worried he was about what might happen next. She could understand that, if the tables were turned she would be terrified.

She slid forward so that she was kneeling with her bum resting on his neck. He tensed as she slowly wrapped her thighs around his head. She lifted her skirt and looked at her toned legs against his face. She squeezed her legs together and watched his attractive face change shape under the pressure. She let her skirt fall back down so that it covered his face. He was now enclosed inside her skirt. She moved slightly so that she could feel his chin against the front of her knickers. It felt nice. She moved again.

“Having fun?” a voice asked. She turned around and saw Lauren by the cell door. She then heard a groan and realized that she had crushed one side of his face.

“I’ll leave you two then” Lauren smiled as she swung the barred door closed and locked it with the key. Kate jumped up but was too slow to stop herself being locked in. She looked at Lauren through the bars.

“You might want this” Lauren purred as she passed her the key to his gag. Lauren hung the key to the cell on the hook way out of reach and climbed the stairs out of the cellar, moving her hips as if she was on the catwalk as she went.

Kate rattled the bars that did not rattle. She turned and walked back over to the guy chained on the floor. Feeling the need to take her frustration out on someone, she lifted her short skirt and sat down heavily on his gagged and blindfolded face. She smiled as she saw how she had startled him. She sat with more weight on his face and enjoyed the feeling of his nose between her knicker covered cheeks.

He started to struggle beneath her.

“You’re staying right under my butt” Kate purred as his struggling started to get more and more desperate. “There’s no way out from there” she smiled to herself as his wrists and ankles started to bleed from struggling against the cuffs. She then realized that he couldn’t breathe, her arse having made an airtight seal around his face. She jumped up and watched him desperately breathing through his nose that was now no longer stuck up her bum.

She played it cool. “Any trouble from you and you’ll be taking your last breath from under my arse” she snapped. He regained his breath but blood still dripped from his hands and feet.

She felt turned on by the situation and decided to remove his blindfold. She sat down by his head and slowly rubbed her bare legs across his face.

“One false move and I’ll wrap these around your neck and squeeze,” she purred. She positioned his head between her thighs and gently wrapped her long tanned legs around him. Not realising that it was only by accident that she’d almost suffocated him by sitting on his face he lay perfectly still anxious not to upset her.

Kate then reached for one of Lauren's leather belts that was lying in the cell and wrapped it around his neck and one of her thighs. She buckled them snugly together. "Now we're all tied up" she purred as she ran her fingers up her thighs. He rested his face against her soft tanned inner thigh and closed his eyes terrified by what the young woman would do to him next.

"Maybe we could be a little closer" she smiled as she tightened the buckle by one hole. One side of his face was now pressed into her inner thigh.

"And another" she said as she tightened the buckle again. Breathing was now starting to become difficult and the veins in his neck started to stand out. "Make one movement and I'll bring us even closer" she purred. He lay motionless terrified of what she might do.

She finally unbuckled his neck and stood up. He was now sweating and shaking slightly as she once again stood over her prisoner. Lauren reappeared at the door, unlocked it and came in.

"Having fun?" she asked. Kate smiled,

The Sisters

.... *"I want a maximum security chain..why? to lock around my boyfriend's neck"*
Emma smiled....and this was only the start....

Emma was one of those beautiful, athletic girl who seemed to be good at any sport she tried. However, she must also have been one of the least practical people in the world. John had only been seeing Emma for a few weeks when she asked if they could pick up some things at the hardware store so that they could put up some shelves in her house. While John was working out which brackets to buy, Emma wondered further down the same aisle to where a range of chains was on display.

John watched a store assistance walk over and was about to ask him some questions when Emma called him over to the chains. Emma was looking fantastic, her long tanned legs, her short denim shorts, tight top and long blonde hair. He could understand why the assistance would help her first.

"Which is the strongest chain?" Emma asked as she started pulling the end of a roll of chain out over the floor.

"What do you need it for?" the assistance asked.

"To lock around my boyfriend's neck she replied matter of factly.

She smiled to herself as she saw that the assistance was lost for words.

He recovered well though and suggested that she buy a length of one of lighter chains.

"Can this chain be broken?" she asked in a most un-technical way.

"Only with a hacksaw or bolt cutters" he replied, "I'm sure it'll be fine for your umm.. games".

She moved over to a very heavy, industrial type chain. "What about this one" Emma asked, can this one be broken?"

"You mean cut?" the assistant asked?

"Whatever" she replied.

“Umm, no is very difficult to cut, probably not want you want”

“Oh but I do” she purred, “once I lock him up and tuck the key in here” and she pushed her fingers into the front pocket of her shorts, “I want him to be totally helpless.”

The assistant was now totally lost for words as she pulled out a two meter length of the chain and two large high security padlocks.

“This is my boyfriend” Emma smiled as John walked over having given up waiting for the assistant.

“What are those for?” John asked looking at her purchases.

“No nothing” she replied, “Nothing.”

Half an hour later, John and Emma returned to John’s car. Just as John was pulling on to the busy motorway, Emma took her chance. She reached across with one end of the chain and wrapped it around her boyfriend’s neck. John was about to take one hand off the wheel to pull it away when the car in front of him braked. He returned his attention to the road, slowing down just in time.

By the time he returned his attention to the chain it was too late, Emma had already padlocked it in place and was sitting back down in the passenger seat. With one eye on the road he soon felt the padlock.

“What are you doing?” he asked looking across to where Emma was smiling.

“Just a little game I want to play” she replied.

He then realized that she was trying to lock the other end of the chain to her seat. This time he was quicker and pulled the other end of the chain away from her.

“OK, we’ll do that later” Emma purred.

John held out his hand while still watching the road. “Give me the key” he ordered.

Emma giggled and then quickly stuffed the key in the back pocket of her shorts, furthest from where John was sitting. Knowing that trying to get a key that was tucked inside her very tight shorts while driving was almost certainly going to result in a crash, he carried on driving back to Emma house.

They drove into Emma double garage that closed automatically behind them. Almost before the car had stopped, Emma jumped out and ran to the door that led into the house. John was also quick and caught her as she was unlocking the house door. With one hand he held her up against the wall and with the other, and much to Emma’s delight, he started to look through her pockets for the key

Emma was loving this. John was very fit and easily held her against the wall and to feel him trying to push his hands into the pockets of her tight shorts, particularly while wearing a heavy chain around his neck was really turning her on. Even better as he had no chance of finding the key as she had already taken the key out of her pocket and tucked it inside her knickers.

“Where is it?” he finally asked.

“Keep looking” she encouraged.

He took both of her hands and pinned them to the wall above her head.

“Just let me play my little game” she pleaded, “it could be fun.”

“You’re a crazy girl” he said as he took the opportunity to kiss her, “if I let you tie me up, there’s no telling when you’d release me.”

“That’s all part of the fun” she smiled, kissing him back.

“What the game?” he finally asked, still pinning her hands above her head.

Emma smiled, "I just want to chain you up so that you are completely helpless and so you'll do whatever I want." She kissed him again. "Remember you told me that you'd try anything once?"

"OK" he smiled as he release her hands.

Emma giggled as she took the spare end of the chain and use it as a lead to pull him over to the far side of the garage where there was a metal ring fixed into the concrete floor.

"Sit down" she ordered as she took the spare end of the spare end of the chain and threaded it through the metal ring and secured it back on to itself with the second padlock.

John was now sitting on the floor with the chain preventing him from standing up. Emma threw one thigh over her shoulder and pushed his head up against the front of her shorts.

"How does it feel?" she asked as she unzipped her shorts and started to ease them down.

She rubbed his face across the front of her black silk knickers. She then turned around and rubbed her butt up against his face.

"Oh by the way the keys were in here" she giggled as she pulled the keys out from where they were wedged between her bum cheek and the tight silk knickers. And while John was still distracted by her butt, she threw the keys over to the far side of the garage.

"There's no escape now" she purred as she turned back around, pulled down her knickers and let his tongue to the rest.

At least twenty minutes later she picked up her knickers and shorts, kissed him on the lips and ran back into the house. John sat back against the wall, his tongue aching and still feeling very turned on. He could see the keys lying where Emma had thrown them, but had no chance of reaching them from where he was tethered. There was nothing he could do but wait.

Emma finally reappeared, having showered and changed into a light knee length skirt and top. Dressed like this she looked totally innocent and would fit into any traditional English summer scene. Again she ignored the keys as she walked back over to her prisoner.

"You look beautiful" John said looking up at her, "very innocent".

"Thank you" she purred.

"Its amazing her deceptive looks can be" he continued.

Emma smiled, "I don't know what you mean."

Emma pushed John backwards so that he was lying on his back and then stood over him with one foot either side of his head.

"You're looking less innocent already" he smiled as he ran his hands up her legs.

"I think that this is a very modest skirt" she replied.

"Yes, but women wearing skirts don't usually stand right over a guy's head.

"Oh I didn't know that" she giggled, "what about this, is this right" she purred as she pulled up her skirt and sat down on top of his neck with one thigh either side of his head, so that she had him in a tight pin.

"Ooops, I'm showing some leg," she giggled as she quickly pulled her skirt back over her legs, cocooning his head inside. She then wriggled forward a little until his nose touched the front of her knickers. While staying in that position, with his head squeezed between her thighs, she reached behind her, undid his trousers and returned the favour.

However Emma just sat there on top of him with his head still inside her skirt.

“I like to think of my skirt as a cell,” Emma purred, “with the keyhole being inside the front of my panties.”

John got the message and used his tongue to move aside her underwear and start to pick the lock.

Once finished, Emma stood up, pulled her skirt down, kissed him on the lips and went out to buy coffees. John lay where he was on the garage floor, this certainly beat putting up shelves!

Just then the garage door opening and a car started to drive in. John moved over, as far as the chain would allow, just in time to avoid being run over. Even then, the wheels only inches from where he lay. The car door open right above his head and Emma’s sister, Kate looked down at him.

“Why hello!” she smiled as she stepped over him to get out of her car.

“Hi” John replied sheepishly.

“I have to admire my sis for the way she keeps control of her men” she giggled.

John watched her walk over to the door leading into the house. She was cute, he thought, in her white cotton shorts and top and the same athletic physique of her sister. However just before she reached the door she crotch down and picked something up from the floor.

“Shit” he thought.

“Aha” Kate exclaimed as she walked back over to John waiving a small bunch of keys in her hand. “Now let me guess what these are for.”

“Thanks” John said hopefully holding out a hand.

Kate laughed, “I don’t think so honey, what would Em say?”

“No no, she meant to unlock me before she went out” he continued.

“I hope you’re not telling lies.” She joked.

“No no” he pleaded, although desperation and a little frustration was starting to creep into his voice.

“I guess we’ll just have to wait until Em’s back” Kate purred as she put the keys into the front pocket of her shorts.

Kate went into the house, John stayed on the garage floor. Ten minutes later John heard the front door of the house open and close. Emma’s finally back with the coffees he thought. But all went silent.

“Emma” he called out. There was no reply.

Five minutes later the front door open again and a few seconds later Emma walked into the garage with two takeaway coffees.

Emma found John next to where Kate had parked her car, “Hey, it looks as though my sis almost ran you down!” Emma joked.

“Yes and she’s taken the keys!” John exclaimed.

Emma looked over to where she had thrown the keys, “Little bitch!” she exclaimed, “I’ve just seen her get on a bus to go into town!”

John started to drink his coffee. “Em, if you’re going to lock people up with this sort of serious stuff you should at least look after the keys!”

“Yeah, don’t worry” she replied, “I’ll call her.”

Emma took out her phone, “Hi Katie, its Em.”

“Hi Em”

“You have something I kinda need”

“What?”

“Some keys?” Emma said.

“Oh yeah, there’re in my pocket”

“You dozy bitch”

“Hey, less of that, or your nearest and dearest won’t be going anywhere”

“Just bring um back now”

“Hey, what about please?”

“Now!”

“No!”

“What?” Emma exclaimed.

“Tell you what, I’m in Gap at the moment by those nice little gray shorts that you liked. There’s only one pair left in size 12, I’ll leave the keys in the pocket.”

“But what if someone buys them?”

“Guess you’d better be quick” Kate giggled.

Emma rushed in town and into Gap. She looked through the rail but to her horror, there were no size 12s left.

“Can I help you?” the assistant asked.

“Yes have you got a 12 in these” Emma asked.

“I’m sorry, I’ve literally just given the last pair to another customer, in fact I think she’s still trying them on, so if she doesn’t take them.....” the assistance stopped as Emma ran over to the changing room.

When she arrived, a blonde was wearing the pair and looking at herself in front of the full-length mirror.

“Maybe they’re not quite your colour” Emma said.

“Oh I like them” the woman replied, giving a twirl.

Emma could make out the shape of the keys in the back pocket. The shorts looked fantastic on the woman, she needed another plan, if the woman left with those shorts she and in particular John would have big problems.

Emma finally got them, but not before paying the woman almost the cost of the shorts. Emma tried them on and at least they looked good on her too. She left the shop with the shorts on and the keys still where her sister left them and returned home.

“Nice shorts” John smiled.

“And the best thing is that they come with these in the back pocket” Emma purred as she turned around and seductively pulled out the keys and unlocked the chain.

Two hours later and the shelves were up and John and Emma were sitting in her garden drinking beer.

“Did you like being chained up by me?” Emma asked.

“It was quite sexy, kinky but sexy.” He replied.

“Do you want to do it again?”

“Do you promise not to lose the keys?”

“I’ll try.”

Emma placed a rug at the far end of the secluded garden. “Lie down” she purred.

As instructed, John lay on his front with his hands behind his back while Emma wrapped the chain around both wrists and padlocked them together. With his feet drawn up behind him, she then wrapped the chain around his ankles and used the second padlock to lock them together so that he was in a chain hogtie.

“See if you can get out of that.” Emma ordered.

“You know I can’t” John replied.

“Yes, I know, but I love to see you try.”

John wriggled around for a few minutes but of course got nowhere.

“Perfect” Emma purred as she threaded the keys on to her necklace.

“You can put your head here” Emma smiled as she lifted one leg and rested his head on the inside of her other thigh. She poured some beer into his mouth before lowering her other leg on top of his head and covering him up with her skirt.

“Now I’m sure you know what you need to do earn some more beer” Emma purred.

Suddenly they heard voices in the house and then Kate and three of her girlfriends came out into the garden. Emma jumped up and tried to head them off but Kate had already seen Brad and wanted to see her sister’s latest ‘kinky’ game.

“Nice” said Kate as she and her friends walked up to where he was lying. Emma had already taken the keys off her necklace and was about to unlock her boyfriend when Kate grabbed the keys from her.

One of Kate’s friends was filming the whole thing on her phone. “Emma didn’t know whether to try and grab the keys or the phone, however in the end she got neither as Kate and one of her girlfriends pushed her to the floor and sat on top of her, straddling her.

“Get off you bitch!” Emma shouted.

“Maybe your boyfriend can help you” Kate joked, “Oh no, you’ve chained him up.”

“Let me go.”

“No I don’t think so, at least not until we’ve had some fun of our own, “Kate replied.

Kate thought for a moment, “Given that the like guys going down on you so much, perhaps we should make that a more permanent position and I think I’ve got a plan.”

Kate produced some chains and padlocks from the garage and then led Emma back into her bedroom and between them managed to also drag John, still chained up, back into the house.

They wrapped a chain around Emma’s waist and padlocked it and then passed one end between her legs and padlocked it back on to the waist chain. Then positioning John’s head between Emma’s thighs, they locked a chain tightly around his neck and on to Emma’s crotch chain, so that his head was locked right in his girlfriend’s crotch.

They then repeated the same thing to lock Emma’s head between John’s thighs so that they were secured in the ‘69’ position. Only then did they unlock John’s hands and feet.

“Perfect” Emma smiled as she collected up all of the keys and put them in her pocket.

“You bitch!” Emma said.

“Easy Em, I haven’t yet decided how many days you are going to stay like this, “Kate warned.

Kate left a pile of food and drink on the floor by the chained up couple.

“Now you have food and drink and an ensuite so you can use the loo, so you should be fine for the weekend at least. I’m going to remove your phone and lock your bedroom door so I afraid you won’t be going anywhere,” Kate explained before leaving.

“What do we do?” John asked.

“Not much we can do, other than wait” Emma replied.

“Can you wriggle out of your chains?” he asked hopefully.

“No way, my sister knows how to tie someone up” she replied.

Working together, John managed to stand up with Emma hanging upside down in front of him. He walked to the bathroom and was just about able to go to the toilet

without peeing over his girlfriend. It wasn't so easy for Emma who basically peed all over John's head. They then wriggled into the shower to rinse off.

Back in the bedroom they lay on the floor. Emma pulled her wet knickers to one side and pushed John's head closer, "Given we are stuck this way" Emma smiled. John had nothing better to do and so complied. Time and time again.

Time started to pass, watching movies and more mutual masturbation. John went to sleep with his head between her thighs and his nose between her butt cheeks and woke up in exact the same way.

Downstairs Kate and her friends were also watching television.

"I can't believe that you and your sister play these games," one of the friends said.

"Emma's one kinky girl" Kate smiled.

"How long does she want you to leave her chained up there?"

"I'll check on them every now and then. We have this code word so she can tell me when she wants to be released" Kate explained, "last time it was over 24 hours, although this time I think it'll be much longer."

"And that bit with you taking the keys when he was chained up in the garage, is that part of the game?"

"Aha, although this time some other woman almost walked off with the keys," Kate smiled, "although that could have been quite sexy, maybe something to think about for the next game."

The Game

.....it's a game where if you get a question right, you get to lock up one of the other playersand Emma and Victoria seemed to have played the game before....

He hadn't really wanted to play this new game and anyway the two women were being very secretive as to what it really involved. Brad was sitting in the back of the car with Emma and Victoria in the front. Both women were in their mid-twenties, both slim and attractive and both in the aerobics class that Brad took each Friday evening. Victoria was wearing a pair of well fitting blue jeans and blouse; Emma was more casual in tight denim shorts and a t-shirt. Having had no plans for that evening, Brad agreed to spend the evening with them.

The car drew up outside Victoria's house. The house was large and set in substantial grounds. Brad followed the two women inside into the lounge that overlooked the coastline in the distance.

"You'll like this game" Victoria reassured "providing you don't lose" she smiled. This last comment did nothing to enthuse her guest. The game was laid out on the floor and Victoria started to explain the rules.

"Right, this is just like Trivial Pursuits ... with a bondage twist". The two girls smiled. Victoria continued, "If you answer a question correctly, you get the chance to lock up one of the other players with a restraint". She pointed to a large box full of chains, handcuff and padlocks.

"After each turn, there is the chance to trade keys with the other players in order to get yourself free. Right we'll explain the other rules to you as we go on, shall I start?" Victoria asked.

She rolled the dice, moved her counter and Emma read out a question that Victoria answered easily. Victoria then took the top card from the pack and turned it over to reveal a picture of a pair of handcuffs; she reached into the box and pulled out a pair of rigid cuffs. She looked over to Brad who had already guessed that they would be used to lock his wrists. He sat on the floor as Victoria stood over him and locked the cuffs tightly around his wrists. The cuffs locked with a cylinder lock, the only key to which Victoria stuffed in the back pocket of her jeans. "OK your turn" she announced to Emma.

Again, the question posed was easily answered and she smiled at Brad. "This isn't fair, it's two against one," he complained as Emma turned over the next card to reveal a chain and padlock. Emma walked over with the restraint and knelt beside the hapless guy.

"OK, now what shall I do with this?" she smiled as she considered how she might best restrain him. After a moments thought, she wrapped the chain tightly around both of his ankles and snapped closed the padlock. Once again his captor pocketed the key in the pocket of her denim shorts and returned to her place.

"OK, my turn" Brad stated, hoping to gain some revenge and some means of negotiating his way out of his restraints. He too was able to answer his question and proceeded to turn over the next card. "A ball gag, that could be useful" he smiled.

The look on the faces of the two women changed. They were both enjoying having fun at the expense of their fit gym instructor and neither wanted to be unable to speak. Brad looked from one woman to the other enjoying the moment.

"Victoria, I think it's your turn" he smiled.

He eased his way around the board as best he could in his chains and with the help of a willing Emma buckled and locked the gag over his friend's head. He too pocketed the key to the small padlock.

Victoria pulled at the gag and the padlock, trying to remove the restraint, but soon gave up as she realised it was going nowhere until she negotiated the return of the key. Victoria cast a cross look at Emma, who was clearly enjoying her predicament. Victoria then wrote on a piece of paper "Cuff key for gag key?" and handed it to Brad. He smiled and shook his head, enjoying the frustration on his hostess's face. She started to plead with Brad as best she could with the gag locked in place, to the delight of both Brad and Emma.

Victoria threw the dice for her second turn. Emma read out the question and gave her friend a piece of paper on which she could write the answer. Victoria scribbled her reply and passed it back. Emma shook her head and put the question card back on the pile. Victoria sat there in silence looking pleadingly towards Brad. After a few moments, Brad conceded and threw the key for the gag over to his friend. She hurriedly unlocked the padlock and removed the gag.

"You're going to have to negotiate much harder than that", Emma observed, "That gag key could have bought you quite a bit of freedom later on." "Hey at least I've got my hands free" he replied, looking over to Victoria who was just retrieving the key from her pocket.

Victoria threw the key over to him and he tried in vain to unlock the rigid cuffs by himself. "Can you help me?" he asked Victoria.

"That wasn't part of the deal" she smiled back. "Don't be so cruel" Emma joined in, as she took the key from Brad, inserted it into the lock and released the manacles from around his wrists.

"My turn", Emma announced as she threw the dice. Victoria asked the question, which Emma answered before turning over the next card.

"Oh yes", Emma smiled, clearly pleased with her choice. "You weren't planning on leaving early?", she smiled at Brad as she picked up her chosen restraint.

"No, you're not putting that thing on me", he replied increasingly concerned about the amount of power these women were having over him.

"Fine, you can leave at any point" Emma replied, "although you should remember that your feet are still tightly chained together, and I have the only key", she tapped the back pocket of her shorts. Both girls smiled at each other as Brad pulled pathetically at the chain. "I assume we can carry on," Emma asked. Brad had no choice.

Emma walked up to Brad and smiled, "this is an all in one restraint, I like to call it the 'Emma Embrace' and there's not much you can do once you're in this thing". The restraint was about two feet long with steel hoops at both ends and in the middle. She took the steel hoop at one end and closed it tightly around Brad's neck. She then locked it in place with a big silver padlock.

With Brad sitting on the floor with his feet drawn towards him, she then proceeded to lock the two smaller hoops at the other end tightly around each of his ankles. She then locked both of these in place with an identical looking padlock. She finally took his wrists and fitted each one into smaller hoops attached to the middle of the restraint. Once more, she locked both tightly in place with a third silver padlock. Emma then knelt down next to him to check everything was secure. "Now all of these padlocks are keyed alike" she smiled, "and this is the only key" she explained as she held up a complicated looking silver key.

"Look this is going too far" Brad complained, "I can barely move a muscle".

"I know" Emma smiled "Not without this key". She then returned to her place, throwing the padlock key to the floor before sitting down on top of it. She smiled as Brad struggled with his new bonds.

It was Brad's turn to answer a question. He guessed right but due to his incarceration, Emma turned over the card for him. "Handcuffs again" Emma observed. "Who's going to be chained up this time?"

"Your turn I think" he replied, knowing that Emma now held the keys to both of his restraints and he that he desperately needed some leverage over her. Brad watched as Victoria applied the rigid cuffs to Emma's wrists on his behalf. Victoria looked to be enjoying herself, as she closed the cuffs click by click before doubled locking the restraints tightly around her friend's wrists. She threw the key over to Brad who was of course unable to catch.

Victoria answered her question and turned over the card to reveal 'gag'. She turned towards Emma. "OK Em, open up" "No not me!" Emma pleaded.

"OK, what about a deal" Victoria smiled, she had obviously played this game before. "I won't lock this gag on you, if you give me the keys to Brad's restraints" Emma was clearly disappointed, but had no choice; she certainly didn't want to be muted for perhaps the rest of the evening. She reluctantly agreed. Emma reached into her pocket for the key to the chain locked around Brad's ankles and then stood up to reveal the key to the 'Emma Embrace'.

Victoria quickly stuffed both keys into her jeans pocket. "OK, this gags for you then" Victoria smiled as she stood up and walked towards Brad. The guy sat there helplessly as Victoria locked yet another restraint to him. She buckled it tightly behind his head and locked it with a small padlock.

Emma and Brad then each took turns at answering questions, but each was wrong. Victoria took her turn again. She gave the right answer and smiled as she picked up the next card. "The trunk" she smiled as she jumped up and started to drag a heavy wooden box towards where they were playing.

"OK, one of you goes inside here" Victoria smiled as she lifted the lid. "And as Brad is already too chained up to move, then it looks like it's going to be you honey" she said as she smiled at Emma. "Vicky, no!" Emma exclaimed, "I don't want to go in there". "Sorry Em, inside or forfeit the game" Victoria smiled.

Reluctantly and very slowly, Emma kicked off her sandals and climbed into the trunk wearing only her tight denim shorts, t-shirt and the cuffs that Victoria had locked around her wrists. As soon as she was inside, Victoria closed the lid and sat down on top. Inside, Emma could be heard banging against the underside of the lid, but Victoria's jean-clad arse held it firmly closed.

"Well it's just you and me now Baby" Victoria smiled to Brad. Being gagged, Brad had no response. Victoria turned the key, locking the trunk, before standing up and walking towards the heavily manacled guy. She smiled as she slowly checked that all of his restraints were as she wanted. One of the cuffs was evidently too loose as she undid the double-lock, tightened it further and reapplied the security lock. She then stood back to admire her work.

By now, Emma had stopped banging on the box and resigned herself to her confinement. Victoria took the trunk key from the keyhole, slipped it into the back pocket of her jeans and walked over to the balcony. Brad watched her cross the room, her tight jeans moving with each motion that she made.

A few minutes later she returned, "You OK in there Em?" she asked as she tapped the box with her boot.

"Please let me out," Emma begged.

Victoria smiled and sat back down on the lid and started to talk to Brad. After a few minutes she relented, retrieved the key and unlocked the trunk. "Can you let me out of these as well" Emma asked, holding up her cuffed hands. Victoria picked up the key that was lying beside Brad and started to unlock her friend's wrists. Just as she'd finished unlocking the cuffs, Emma grabbed Victoria's wrist and locked one of the cuffs around it. Victoria pulled away before Emma could lock the second cuff in place, but stumbled backwards as she moved and Emma jumped on top of her on the floor. The two women started to roll about trying to get the better of each other. Emma then managed to pull Victoria's head backwards until it rested between her thighs. She hooked one of her feet behind her other knee to lock her legs together. Victoria struggled but could not release her head from between Emma's bare thighs. After five minutes of trying and still being no nearer to freeing herself, Victoria gave in.

"OK Em, you win", she conceded. Emma then took the other side of the cuff and locked it to the iron handle at one end of the trunk. She then took a second pair of handcuffs to shackle Victoria's other hand to the handle at the other end of the trunk. Only then did she release her grip around Victoria's neck.

Victoria lay there on her back, her head lying next to the trunk, her wrists chained to each end of the box. Emma sat on the edge of the trunk and looked down at her friend beneath her.

"Sorry honey, you seem to be a little tied up there" Emma smiled. Victoria pulled at the cuffs as she continued to catch her breath from the fight. Emma then walked over to Brad who had watched the whole episode unfold.

"Well Vicky still has the keys to your restraints" Emma said, "but I'm sure they'll be safe enough in her pocket" she smiled.

"So maybe I should lock you up with something as well?" she purred as she picked up another pair of handcuffs.

"Have you seen these before" Emma asked as she walked around behind him and sat down on his shoulders, one leg either side of his head. She slowly wrapped her thighs around his neck as she spoke. "These cuffs work on a timer and can't be unlocked until all the time has run out" she purred. She reached down and locked the cuffs tightly around his already manacled wrists.

"OK, how long shall we say? One hour?" she smiled as she set the timer. "Or maybe longer" she continued as she increased the time, hour by hour. Brad couldn't speak, but looked on as Emma increased the time.

"Perfect" she announced when the timer showed 48 hours, "all I have to do is to push this button and the cuffs are locked".

She tightened her grip around his neck and pressed. A click and a few beeps later and the cuff were set. She stood up and smiled at her two prisoners, "This should be an interesting night".

Emma changed in to a short summer skirt and top, poured herself a glass of wine and sat back down on the box. She looked down at Victoria and smiled, "Do you give up?" she asked. Victoria nodded, knowing that she could do nothing handcuffed to the trunk. Emma smiled to herself as she took the key and unlocked each of Vicky's wrists.

Emma then turned to Brad. "Do you give up too?" she asked. Unable to speak with the gag, Brad nodded immediately. Emma knelt next to him to inspect her 'Emma Embrace', the restraint rigidly locking his neck, wrists and ankles together. She ran her fingers over one of the padlocks. "Would you like me to unlock this?" she asked. He didn't answer, knowing that she was just playing with him.

"Do you have the keys to these locks?" Emma called to Victoria. "Aha" Vicky replied as she walked over to them. She ran her fingers through Brad's hair and walked off to the kitchen. She returned with a drink and sat down on the trunk. "Those keys really are quite important to you," she purred as she crossed her denim-covered legs. "Its too bad for you that they're in my jeans pocket and these jeans are so tight I really can't get them out" Vicky joked as she ran her hands around her waist and down her legs.

A few minutes later Vicky pulled the key to the gag padlock out of her pocket and threw it to Emma. Emma caught it and held it up above Brad's head. "Without this key you'll stay silent" she purred as she ran it up her bare legs and up under her skirt. "And I'm sure your jaw is starting to ache" she continued as she stood over him, her legs only inches away from his face.

She then turned her back on him and lifted her skirt to reveal a tight pair of white cotton knickers. She ran the key back up her thigh again before tucking it into her knickers. Her underwear was so tight that the key was held in place between her arse and the material. "Oh my!" Emma joked, "The only key to your gag is now tucked in my panties". She dropped her skirt and turned around to face him. "Umm, that key feels nice in my underwear, I think that maybe it should stay there".

Emma then walked towards him and sat down on his shoulders, one leg either side of his head so that his face was facing into her. She put her skirt over Brad's head and slid forward until his face was pushed up against her knickers. She slowly closed her legs and crossed her feet. "Maybe it is a shame that you are gagged" Emma mused as she rubbed herself against the gag.

Victoria was watching from the trunk. "When you finally let him out of your skirt, perhaps we should show him where he will be spending the night" she said. Emma reluctantly released her grip around his neck and stood up.

Vicky smiled at her captive, "before we release you from some of those restraints, we had better make sure you don't make a bid for freedom". She took a pair of foot cuffs and locked Brad's ankles together. She then locked a chain around his waist and locked the spare end to the timed handcuffs that Emma had cruelly set for 48 hours.

"Now at least my keys aren't quite as inaccessible as Emma's" Vicky joked as she took her keys out of her pocket and unlocked the 'Emma Embrace' and the chain around Brad's ankles. Brad was now free except the handcuffs locked to the waist chain, the foot cuffs and of course the gag.

Brad was wondering whether this was his chance to escape, this was relative freedom for him. However when he looked at the number of potential restraints at the girl's disposal he decided he had better comply.

Victoria led him to a built-in cupboard just off the lounge that she opened to reveal a barred door. "I've wanted to try this for a while" she smiled as she selected the right key and opened the cell door. The space inside was full height but only 4 foot wide and 5 foot deep.

"Inside!" Vicky instructed to her guest. No sooner had he hobbled in than she slammed the cell door shut. It clicked and locked instantly. He pushed it with his cuffed hands just to check what he already knew. "Solid concrete all round" Vicky purred as she watched him explore his new home. She beckoned him forward and then unlocked his foot cuffs and waist chain.

With his chained hands he pointed to his gag. "Sorry I don't have the key for that" Vicky smiled as she walked back out to the kitchen. Emma walked up to the bars. "What's that key worth to you?" she smiled. "On your knees" she ordered. He complied kneeling down slowly until his face was inches from her skirt. "Lower" she ordered. His face was now level with her bare thighs, just the bars separating them.

She reached for a rigid 'U' shaped bicycle lock and reached it through the bars and around his neck. She pulled him forward and closed the lock around his neck and one of the steel bars. She turned the key and withdrew it from the lock. Emma then reached under her skirt and removed the gag key from her knickers. She reached in and unlocked the gag.

"Thank you" Brad said clearly pleased to be able to move his jaw again. She smiled, they had unlawfully imprisoned him in a small cell and he was thanking them. Emma took the key for the high security bicycle lock and slipped it into knickers.

Victoria smiled as she watched her hide the key. "That's a safe place to keep it" she smiled. "You should try it" Emma smiled. With that Victoria took the key to the cell and reached down inside the front of her jeans and her knickers and dropped the key into the crotch of her panties. "Nothing comes out of there in a hurry" Victoria purred as she closed the cupboard door concealing the cell and locked it with a seven-lever deadlock.

Later that night the girls unlocked the cupboard door to check on their detainee. Brad was asleep in the bottom of the cage with his head still chained to the bars and his hands still cuffed in front of him. "Do you want to join him?" Victoria asked. Emma smiled.

Vicky unbuttoned her jeans enough for her to get her hand in to retrieve the key. As soon as she had unlocked the barred door she returned the key to its home. Brad woke as Vicky opened the cell door a little dragging his neck with it. Emma slipped inside and pulled the door closed behind her. Emma shivered as it clicked and locked.

In the small space, Emma crouched down over Brad, took the key from her panties and unlocked him from the bars. "Hey give me your foot" Vicky said as she reached in and padlocked one end of a chain around Emma's right ankle. Vicky then locked the other end closely around Brad's neck so that the two were almost touching. "Thought this might be interesting" Vicky smiled as she stood up with the keys in hand.

Vicky closed the outer door and turned the key in the lock. Inside was almost pitch black. Vicky brought her feet up to her bum so that Brad's face was resting against her white cotton panties and then closed her thighs around his head. Emma smiled, "Given that you're handcuffed and locked in a tiny maximum security cell whose only key is very much out of reach and given that you are chained to my ankle and given that you are enclosed between my thighs, I'm sure you'll do exactly as I say". Emma sat back and closed her eyes.

The next morning Victoria, dressed in tight denim shorts and t-shirt, unlocked the cupboard door and swung it open to reveal her two captives. Both Brad and Emma shielded their eyes from the unaccustomed light. The heavy barred door was still locked between them.

Emma sat in the cell with a smile on her face, "That was a fun night," she purred looking down at the guy still chained to her ankle. Brad looked up at Victoria's long tanned legs, wondering where she had concealed her keys and wondering when she might release them. His cellmate certainly didn't seem to be in any rush to be released.

"I've got a new toy that I want to try out," Victoria said as she beckoned Brad to move to the front of the cage. Brad complied and soon found his ankles chained together with a pair of cuffs. His wrists were still locked with the timer still reading 35 hours. Victoria reached through the cell bars and unlocked the chain locking Brad's neck to Emma's ankle. She then pulled the key to the cell from her pocket and unlocked the door before re-pocketing the key.

Brad struggled to his feet and hobbled out of the cell. Without releasing Brad from his cuffs, Victoria let him shower and freshen up. As soon as he came out of the bathroom, she walked up to him and locked a chain tightly around his waist and padlocked the handcuffs to the chain. She then led him over to the metal staircase and padlocked the spare end of the waist chain around one of the steel supports.

“Just wait here,” Vicky purred as she checked his restraints and then walked back into the kitchen. Brad stood there wondering how these women could have so much power over him. The fact that he was much stronger than them meant nothing when he was chained up so securely.

Emma came out of the shower and came over to him, looking innocent wearing only white knickers and white t-shirt. “Chained up like a dog, just the way men should be,” she purred as she ran her fingers around his arms and shoulders. “Thank you for last night by the way” she continued as she gave him a long kiss on his lips. She knew that with his hands chained to his waist she could pretty much do what she wanted with him. He watched her arse move as she walked back out to the kitchen, the tight cotton knickers moving from side to side as she moved.

The girls reappeared and Victoria unlocked Brad from the stairs and led him over to a heavy wooden trunk. A section had been cut out of the front of the lid and as a result there were two locks, one on either side of the cutout. “Another restraint for you to try” Victoria purred as she lifted the lid and Emma helped Brad into the trunk so that he was sitting inside with his back against the front of the trunk.

As Victoria closed the lid Emma slid Brad’s neck into the cutout so that once the lid was shut his head was outside and the rest of his body inside the trunk. The cutout was just the right size for Brad’s neck and was so narrow that he couldn’t pull his head back inside. “Em can you keep him here while I find the keys for the trunk” Vicky said as she walked off. Emma sat down on the lid, her knicker-covered arse just an inch from Brad’s head.

Brad was feeling very vulnerable in the trunk, like this the girls could make him do whatever they wanted. Emma could see his concern, “You know Vicky intends to keep you in there the whole day” she teased, “and that she is inviting your friend Chantelle from the gym to join the fun”. Brad started to panic and tried to get out of the trunk. He pushed up on the lid with his shoulders desperately struggling to get to his feet. Emma watched his amusement knowing that with her sitting on top he was going nowhere.

“Please get off the trunk,” Brad pleaded realising that he was stuck. Emma smiled, “Surely my little panty-covered arse can’t be enough to imprison you inside, try harder”. Brad tried again although he knew she was just teasing him. Emma swung one leg over so that his head was between her thighs. She slid forward so that his face was only an inch from her knickers. “Try again” she purred.

Victoria returned and sat down next to Emma on the trunk. “Why whenever I leave you alone with this guy he ends up with his head between your thighs?” Vicky joked. “Jealous?” Emma replied. Vicky then took a key and turned it in each of the locks. “Perfect” she smiled, “I can guarantee there is no way out of there”.

Emma sat back on her side of the trunk and started to read her magazine. Victoria was on the other side teasing Brad with a feather boa that she wrapped around his head. Emma looked down at Brad’s feather covered head, “Perhaps he would prefer your panties over his head instead”.

Victoria smiled, jumped up and went up to her bedroom. She returned a few minutes later wearing a summer dress, holding her previous outfit in her hand. She sat on the box like Emma had done earlier, with one leg either side of Brad’s head. She first took her black silk knickers and wrapped them tightly around Brad’s head. She then took her denim shorts and also fitted them over his head. She then tightened the belt twice around his head and buckled it in place.

Emma smiled, “Nicely done, and I think it improves his looks”. The girls laughed. “So what’s it like inside my panties?” Vicky asked her captive. “Smelly” came the short reply. The girls laughed again.

Emma looked across at Victoria, her long dark hair falling across her face. “Do you want to toss a coin, the loser gets locked in the cell, the winner gets to have some fun with Brad?” Vicky thought for a moment before agreeing. Emma spun the coin as Vicky called tails. Tails it was. “Oh shit!” Emma replied before she slowly stood up and walked into the cell. Vicky slowly swung the door shut until it clicked and locked. Emma looked sadly at her captress through the bars, “I’m in here for a while aren’t I?” she said. “Yep” Vicky replied before also shutting and locking the cupboard door.

Vicky returned to Brad and once again sat down with one leg either side of his head. She unbelted her shorts from around his head and removed her knickers which were now sticking to his face. “My turn” she smiled as she lifted her skirt and wrapped it over his head. She slid forward as far as she could go and he could see first hand that she had removed her knickers. “Go ahead” she purred.

It was a whole hour later before Vicky opened her legs and let him out of her crotch. “Wow!” she smiled as she stood up and walked over to the bathroom. Brad sat there still locked in the trunk, grateful for fresh air. Vicky returned and let Brad out of the trunk so he too could use the bathroom. Within ten minutes however, he was locked back inside.

Vicky went over to the cupboard and unlocked the outer door. “Hi Em” she smiled at Emma who was sitting with her knees pulled up in front of her in the bottom of the cell. “Do you want some food?” Victoria asked. Emma nodded. “I suppose my freedom is too much to ask for?” she enquired. “Aha” Victoria smiled back, “I’m keeping you behind bars for a while yet”.

Victoria passed the modest meal through the bars and then relocked the outer door. She turned on the television, picked up a bottle of wine and went back to the trunk. She lifted her skirt to reveal a chain padlocked around her waist with the spare end passed down between her legs and back on to the waist chain. “I love these timed games” she smiled as she climbed a ladder and fixed a piece of string and a block of ice to the ceiling above the trunk. She removed the ladder and walked up to Brad with some more chains and padlocks in hand.

“All my other keys are out of reach and the key to these padlocks are fixed to the ceiling,” she explained. She sat down as before with one leg either side of Brad’s head, with his face resting up against her knickers. She took the first chain and wrapped it around the back of his neck and locked both ends together at the front and on to her crotch chain. “OK honey, we’re now linked. No way we can free ourselves until the ice melts and the keys fall” she said.

“But just to seal you in completely” she continued as she pulled her short denim skirt down almost to her knees. “As you can see I have cut out a circle of material at the back of the skirt which exactly fits your neck. And I can simply lock the skirt back together at the hem by slipping a padlock through these two holes” she said as she proceeded to lock his neck into the back of her skirt.

“And then by threading this chain through the belt hoops that I have sewn at close centers all the way round the hem of the skirt, I can close the last remaining opening” she purred while as promised, she squeezed her thighs tightly together and locked the chain around her legs using a third padlock. “Oh and by the way” she smiled, “I’ve padlocked the top of my skirt around my waist too, so there is no possible way out”.

Vicky was pleased with her new trap. From outside it looked as though she was just sitting on the trunk. No one would have known that there was in fact a guy manacled and locked in the trunk beneath her and that his head was totally sealed inside her denim skirt. In addition, not even Vicky could release him from bondage until the ice melted.

Inside was pitch black. Brad's head was held firmly on either side my Vicky's thighs and his face was pushed up tight against her knickers and everything was held in place by the thick denim. "How long will the ice take?" he asked as best he could from inside. "At least three hours" she purred as she turned her attention to the TV and what she might christen her new method of restraint.

[With a Little Help from Emma](#)

....Emma left him hog cuffed on the hard floor ... but it was his own fault....why couldn't he see that he was in love with Rachel....

It was early evening and Emma was standing in the empty police station. She was on duty until 6am, but it was going to be one of those quiet nights where little happened. She was on her own on the shift, with others on call if required.

She sat there thinking about her friend Rachel and this guy John that she'd met a few weeks earlier. It was obvious that they'd fancied each other like mad, but John hadn't had the courage to ask Rachel out and Rachel had been too shy to make the first move.

Emma thought about how she might help them get it together. Arranging for the three of them to go to dinner and then leaving early might work. But probably not, knowing them they'd just finish their meal and being too afraid to propose more, just go home their separate ways. There had to be a better way to encourage a little more action.

She had a plan. She dialed John's number and explained in as serious voice as she could manage, that a robbery had been committed near his house and that he might be able to help with her enquiries. Half an hour later John was at the police station and being shown into the interview room.

"Sorry, just standard procedures when I'm alone in the station," Emma lied as she took the cuffs from her belt and expertly cuffs his hands together behind his back. It wasn't the first time, either professionally or otherwise, that Emma had cuffed someone and the cuffs were secure before John could react.

Emma sat across the table from him, her long blonde hair tied up behind her back. She was a few years older than him, but certainly attractive. Not as attractive as Rachel, he thought, but he was still waiting for the right moment as far as she was concerned.

Emma remained totally serious and professional as she interviewed him. After a number of questions she stood up and started to lead him back outside, but as she was about to open the interview room door, she pushed him forward on to the ground and sat down astride his back.

"Emma, what you doing?" he cried.

"You'll see," she smiled as she reached over and cuffed his feet together and then locked the feet cuffs to the handcuffs.

She stood up and looked down as her handiwork. John was in a tight hog-tie, but with cuffs and could hardly move a muscle.

“Emma! What are you doing?” he cried.

“Just hurrying up the inevitable,” she smiled as she stepped over him and walked back outside into the corridor.

Emma picked up the phone for a second time, “Hi Rachel, are you free to call by the station?”

Shortly after, a tall, slim brunette arrived at the station. Emma smiled to herself as she saw that Emma was made up and wearing a mid-thigh length skirt. This should work well. Emma opened the door to the interview room, indicated for Rachel to go inside and then closed and locked the door behind her. Emma walked over to the viewing room to discretely watch the action.

“Em! What are you doing?” Rachel called as she tried in vain to open the locked door.

It was only then that she noticed John, “Oh my god, are you OK?”

“What is going on?” John asked.

“There’s blood on your face.” Rachel cried.

Rachel knelt down next to his head and started to clean up the blood from a small cut in his cheek. He looked at her bare knees just inches from his face, he really did fancy this woman.

“Thanks” he smiled.

“You’re welcome she smiled back.

“Can you try and get me out of these cuffs?” he asked.

Rachel inspected the restraints and pulled inexpertly at the heavy chains.

“They look pretty tight, do you have the keys?” she asked.

“No, Emma wasn’t so good as to leave them with me,” he smiled, “I was hoping that she gave them to you.”

“No,” Rachel replied.

“Your friend has a strange sense of humor,” John said and he relaxed his muscles and let his face fall back on to the dusty stone floor.

Rachel noticed his face lying on the bare stone, “Rest your head here,” she offered as she sat down on the floor and eased his head up on to her lap.

“Thanks, that’s softer,” he smiled as he let his head relax again but this time on to her soft skirt.

“I know she’s a little crazy, but this is taking things too far,” John said as his strong muscled arms fought in vain with the cuffs. Why don’t you call her and see how long she intends to keep us here,” he suggested.

Rachel reached over to where she had left her bag, which was behind her and almost out of reach. She just managed to reach it and dug around inside until she found her phone and then sat back up. As she did she noticed that her skirt had ridden up and that John’s head was now lying between her bare thighs.

John had lay there, totally helpless as his head slipped between her legs. With his hands and feet chained behind him, he just moved with her body, which in his bound state appeared very strong and dominating. Her skin was gently tanned and amazing soft, particularly after the stone floor. And he could really smell her scent; he was after all only an inch or two away from touching her knickers.

“Oh I’m sorry!” Rachel cried as she saw him between her thighs and quickly pulled away. As she did this, his head hit the stone floor with a bump.

“Arrhh,” he cried.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” she said again.

Rachel composed herself, pulled her skirt back down and put his head back on to her lap.

“Thank you,” he smiled.

“My pleasure,” she replied, embarrassed but starting to see the funny side.

“You’re not going to put my head back between your thighs?” he joked.

“Stop it!” she half cried, half giggled.

As expected Emma’s phone went to voicemail.

“Shall I put my phone back in my bag?” Rachel giggled.

“Are you sure you can reach?”

Rachel looked down at his head in her lap and slowly started to pull up her skirt.

“How far should I go?” she purred.

He tried to lift up his head, but she reached over and rolled him on to his front, so that his face rested heavily on her skirt.

“A little further, maybe?” she giggled.

She pulled up her skirt further until his face was resting on the top of her thighs, with his nose poking through the small gap between her legs. He moaned as he could almost taste her smooth skin.

Rachel then slowly rolled on to her side so that his head was again resting between her thighs. This was really unlike her, but the stimulation on her inner thighs and the fact that he appeared to be enjoying this as much as she was, drove her on.

As Rachel wriggled around John could see his face moving deeper and deeper into her crotch. He had no idea that she liked this sort of thing, she’d always seemed so innocent. His nose was now touching the back of her panties and starting to push them into her butt. His mouth was right where he knew it would end up.

Just then Rachel heard footsteps in the corridor outside and keys jangle in the lock. Rachel quickly pulled away and again John’s head hit the floor.

Emma stood at the open doorway, “I see you too have been getting acquainted.”

Rachel and John both looked as innocent as possible, not realizing that Emma had been watching them the whole time.

“Here Rach, a present,” Emma smiled as she threw a small bunch of keys to Rachel. Emma then left the room, leaving the door unlocked.

“At last! These cuffs are starting to kill me,” John smiled as he rolled over to give Rachel easy access to the keyholes.

“There’s no rush,” Rachel purred as she tucked the keys into her bra.

“Rach, they hurt!” he pleaded.

“I know,” she purred.

Rachel rolled him on to his back and sat astride him. She then leaned forward so that her long dark hair fell into his face. They were both breathing heavily as she finally leant further forward and kissed him.

John saw his opportunity and moved his face towards her breasts, which were just about accessible in her low cut top. He could see the keys nestling inside her bra and buried his face into her breasts until he could reach the keys with his tongue. Much to Rachel’s surprise he pulled his head back with the keys between his teeth.

“Very good,” Rachel smiled, “but how are you ever going to unlock yourself?”

John then used his mouth to throw the keys over his shoulder and they landed behind him, close to his cuffed hands.

"I'm afraid that's a little too good," she smiled as she picked up the keys.

"Hey I got them fair and square," John complained as she dangled the keys above him.

Rachel thought for a moment, "OK, if you can get them again then they're yours."

With that, Rachel stood up and after a few moments thought, lifted up her skirt and tucked the keys into the crotch of her knickers. From his position underneath her, John had a good view of where they'd come to rest. Rachel then lay back down on the floor, on her side with her skirt tightly wrapped around her thighs.

"Try and get them out of there," the brunette purred.

"And if I do, they're mine?"

"Yep, that's a deal."

John wriggled over and tried to pull up her skirt using his mouth, but with it wrapped around her and being pinned beneath Rachel's lower thigh it was hard work. He managed to create a small opening and then tried to push his nose and mouth inside. After some considerable effort his head was inside her skirt.

"A good start, but how do you get them out of my panty's" she purred.

John didn't answer but focused on the job in hand. He used his mouth to feel around the front of her knickers to try and locate the keys. He found them, but as he tried to get them out with his tongue, they slipped further back between her thighs.

Rachel lay there on her side with her legs pressed tightly together as he tried to slip his tongue between her thighs to reach the keys, which were disappearing ever deeper into her crotch.

"Can you open your legs a little?" John asked, as he finally took a breath.

"No," she replied.

"But the keys are too far inside."

"I know," she replied trying to suppress her giggles.

John had another idea and he slowly and painfully eased his way around to the other side of her body. He maneuvered himself until his head was inside the back of her skirt and he was face to face with her cute butt.

Again he used his tongue to reach between her thighs, this time from the back, to locate the keys inside her knickers. But again they were too deep between her thighs to reach. He tried to use his head to push between her thighs to open them.

"I don't think that with work," she giggled, "my legs are way stronger than your head."

"Well then it's impossible," he concluded.

"Never mind, I like you in those manacles," she purred.

However after a few more minutes and with John now back at the front of her, Rachel decided to give him a chance.

"OK I'll open my legs, but only for one minute."

Once her toned thighs had opened John wasted no time. He slipped his tongue under the elastic of her underwear and felt around until he found the keys. Some more intense tongue work and the keys fell out on to the floor.

But unfortunately just as this happened, the minute was up and Rachel clamped her thighs together again, this time with John's head still inside.

"Hey, I got the keys!"

"Yes, but the rules are the rules, 60 seconds and my legs close. If you're still inside then too bad."

John struggled and struggled until he had to stop for a rest but his head was still very tightly in the vice.

“This is impossible!”

“Yes, you should have been more careful.”

He could see the keys on the floor just in front of him but had absolutely no way to reach them.

Rachel smiled, “If I let you out of my thighs and then sit up, do you think you’ll finally be able to get free?”

“Easy, if I can just get out of this bloody vice,” he replied as he thought through how he’d maneuver the keys into the keyholes.

“OK then,” she smiled as she released her grip of his head and then sat up on the floor with her legs out in front of her.

John immediately realized the problem; she was now sitting on the keys. He pushed his mouth as far as he could under her butt to confirm his fears.

“Now you’re sitting on them!” he exclaimed.

“I thought you said you could escape,” she smiled.

“Not with your butt on top of them!” he said, exasperated by the situation.

Rachel stood up and picked up the keys. “Em did a great job of chaining you up, you’re completely helpless.”

“Oh, I hadn’t noticed,” he replied ironically.

It had now been over an hour since she found him and the tight cuffs were really starting to cut into his wrists and ankles. Maybe this was enough for today. Rachel knelt above his head as if to reinforce her position of dominance and then slowly unlocked the cuffs.

Emma found them out in the corridor kissing.

“I hope you’re not going to report me for police brutality,” she smiled.

“Not sure,” John smiled holding up his hands to show how the cuffs had cut deeply into his wrists.

“Maybe you’ll not report me if I give you accommodation for the night?” Emma offered.

“Accommodation?”

“Mmm, in your very own cell?”

Emma led them through a narrow doorway into a small windowless cell with a small metal bed.

“What do you think?”

“It’s a little basic.”

“Mmm but very private. I promise I’ll keep the key with me at all times,” Emma purred as she tapped the back pocket of her uniform trousers.

Emma took their lack of response as tacit agreement and pulled the heavy door closed and locked it.

She opened the small observation hole, “If there’s anything you want, well too bad because I’m not letting you out until the morning.”

“You really are too kind,” Rachel winked.

And true to her word, Emma kept them locked up all night, not that her guests cared where they were, they were otherwise distracted.

Maria

.... his house guest had locked him inside his own spare room.... he watched through the keyhole as she pocketed the key and return to sleep in his bed.....

Why had he been so generous? Maria was a friend of his ex-girlfriend and in town for a week on holiday. When he met her at the train station he started to think his generosity may be rewarded. She was in her mid-twenties, tall, had a fantastic figure with long brown hair. She was wearing short tight cotton shorts and tight t-shirt. This could be worse, he thought.

“You can take my room” Brad said. “I’ll sleep in the spare room across the hall”.

She brushed her long brown hair back as she asked in her slight Spanish accent “Do you have a key for this door?”

That was a fair question he thought as she had never met him before and they were alone in the house and his housemate wouldn’t be home until late.

“Sorry I don’t, I think the spare room is the only room that locks” he apologised.

“That will be fine” she smiled as she took her suitcase into his room.

“But I don’t have a key for that room” he repeated.

“Yes I know,” she smiled.

Brad had lost the flow of the conversation but before he could think it through his phone rang and he took the call. When he returned, he found Maria by the spare room, “Are you going inside?” she asked as she put the key that had been on the inside of the door into the keyhole on the outside.

“Sure” he said still a little confused as he walked into the spare room.

“Goodnight” Maria smiled as she swung the heavy door shut and turned the key in the lock. Brad listened to the click of the lock echo around the small room that now seemed ominously small and secure.

“Leave the key in the lock” Brad said from the other side of the heavy door.

But Maria pulled the key from the hole and looked back at her host through the keyhole “I’ll keep the key” she smiled “just to be very safe.”

With that, she reached behind her and tucked the key into the back pocket of her shorts and walked into Brad’s bedroom and closed the door.

“Shit!” he said, having now caught up with the situation. He tried the locked door and then looked out of the small barred window. “Shit!” he repeated as he lay down on the small metal bed.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he heard his housemate open the front door. “Louise” he called as she walked up the stairs to his room.

Louise tried the door, “Why have you locked yourself in there?” she asked.

“Just being overly chivalrous,” he replied.

At least this was his chance to get out. “As you’re here, can convince my jailer to release me,” he said.

After a short discussion, Louise reappeared from Maria’s room with the key. “What’s your freedom worth?” she smiled as she looked at him through the keyhole.

He waited patiently until she’d had her fun before she put the key into the keyhole and turned. “Thank you” he smiled.

A few minutes later Maria came out of her room. "Louise, if you're going out this evening I would like to lock up Brad is that's OK?" she said.

Brad looked at Louise hoping that she'd back him up. "But I need to talk to him before I go" Louise replied.

Maria thought for a minute, "Have you got a chain and padlocks?" she asked Louise.

Louise was taken aback, "I have my bike lock" she replied. Brad didn't like the way this was going.

"Can you lock him to the bed please" the Spanish woman asked.

Like Brad, Louise didn't quite know how to answer this request but went to fetch the heavy chain and two padlocks that were wrapped around the saddle of her bike. "You'd better lie down" Louise said to Brad as she knelt down next to him. She then proceeded to padlock one end of the chain around the frame of the bed and the other around Brad's neck.

"He's all yours" Louise joked as she handed Maria the keys, expecting their guest to join in on the joke.

But Maria just pocketed the keys, "Thank you" she smiled before returning to her room.

Brad and Louise were still in shock. "Please tell me you have other keys for these padlocks," he said finally.

Louise shook her head and laughed nervously, "no, she's got the only ones."

That night, Louise went out clubbing and Brad lay chained to the bed. Louise had even had the cheek to lock the door to his room to 'make sure Spanish girl felt very safe'.

It was 8 in the morning before Louise returned. She went upstairs and unlocked Brad's door. "Exercise time" she smiled as she sat down on the bed next to him. "Still chained up I see" Louise giggled.

"Yes" Brad replied as he tried in vain to sit up, "could you please ask our guest if she feels safe enough to unlock me yet?" he asked.

"She's left" Louise shouted as she opened Maria's room to find it empty.

Brad started pulling at the chain. Louise looked down at him, "You're not going to get free like that" she said.

Brad continued to think of ways to escape and then saw that the metal frame of the bed was fixed together with screws. Louise could see what he was thinking. "That might free you from the bed, but you still can't undo the chain from around your neck" she observed.

"That'll do me for now" he smiled waiting for her to go and get the screwdriver.

She thought for a moment, "Umm, maybe not so quick. I had to wait a age for you to use the bathroom yesterday, I think I'll go first today."

"Fine" he replied, "I think there're some tools downstairs."

She smiled down at him, "No, I think you can stay locked up until I've finished my shower."

"Oh come on Lou," he begged

She walked over to the door, "And I think I'll lock the door as well" she smiled as she closed it behind her and turned the key in the lock, smiling to herself as she walked into the empty bathroom.

It was almost an hour later when she unlocked the door and stood in the doorway in just a t-shirt and knickers with wet hair hanging down her back. "Is this what you want?" she asked holding up a screwdriver.

“No rush” he said sarcastically as he tried to lift his head the couple of inches that he could from the bed.

But instead of handing it to him, she stood on the bed, one foot either side of his chest. “What’s it worth?” she asked as she put it within his reach and then quickly lifted it up before he could take it.

“Too slow” she giggled as she moved further up the bed so that she was standing with her feet either side of his head.

After more teasing from her and pleading from him, he decided to take a more direct approach. He pulled her legs to one side causing her to fall down on top of him. After a brief struggle Louise was sitting on his chest still holding the screwdriver. While they were good friends, they had never been anything more and they looked at each other not knowing what to say.

Brad was the first to speak, “Can you unscrew me now?” he smiled.

Louise reached over and started to undo the screws. As she worked she inadvertently slid further up the bed so that by the time she had finished she was virtually sitting on Brad’s face.

“Oh sorry” she said as she very slowly moved back and then climbed off him.

“No problem” he smiled back. He then slid the chain along the bed and off the frame.

Later that evening, Brad was sitting in the kitchen with Louise. He hadn’t seen or heard from Maria all day and still had Louise’s bike chain securely locked around his neck.

“I lent her my pass for the gym” Louise remembered, “maybe she’s gone there?”

By the time he arrived it was late and the gym was almost empty. He looked around and saw Maria stretching in front of the large mirrors. She was wearing the shortest pair of gym shorts and t-shirt that really showed off her fit tanned figure.

He walked over to her, “I’ve been looking for you all day,” he said.

“Why?” she smiled back.

He gestured to the chain still locked around his neck.

“I’m sorry about that” she smiled, “but your door was locked when I left the house this morning.”

“That’s fine” he replied suddenly disarmed.

She walked over to the exercise bike. “Well can I have the key?” he asked.

“I only have the key for the lock on the other end with me” she explained, “the other key for your neck is in my locker”.

“Will you be long?” he asked.

“No, just wait a little bit” she smiled as she started to peddle.

She then stopped, “Hey, just to make sure you wait” she smiled as she took a key from her pocket and unlocked the padlock that had been secured around the bed. She then pulled the end of the chain through the support of her bike saddle and locked the chain back on to itself so that Brad’s head was chained only inches from the saddle.

“You can watch me cycle” she joked as she sat back down on the saddle and started to pedal.

He knelt on the ground by the bike watching her fit butt and thighs pump the pedals. She started to perspire as she worked harder and harder. Brad was thankful that the gym was empty and that the bike was in the back corner, but still feared that he would be seen.

“Maybe you’d get a better view from the front?” Maria suggested pushing his head around from behind the saddle to the front. Brad was now sitting astride the exercise bike

with his head right between Maria's thighs. As the chain was still locked to the back, there was now even less distance between his head and her saddle, such that his face was now resting against the crotch of her shorts.

"Front row seats for the cycling event" she giggled as she slowly brought her sweaty thighs together like a vice closing around her head. She then started to cycle, her thighs brushing against Brad's face on every pedal. She continued to pedal as hard as she could for the next twenty minutes and by the time she had finished his face was soaked with her perspiration.

She then immediately grabbed her towels and wrapped it over and around her thighs enclosing Brad's head. Inside, the heat from her thighs created steam that filled the enclosed space beneath the towel. He tried to pull his head out from her homemade 'sauna' but she clamped her thighs closed again holding him rigidly in place. He struggled for a few more seconds until the increasingly force of her thighs forced him into submission.

"That's better" she smiled as she sat with him still between her legs, "just think how beautiful you'll look after your very personal steam treatment."

"Times up" she finally announced. She swung her leg over, wiping a sweaty inner thigh across Brad's face as she did. She pulled out her key and unlocked the chain from the bike and led him by the chain towards the women's changing rooms.

She unlocked her locker and took out her clothes. "I promise I'll unlock the chain after my shower" she purred as she pulled off her t-shirt to reveal her bra.

Brad sat down on the seat and waited.

"No, you can't see me shower, at least not yet" she smiled, as she beckoned for him to climb into her locker.

"No way" he replied.

"Fine, no key for the chain around your neck" she replied.

He had no idea where she had put the key and hadn't a hope of getting the chain cut off at this time on a Friday night and so had to relent. He squeezed into the locker and watched as she walked over to him, now only wearing her bra and panties. "Have fun" she giggled as she closed the door and turned the key.

He could just see her through the narrow ventilation grill in the metal door until she walked off to the showers and out of view. He could see the locker key resting on the bench on top of her sweaty gym kit.

"Hey someone might take the key" he called out.

"I think it's safe lying in my smelly panties" she called back.

She returned with a towel wrapped around her. "I can still see you" he replied in a misguided show of protest.

"Close your eyes or else" she replied.

But he couldn't take his eye off her fantastic body. She couldn't tell whether he was looking at her or not inside the dark locker and so walked over and sprayed her perfume into the vent.

"Arrrh" he cried as it hit his eyes.

"I thought I said no looking" she purred as she finished dressing.

She stood up against the locker door with her butt almost touching the grill. He couldn't believe how sexy it looked up close. "You can look, but you can't touch" she teased, "at least not until I let you out of that small metal box."

He was still breathless.

“Which I don’t feel like doing right now” she continued, “as you peeped at me before.”

Maria smiled as she listened to him plead. She then took the locker key and slipped it into a pocket of the jeans hanging from a hook nearby.

“OK” she purred, “the key now belongs to the woman who owns those jeans who I think is still swimming in the pool. When she comes to change all you have to do is ask her to unlock you. Easy.”

Brad looked at the pair of designer jeans that now housed the key, “What if she doesn’t unlock me?” she asked.

“It’ll be an uncomfortable night for you” Maria whispered through the grill. “But if she does, I’ll be at home waiting....”

Brad watched Maria leave and started to plan his unusual but vital chat up line.

Just for Safekeeping

.... *“please Annie, I want to see what it’d be like to be locked inside your safe” she said.... would it be impolite to refuse?.....*

"And this is my office" Annie smiled as she continued the tour of her new mansion for the benefit of her friend Louise.

"What is that big thing over there?" her friend asked as she looked over towards the large safe in the corner.

"That's my safe" Annie announced, "look I'll show you".

Annie took a small, but complicated looking key from her desk drawer and turned it in the safe. After a short click, Annie pulled the heavy door open with both hands.

"Wow, its huge!" Louise announced, "and empty".

"Yes, it came with the house, don't think I need one at all, certainly not that big".

"Is it secure?" Louise asked, obviously interested in the device.

"Most secure there is, or so I'm told" Annie smiled.

Louise started to explore it in more detail. "It's almost big enough to fit a person inside" she continued.

"Yes, I guess if I had to lock someone up, then that'd be the place to do it" Annie joked. Louise was exploring further and had now squeezed herself inside the steel box. She was a slim woman, blonde and in her mid-twenties, a part-time model who had always been too unreliable to win any serious modeling work. She was sitting on the floor of the safe, in her jeans and t-shirt, her shoes kicked off outside.

"If you're not careful, I might lock you inside," Annie Joked.

"Go on, I want to see what it's like" came the response. Annie hesitated. She knew her friend could be a bit wacky, but she wasn't sure about locking her inside her maximum security safe.

"OK, just for a moment" came her reply. She pushed against the heavy door until the thud and a number of clicks showed that it was closed and locked.

Inside the thud and clicking was even louder, and even more meaningful. It was pitch-black and totally silent. There was a feeling of complete helplessness. Initially she

was scared, but Louise soon started to enjoy the feeling of being held totally captive, totally at someone else's mercy.

Within twenty seconds, some more clicks and daylight announced that Annie had unlocked the safe. She pulled the door open and went to help her friend out.

"Can I try it for a bit longer?" Louise asked as she looked up to where Annie was standing. "Look it says there is ventilation in here, so it'd be OK for me to stay in for a while.

"Why do you want to be locked in there anyway?" Annie asked, somewhat taken aback.

"Please, it'd be exciting", the blonde pushed as she looked pleadingly into Annie's eyes.

"OK, if that's what you want" Annie smiled, "but there's no telling when I will let you out again".

"That's why it's so much fun" Louise smiled.

Annie pushed the door closed again until it locked in place. She then stood there wondering what to do. She had planned to have lunch with Louise, but she had now locked her behind four inches of steel. She sat down on top of her desk and absent-mindedly ran the key up and down the inside of her thighs, underneath her short summer skirt.

She looked across at the safe and started to think about the woman locked inside. She was totally at Annie's mercy. She could chose never to open the safe again and the poor woman would suffer a long and painful death. Indeed, if she lost the key, Louise might also die inside that thing. This was the only key to the safe.

She smiled as she thought about the power she had over the woman and started to enjoy the feeling of power. She continued to play with the key underneath her skirt. Maybe she should go out and take some lunch. She went to her bedroom to change. She put on some well fitting blue jeans and belted them around her waist. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and swayed her hips as she walked towards it. Where should she keep the key, she thought as a smile crossed her face.

She unbelted her jeans and took them off. She then removed her skimpy black silk knickers and smiled. She took a small key ring and attached the key to the safe to the inside of knickers, in the middle at the back. She put her knickers back on and again walked towards the mirror. She smiled to herself as the key snuggled between her bum cheeks. She walked back across the room and the key and her knickers worked their way a little further into her arse. She then put her jeans back on and returned to her office.

Louise was still locked inside. Annie had said that she was going out to lunch, so she might as well go and teach her friend a lesson. She left the house and drove to the restaurant, all the time unable to stop touching her arse to check the key was still there. Her sister Danni was already at the table. As Annie sat down, the key pushed further into her arse and she had to adjust it before she was comfortable.

"Where's Louise?" Danni started as her sister sat down.

"Under lock and key" Annie smiled. "For some unknown reason, she wanted me to lock her in my safe".

Danni smiled, as she knew Louise had certain strange fetishes. "I hope you don't lose the key" Danni smiled as she thought about Louise locked securely in her sister's safe.

"I think I can say the key is in a safe place" Annie smiled, not elaborating further.

"Where is it?" Danni asked.

Annie hesitated for a moment but then stood up and tapped her arse. Danni laughed, "Should be safe enough in there".

"Yes and it feels quite nice" Annie purred, "That poor woman may be there for a while".

Three hours later, the sisters returned to Annie's house. Annie walked into the study, her hips swaying in her jeans as she walked. She tapped the top of the safe and smiled.

"How much longer should I keep her in there?" she said as walked back to her desk and sat down on top of it.

"I guess we'd better check she's still alive" Danni replied.

Annie left the room and reappeared a couple of minutes later with the key. She inserted it into the safe, turned it and pulled open the steel door. Louise climbed out and smiled.

"Wow, that was incredible" she exclaimed as she stretched her cramped muscles. "It's amazing to be totally helpless like that.

Danni looked into the safe. "Do you want to try as well?" Annie joked.

"OK, but only for a moment" Danni replied.

"It doesn't work unless you experience it for at least an hour" Louise smiled as she looked towards Danni.

After a pause, Danni replied, "OK Sis, you'd better put the key back in place".

Annie left the room and returned five minutes later.

She smiled at her sister as she tapped her arse. "OK, the key's in its place, looks like you'd better get into yours".

Danni climbed into the steel box and looked up at her sister as she pushed the door closed. Click, click, she was locked up.

Danni sat in the darkness, terrified at first. What would happen if her sister never let her out? What if she lost the key? Then she found herself thinking about the key and where it lay inside Annie's knickers. She was now totally reliant on her sister, totally at her mercy.

[A Cell for the Night](#)

.... "I sometimes dream that I'm holding someone captive between my legs," she said....Brad almost choked on his beer....this was going to be an interesting night....

After working late one night, Brad and Emma, two colleagues, went to the nearby bar for a drink. Both were in their late twenties and had known each other for a couple of years. Emma was attractive, tall and had something of a reputation as a party girl. Brad was slim, attractive and very popular with the women in the office, a fact he knew and often used to his advantage.

The bar had a 'dungeon' theme as a result of its proximity to the old city gaol. A steel cage was stood on a ledge next to their table.

"Do you ever wish you could imprison someone?" Emma asked innocently.

"No, not really" Brad replied, somewhat taken aback by the question, "do you?"

"Sometimes" she paused "it can feel nice to have complete power over someone".

To keep the conversation going Brad asked, “so how would you imprison this person?”

“Sometimes I daydream that I’m Super Girl or something and can hold someone captive between my legs” Emma replied thoughtfully.

This was not a usual after-work conversation, but Brad continued.

“It sounds a sexual thing then, dominating men and all that”.

“Who said it had to be a man” Emma replied. It was Brad’s turn to feel embarrassed.

“It could be a man though” Emma smiled “if you’re offering”.

Brad was taken aback and unsure whether or not she was being serious. It was a strange offer, that was for sure, but Emma did have a great body and this suggestion could be interesting.

“Are you offering” Brad replied, trying hard to laugh it off.

“It might be fun” she replied, “I’m game if you are”.

The two of them left the bar, Brad very unsure what he had let himself in for.

Emma’s flat was on the top floor of a new development overlooking the river. The rooms were large and plush. Emma led the way to the bedroom. She stood in the centre of the room as she took off each shoe, balancing unsteadily on the other leg as she did so.

She then undid her skirt and wriggled it down over her hips. Brad stood there watching as his fit, attractive colleague undressed before him. It all seemed unreal; exciting and yet at the same time daunting as he thought about what she had suggested they do. She unbuttoned her blouse and threw it down over the back of a nearby chair. She stood there, her tanned body covered in nothing but her black silk knickers and bra.

“Are you sure you want to go through with this” he asked,

“Yes, it’ll be fun” she replied as she searched through her chest of drawers. After some clattering, she found what she had been after and she dropped a tangle of silver chains and padlocks down on the bed.

She took one end of a chain and pulled it from the pile. It seemed to be never-ending. She slipped one of the padlocks through one end and wrapped the chain tightly around her slim waist before locking the chain back on to itself in front of her. She then took the spare end of the chain and passed it down between her legs and back up across her silk covered backside. She pulled the chain tight and relocked it on to the chain behind her back. The chain ensemble was now securely locked around her arse; the keys were nowhere to be seen.

“OK, you’d better take off your clothes” she smiled as she surveyed her soon-to-be captive. He slowly unlaced his shoes and placed them neatly by the side of the chair, followed by his suit and shirt. Once she was satisfied, she walked over to him with another length of chain, which she wrapped quite tightly around his neck and secured with another silver padlock. Using the free end of the chain she pulled him towards the bed.

She lay down on the bed, on her side, with her top leg lifted. He couldn’t take his eyes off her beautiful toned body. She pulled the chain towards her, until his head was between her thighs. The smell of her perfume was overpowering. She took the last padlock and threaded it first through the chain in her crotch and then through the chain locked around his neck. With one click, his fate was sealed.

He lay there, between her thighs, with his face resting up against her black silk knickers. He tried pulling away, but there was little play in the chains that locked him in place.

“Well, I wanted to hold someone totally captive” she purred, “and that is certainly what I’ve got” and with that she lowered her thigh, gripping him firmly around his neck.

She was a toned athletic woman and slim to the eye, but once Emma had closed her legs, Brad felt totally trapped within an inescapable grip, the weight of her thighs weighing heavily on him, preventing any movement. His face pushed into her arse, the soft feel of her knickers engulfing his features.

He tried to pull his face away in order to breathe more easily, but to no avail. The only effect was for Emma to tense her thighs and restrict his breathing further. She pulled the duvet over the two of them and settled down to sleep. Brad, now in total darkness relaxed, knowing that there was no way he could escape the cell that night.

He lay there enjoying the experience of being held captive by this beautiful woman, her thighs wrapped around him and her fantastic arse held against his face. He drifted off to sleep.

Brad woke the next morning as his captor stretched her body, before drifting back to sleep. He tried to call out to see if she was awake, but his voice, muffled by her arse and the duvet was not heard.

How could he have got himself into this position, and how was he going to get out of it without embarrassment. He felt for the chains that held him in place to see if there was any way in which he might get free. There wasn’t, and anyway her thighs still held their vice like grip on his neck.

A little while later Emma woke and squeezed her thighs as if to remember what had happened the night before.

“You still locked up?” she smiled, as she felt her colleague’s body exactly where she had padlocked it the night before.

“Yes, where did you expect me to go?” came the muffled reply.

“Absolutely nowhere” she purred.

Emma pulled off the covers to reveal her muscular friend lying on the bed, with his head hidden beneath her legs. She looked over and saw his face pressed up against her arse.

“You’re lucky I don’t fart” she smiled “you wouldn’t stand a chance”.

“What time is it?” Brad asked, craning his head back in order to be heard.

“Not quite time for your release” Emma replied.

He relaxed and lay back against her arse, strangely turned-on by the power she had over him.

The phone rang and she moved over to answer it, Brad’s head following behind. It was Anna, and she chatted for over half an hour. After she’d hung up, she returned her attention to Brad, who had no choice but to obediently wait for her.

“Oh, I guess I’ll have to let you out” she said, “now where are the keys?”.

She searched around on her bedside table as Brad waited anxiously.

“Oh, they’re still in my jeans pocket” she concluded as she started to inch across the bed.

“We’re going to have to go together, Baby” she smiled as Brad desperately tried to follow to prevent himself being suffocated or straggled. The two moved together like well-trained dancer until Emma reached her jeans and fished out the bunch of keys. The two lay on the floor as Emma searched for the key to release his neck. Once the lock clicked open, she opened her thighs to finally release the prisoner.

Brad climbed to his feet, one chain still locked around his neck, the loose end hanging down. He lay down on the bed and started to smile. Emma sat next to him and smiled with him. She then reached over to her bedside table.

“Let’s play a little game” she smiled.

She pulled out a pair of handcuffs as she looked across at her nervous colleague.

“Just try this” she encouraged, as she reached for his first wrist.

Compared to how he’d spent the night, he thought, this couldn’t be any worst. He complied with Emma’s orders. Before he’d thought further his hands were securely cuffed behind his back. She then took the spare end of the chain that was locked around his neck and padlocked it to the handcuffs.

“Just a little trick” she purred, “that makes it impossible to bring your hands to the front”. He believed her.

“What’s the game?” he asked innocently.

“You’ll see” she smiled as she reached into her underwear drawer and withdrew a pair of white silk knickers that she proceeded to place over his head. His protests went unheard. She then took a pair of her blue jeans, and placed them over his head, on top of the knickers. She then buttoned and belted her jeans until they were tight around his neck and then took the jean legs and tied them around his head. The protests were now muffled.

“Sorry, the jeans aren’t very clean I’m afraid, not that you can do much about it” she giggled.

“Now the game’s simple” she continued, “I’ll leave the keys for the cuffs somewhere on the floor in this apartment, all you have to do is find them and free yourself . . . and get your head out of my dirty jeans” she smiled. “Only problem is that you are blindfolded”. He had already seen the problem.

He started to move around.

“No point starting yet” she said “the keys are currently in my pocket, I’ll only place the keys when I leave for work”

“But I’ll need to leave at the same time” came Brad’s muffled reply.

“You may be a little late” she giggled, “don’t worry I’ll let them know you’re on your way.”

Brad sat back down on the bed; he knew he had no choice.

“See you in the office, Honey” she smiled as she left the house.

Brad immediately started moving around the flat, feeling for the keys. Not knowing the layout, he kept knocking against walls and tripping over furniture. After about an hour, he lay down on the floor to rest. His hands and wrists were aching and his head was increasingly hot and uncomfortable inside her knickers. The silk that had been soft against his face was now clinging to his skin, making it hard to breathe.

It took Brad another hour to find the tiny key that Emma had hidden underneath a table in her lounge. After a few attempts he managed to unlock the cuffs and unbuckle the jeans that had served so effectively as a blindfold. He continued to look around but was could not find the key to the padlock that locked the chain around his neck. He rang Emma’s mobile.

Emma smiled as she heard who was on the line. “Oh yes, I’ve got that key with me” she replied.

“Well how can I come to work with this chain locked around my neck?” he demanded.

“Don’t worry, it won’t show under your shirt and anyway, at least you’ll be ready for tonight”.

Early that afternoon, Brad finally arrived at the office. He had spent the last hour with a small hacksaw trying unsuccessfully to cut the chain that Emma had locked around his neck. As he had discovered, the chain was made out of a very hardened steel, and given its thickness and the difficulty of removing a chain from around your own neck, he had given up and decided to try his luck with Emma instead.

On arriving at the office, Brad was called into a meeting with a number of people including his boss and Emma. Emma was wearing a dark business suit and was watching him as he entered. He walked into the meeting room desperately hoping that no one would notice the chain hidden beneath his shirt.

Apart from having to explain why he hadn’t arrived at work until after two o’clock, the meeting had passed without incident. On the way out, he caught up with Emma.

“Can I have it?” Brad asked, she smiled at him and continued.

“Look I’ve got to give a presentation later this afternoon and I can’t risk someone noticing. Just give me the key and we’re even”, he continued.

“It’ll be a challenge for you”, Emma smiled before walking into the women’s bathroom.

Having managed to survive the afternoon without anyone noticing, Brad arrived at Emma’s flat at 7pm as instructed. Emma had already changed and was wearing tight denim shorts and t-shirt.

“I’m glad you could make it” she smiled as Brad entered the flat. Brad immediately started to look around to see where she might have hidden the key.

“If you want me to release you, then you’d better do as I say”, she instructed, “and I suggest you start by taking off your shirt and trousers. Brad did as he was instructed. Emma walked out on to the balcony and Brad followed.

“Now lie down on the ground, next to the railings”, she commanded. Brad complied. She then squatted over him, as she took the free end of the chain and locked it with another padlock around the bottom bar of the railings.

Once she stood up, he realised that he now couldn’t lift his head more than half an inch off the ground. She stood over him, one foot either side of his head. She leant over the railing and shouted down to someone in the car park below, “Hi Kate, flat 20, the door’s over there”.

“Thought I’d invite a friend over”, Emma smiled as she looked down at the guy beneath her feet.

Brad panicked at the thought of someone else seeing him in this position and started desperately pulling at the chain that held him in place.

“Sorry, don’t think that’ll work, Sweetie”, Emma smiled as she sat down on a nearby chair to watch the sorry sight. “And I believe Kate is in your team at work, isn’t she?” Emma added. “Let’s see if we can’t get her to join our little game, I know you’d like that”.

Brad’s struggling had now reached fever pitch, “Please Emma, I’ll do anything, just please let me go”. Brad knew that Emma was something of a wild party girl, but couldn’t believe that she was going to go this far. The doorbell rang and Emma went to answer it.

“You know Brad, of course,” Emma said as she led Kate out on to the balcony.

After stopping to double check the situation, Kate replied, “yes, but what is he doing down there, chained to the railings?”

“It’s a long story”, Emma replied, “Can I get you a drink?”

Emma returned with two glasses of wine and beckoned for Kate to come and join her. Kate joined her nervously, feeling uneasy about standing so close to where Brad was lying. Kate was wearing a short summery skirt and from where Brad was lying, he could see right up her skirt to her white cotton knickers.

There was a pause in the conversation, both Brad and Kate being too embarrassed to talk. Emma broke the silence, “I’m just going to collect the food for this evening, Kate, can you look after the keys to Brad’s chain”, and with that she handed over a key ring containing two silver keys and left the flat.

“At last”, Brad exclaimed as he reached up towards Kate, “Get me out of here”.

“Not so fast”, Kate replied, deliberately stepping on Brad’s arm with her shoe as she moved away from where he lay chained.

“Why has she chained you up? What have you done?”, Kate asked.

“Nothing, she’s crazy”, Brad protested.

“Why did you let her do this to you then?”, Kate continued. It was a good question and not one that Brad wanted to explain right there.

Kate sat on the edge of a sun-lounger, a few feet away from Brad and watched him nurse his arm where she had stamped on him.

“Please”, he begged, “Emma’s crazy, please let me go”,

She watched him, and started to enjoy the situation. “What’s its worth?”, she smiled.

“Anything”, he replied, “please just get me out of here”.

Kate looked at her colleague’s semi-naked body, who she had fancied for some time, and realised this was too good an opportunity for her to pass up. She left the keys a safe distance away and walked up to Brad and looked down at him. “You’re pretty securely chained up”, Kate observed as she playfully tapped his body with her shoe. Brad had always found Kate attractive; she was in her early twenties and had a fantastic figure. However, he now felt very vulnerable, knowing she had so much power over him.

Kate continued to tease Brad until she heard Emma return. Kate returned to the sun-lounger and picked up the keys that Emma had given her. Emma walked out on to the balcony to once again see Kate watching over their prisoner.

“Glad to see you didn’t let him go”, she observed.

“Maybe this will be a fun evening”. Emma walked over to Brad and sat down on his chest, one thigh either side of his head.

She sat there preparing an elaborate looking gag, which was secured by a chain that went around the back of the head. She started to fit the device to the hapless guy’s head. She then threw a combination padlock over to Kate.

“Set this to a number will you?” she asked. Brad tensed but couldn’t move with his head still pinned between Emma’s thighs. Kate spun the four wheels for a few moments before throwing the lock back to Emma. Emma locked the gag with the padlock before spinning the wheels once again to hide the code.

Emma then released the grip she had on his head and lifted herself up a few inches.

“Turn over”, she ordered. He did as he was instructed. Emma sat back down on his back and started to pull his hands behind his back. She then took a pair of rigid handcuff,

the type that locked with a cylinder lock and very matter-of-factly, locked them tightly around his wrists.

“I’ll do you a swap”, Emma said as she threw the handcuff keys over to where Kate was sitting. Kate threw over the padlock keys in return. Emma then unlocked the padlock attaching Brad to the railings. Emma stood up, stuffed the padlock keys into the back pocket of her shorts and watched as Brad struggled to

his feet, a task that he found difficult with his hands chained behind him.

Emma and Kate went back into the apartment to eat. They sat on the floor and started to eat the picnic food that Emma had bought. Brad sat down next to Emma, looking at her for sympathy. “You have him well trained”, Kate remarked.

“Well there’s not much he can do, handcuffed and gagged like that”, Emma smiled.

“Have you ever used a smother box?” Emma continued. Kate looked blank, as did Brad.

Emma stood up and walked over to a box, which was about three foot high and two-foot square. In the top was cut a hole. Emma moved the box until it was positioned at the end of her sofa. She then lifted the lid and looked over to Brad and beckoned him over with a glance. He didn’t move. “Come here now, or you’ll be going to work in those cuffs tomorrow”, she ordered. He knew he had no choice.

“Lie down on your back on the sofa, with your head here”, she directed. Brad did as he was told. She then lowered the lid, trapping Brad’s head inside. She then took a small padlock and proceeded to lock the box closed.

“Do you want to try?” she asked Kate. Kate walked over to see Brad’s face staring up at her from the top of the box.

“What do I do?”, Kate asked innocently.

“Just sit on his face”, Emma replied in a matter-of-fact way. Kate looked shocked.

“You can’t do that”, Kate replied, as she looked over to Emma who was now sitting on one of the kitchen stools watching her.

“Sure you can”, her host continued. “There’s not much he can do about it”.

Kate felt strangely turned on by the thought of sitting on top of this guy, but felt embarrassed about doing so.

“Give it a go, it’ll be fun, for both of you”.

About a few moments thought, Kate asked innocently, “Where do I sit?”.

“Right on top of his face”, Emma smiled. Kate pulled up her skirt and turned to sit down.

Very slowly she lowered herself down onto Brad’s face. Initially, she rested most of her weight on her hands, but as she became used to the feeling she took her hands away and rested her whole weight on to Brad’s face. The feeling of Brad’s nose pressing into her arse was strange but not unpleasant. She felt turned on as she wriggled around a little and thought about how it must be for him, crushed beneath her. “Doesn’t that feel good to have a guy under your arse?” Emma asked.

Brad had been helpless to stop any of this happening. He could see what Emma was trying to do. Kate was a young and innocent woman, but Emma knew that with a little encouragement, Kate would gladly help torment him. Brad could do nothing but watch as Kate lowered her pert knicker cover arse down on to his face. At first she had only rested it lightly on him and he had quite enjoyed the close up view and feel of her beautiful backside. However, as she had become more confident, she had started to rest her whole

weight on him and he was now very much engulfed by her knickers and was finding it hard to breathe.

“I’m proud of you” Emma smiled as she walked over to where Kate was sitting. Kate’s skirt splayed out around her and her tanned legs hung down the front of the box. Brad was starting to kick his legs around.

“He’s probably having trouble breathing” Emma observed. Kate immediately went to move. Emma stopped her. “You’re the boss, he’ll breathe only when you let him. Keep him in there for a while”. Kate smiled, and let her full weight rest back down on the hapless guy.

A few seconds later Kate stood up and watched as Brad fought to regain his breath. She walked over to the table took some more wine.

“Don’t you want to try?” she asked Emma.

“OK, although I’d better take my shorts off, they’re so tight, they’d probably break his nose” she laughed.

Emma stripped down to her black silk knickers and walked over to the box. Emma had a terrific figure and Brad watched as she towered above him. “Take a deep breath” she smiled as she turned around and sat down on his face. It took her a couple of seconds of twisting to ensure she was properly in place.

Kate came over to join Emma and the two sat there drinking wine and talking.

“I love this part” Emma smiled as she, without moving, broke wind. Brad struggled desperately, but his head remained firmly encased beneath the woman’s arse.

After half an hour, the two women swapped positions and Kate resumed her position on top of Brad. Every few minutes, she would lift herself slightly to allow

Brad to breathe and then, within a second or two, would reapply her weight. They stayed this way for well over an hour. By this time, the women had had plenty to drink.

Emma explained how Brad had spent the previous night chained between her thighs.

“Chained and padlocked to my crotch”, Emma explained.

“Maybe you’ll like to try tonight?” Kate knew that she had beautiful legs, long and tanned and in her drunken state, felt excited about the prospect of have Brad chained between them.

“We’d better finally let him of there then”, Emma observed. Kate reluctantly complied and stood up to reveal a red-faced guy struggling for breath beneath her. Emma took a key from her pocket and unlocked the padlock securing the box. They opened the box and helped Brad to his knees.

“Do you have the number for the combination lock?” Emma asked.

Kate smiled and crouched down to look Brad in the eyes. “I’m the only person who knows the combination to unlock you from that gag. What’s it’s worth to let you speak again?” Brad looked pleadingly into her dark brown eyes, he knew there was nothing he could do to avoid a second night incarcerated between a woman’s thighs. Kate walked over to refill her glass, swaying her hips as she went. She was enjoying the power she had over Brad.

When she returned, she pulled him on to his front and sat down on his back. She spun the wheels to unlock the padlock and removed the gag. Brad’s mouth was very stiff and it took him a while to get his jaw moving again.

“Please can you unlock these cuffs” was the first thing he asked, they are killing me. Emma look down and saw that they had indeed cut deeply into his wrists.

“Only once your head is secured” she smiled.

Emma and Kate led Brad by his neck chain into Emma's spare room. Emma helped Kate lock the chain around her waist. She then took the free end and passed it down her backside, between her legs and relocked it to the waist chain at the front.

"Now all we need to do is to attach you to each other" Emma smiled. Kate lay on her side on the bed with one leg raised as Emma pulled Brad over to the bed and

locked his neck chain directly to the chain that nestled between Kate's legs. Everything was tight, everything was secure. Emma then took a key from her pocket and unlocked Brad's wrists.

Brad immediately tried to pull away, but there was no slack in the chains. To make thing worse, Kate lowered her top leg and gripped his neck tightly, so that his face became pinned to her knicker-clad backside. Brad moved his hands up and down her legs initially looking for an escape, but then to enjoy the feeling of his new confinement.

"Well, I'll leave you two to have some fun", Emma smiled, clearly pleased with what she'd achieved. She pocketed the keys and left the room. She sat on the sofa and watched the end of the late night film. She felt the keys in the front pocket of her denim shorts. Neither of them would be going anywhere without those.

Kate woke the next morning and stretched out. As she tensed her legs she felt Brad's head exactly where she had left it the night before. She threw back the duvet and saw his head still securely chained between her thighs. "Good morning" she said.

Brad had slept reasonable well, considering the circumstances, he was starting to become used to this predicament. He had enjoyed the chance to be so close to this beautiful woman, although now he was feeling somewhat hot and he ached from lying in the same position all night. "Morning" he replied as best he could, his voice muffled by her knicker-clad arse. Kate stretched out again, enjoying this new feeling.

"Can we get some food?" Brad asked, a fair question as the women had not given him anything to eat the night before.

"Sure" Kate agreed as she looked around for the keys to the padlocks that bound them together. After a moment she remembered, "Emma has the keys, we'll have to wait for her to wake".

Emma lay awake in the room next door listening to their conversation. The keys were still in the pocket of her denim shorts, but she felt excited knowing they were chained up next door and decided that they should stay that way for a few minutes more.

Half an hour later, Emma walked into their room wearing jeans and a t-shirt. She sat down on the bed next to them and started to inspect the chains. "Good morning, I see he didn't manage to escape in the night" she smiled at Kate. Brad smiled ironically how on earth could he have escaped with his head chained and padlocked so tightly to Kate's crotch. Emma then took the rigid handcuffs and relocked Brad's wrists behind his back. Brad barely resisted, he knew that he wouldn't be released from Kate's arse until Emma had locked him once again locked in her cuffs.

After a few more minutes of chat, Emma took the keys from her pocket and unlocked all the padlocks, except for the one that locked the chain around Brad's neck. She left that securely locked, the way it had been for almost 36 hours. Kate pulled on her skirt and top and followed Emma into the kitchen, leading Brad by the chain around his neck as she did so.

Emma had two unusual, arty looking stools in her kitchen. Each was supported by a metal bar that divided into two in the middle, forming a circle about half way up. Emma lifted the first stool, which came apart in the middle, thus opening the metal circle. Brad could see what was coming next. At Emma's instruction, he knelt down and rested his head in the bottom half of the circle. Emma then replaced the top part of the stool thus closing the circle around his neck. The circle was not too tight, but tight enough to stop Brad pulling his head out without first lifting the stool. Brad knew that any chance of that happening had gone as Emma sat down on the stool above him.

The women sat on the stools and started drinking coffee. Brad struggled against the cuffs, not with a view to escaping, but to remind them he was still there. Emma took the hint and took a piece of toast and reached down between her legs and started to feed the hapless guy. Once he had finished the piece of toast, Emma crossed her legs and the two women continued to talk, as if oblivious to their prisoner trapped beneath them.

It was Saturday morning. "I hope you can hang around for a while" Emma asked, "I thought that maybe we could have some more fun with Brad". "I've advertised for a flat mate for my spare room and I have about ten of them coming round for interview today". Kate smiled, "what have you got in mind?".

Emma stood up and went over to the other side of the room. As soon as Emma had stood up Kate caught Brad's eye and smiled. "Not a chance" she purred as she quickly changed stools and sat down above Brad, who was once again trapped. Emma looked down between her thighs and tapped Brad on the mouth with her bare foot. Although Brad was stronger than the woman who sat above him, the cuffs and the stool meant that Brad was completely at this woman's mercy.

Meanwhile, Emma had opened the lid of the wooden trunk that stood in the corner of her lounge. Kate released Brad from the stool and with a tug on the chain around his neck, led him over to where Emma was standing. "OK honey, lie down inside the box" Emma demanded. After another tug on the chain, Brad complied.

The trunk was not large and Brad had difficulty climbing inside. With the help of the women he finally managed it and they closed the lid, shutting him inside. The lid almost closed, but Emma had to push it to get it to close the last half an inch. As she did this, Brad cried out in pain.

"A perfect fit, but we'll have to do something about the noise" Emma smiled to Kate.

Kate reopened the trunk as Emma returned with the gag that the women had used on him the day before. "Open wide" Emma encouraged as she buckled the gag around Brad's head. Kate once again spun the wheels on the padlock to choose a new combination and walked around to the back of the box to padlock the gag in place.

"Now here's the plan," Emma explained. "You'll lie down inside the trunk and then when each of the applicants comes for interview we'll make them sit on the box, trapping you inside". The two women laughed as Brad closed his eyes in resignation. "And if you call out or attract their attention, then I'll lock you up with every restraint I have and destroy the keys", Emma's was very convincing.

The doorbell went and Brad could hear voices enter the room. "Nicole, please take a seat", Emma invited. Brad could only make out Nicole's blue jeans through the crack where the box was slightly ajar. He saw the well-fitting jeans walk towards him before they turned and sat down on top of him. It all went dark, as Nicole's weight closed the box with a thud. Brad became even more confined and held even more rigidly in place. He tried to move, but the lid was securely held in place. Although Nicole, at least from

the limited view he had had, seemed slim, her weight on top of the box trapped him helplessly inside, unable to move a muscle.

Nicole sat there talking to Emma and Kate, totally unaware that she was effectively imprisoning and torturing the guy trapped beneath her. Nicole was a very attractive, gym instructor and looked stunning sitting on the trunk wearing jeans and a white top, her toned legs crossed in front of her. After half an hour, many questions and a couple of photos of the prospective flatmate, Emma showed Nicole to the door.

Brad had been in agony, totally unable to move to stop the pain in his shoulders. Once Nicole had stood up he could at last move to relieve the pain. However, this was short-lived as he heard Emma invite Victoria into the room.

From what he could hear, Victoria was a corporate lawyer, and from what he could see, she was very well dressed in a short-skirted business suit. He saw her stocking covered legs walk towards him until once again, she turned and sat down on the box. This time, trapped by Victoria he lay silently in his cell, thinking of his captors stocking covered arse less than an inch from his face.

By midday, Brad had been imprisoned by ten women, each of whom had sat on the trunk, crushing him inside. Lawyers, fashion designers, secretaries and PAs were among the women who had held him captive. The final applicant to arrive was Sarah, a beautiful, bubbly woman in her early twenties. She entered the lounge wearing blue stonewashed jeans and white t-shirt. She sat down on the box quite hard and Brad had to try hard not to cry out in pain. The interview, however, went well and Emma, after having consulted with Kate, decided to give her the room.

“These are the keys,” Emma said as she took the deposit cheque from Sarah.

“Thanks” she replied as she stuffed them into her jeans pocket without even looking at them. After a celebratory glass of wine, Sarah left the flat. Emma and Kate returned to the room laughing, they both walked over to the box and sat down on top. “So how does it feel to be dominated by a dozen women in one morning” Emma asked. There was of course no intelligible reply.

They opened the box and looked down at Brad and his heavily bruised shoulders.

“So that’s what someone looks like after they’ve been sat on by ten women” Kate smiled. “And there were some very attractive women too” she continued as she showed Brad the photos they had taken of each.

Kate unlocked the padlock and removed the gag. Brad looked up into Emma’s brown eyes, “I can’t take any more, please unlock me” he pleaded as he struggled against his cuffs.

“Sorry Honey, not yet”, Emma smiled. “After lunch maybe”. Emma led Brad back on to the balcony and rechaind him to the bottom bar of the railings. She gave the key to that padlock to Kate, who tucked it into her pocket. Emma then unlocked the handcuffs from his wrists. “A tout a l’heure” she smiled to Brad. “Oh and by the way, I gave the key to the padlock around your neck to Sarah my new flatmate. But don’t worry, she moves in next week, so you can soon start persuading her to unchain you”. And with that, the two friends left for lunch.

Three hours later, Brad heard the front door open and the two women enter the flat. They had obviously had a few drinks and were giggling loudly. They came out on

to the balcony and sat down on a sun lounger next to the chained up guy.

“We’re going to try for a new record” Kate smiled “we’re going to chain you up between our thighs for a record 36 hours, non-stop”. “Only thing is which one of us shall we chain you to first” Emma continued.

Emma took out a coin and smiled towards Kate; this was obviously something they had rehearsed together. “Heads its me, tails its Kate” Emma smiled as she tossed the coin into the air. Emma looked down and smiled, “yes its me” she said.

An hour later, Emma reappeared from the shower wearing black silk knickers and bra. Brad had also been allowed to shower, a task that he had found difficult, as the women had refused to unlock his handcuff while he washed. This time Kate took charge. Emma and Brad followed her into Emma’s bedroom and watched as she took out the chains and padlocks. Slowly and carefully, she locked a chain around Emma’s waist and padlocked it tightly in place. She then took the free end and passed it between her friend’s legs and padlocked it back on to the chain around her waist.

Emma started to check the chains to see how tightly Kate had locked them. “They’re certainly tight” she commented as she tried to adjust the chain that ran up her backside. Kate smiled, she certainly intended to make this secure.

Emma lay down on the bed on her side and raised her top leg. Kate pulled Brad by his chain until his head was in place between Emma’s thighs. “This is it” Kate smiled as she threaded a padlock through Brad’s neck chain and the chain in Emma’s crotch and clicked it shut. The two were now attached, with Brad’s face resting against Emma’s arse. “Just to make it even tightly, I’m just going to add a few extra restraint” Kate smiled. This part had not been discussed over lunch.

She took another chain and locked one end to the chain around Brad’s neck. She then wrapped the chain tightly around both of Emma’s thighs and locked it back on to the neck chain. This had the effect of preventing Emma from opening her legs and releasing her grip on Brad’s neck.

She then took a leather head harness and started to buckle the straps tightly around Brad’s head. Once she was happy that it was tight, she took out some small padlocks and locked each buckle. With Emma lying on her front, Kate used her knee to push Brad’s face deeper into Emma’s arse. Kate then took a padlock and locked the metal ring on the top of the harness to the crotch chain half way up Emma’s arse.

She then padlocked a chain to the ring on one side of the harness, wrapped it around to the front of Emma’s thighs and locked it to the front of the crotch chain. She then brought the chain back and locked it to the other side of the harness. In this way, the chains held Brad’s head tightly into Emma’s arse. He couldn’t pull away or turn his head; he was totally locked in place. Brad tried to move, but there was absolutely no play in the chains.

Kate stood back to admire her work. “Perfect she smiled, you’ll not be getting out of that”. Emma could feel Brad’s face pushing against her arse. “OK, that is really cruel” Emma smiled at Kate. “Even crueler if you fart” Kate observed.

Kate then took a key from her pocket and unlocked the cuffs that had by now cut deeply into Brad’s wrists. “OK, its 6 o’clock, you’ll now stay chained together like that until tomorrow, when it’ll be my arse chained to your face” she smiled as she turned and tapped her bum.

Kate was feeling much more self-assured than she had felt when she arrived on Friday. She looked stunningly attractive as she stood there wearing her short skirt and

top, with the only keys to the padlocks chaining her colleagues together attached to the inside of her knickers by a small key ring. "Now just to ensure you don't give up too early, I'm going out for the night and of course taking the keys with me. I've removed your phones and house keys and I'm going to dead lock the front door on the way out. So you've nothing to do except enjoy yourselves". Kate blew a kiss to Brad as she left the room, swinging her hips. Brad and Emma heard the door being closed and locked and then nothing but silence.

"This is it honey, you and me chained together for a day and a half. No escape" Emma smiled as she tensed her legs and started to stretch out on the bed. Brad was also enjoying the feeling. Emma had a fantastic figure and incredible pert bum, to which his face was locked. Her black silk knickers felt warm and soft against his face. He ran his hands up and down over Emma's hips, feeling her warm tanned skin. It was a warm summer evening and the two of them just lay on the bed listening to the music.

Kate had left the flat and had walked back towards the beach. As she walked she could feel the keys inside her knickers and thought of Emma and Brad chained up together at the flat. She arrived at the bar overlooking the beach and went over to join her friends. She ordered a glass of wine and sat down on one of the metal chairs on the balcony. She had to wriggle around for a moment, to find a position where the keys didn't dig into her bum. Once comfortable, she started chatting with her friends, forgetting all about her captives and the night that they would be spending together.

Emma and Brad had also started talking to pass the time. It was a strange conversation where neither of them could see the other. Brad's voice was muffled, as he had to speak into Emma's knickers. After a while, the conversation stopped and Emma reached for the remote control for the television.

"Sorry babe, looks like you'll miss the film" Emma smiled as she pulled a sheet over them both and settled down to watch the evening movie. Brad listened for a while, but then fell asleep with his face buried in her arse.

He woke the next morning with his face exactly where it had been the night before. He tried to lift his head, as if he was lying on a pillow, but to no avail. He relaxed again, his face sinking further into her knickers.

"Good morning" Emma smiled as she gave him a gentle squeeze with her thighs. She wriggled her arse, feeling his face respond to every movement. She ran her fingers along her panty line, feeling turned on by her own arse and fact that someone else's face was buried in it.

"What time is Kate returning?" Brad asked.

"Soon" Emma replied still stretching out on the bed.

Brad ran his hands along the thick chain that encircled Emma's slim waist. He felt the padlock that held it in place and gave it a tug as if to see if he could open it with his bare hands. He then felt the chain that came from the front and disappeared between her legs and attached on to the chain locked around his neck. This chain was again tight and he could barely pass a finger beneath it. Emma was clearly enjoying the tightness as she stretched out and wriggled around on the bed.

After passing through her crotch, this chain ran up her backside and reattached to the waist chain. The tension in this chain meant that it pulled Emma's knickers into her backside a little. Brad's face pushed the silk knickers even further into her arse, attached as it was by the chain around his neck and the harness locked around his neck. Brad felt

the harness to see if there was any chance of squeezing his head out. He soon found that there was no chance, Kate having buckled it so tightly in place.

Brad lay there and remembered all the times in the office where he cast a glance at Emma arse as she had walked past him. Often she would wear a black or beige trouser suit, or sometimes a tightly fitting skirt. Perhaps this was poetic justice for his earlier thoughts.

As they lay there, Brad heard a key in the front door, the door opened and Kate entered wearing blue stonewashed jeans and top. She walked over to the bed and smiled at Emma.

“How you doing Girl?” Kate asked. “Good” Emma replied, “really good”. Kate turned to Brad and started to stroke his muscular back. Brad pushed on Emma’s hips to try and look around, but it was as if he had been superglued to her arse.

“Only eighteen hours to go” Kate smiled as she watched him struggle against his bonds. “However, maybe the second half of this challenge should be a little more challenging”. Brad stopped struggling as he held more restraints being emptied on to the floor.

Kate took the rigid cuffs and relocked them around Brad’s wrists. She then took a pair of rigid feet cuffs and did the same to his ankles. She then pulled her jeans down over her hips to reveal white cotton underwear. She took the keys from her jeans pocket and unlocked the padlock that secured the chain around Emma’s waist. Emma then wriggled out of the restraints, finally releasing Brad’s head from her arse.

The women changed place and Kate jumped on to the bed and started putting her legs into the chains. In less than five minutes, the restraints were securely locked around Kate’s waist and adjusted so that once again Brad’s face was buried.

Brad had not made much of his chance to escape. The women had taken all precautions, manacled him hand and foot. The feel of Kate’s cotton knickers was different to Emma’s silk knickers that he had had to endure the night before, less slippery, but less clingy. Also, Kate had a slightly fuller figure and Brad found himself even more engulfed than before. The perfume was also different, but otherwise his predicament the same.

Having secured the two, Emma stood back to admire her work.

“Maybe just one more thing” she said as she padlocked Brad’s handcuffs to his feet cuffs.

“Thought our previous position was a little easy for you, so maybe being hog-tied with handcuffs will help spice things up”.

Brad, being unhappy with the additional restraints, started to try and wriggle free. Emma laughed,

“Those are maximum security cuffs, that’s not going to work, baby”. Brad relaxed, his face resting deeply in Kate’s arse, where it stayed as he drifted back off to sleep.

Brad stayed that way, drifting in and out of sleep until early Monday morning. He knew there was no way he was going to get free from between Kate’s thighs and so resigned himself to his fate. At six o’clock as promised, Emma released them from the chains and

manacles that bound them together.

Brad was now totally free except for the chain padlocked around his neck. Emma watched as Brad pulled hopelessly on the chain.

“Sarah, my new flat mate has the only key to that chain” she smiled as she collected up the other restraints. “But she arrives tonight, why don’t you come round and say Hi”.

Brad arrived at Emma’s house at 7pm. “Sarah’s not here right” Emma said, “but why don’t you come in and wait”. He followed her into her lounge where Kate was also waiting. “Do you think he’s ready for this?” Kate asked. “Ready for what?” Brad questioned nervously.

Kate then took hold of the chain padlocked around Brad’s neck and led him into the bedroom. On the bed was a metal device hinged in the middle. At first Brad couldn’t tell what it was. “This is serious stuff” Emma said as she inspected the device. The device was made of solid metal with a padded black leather lining. “This thing closes up like a clamshell,” Emma explained. “Anything inside it at the time stays inside” she purred.

Kate then took off her skirt and wearing only her knickers and t-shirt and lay on the bed with her waist and thighs inside one half of the metal device. “This has been made especially for you” Emma explained, “the fit should be perfect. Emma took Brad’s neck chain and pulled him over to the device. He could now see what was coming but knew he had no choice if he wanted to one day get rid of the chain around his neck. As directed he lay on the bed with his face up against Kate’s bum.

“This is how you breathe,” Emma explained as she positioned a small plastic tube in his mouth. “But that is your only luxury” Kate continued as she reached behind her to position his face squarely against her arse.

“Ready?” Emma asked before lifting the other side of the clamshell and lowering it down on top of them. The lid closed part of the way before stopping. “Maybe your arse is too big Katy?” Emma joked as she climbed on to the bed and sat down on top of the lid. With Emma sat on top, the lid closed just enough for her to connect the ratchet to the other side of the shell. Emma then turned the ratchet to slowly jack the lid closed.

“We’re there!” Emma smiled turning the ratchet for the last time. “Now to lock you in.” She inserted a key into a keyhole in the side of the device and turned it twice. She also closed a hasp that covered the keyhole and locked it in place with a padlock. “That’s it you’re locked in” Emma smiled as she climbed off the bed.

The clam tightly gripped Kate’s waist at the top and tightly enclosed her thighs and Brad’s neck at the bottom. It literally made an airtight seal enclosing Kate’s arse and Brad’s head. “How does it feel?” Emma asked as she ran her fingers around the edges of the device looking for any gaps. “Its tight” Kate replied, “his face feels as though its been pushed quite a way into my butt”. Emma smiled as she played with the keys in her hands.

Inside Brad could hear and see nothing. His face was totally engulfed inside the woman’s backside although he couldn’t smell anything as his nose was totally sealed between her cheeks. With no way to hear or see he had no idea of time and he felt strangely calm.

Emma help Kate turn on to her side and passed her some books to read. “How long shall I leave you?” Emma asked. “A couple of hours” Kate replied as she again smiled to herself. Emma tucked the keys into the front of her jeans and left the bedroom, locking the door as she left.

Outside she saw Sarah, “Do you want to go for a drink?” Emma asked. The two then left the flat, deadlocking the front door as they left,

Galley Slave

.....three women, a motor cruiser and steel restraints.....what happens next?.....

The two women lay there on the bed listening to the boat rock gently against the quay. Kate was in her mid-twenties, an attractive brunette with a great figure. Nicole was the same age, tall and slim with long blonde hair that, at this time in the morning, lay unkemptly over the bed. Both girls lay in their underwear, recovering from the night before.

Nicole stood up and walked across to the galley. She had inherited a fortune and had bought the motor cruiser a year earlier. She drank a glass of chilled water and returned to the bed. Kate was stretched out on the bed, her hands holding on to the bars of the wrought iron headboard.

"I think I need to be restrained," Kate purred as she grabbed hold of the metal bars. "Can you tie me up again?" she asked, her eyes closed but sensing Nicole's return.

Nicole smiled. "Maybe, if you do as I say".

"Anything," Kate replied.

Nicole went to the cupboard and pulled out a bunch of chains that rattled as she walked back towards the bed.

Kate looked up. "Chains? We haven't done that before!"

"I know," Nicole smiled. "Chains are better, they're totally inescapable." Kate sat up a little nervously as Nicole dropped them on the bed beside her.

Nicole took the first chain and wrapped it around Kate's waist. She pulled the chain tight and padlocked it at the front.

"That's not going to stop me moving around," Kate said, sounding almost disappointed. Nicole smiled as Kate noticed the single cuffs attached to each side of the chain around her waist.

Without saying a word, Nicole took each of her friend's wrists in turn and locked them in the cuffs. She closed each slowly, listening to the clicking of the ratchets as each was pushed home. Kate was starting to see the point as she found she was unable to move her wrists from each side of her waist. Nicole then took a pair of heavy looking leg cuffs and proceeded to manacle her friend's ankles together. "Right, that should do for now," she smiled as she pulled on a pair of short denim shorts and white T-shirt. "I'll be on deck," she smiled as she put the keys to the restraints into the back pocket on her shorts and walked outside.

Kate lay back down on the bed and started to explore her new restraints. She felt turned on as she wriggled around on the bed, but as she couldn't move her arms, she was limited in what enjoyment she could have. Half an hour passed and Nicole was still on deck. With the initial excitement having worn off, Kate struggled to her feet and hobbled as best she could out on to the deck.

Nicole was sitting reading a book when she heard Kate's chains clatter on to the deck.

"Hey, people might see you all chained up!" she said as she jumped to her feet. She ran inside and reappeared with another chain and two padlocks. She locked one end of the chain around Kate's neck and pulled on the other end until she could padlock it to

bottom bar of the railing. Kate was now forced to kneel on the deck, as the chain wasn't long enough for her to stand. "That's better," Nicole smiled. "No-one will see you down there."

Nicole sat back down on the bench right next to where her friend was kneeling. She playfully stroked Kate's hair as she continued to read. In return, Kate playfully kissed Nicole's knee. Nicole stopped reading and watched her friend.

"Kiss me there," she said as she pointed to her other knee. Kate duly kissed it. Nicole edged forward on the bench and touched the inside of her thigh. "And there!" she ordered. Nicole felt turned on as she made the chained up brunette work her way up the inside of her thigh and right up to her crotch. When the girl's head was right between her thighs, she playfully squeezed her legs together, locking her head in place.

When she released her grip, Kate looked up. She pulled at her wrists but was unable to move them from her side. She felt very frustrated. "These things looked harmless enough," she complained, "but now I can't move my hands at all. Please can you let me out?" she pleaded as her eyes fixed on to her friend's tanned legs.

"You don't really want me to let you go do you?" Nicole smiled as she stood up and went over to unlock the padlock that attached her friend to the railing. Kate watched her friend arse as she walked over to the railing and stayed silent.

Nicole's mobile phone rang. She padlocked the other end of the chain that was locked around Kate's neck to one of the belt hoops on her denim shorts and answered the call. As she talked, she walked back into the cabin, pulling Kate with her as she went. As she walked she could feel her friend pulling on her shorts. It was just like taking the dog for a walk. She strolled inside and sat down on the sofa.

Kate was towed behind in a stooped position, as the chain that connected her neck to Nicole's shorts was not long enough for her to stand upright. She almost stumbled as she struggled to walk in the cuffs that Nicole had locked to her ankles. She once again knelt down on the floor by her friend. She felt like a slave, manacled and chained to her mistress. She knew the keys to her restraints were in Nicole's pocket, but she hadn't a hope of reaching them. She would have to obey the blonde's orders.

Once she had finished the call, Nicole walked over to the galley to prepare some food. Once again Kate followed behind. Kate sat on the floor behind her 'owner' and looked up at her tight denim shorts that fitted her arse so perfectly, although the keys were far out of reach.

Nicole then led her back and sat her down on the sofa. Nicole sat astride her friend, sitting on her lap and started to feed her. "Open wide," Nicole smiled. "There's no way you can feed yourself".

Kate complied. She felt a strange pleasure in knowing that she was entirely helpless and totally in the control of her beautiful friend.

"OK, I'm going to go into town," Nicole announced.

"Can I come too?" Kate asked, knowing what the answer was before she'd even asked.

Nicole stood up and led Kate to the front of the boat, to the ship's hold. Kate could see what was happening and was nervous. "You're not going to lock me in there are you?" she asked.

"Certainly am," her friend replied. Kate felt nervous but also excited as Nicole lifted the heavy metal hatch to reveal the small dark space below.

"Inside!" Nicole demanded. Kate sat on the edge and lowered herself inside.

There was just enough room for one person to sit with their knees by their ears. Nicole then unpadlocked the chain attached to her shorts and reached down and re-locked it to the chain that locked her friend's feet together. Nicole smiled; she knew that her friend could now not even stand, with her neck locked tightly to her ankles.

The blonde then lowered the heavy door enclosing the brunette inside. She slipped another padlock through the clasp on the door and snapped it closed. She then sat down on top of the opening as she threaded all of the keys on to her key ring and put them into the back pocket of her shorts.

Inside all was pitch black. Kate tried to wriggle but the cuffs held her firmly in place. She could hear Nicole walking around above her. She knew that there was absolutely no chance of escape.

Kate was still sitting in her cell. She had no idea how long she'd been locked in there, as she had drifted in and out of sleep. She felt a strange sense of calm knowing that there was nothing she could do until the blonde returned with the keys. She sat there, still wearing only her underwear from the night before.

She then heard voices above her and the engine start to rev. She felt the boat rock as it moved out into the open sea. Whoever was driving the boat had no intention of releasing her as she continued to wait in her confinement.

The boat finally stopped and she heard the anchor being lowered. The voices then came closer and opened the door to her cell. Kate winced as the light hit her eyes. "Come on prisoner," Nicole said, "Time for your release".

Nicole unlocked the chain around Kate's neck and helped her out of the hold. She then unlocked her feet cuffs just long enough for Kate to change her black silk knickers for a pair of her bikini bottoms. Nicole then securely re-chained her ankles. Nicole replaced Kate's bra with her bikini top. Her hands remained chained throughout.

"Thought you and I would spend a couple of nights on a deserted island" Nicole purred as Kate struggled to her feet. "Dania here will come and pick us up in two days time."

Dania, a stunning brunette wearing jeans and a T-shirt just smiled.

Nicole changed into a bikini and helped Kate, who was still wearing her wrist and ankle restraints, into the small tender. Dania then joined them and started to row the short distance to the sandy shore. The deserted island was no more than a sand bar, half a mile long, a few hundred meters wide with a little vegetation in the middle.

Nicole and Dania helped Kate ashore and brought two bags of food and drink, a tent and sleeping mats.

"We won't be needing these," Nicole smiled, as she unattached a bunch of keys from her bikini and handed them to Dania, who smiled and put them into her jeans pocket.

"Those are the keys to these restraints aren't they?" Kate said, with a certain resignation in her voice.

"Certainly are," Nicole smiled, "but anyway I thought you liked being held in restraints?"

Dania rowed back to the yacht and started the engines. The two women sat there on the beach watching the boat disappear over the horizon.

"How am I going to get out of these chains?" Kate asked, pulling at the restraints that had held her captive for the last twelve hours.

"You're not," Nicole smiled, "the only keys are those in Dania's pocket".

Nicole stood up and walked a few meters into the sea, her bikini bottoms riding up her arse as she walked. She walked further and started to swim. Kate stood up and tried to walk, but the shackles on her ankles prevented anything more than a shuffle. She sat back down and watched her friend return from the water.

Nicole pushed the brunette on the shoulder until she fell backwards on to the sand. The blonde then stood over her friend with one foot either side of her head and laughed as drops of water dripped off her body and on to the brunette's face. Nicole then squatted down to sit on Kate's chest.

"You really are helpless now, aren't you? I can do whatever I want to you." Nicole smiled as she slipped her wet body forward until she was sitting on her friend's neck with one thigh either side of her head. "Kiss me here" she said as she pointed to the inside of her thigh.

After Nicole had prepared a meal and fed both herself and Kate, she took out the sleeping mats and Kate lay down on her front. The blonde smiled as she saw the brunette's cute arse. She moved over and kissed the brunette's arse, making Kate jump.

Nicole sat astride her back to stop her moving and kissed her arse again.

"Hey what are you doing?" Kate asked.

"Relax," Nicole replied. "Just enjoy."

The two women were on the beach watching the sun go down. Kate lay on the sand still wearing her black bikini. Her feet were chained together and her wrists locked to her side by cuffs attached to the chain that was padlocked around her waist. The brunette lay there helplessly talking to her friend.

Nicole sat next to her, her long blonde hair reaching down past her tanned shoulders. She was wearing a white bikini, which hugged her slim figure. Although she was the one who had chained up the brunette, the keys were now far away in the possession of their friend Dania. The two women were now alone on the deserted island with no one to rescue them until tomorrow.

Nicole was sitting on the sand just above Kate's head. She was leaning forward, resting on her knees looking down at Kate between her legs. She slowly ran her fingers around Kate's neck.

"You look so beautiful in chains," she purred as she tickled Kate and watched her wriggle to try and stop the tickling sensation.

Kate tried to wriggle the waist chain down over her hips. "There must be some way out of these she replied as she lifted her arse off the sand and tried to ease the chain down towards her feet.

"No, there's no way out" Nicole smiled, "We could be on this island for a year and you'd never get free". Kate stopped wriggling and looked up at her friend. She knew she was right.

Nicole stretched out her legs so that Kate's head was between her thighs and her legs ran down either of Kate's body.

"Rest your head here" Nicole purred as she pointed to her right thigh. Kate moved herself up so that her head rested on her friend's thigh and looked up into her friend's eyes.

"What are you going to do with me?" she whispered.

“Whatever you want,” Nicole replied.

Nicole then took a scarf and passed it underneath her right thigh. She then brought up the ends around Kate’s neck and proceeded to loosely tie them together at the top.

“Hey, you’re tying me to your thigh?” Kate smiled as Nicole tightened the knot at the top.

“Try and get out of that” Nicole smiled as she sat back and watched Kate struggle. Kate did however manage to slide her head and the scarf down towards Nicole’s knee.

Nicole immediately took another scarf and tied in around her own waist and then tied the spare ends to the first scarf making sure that it was first pulled up her thigh as far as it would go. “OK Houdini, now try and get free from that”. Kate twisted around for a minute before she relaxed, knowing there was no way her head and Nicole’s thigh could be parted.

Nicole then lifted her left leg over Kate and rolled on to her right side. This had the effect of positioning Kate’s face deep in Nicole’s crotch, right against the front of her bikini.

“How convenient” Nicole smiled as she watched Kate realize her predicament. Kate struggled to no avail.

“No way out” Nicole giggled as she lowered her left leg enclosing Kate’s head between her thighs. For good measure, she took a third scarf and passed it around both of her thighs before tying it off tightly. Nicole pulled a cover over the two of them and smiled as she looked up to the night sky and enjoyed the moment.

They woke the next morning still in the same position. Nicole untied the scarves and stood up and stretched. She kissed Kate on the cheek before running into the sea for a swim. Kate watched Nicole as she ran. Sand had stuck to her pert arse and her tight white bikini rode up between her cheeks as she moved. Kate then struggled to her feet and slowly followed her friend to the water, the chain connecting her feet leaving a strange pattern on the sand as she went.

They both sat in the shallow water watching the waves break on the reef further out to sea. Nicole was eating the fruit they had bought with them.

“Are you hungry” she smiled to Kate holding out a peach.

Kate gestured to her chained hands. “You still have me in shackles” she purred.

“Of course” Nicole smiled as she sat down on Kate’s lap with one leg either side and started to feed her friend.

“What if Dania never comes back” Nicole smiled as she kissed Kate on the cheek. “We’d have to live like this forever”.

“She will” Kate replied, “and then it will definitely be your turn”.

“I know” her friend smiled, “that’s why I’ve got to make the most of this.”

Nicole pushed Kate backwards on the sand and slid forward so that her arse was right above Kate’s face, literally millimeters above.

“What’s it worth for me not to sit right down on top of your face?” Nicole purred.

Kate looked at the white stretched fabric of Nicole’s bikini bottoms against her tanned skin. She could probably wriggle to the side but she knew that Nicole would soon catch up with her and then drop like a rock on to her face.

“I’ll do you a deal” Nicole smiled, “Heads you’re free, tails, well that speaks for itself”. She spun the coin and watched it fall. Kate just had enough time to see the coin before Nicole lowered her salty wet arse down on to her face. She adjusted herself until she was happy with her position and then applied all of her weight on her friend’s face.

She knew that her seal was well and truly airtight and that Kate could now not breathe. She sat there on the beach enjoying the feeling, looking at the deep blue sky.

Kate laid still, her face buried in Nicole's salty bikini bottoms. Nicole's arse felt nice against her face and she knew from experience that it was pointless to waste her breathe in struggling, Nicole would let her out when she was ready.

Half a minute later Nicole lifted herself off Kate's face and stood up above her friend.

"Oh I do love that," she giggled as she looked down at her red-faced friend who was still trying to catch her breath. Nicole then adjusted her bikini that courtesy of Kate's nose had again ridden up her arse and sat back down, this time on the sand.

The boat moored up a hundred meters from the shore and Dania climbed into the tender and motored to the shore. The tender ran up on to the sand and she climbed out. She walked up the beach with her blue jeans rolled up to just below her knees with her long dark hair reaching down to her tight white t-shirt.

"How was the night?" Dania asked as she approached the two women.

"Fun" Nicole replied.

Kate just rattled her manacles hands. "Please she begged".

"Oh OK" Nicole smiled as she looked towards Dania who pulled the keys out of her pocket and threw them to her.

Still wearing only her white bikini, Nicole crouched down and within seconds had released Kate from her leg cuffs. Reluctantly, she then released Kate's hands and unlocked the chain around her waist, letting all of the restraints fall noisily on to the sand. Kate took the keys from her friend's hand and picked up the chains. "Now its your turn" she smiled to Nicole. Nicole smiled back knowing this was inevitable once she had released Kate from her chains.

Kate locked the chain around Nicole's slim tanned waist. "Now for the wrists" she purred as she slowly and deliberately ratcheted each cuff closed before engaging the double locks. She then slowly ran her hands down Nicole's legs as she crouched down to secure her feet. Once complete, she attached the keys to her bikini bottoms where they jangled against her thigh as she moved.

They motored back to the boat and climbed aboard. On the main deck there was a steel cage that was used to hold the lifejackets and fenders. Kate lifted the lid and emptied the contents on to the deck. She beckoned Nicole. "Inside" she smiled as Nicole shuffled up and with Kate's help climbed inside. Kate closed the lid and sat down on top.

"You will stay incarcerated in here until I decide what to do with you" Kate smiled as she looked down at the woman beneath her. She then took a padlock and chain and proceeded to lock the cage closed.

"And now for you" Kate smiled at Dania, "don't think you're not getting your just deserts". Kate led Dania to the wooden deck at the back of the boat and made her strip to her knickers. Dania then lay down with her arms and legs in a star position as Kate stood above her with a long piece of white rope.

The deck was made of wooden slats with gaps between them raised a few inches above the fiberglass base. Starting at Dania's left hands, Kate slowly wrapped the rope around Dania's arm and around the wooden slats of the deck. After 6 times around, Dania's arm was effectively secured to the deck. She continued until Dania's other arm, legs and body were all tied down. Kate pulled the last rope tight and tied it off.

"How does it feel?" Kate asked as she looked down at the bound woman.

“I can barely move a muscle!” Dania exclaimed somewhat taken aback by her restraint.

“I know” Kate smiled, “Now while I take a shower I’ll leave you to just imagine what I’m going to do with you next”. Dania lay there struggling to free herself as the boat gently bobbed up and down on the calm water.

Kate returned refreshed wearing a short mid-thigh length skirt, t-shirt and sandals with a small heel. Nicole watched her tanned legs walk closely by her cage as she made her way back to where Dania lay. Nicole could see that Dania’s attempts at escaping had not worked and that she remained tightly tied. Nicole knew that there was no way that she herself could get free, even if she escaped the padlocked cage there was no way to get out of her cuffs without the keys and she had no idea what Kate had done with those.

Kate stood over Nicole with one foot either side of her body. Her dark sunglasses obscured her eyes and in her hand she held a whip that she ran gently up and down Dania’s body. Suddenly she cracked the whip on the deck just to the side of Dania with amazing force. Dania struggled more forcefully than before but again made no progress.

Kate sat down on Dania’s waist and ran the whip menacingly through her hands. She then slid herself forward so that she was resting on Dania’s neck with one leg either side of her head. Again she cracked the whip to one side. Kate squeezed her thighs together until they closed, covered Dania’s face.

“You don’t really think I’d hurt you?” Kate whispered before releasing her grip around Dania’s head. She then removed her sunglasses and leant forward to kiss her captive. Kate smiled as she saw that Dania was shaking.

“Wow, that was amazing” Dania cried. “I almost thought you’d do it.”

“I still might” Kate smiled as she played with the whip.

Kate stood up and smiled as she saw Nicole trying to force the padlock on the cage and Dania struggling against her ropes. She poured herself a drink and relaxed on the sundeck watching her captives’ futile attempts at escape.

In her own time, Kate walked over to the cage and sat down on top.

“You know I must keep you in chains for the whole day at least” she smiled as she looked down at her friend who was already tiring of her restraints. “But maybe I can make it more interesting for you” she smiled as she unlocked the padlock and stood to free Nicole from the cage.

She then untied Dania from the deck and led both women inside to the small steel hold that Nicole had locked her in the day before. She lifted the heavy metal lid and helped her manacled friend inside. As Nicole climbed in she saw the silver keys to her restraints hanging against Kate’s tanned thigh.

Kate looked at Dania and smiled, “Maybe you’d like to join her inside?”

“There wouldn’t be room for two inside” Dania replied.

“Oh yes there will be” Kate smiled.

Intrigued by the prospect, Dania still wearing only her underwear did as she was told and climbed in and sat facing Nicole with her legs wrapped either side of Nicole’s body.

“Perfect fit” Kate smiled as she looked down at the two interlocked women in the small compartment beneath her. Kate then took a short length of chain and padlocked one end around Dania’s neck. She then proceeded to lock the other end around Nicole’s neck so that their faces were only inches apart.

“Again perfect” Kate purred at the two women she had chained up beneath her.

“Now you see this padlock” Kate smiled as she held up a large lock for her captives to see. “It can only be opened with these two key,” she continued as she demonstrated each key in turn in the lock. “Now watch” she smiled as she threw the keys out of the window and in the water. All three women heard the splash as the keys landed and sunk to the bottom of the ocean.

Nicole looked up at her tanned friend crouched above her. “You’re not going to use that padlock to lock us in here are you?” she asked with concern.

“I thought you liked a little restraint?” Kate replied.

Nicole looked up at Kate through her captor’s legs, her long brown hair now falling in front of her face as she leant forward to watch her prey. Her bikini-clad friend, who had once looked so beautiful when chained and handcuffed, now had immense power over her.

“Sleep tight” Kate smiled as she lowered the heavy lid with a thud. Kate immediately moved across so that she was crouching on top of the hatch to make sure it stayed firmly shut.

The women inside held their breath, listening for the inevitable noise. They then heard a ‘click’ followed by Kate’s heels walking away.

“I can’t believe she’s done this” Nicole trembled to her cellmate. Nicole sat there in the darkness thinking of her friend walking about above her. Her long dark hair, her beautiful face and fantastic figure, her long tanned legs and her impossibly cute arse nestled in its black Lycra home. The keys for the high security restraints in which she was locked hanging casually from her waist. She would be sitting upstairs chilling out knowingly that Dania and her could never escape. She felt Dania’s hands on her body. Kate was right, this could be more interesting.

Kate sat on the sofa in the main cabin, running a key up the inside of thighs. “And they think that I used the padlock with no keys to lock them in” she smiled to herself as she thought about how her friends were feeling in their steel cell down below. She started the engine and headed back to the mainland. She dressed casually in her jeans and t-shirt, stuffed the keys into her jeans pocket and met up with some friends in the harbour side bars. Their release could wait until later.

Kate woke the next morning and stretched out on the double bed in the main cabin. She thought about how Nicole and Dania were feeling still locked in the steel hold below. The thought plus her fingers running up her tanned thighs turned her on.

Still wearing only her knickers and t-shirt, she dug the keys out of her jeans pocket and walked down to the hold. She slipped the key into the padlock and clicked it open. She removed the lock and lifted the heavy lid. “Good morning girls” she smiled as her captives shielded their eyes from the light. “So you didn’t throw away the key?” Dania said. “No” Kate purred, that was just to add to the excitement of your night under lock and key.

Kate removed the chain connecting their necks and helped Nicole out of the hold, her hands and feet still chained from the day before. Kate turned to Dania, “OK out you come honey or you’ll be locked in again”. Dania looked up at Kate, her long dark disheveled hair almost hiding her dark brown eyes, and said nothing. Kate knew the look and smiled. She lowered the metal lid and within seconds Dania’s fate was sealed.

With her long blonde hair lying untidily over her face, Nicole stood there rattling the chains that held her wrists to her waist. "Are you going to let me out of these?" she asked. "Maybe" Kate smiled as she walked back into the main cabin. Nicole hobbled after her, her ankles also still chained together.

Kate poured herself some coffee and sat down at the table and watched her friend's growing frustration. "Arrh, please let me out of these" Nicole begged as she struggled to free herself. "That'll never work" Kate smiled as she watched Nicole's efforts. Nicole knelt on the floor in front of friend, "Please" she begged.

Kate turned so that Nicole's head was between her thighs and reached down behind her friend. She reached for the spare end of the chain that was locked around Nicole's waist and then took a padlock to lock the spare end to the chain connecting Nicole's ankles. Kate then stood up and with her long legs stepped over Kate's head, the inside of her thighs brushing the blonde's hair as she went.

Nicole tried to move before realising what Kate had done. "Hey, I can't even stand up now" Nicole smiled as her long legged friend walked back over to her. "I know. Your head is now stuck at the level of my crotch" Nicole smiled as she pressed the front of her knickers against Nicole's face before turning around and doing the same with her arse.

Nicole tried to move but fell forward on to her front, her face resting on the carpet. "Arrh you cruel bitch" Nicole said half laughing half crying. "Aren't you going to help me up?" As best she could with her hands chained to her sides, she arched her back to lift her head off the floor. Kate was now standing over her with one foot either side of her head. Nicole looked up as far as she could manage but just saw Kate's legs towering up above her.

Kate knelt down above her head so that the blonde's head, raised as far as Nicole could manage, just touched the brunette's crotch. "No" Kate smiled as she slowly and effortlessly lowered her butt on to the back of Nicole's head pushing it to the floor. Out of principle Nicole tried as hard as she could to keep her head raised but had no chance as Kate gently sat down on top of her. Very soon Nicole's face was once again buried in the carpet. "Keep trying" Kate purred as she sat fast on her friend's head.

With Nicole's head firmly 'locked' beneath her, Kate gently ran her finger up her friend's body and around her neck. "I love it when you're this helpless" she purred as she watched Nicole struggle to stop herself being tickled.

Once she had had her fun, Kate stood up and walked through into the bathroom, she removed her knickers and t-shirt, being careful to first put the keys on a high shelf, and stepped into the shower. Nicole climbed to her knees and shuffled after her. She knelt at the bathroom door and watched the brunette shower, the water dripping down her slim tanned body.

When Kate had finished, she toweled herself down and smiled at the blonde. "Enjoy the show?" she asked as she picked up her dirty knickers and placed them over Nicole's head. "Hey!" Nicole cried as she tried without the aid of her hands to remove Nicole's underwear from her face. "Sorry, does that spoil the view?" Kate purred as she brushed past her and into the bedroom. Nicole fought as the material that had once clung to Kate's butt now clung to her face.

A few minutes later Nicole shuffled to the bedroom, Kate's underwear finally off her face and now hanging around her neck. She watched Kate pull on a pair of white cotton knickers and a short summery dress. She put her hair up and slipped on a pair of sandals.

Nicole watched, still wearing only her knickers and t-shirt from the day before with her hair lying disheveled over her head.

Kate walked back to the main cabin, picking up the keys on the way, and sat down on the sofa with a magazine. Nicole again shuffled after her. "How long are you going to keep me in these chains?" Nicole asked as she kissed Kate's knee and looked up at her captress.

"Maybe I should keep you as a permanent sex slave" Kate mused as she closed the magazine and looked down at her friend. "Keep you padlocked inside the hold every night and keep you securely shackled on the odd occasion that I decide to let you out" she continued. As Kate talked, Nicole just closed her eyes and fantasized about what she was saying.

When Nicole opened her eyes, Kate was sitting on the front of the sofa with her legs open. "Inside" she smiled. Nicole, being in no position to refuse, shuffled forward on her knees. "You know that you'll be in big trouble when it's my turn" Nicole smiled. "I know" Kate purred, "I can hardly wait..."

Nicole moved her head between Kate's knees and with small kisses, unhurriedly worked her way up the brunette's thighs. Kate pulled her dress up a little to make sure it didn't impede her progress. "You know that once you're in there I may never let you out?" Kate purred as she enjoyed the feeling of her friend's lips getting closer to her knickers. "I know" Nicole smiled, "That's what makes it even more exciting".

Kate then wrapped one ankle around the other, moved her knickers to one side, and with her feet pushed Nicole's head in to her as deeply as she could. Once she was happy that she could go no further, she clamped her thighs together and locked them closed by wrapping her legs around each other. Nicole felt the brunette's thighs tense, she knew there was now no way out.

Half an hour later she was released. She sat on the floor against the sofa catching her breath. She was still manacled. Kate pulled up her skirt and pulled out the bunch of keys from the top of her knickers. "OK, your turn" Kate breathed still recovering from the blonde's attentions. She took a small key and turned it in the keyhole of the left handcuff. With her other hand she opened the steel circle to release Nicole's wrist.

"So simple to open and yet so inescapable" Nicole mused as within a couple of seconds the second cuff was opened. Kate then unlocked the waist chain and the foot cuffs, leaving all the restraints to clatter onto the floor. "I guess you'll need these?" Kate said as she stood up and left Nicole to stretch her sore body and plan her revenge.

Nicole showered and changed into her bikini with a pair of denim shorts on top. She waited on deck reading a book waiting for Kate. "Look a new toy" Nicole smiled as Kate walked out on deck. Kate surveyed the heavy wooden stocks that were bolted to the deck. There were three holes, one for the head and two for the hands. "Do you want to try it?" Nicole asked her friend.

Nicole lifted the top part to reveal the three holes. Kate lay down on her back positioning her head in the middle hole. "And the hands" Nicole encouraged as Kate slowly placed her wrists in the remaining holes. Nicole slowly closed the stocks. Kate wriggled her hands before realising that they were well and truly trapped. "It's a good fit," she purred.

Nicole then sat down on top of the stocks so that her feet rested either side of Kate's head. "Now try and get out of that," the blonde purred as she looked down at the brunette beneath her.

Kate struggled, trying to push up on the stocks but with Nicole sitting on top she soon gave up. "I'm not going anywhere with your butt sitting on top" Kate complained. "I know" Nicole smiled.

Nicole reached for the sun cream and started to apply it to her legs, deliberately slowly. She was wearing denim shorts over her bikini, but they were so short that she they didn't stop her applying the cream right up to her bikinis. Kate watched helplessly as the blonde covered every inch of her legs.

When she had quite finished, she looked down at Kate and slowly poured some cream on to her forehead. "Don't want you to burn" Nicole smiled as Kate wriggled to avoid the cream landing in her eyes.

"I think you need to rub it in" Kate smiled once Nicole had finished.

"Of course" Nicole smiled.

Nicole flicked the hasp closed and locked a padlock through it locking the stocks closed. With the brunette safely locked inside she lifted her arse from the stocks and knelt down on the deck just in front of Kate's head. She then lowered herself so that the back of her thighs were resting on Kate's face and then circled her hips so that her thighs rubbed across Kate's face, rubbing the cream into her skin. "Is that what you wanted?" Nicole purred as she felt her thighs sliding over Kate's features.

"I suppose I'd better free Dania" Nicole smiled as she walked off into the cabin. Kate struggled again to prove to herself that there really was no way out. The padlock hung above her, totally oblivious to her plight beneath.

Nicole unlocked the padlock and lifted the heavy lid. "OK babe you've served your time... for now". Nicole helped Dania out, her legs stiff after spending over twelve hours locked inside.

Dania showered and changed into blue jeans and a crop top. She walked out on deck to see Kate in her beautiful summer dress lying prostrate on the deck with her head and hands locked in the stocks. Nicole came over with a pair of handcuffs in her hand. "I did say for now" Nicole purred as she led Dania over to the railings and slowly but professionally cuffed her hands together behind her back and around one of the upright steel bars.

"Well it may not be as interesting as Kate's restraint, but you'll not be getting out of that" Nicole smiled as she secured the double locks. "Now here's the twist," she continued. "The key to Dania's restraints I will give to Kate and vice versa. So really I'll have neither of you under lock and key, you will have each other".

"So the key to the stocks will be in here" Nicole smiled as she dropped the silver key into Dania's cleavage, "And the key to Dania's handcuffs will be here" Nicole continued as she lifted Kate's dress and slipped the key into Kate's knickers. "Now try and get out of that girls" Nicole smiled as she blew them each a kiss and returned to the cabin.

"Should be fun" Dania smiled as she started to wriggle around trying to shake the key out of her bra. Kate smiled back, "That'll never work, even with that key in my hand I'd never reach the padlock. We need the key that is in my knickers to stand any chance of getting out of this."

Kate bought her feet up to her butt and started to try to remove the key. "Now its gone right up bum" she laughed as the key started to move in the wrong direction. After ten minutes of wriggling, the key was finally free and lay next to her on the deck. Without being able to see what she was doing, she kicked the key over to Dania who was chained only a few feet away.

“Perfect” Dania smiled as she crouched down and picked up the key and unlocked her wrists. She then fished her key out from her bra and came over and sat down on the stocks. “She is so cruel to locked you up like this” Dania purred as she looked down at the helpless woman beneath her. “The padlock?” Kate reminded her. Dania laughed before inserting the key in the lock.

“This isn’t the key,” Dania said as she tried to turn it in the lock. The two women looked up as Nicole walked towards them laughing. “No its not” Nicole smiled as she stood one foot either side of the imprisoned woman’s head. Nicole picked up the handcuffs and without meeting any resistance re-cuffed Dania’s hands in front of her. She tucked the handcuff key and the key to the hold back into Kate’s knickers before leading Dania back inside. Dania couldn’t resist as Nicole led her back to the hold and once again locked her inside.

Nicole returned to the deck as the storm clouds were starting to build. “Looks like we’re in for some rain” she said as she sat back down on the stocks. “You’re not going to leave me out in the rain?” Kate asked already fearing the worst. “Yes I am” Nicole smiled back as she stood up and ran back inside just as the heavy rain fell. Kate lay there locked to the deck; her dress and her hair were soaked. She fought with the stocks in frustration.

An hour later the tropical storm had passed and steam was rising off the drying deck. Nicole knelt down on the deck so that Kate’s head was between her thighs. She gently squeezed her thighs. “Since you’re a little tied up, I’d better feed you” she purred as she started to feed prawns to the brunette. “This is a nice way to eat” Kate smiled as she looked up at the woman who held her so securely under lock and key.

After they had eaten, Nicole once again sat her denim shorts down on the stocks. “Now I’m going to release your hands” Nicole offered, “but any attempt at escape...” she threatening left the sentence unfinished. Nicole unlocked the stocks and lifted her arse just a fraction. Once Kate’s wrists were free she sat back down with a thud. Before Kate had a chance to think, Nicole re-padlocked the stocks. “Now guess where you’re spending the night” Nicole smiled to the soaked brunette. “No you wouldn’t” Kate cried as she tried to grab the blonde’s ankle. Nicole jumped up and avoided her grasp. “Oh yes I would” she purred as she knelt down and kissed her friend goodnight.

Kate lay on the deck in the dark, with only the stars for light. It was a warm night with a gentle breeze. The stocks felt powerful around her neck. She played with the locked padlock, the only key to which was with Nicole in the cabin below. Dania could not help her she was handcuffed and locked in the hold. The only keys to release Dania were in Kate’s knickers, resting against her arse. Kate lay peacefully, knowing she had no place to go until morning.

The next morning Nicole walked out on to the deck wearing a top and short cotton shorts that made her legs seem to go on forever. She sat down on the stock and looked at looked down at her friend beneath her. “How was your night?” she smiled as her captive, “Go out anywhere nice?”

Kate was not amused she had been locked in the stocks for 9 hours now and was starting to ache from being in the same position. “Look I’ve bought you a new bikini” Nicole smiled, “A special sports version, you’ll look great in it” and with that she pulled down Kate knickers and picked up the keys that were tucked inside. “Oh, I almost forgot

about Dania” Nicole smiled as she quickly slipped the keys into the back pocket of her shorts.

She then pulled the new bikini bottoms up Kate’s legs and eased them over her hips. The blonde then sat down on Kate’s legs to stop her from wriggling. “As you can’t see what I’m doing as your head is still a little stuck” Nicole purred, “I’ll explain. These bikini bottoms have a drawstring around the top so that they can be tied in place. But I’ve tied a small loop in each end of the string so that with this little padlock I can lock you into them”.

Nicole slipped the padlock through both ends and snapped it shut. The bikinis were now secured tightly around the brunette’s waist and could certainly not be pulled down over her hips. The blonde pulled the knots tight to make sure that they couldn’t be undone.

She then sat down with her legs over the edge of the boat just beside Kate’s head. She crossed her long tanned legs and slipped a small key between her thighs. “Now what would happen if I opened my legs” she purred as she slowly uncrossed her legs and watched as the small key fell into the deep water beneath the boat. “I hope you like the colour of your new bikini” Nicole smiled, “there’s a no return policy on them!”

An hour later and after Kate had spent further time with her face buried into Nicole’s knickers, the blonde finally unlocked her friend. Kate climbed to her feet and stretched. She then looked down at her bikinis and saw the padlock securing them at the front. She wriggled around as she tried to pull them down over her hips but they weren’t budging.

She disappeared into the cabin and looked through all the drawers for a knife or scissors. “You’ve removed anything that I could have used to cut the string,” she snapped at Nicole. Still annoyed, she picked up a pair of handcuffs, pushed Nicole to the floor and sat astride her back. The brunette proceeded to lock and double lock the blonde’s wrists together. She then took a pair of foot cuffs and locked her ankles together looping them around the handcuffs as she did so to effectively hog chain the blonde.

With Nicole securely in chains lying helpless on the floor, she retrieved the keys from the Blonde’s pocket and went down to the hold. She stood on the hatch and looked down at the big padlock, inside was Nicole and she had been there all night. Nicole was completely helpless inside and Kate smiled as she thought about how she held her life in her hands.

The brunette finally took the key, unlocked the padlock and lifted the heavy lid. Nicole slowly climbed out, her wrists still manacled together. “You’d better take a shower” Kate smiled. Nicole held out her wrists, “Can you unlock these?” she asked politely.

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