

JESS

Part I

It had been a few weeks since Tom had taken the spare room in Jessica's flat. Jessica had taken on the lease for the whole flat and had been desperate for someone to take the second room. She was particularly pleased with Tom, he was tall, good looking and seemed like a fun kind of guy.

Tom had also been pleased to move out from the flat he shared with his ex-girlfriend. Jessica's flat was small, but in a good part of town. Jessica herself seemed nice enough. Not what he'd call stunning, although she wasn't unattractive, with shoulder length brown hair, pleasant face and pretty nice figure. Anyway, given the way his last few relationships had gone it was probably good that here he wouldn't be driven to diving into another fling.

Jessica and Tom got on well and would often sit up at night drinking red wine. On one occasion they were talking about sexual experiences and Tom mentioned some interesting bondage games initiated by his ex-girlfriend.

"Did you like doing that?" Jessica asked.

Tom smiled, "It was fun, one of us would tie themselves up and wait for the other to come home. I still occasionally do a little self-bondage if you know what I mean."

"Really!" Jessica sat forward on the sofa, "What sort of things?"

Tom wasn't sure whether to get into this with his flat mate, but the red wine made him carry on.

"Sometimes I cuff myself to the bed and use an ice block to melt and drop the keys on to the bed."

"How long does that take?"

"Half an hour, maybe longer."

"Wow, and you can't get out for that long. What if the keys don't drop?"

"Then I'd be stuck," he replied.

"So if I don't see you at breakfast one morning, I guess I know where you'll be," Jessica giggled.

Just talking about self-bondage with Jess had turned him on. That night Tom fixed the keys to the ceiling using an ice block and then proceeded to cuff his hands to the metal frame of his bed. Once he was helplessly chained to the bed he listened to Jessica's footsteps walking around the flat. Would she come in? That might be fun, but where might that lead? If she walked in at that moment and took the keys there really was nothing he could do about it.

He heard Jess's footsteps stop right outside his door. What was she doing? Was she going to knock, if so should he say come in? He imagined her cute little butt squeezed into her old blue jeans. What would she do if she came?

Jess was having the same thoughts. If she found him chained to the bed, what would she do? She had dreamt of making love to him many times, or maybe she would tease him with the keys. Maybe she would sit on his face, she'd always wanted to do that to a guy. But how would she know if and when he was tied up?

Tom finally heard Jess's footsteps disappear back downstairs, his heart rate dropped by at least 50 beats a minute. And a few minutes later the keys dropped.

"Did you sleep well?" Jessica asked the next morning at breakfast.

"Good thanks, and you?"

"Oh fine. I see you made it to breakfast then."

"Yes, why wouldn't I?"

"No reason," she smiled.

A few days later Tom prepared another ice block in the freezer. Jessica had

been in the house all day and he wondered whether she would have seen it in the freezer. When he opened the freezer he noticed that something was different with the ice block and on closer inspection he saw that someone had tampered with it so that the keys wouldn't drop even when the ice had melted. No prizes for guessing whose done that, he smiled to himself.

Another glass of red wine and he decided to go ahead anyway. He took the ice block and used it to fix the keys to the ceiling. He then took a chain and padlocked his feet together and padlocked the spare end of the chain to his handcuffs. He then cuffed his hands together behind his back so that he was in a tight chain hogtie.

As he closed the final cuff a sudden wave of excitement came over him. He waited half an hour until the ice had almost melted and as expected the keys didn't fall. That turned him on, he now knew for sure that he'd have to involve Jessica in the game.

"Jess," he called

He waited a couple of minutes and there was no reply. Where is she, he thought. She must know I'm stuck. He called a few more times and finally his door opened and Jess walked in.

She had just come home from work and was still wearing a below knee length skirt and blouse, cheap clothes and not that flattering. He lay there looking at her ankles and calf muscles, not bad he thought.

"Are you OK?" she asked with a slight smile on her face.

"Can you help me, I think I messed up with the release."

"Oh so this is what you do?" she smiled as she walked over and stood next to where he was lying.

"Can you get the keys down?"

Jess picked up his desk chair and carried so it was underneath the keys and then deliberately put it down so that his head was underneath the chair and one of the chair supports was pinning his head to the floor. She stepped up on

to the chair and retrieved the keys. Jess then climbed down and sat on the chair so that his neck was still pinned down.

After watching him struggle hopelessly for a few minutes, Jess removed the chair and knelt down by Tom's head.

"Umm, maybe you should let me look after these next time," she purred dangling the keys above him.

"The ice usually works," he replied trying to crane his neck up to that he was looking at her face and not up her skirt.

"Didn't work this time," she giggled.

"I know, are you going to give me those keys?"

"Can you really not get out?"

"There's only one way out of these cuffs and that is with the key!"

"Mmm, I know."

Jessica finally reached over to the cuffs. After a few minutes of jangling keys, mainly for effect, Jessica unlocked his wrists.

Jess saw this as a great opportunity to date a guy that otherwise probably wouldn't be interested in her. The following day Jess arrived home with a DVD as she often did on a Friday and also a small brown box.

"You know I want to watch this movie," she smiled, "and you know you always talk through movies. Well, I've bought you a little present to wear tonight."

With that Jess pulled out a ball gag that had a chain and locked at the back of the head with a padlock.

"Hey, you seem to be getting into this bondage thing," he smiled as he inspected the gag and then put it back down on the sofa.

"Please," she persisted, "Just for tonight."

"What's the movie?"

"It doesn't matter, just put it on," she giggled with frustration.

"And who's going to hold the key?"

"Me of course!"

"How did I guess," he smiled.

As Jess suspected, Tom was intrigued. He sat down on the sofa with his back to Jess and let her position the ball in his mouth, tighten the chain and then padlock it in place.

"What's it like?" she asked.

He mumbled something incoherent.

"Seems to be working," she smiled as she stuffed the key into the back pocket of her jeans and sat down to watch the movie.

As expected it was a chick flick and Tom was bored. He cleared the dishes and then started to dial a friend's number on his phone. Jessica watched with amusement as he suddenly remembered the gag. He held his hand out to Jess just as his friend answered. Jess smiled and shook her head and Tom had to hang up. He took some paper and wrote down 'please can I have the keys'. Jess took the paper from him and wrote 'no'.

Tom sat down and watched Jess as she sat on the sofa.

"What's with you?" she asked.

Tom just pointed at his mouth.

"Oh yeah," she smiled.

Tom wrote on the paper, "Key. Please?"

Jess smiled and shook her head.

Tom smiled back. He could have easily have pulled her to her feet and retrieved the key from her pocket, but he didn't want to, he was starting to enjoy the gag and the fact that she had locked it on him. He left her to enjoy the chick flick and lay down on his bed still gagged, and stayed that way until morning.

Jessica knew she was on to a good thing, if she played this right she could have anything she wanted from this guy.

"What shall we play tonight?" she asked as she unlocked his gag the next morning.

"Wine drinking?" Tom replied.

"No, I mean tying up things."

"What do you suggest?"

"Why don't you do some self bondage in a cage. That'd be totally secure and more exciting than cuffs," she said excitedly.

"That's a bit serious."

"And I'll look after the keys."

"You're too kind," he smiled.

They choose the cage together and Tom drove out to pick it up. Jess seemed even more excited than usual as they assembled the cage in the lounge.

"Yes, this is seriously secure," he said.

"Are you scared?"

"A little, can I trust you Jess?"

"To do what?"

"To let me out again!" he replied.

Jess giggled, "Only one way to find out."

"That feels me with lots of confidence," he replied.

Tom threaded a bicycle D-lock around one of the bars on the base of the cage and then climbed in so that he was lying on his back. He locked a foot cuff to one ankle, wrapped the connecting chain around the bars of the chain a few times and then locked the other end on to his other ankle.

He then lay down on his back so that his neck was inside the D-lock and then locked his neck in place. He then took two pairs of handcuffs and locked his wrists to bars on each side of the cage. Jess sat on the edge of the cage in her usual old jeans watching intently.

"OK, you can take the keys," he said.

Jessica reached in took them from him.

"Now I get to lock the cage!" she giggled as she lowered the heavy barred lid and locked it with a large padlock.

"I've got the keys," she almost sung and she dangled them above the cage.

"I can see that," Tom smiled as he explored his restraints and realized how little he could move.

"Go on, try and escape," she purred.

He struggled a little for effect but there was really nothing he could do, "There really is no way out of here Jess." He concluded.

"What would happen if I never unlocked you?"

"I guess if no one found me, I'd die eventually from dehydration."

"And what if I lost the keys?"

"Jessie don't say that!"

Jessica giggled, "But what would happen?"

"I guess we'd need the fire service and a team of lock smiths, several hours and a bit of luck."

Then quite unexpectedly, she then took off her jeans and t-shirt to reveal sexy lingerie; the tightest and sexiest black lacey panties and bra that Tom had ever seen. She sat down on the cage crossed her legs.

"Wow" Tom said, the transformation making him lost for words.

"What'd you think?"

"Wow!"

"Glad you like it," Jessica purred.

"Who needs this stuff, let me out and let's do something much more interesting," he panted.

"Ummm.... no," she smiled.

Tom started to struggle against his cuffs.

"Won't work," she giggled as dangled the keys above him again.

"Please Jess, anything you want."

"I want you to stay exactly where you are," she purred as she lay down on top of the cage, her breasts rubbing against the bars.

"Don't do this to me," he begged, with the cuffs already starting to cut into his wrists.

She lay on the cage looking down at him through the bars,

"Do you like my body?"

"What do you think," he replied breathlessly.

"A pity you're all chained up then."

"Yes, but you have the keys, you can unlock me."

"Yes I can," she purred.

"Well do it!"

"Not yet," she whispered.

She sat up so that she was sitting stride the cage and started to rub herself against the bars. Tom couldn't believe the transformation, this previously jeans and t-shirt clad girl next door had turned into an agent provocateur with the body of a super model. And he locked in a cage, shit!

She moved across until she was sitting on the cage directly above his head, the bars making indentations in her butt and thighs. His face was only inches away and he tried as hard as he could to lift his head a little so that he could bury his face into her cute little butt. But the bike lock almost choked him and he started to cough.

"Why don't you come to my room and make love to me?" she purred as seductively.

"Yes."

"Come on then," she whispered as she picked up the keys.

"Jess, please!"

Jessica was almost unable to keep the smile off her face.

"Oh well, your choice" she giggled as she pulled on her jeans and t-shirt and once again looked like any other 20 something woman.

"The plan was to leave you in there for an hour wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, but plans can be changed."

"Yes," she smiled, "I'm now going to leave you locked up until the morning."

"What?"

"You don't have much choice in the matter," she giggled as she stuffed the keys into the back pocket of her jeans, "Until the morning then."

Part II

Tom passed a slow and sleepless night, partly because of his less than comfortable position, but also because he couldn't get Jessica out of his mind. With his hands chained up he wasn't even able to relieve some of his frustration.

Jessica also didn't sleep much, she was far too excited about the situation. Several times she thought about letting him out and making love to him and she was in no doubt that that was what he wanted to do. But she didn't want it to be a one night stand brought on by the situation, much better to ensure he was infatuated by her from the start.

Early the next morning Jessica walked into the lounge wearing only a flowery nightgown that barely covered her butt.

"Good morning," she purred, brushing her disheveled hair out of her eyes with her hand.

"Good morning."

"Did you sleep well?" she asked

"No, and you?"

"Mmm, yes," she lied.

She sat down on the cage just above his head so that he could clearly see that she was wearing no underwear. His pulse increased and his breathing quickened.

"Are you after these?" she purred as she held the keys in her hand.

"Please Jess, please."

Jessica giggled.

"I'll do anything Jess, anything."

"I'm sure you will."

She could tell by the mix of desperation and arousal on his face that it was time to give him a little freedom and so dropped the bunch of keys through the bars and into the cage. She watched with amusement as Tom worked the keys as fast as he could to unlock his hands, his feet and his neck.

"I don't think the key to the cage is here," Tom said as he checked the ring again.

"That's a pity."

"Jess!" he cried as he reached through the bars and started to run his hands up her legs and under her short nighty.

"You've got an amazing body."

"Thank you," she smiled as she sat on the cage allowing him to explore her semi-naked body.

He tried to reach up to her breasts but the cage bars were too closely spaced to reach up that high and so he returned to her tanned, toned thighs.

"I'm going to take a shower," Jess smiled as she stood up.

"No," Tom replied as he tried in vain to reach her.

"You've been in that cage over 8 hours."

Tom reached his hand through the bars and started to pull at the heavy padlock, "Please unlock this."

"And spoil my fun?"

"Jess, we could have so much more fun."

"Everything comes to he who waits."

"I've already waited 8 hours!"

"I know," she whispered as she turned around and walked away.

Tom soon gave up trying to break the high security padlock with his bare hands and lay back and listened to the shower running in the bathroom. Now he had seen her body and even been able to touch, the images running around his mind were even more vivid.

These images overruled any rationale thought that he was still able to make. The deal had been for this woman to help with some self-bondage for a maximum of one hour and here he was over 8 hours later and she was still holding him prisoner against his will. After all, he'd asked her to release him and she'd refused. That was false imprisonment, although at that moment complaining about a crime that she'd committed against him was the furthest thing from his mind.

Jessica smiled to herself as she toweled dry and dressed in her old blue jeans and t-shirt. It was probably the last outfit that he wanted to see her in, but that was the point. She had the key to the cage on a small novelty key ring; she stuffed the key ring into the back pocket of her jeans, letting the key itself hang loose from the pocket.

"Where's the padlock key?" Tom asked as Jess walked back into the lounge.

"Right here in my pocket," she replied as she walked over to open the curtains with her back to him so that he could see the key hanging from her pocket.

She then picked up the dirty wine glasses on the table and walked back to the kitchen, walking deliberately close to the cage as she went. Tom reached as far as he could through the cage but couldn't quite reach the key in her pocket.

Only once the lounge was cleared did Jessica sit down on the cage with the key in her hand.

"What do you say?" she smiled.

"Please Jess!"

She looked mischievously at him for a few moments before using the key to unlock the padlock. He immediately tried to push open the lid but couldn't with her sitting on it. After a few more moments of pleading Jess stood up, finally giving him his freedom.

"Some night!" Tom said as he climbed stiffly to his feet.

Jess stepped in and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before stepping back.

"Is that all I get?"

"For now, but maybe if you do as I say there may be more on offer tomorrow."

Part III

When Tom returned home that evening he found Jessica in the kitchen cooking dinner. She was wearing a tightly fitting blue mid-thigh length dress.

"I thought I'd make it up to you by cooking dinner," she smiled as she turned around and kissed him again on the cheek.

"You're feeling guilty then?"

"Not at all, you enjoyed last night as much as I did".

"It was a little more uncomfortable for me."

Jess giggled.

They finished dinner and then Jess walked over and sat down on Tom's lap.

"What shall we do tonight?" she purred seductively.

"I have some ideas."

"So do I."

"I'm sure you do," he smiled.

Jess took him by the hand and led him into the lounge where the heavy 'trunk' shaped cage was still in the middle of the room.

"Would you like to go in again? If you're really good I'll even lock you in," she purred

"Its very tempting Jess, but why don't we go to your room and try a different game?"

"Oh please!" Jess smiled with her big pleading eyes.

"No Jess, you're good at the 'locking' but still need a little more practice at the 'unlocking'."

Jessica thought for a moment. "OK, goodnight then."

It was a good tactic, he certainly didn't want the evening to stop there.

"Just for a few minutes and don't lock me in," he offered.

Jessica smiled and quickly opened the cage lid and Tom reluctantly climbed in. Jessica banged the lid down and quickly sat down on top. Tom reached his hands through the bars and slid them under her dress.

"Hey," she replied.

She stood up, folded her dress tightly around her thighs and sat back down on

the bars so that her dress was tightly pinned around her. Like that Tom could no longer slide his hands inside. She then picked up the heavy padlock and slipped it through the hasp.

"We agreed no padlock."

"Did we?" she smiled.

Jessica placed her thumb and forefinger around the padlock. "What if I squeeze just a little?"

"No Jess, don't."

"A little harder?"

He was just about to grab the lock from her hands when she started to slide her dress up her thighs; his attention was easily diverted.

"Listen carefully," she purred.

"Please Jess, no."

"Click."

Tom felt a shiver of excitement as he knew that he was now completely helpless, there was no way that he'd ever be able to free himself. He didn't even have any idea where Jess had put the key. He doubted that Jess herself knew!

Jess stood up and wiggled her hips from side to side as she unzipped her dress and let it fall down to the floor. She stood there dressed only in a black thong and bra. He involuntarily sat up and knocked his head on the cage bars. Jessica smiled.

She then turned around and lay down on her front on top of the cage, carefully placing her breasts between the bars. She put her lips through the bars to kiss him. They kissed for a few minutes before Jessica stopped by lifting her head up.

Tom reached his hands through the bars and caressed her butt. Jess smiled and they started to kiss again. After a few minutes more, Jessica sat up with her butt resting on the bars just above his face.

"You'll have to kiss my butt now," she giggled. Tom obliged.

"Maybe we should move to my room now?" Jess offered.

"I thought you'd never ask."

"That's if I can find the key," she giggled.

Tom lay there listening to Jessica walking from room to room. Surely she hadn't chosen this time to lose the key?

"Found it," she purred as she returned.

This time there was no teasing, she quickly unlocked the cage and led him by the hand to her room.

Part IV

That night Jessica and Tom did what most couples do once the threshold of sleeping together has been crossed and by morning they had both not slept a wink. In Jessica's mind they were now a couple. Tom was not quite at the same place, but she was fun and the bondage angle exciting.

As they lay in bed together the next morning, Jessica raised something that, given her fetish for locking him up, Tom had expected her to ask sooner or later.

"How do you feel about letting me lock you in chastity," she whispered as she ran her hands over his item in question.

Tom's ex-girlfriend had asked the same question, although they had never consummated the idea.

"Maybe, but on my terms" he replied hesitantly. After all, this was the girl

whose idea of an hour in a cage meant all night and whose ability to look after keys was casual at best.

The following weekend Jess and Tom returned home after playing tennis. Tom had once played semi-serious tennis, whereas Jess had the right physique but had hardly ever played. Even after allowing for the distraction Tom had suffered as a result of Jess's short pink shorts, which hugged her cute butt, the game had been very one-sided.

As they walked back to Jessica's flat they saw a package left on the doorstep. Jess immediately knew what it was and ran to get it. By the time Tom had unlocked the door Jessica already had it unwrapped.

"Try it on," Jessica giggled excitedly.

Tom looked at her, wishing the day hadn't arrived quite so quickly.

"Come on," she continued as she pushed him backwards on to the sofa and started to pull down his tracksuit trousers.

Tom finally lay back and let Jess fit the metal chastity tube in place, partly because he had kind of promised her and partly because she was so excited.

"You must watch as I lock the padlock," she purred.

"Must I?" he said as he opened one eye.

"These are your last moments of freedom after all."

"You're making it sound very dramatic Jess."

"It is, this will be the first time you won't control your dick."

Tom watched as she knelt down between his legs and threaded the padlock in place and snapped it closed.

"I've got the keys, I've got the keys," she sung as she danced around the room.

"Is it supposed to be this tight Jess?"

"Tight is good," she giggled.

Tom explored the device which was now securely attached to him. It was heavier than ones he'd seen before and it appeared that Jess had chosen one of the more secure products on the market.

"Let me just adjust it a little," he replied holding out his hand.

"I don't think so," she giggled as she tucked the keys into the back pocket of her pink shorts and sat down on a chair so that the keys were pinned beneath her butt.

"Jess, just for a minute, I promise I'll still wear it."

"OK, but you'll have to do it without the key."

"Jess, we both know I can't do that!"

"Yes, but I want to see you try."

Tom smiled, "I might no longer be a man by the end of that."

Tom walked over to where his flatmate was sitting, wrapped one arm around her body and easily pulled her to her feet, his strength no match for her slim 5' 7" body. While holding her with one arm, he reached his other hand into her back pocket and retrieved the keys.

Ignoring her vocal complaints, Tom unlocked the padlock and threw the keys back to Jess, who quickly stuffed them back into her pocket and secured them in place with the small button sewn into the back of her shorts.

Tom adjusted the chastity tube and then handed the padlock back to Jess.

"Do you want to do the honours?" he offered.

Jess was still feeling a little cheated, but didn't let that stop her from taking the padlock and swiftly locking it in place.

"So now you have me all locked up, you should be pleased."

"It was easy enough for you to get free just now," she complained.

"The key's in your pocket, you're in control."

Jess said nothing.

"When you're at work they'll be nothing I can do."

This wasn't quite how Jessica had imagined it would be. It was now Saturday morning and she had hoped to render him helpless long before Monday morning. Jess then started to smile.

"You know there are holes for two padlocks."

"Yes?," Tom replied as he brought over two glasses of water.

Jessica's smile widened, Tom was starting to worry.

Jessica ran to her room and returned with a second padlock, but this time a combination lock.

"Five numbers, 100,000 possible combinations," she smiled.

"No Jess," he said as he struggled to think of a good reason why she shouldn't use a combination padlock.

"Allow me to do the honours again," she purred and within seconds the second padlock was in place.

"Each time you select a number you need to press here to see if it will unlock," Jess explained helpfully. "Let's see. Even assuming one combination a second, that could take you, umm, almost 30 hours to try all possible numbers."

Tom looked into Jessica's eyes and saw the sparkle return, she knew that she really did have him under her control.

She pushed Tom backwards so that he was lying on his back on the sofa, and

then sat astride his chest, with her tanned legs pinning his arms to his sides.

"I bet the combination is your birthday," Tom smiled as his eyes became fixated on her cute little shorts and her toned thighs.

"I bet it isn't!" she giggled. "And anyway, you don't know my birthday!"

"You'd better tell me then, if you want a present."

"It won't help you break my code."

"Its probably 1-2-3-4-5."

"Mmm, maybe not."

Tom looked at her questioningly.

"OK, try it," she giggled.

Jessica slid back down his body to allow him to reach the combination lock. Taking much longer than one second he set 1-2-3-4-5 and pulled.

"Oh dear, only 99,999 combinations left to try," she giggled as slid back up so that she was sitting astride his head.

"Well as there's no way you're getting to your dick, maybe you need to find another way to please me."

The next hour proved to be more of a workout for Tom than the earlier tennis match. Once Jess was finally ready they both stripped off (all but the chastity tube) and showered together. Tom soon discovered that not even soap could help him slip out of the steel and so quickly amused himself by washing Jess's naked body, a task that soon made his balls ache as he strained against the steel.

Jess placed all of her clothes in the laundry basket and then toweled dry. As she walked back to her room Tom lifted the lid of her laundry basket and rummaged through dirty underwear to find her pink shorts. He checked the pockets and as expected found the keys.

"Nice to see you're looking after the keys."

"My dirty washing basket is as safe a place as any," she smiled as took the keys from him and put them in her underwear drawer.

"What would happen if you lost them?"

"You'd be my permanent chastity slave," Jess smiled as if it was something to aim for.

Tom stood there with a towel wrapped around him and watched as she put on black silk knickers followed by a mid-thigh length black flared dress that lifted up as she gave him a twirl.

"We've time before we go to the pub" he suggested.

"For what?" she answered back straight faced.

"You know what."

"I do?"

"To make love?"

Jessica smiled, wrapped her arms around Tom and kissed him. "We've plenty of time."

"You need to unlock me first, this thing is starting to hurt."

"You know where the key is."

"Yes, but what's the number?"

"Guess."

"I can't!"

Jessica looked at him with her big brown teasing eyes.

"You're strong, maybe you should pick me up and shake the number out of me," she giggled.

"You asked for it," he smiled as he picked her up and placed her on the bed and sat astride the smiling brunette.

"Tell me," he ordered.

"No," she giggled.

"Jess, this is hurting."

"Yes it will."

Tom lent forward and pinned her hands to the bed above her head. She wriggled in a hopeless attempt to get free, but her struggles only served to increase her arousal. She looked at the well defined muscles in his arms and wriggled some more.

"The number Jess."

"How's it feeling down there?"

"Jess."

"Is it a little tight?"

"Last chance Jess,"

"Why, what will you do to me?" she replied, almost shaking with excitement.

She was right, there was no way to get the combination out of her and anyway the pain in his balls and dick was getting stronger. He jumped up and ran back to the bathroom and took a second shower, this time with cold water.

By the time he had finished showering Jessica was fully dressed, made up, with her hair up and wearing ankle high black leather boots. She looked fantastic.

"Hurry up, we'll be late," she smiled as she walked past him to the front door.

They arrived at the pub and joined two of Jess's girlfriends at a table at the back. Jess was very keen to show off her new boyfriend and was even more desperate to tell them how she had him locked up, although now wasn't the time to tell them about that. However that didn't stop her from flaunting her power as best she could by leaving her key ring, which now contained the keys to the chastity tube, on the table in front of her, for all to see.

Tom was also enjoying the evening, Jess's girlfriends were good fun, increasingly so as they got drunk. The chastity tube felt tight and solid, but he was starting to get used to it and it no longer felt uncomfortable. It was, however, a constant reminder of the power Jess was holding over him.

Every now and again Jess would run her hand up and down Tom's leg, or take his hand and place it inside her skirt. Both actions were guaranteed to cause a reaction, which invariably led to pain, which Jess pretended not to see.

At midnight Tom and Jess walked home.

"You looked very sexy tonight," Tom said.

"Is that the truth or just your attempt to get me to unlock you."

"Both I guess."

When they arrived home Jess sat down on the sofa. Tom however knelt down on the floor in front of her and looked up at her brown eyes.

"Jess, please I beg you!"

Jess edged forward on the sofa with one leg either side of his head.

"OK, show me how much you want me to unlock you," she purred as she slid further forward and let her skirt enclose his head.

Jess was in heaven and didn't rush the next stage. Finally she stood up.

"OK enough begging," she purred as she pulled him to his feet and started to unbuckle his trousers. She then unlocked the first padlock with the key and unlocked the second padlock with the combination, being careful not to show Tom the number.

As soon as she had removed the chastity tube, Tom picked her up and carried her to her bedroom; and closed the door.

Part V

Weeks passed and Jess's enthusiasm for the relationship remained strong, although Tom wasn't sure whether this was driven by her love for him, or by her new found love for bondage and for inventing ever more ways to lock him up. Not that he really cared what her driver was, she was good in bed and the bondage was usually a fun distraction from everyday life.

In Jessica's mind, Tom was easily the best looking guy she'd dated, as well as being easy going and funny. But the thing she loved the most was that he let her lock him up. Maybe it was because she'd been dumped a couple of times before or maybe because of some deeper reason, but she loved the feeling of having control over her guy. When Tom was in the cage, or in chastity, he needed her and there was certainly no way that he'd be foolish enough to end things with her while he was under her lock and key.

One Saturday morning, Jess was sitting at the breakfast bar wearing only a short negligee as Tom walked in still half asleep.

"What about steel bondage mitts?" she purred as pushed her disheveled hair back out of her eyes.

"What?" Tom replied as he made a beeline to the coffee machine.

"Steel bondage mitts," his flatmate repeated.

"Are you asking me, or telling me?" he smiled back as he poured his coffee.

"Telling of course," she giggled.

Tom looked at the open internet page which showed a particularly heavy pair of the item in question. Jessica took a tape measure and measured his wrist that was holding the coffee mug. The model who was wearing them on the site seemed happy enough, but then she probably wasn't at the mercy of some sadistic giggling brunette.

Jessica reached over for the coffee pot which made her negligee slide half way up her butt. She did have a cute butt. He thought back to the other evening when she'd sat on his face.

"You want to try?" she asked.

"OK," he replied, still lost in his thoughts.

When Tom returned from football that afternoon, Jessica was sitting on the couch wearing a white t-shirt and her tight pink shorts. She was sitting upright with her knees together with a cardboard box on her lap.

"Afternoon flatmate," he joked as he walked passed the lounge and went to take a shower. He smiled to himself as he saw the look of indignation on her face, although he then went on to wonder whether annoying her was such a good idea given what he knew she'd be doing to him later on.

"Are you finally ready?" she asked as he came out of shower with a towel around his waist.

"All yours," he smiled as she took him by the hand and led him back to the lounge and her new purchase. She sat back down on the sofa and made him kneel in front of her.

"Hand please," she ordered.

"Will this hurt?"

"That depends."

"Do these things lock?" he asked nervously.

"What do you think?"

"And who will hold the keys?"

"Who do you think?" she giggled as she took his hand.

She placed his hand in her lap and picked up the first steel mitt. Tom instinctively tried to pull his hand away, but Jessica simply opened her legs a little, pushed his hand down between her thighs and squeezed her legs back together.

"Stay," she ordered.

She then released his hand and positioned it in one half of the open mitt. It was a tight fit both around his wrist and in terms of the space available for his hand. Jessica closed it, so that it enclosed his hand and sealed tightly around his wrist. She then picked up a heavy duty padlock and slipped it in place.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"For what?" he smiled.

"To lose the use of your hand until, or should that be 'if', I release you."

"You're not doing a very good job of selling this."

Tom watched as she squeezed the lock between her fingers. 'Click'. Jess gave an excited little giggle. And only a few seconds Jessica had the second mitt also locked in place.

"Don't like my sales pitch then," she giggled, "why don't you try to get out of them then?"

"It appears that I've been sold," he smiled as he inspected the heavy steel around his wrists..

Jessica stood up and rattled the keys in front of him, "How does it feel?"

"A little restrictive," he said as he looked at the two steel balls where his hands had once been.

"I'll give you a chance to get the keys," she offered

"You're all heart!"

Jessica giggled as she threw the keys to him and watched them bounce off one of the mitts before falling to the floor. Tom got to his knees and started trying to pick them up with his mouth, but Jessica was quicker and stood on the keys with her bare foot.

"That's not fair Jess!" Tom complained as he looked up at her.

"I gave you a chance, you should have caught them."

"Maybe you're forgetting that you just locked me in these mitts?"

"Oh yeah, silly me!"

Jessica moved her foot so that she was only standing on one of the two keys on the key ring, with the other key sticking out from the side of her foot. Tom, who was naturally optimistic, tried to pick up the protruding key with his mouth without any success.

With that not working, Tom tried a more direct approach by using his shoulder to gently push the brunette backwards on to the sofa.

"Hey, that's cheating," Jessica complained as she saw that Tom now had the keys between his teeth. She watched as he tried to maneuver them in his mouth so that one would point the right way. As he did so he dropped them and Jessica quickly picked scooped them up.

"Right they're going in my pocket, you cheat."

"Some how the odds were always against me in that game, Jess."

Jessica smiled, "I know, you haven't a chance, but I love watching you try."

Jessica turned so that her butt was facing towards where Tom was kneeling and he could easily see the shape of the keys tucked inside the back pocket of

her shorts.

"OK, one more chance," she offered.

Tom, still not having learnt his lesson, put his face up against Jessie's butt and stuck his tongue inside her back pocket. Jessica giggled.

"That tickles."

"These shorts are too tight," he complained as he readjusted his angle and tried again.

"Mmm, don't they just hug my cute little butt," she joked.

A few minutes later Tom gave up and head butted her butt so that once against she ended up on the sofa.

"That's naughty, you'll pay for that."

"I don't think it can get much worse," Tom smiled.

"I can think of many ways to increase your captivity," Jessica purred.

"Actually I don't doubt it," Tom smiled as he moved over to the sofa and buried his face into the back of her pink shorts.

Jessica stood up and went to fetch a chain which she padlocked around his waist and then attached a pair of handcuffs to the back of the chain. She then proceeded to handcuff Tom's already 'mitted' hands behind his back.

"That's your punishment."

"I really am f***ed now," Tom concluded.

"I know, but go on, please try and get out of them, just for me."

Tom struggled for a few seconds for effect as he watched the excitement in her eyes grow.

"You're a real sadist, do you know that?"

"Maybe, but what are you going to do about it?" she giggled.

The amusement over, Jessica led him by the arm out of the lounge and into the bathroom.

"Every room is now a potential cell," she giggled as she left him in the bathroom and closed the door behind her. Tom soon saw what she meant as he realized that there was no way that he could operate the round door handle. He even tried with his mouth which was equally unsuccessful.

"Wherever I leave you, I know you'll stay," Jess giggled as she led him to her bedroom and closed the door behind them.

"Now I have you trapped in my bedroom, what shall I do with you?" she purred as she slowly removed her t-shirt and unbuttoned and slipped her shorts down her long tanned legs.

Jessica watched with satisfaction as Tom instinctively struggled against his restraints.

"Put your hands all over my body," she teased as she watched his struggles become more desperate.

"I love the way you seem to think that you break those high security padlocks with nothing but brut force," she purred as she ran her hands over his shoulders and biceps.

Tom leant down and ran his lips around the top of Jessica's black lacy bra. She immediately stepped away and started to look for something in her cupboard. As he suspected, she returned with her ball gag.

"Jess, you can't stand there in your bra and panties without giving me any chance of enjoying your body."

"Why don't you leave then?"

"I can't, you closed the door!" he complained.

"I haven't locked it," she giggled.

"You might as well have," he replied as he pulled his hands hopelessly.

Jessica smiled, "Well in that case it looks as though I can stand here in my panties and give you chance to enjoy," she giggled as she put the ball gag into his mouth.

There was no point in resisting. He knew from the moment that Jessica had padlocked the mitt on him that he had no choice but to obey her every whim. He listened as she buckled the gag in place and locked it with a padlock. He then watched as she nonchalantly tossed the padlock key across the room.

Tom watched as the only key to release him from the gag landed somewhere behind Jessica's chest of drawers. More worrying, though, was the fact that he was the only one who had watched it land.

Jess then laid Tom down on her bed and laid next to him head to toe, and started to run her fingers gently up and down the inside of his thighs. Tom lay there helplessly, his face only inches from the front of Jessica's silk panties.

Jessica moved forward so that his ball gag was resting against the front of her panties and started to rub herself against it. Tom watched as the tiny hairs on the inside of her thighs stood on end, stimulated by both the ball gag and the general power that their owner had over him. Jessica was starting to moan as she became more and more aroused, while at the same time being careful that her touch didn't give Tom the same pleasure.

Tom panted as he tried to sit up.

"No you don't," she purred as she wrapped her thighs around his head and tightened them like a vice.

With his hands chained behind him Jessica's thighs were more than a match for his neck muscle, although that didn't stop him from trying to pull free.

Jessica gave his neck a quick tight squeeze. "Think of my thighs as your last hope of freedom, because if your head was to come out from between them

before I give you permission, you'll be wearing those mitts for the rest of the weekend."

Tom immediately relaxed and started to enjoy the feel of Jessica's soft legs around his neck. "Better," she smiled as she finally started to stimulate him.

When Jessica was finished she opened her bedroom door and led Tom to the bathroom, where they showered together, with the mitts and gag still firmly lock in place.

"Those mitts really do scare you don't they" Jessica smiled.

He stood there silently, watching the water drip down her face.

"Mmm, I love the way you hang on my every word."

Jessica pushed him down to his knees, where the water poured down over his head.

"As you can't use your hands, you'll have to wash me using your face as the sponge," she purred as she turned up the heat and closed her eyes.

Jessica giggled as she led him back to her room.

"OK, one more thing that you need to do before I unlock you."

Tom watched her smiling brown eyes, wondering what she had in mind. Wearing only white cotton panties Jessica picked up the black knickers that she'd worn earlier and stretched them over Tom's head so that they hung around his neck. Following her instructions, he then sat down on the floor at the end of her bed. Jessica then stretched her used underwear that was hanging around his neck and hooked it over one of the wrought iron bars at the base of her bed.

Still wearing only knickers, Jessica explained the game. "OK your neck is now secured to my bed by a pair of my dirty panties. Now I'm sure you could pull yourself free, but that would rip my panties, I would get cross and you would stay in the mitts for a further 'indefinite' period."

Tom tried to mumble a response but it was all but lost behind the gag.

Jessica then walked passed him and turned around so that her butt brushed across his face. She then swung her hips a little so that her butt gently knocked against his face. She then turned to face him and started to rub the front of her panties with her fingers, only inches from her face.

He tried to lean forward to touch her, but the elastic in her underwear tightened around the front of his neck. She turned around again and he watched as she moved her hips from side to side which made the white cotton ride slightly up her butt. Standing there in white cotton briefs she looked the picture of innocence, which couldn't have been further from the truth.

"Careful, you wouldn't want to tear my panties," Jessica smiled as she picked up a black scarf and gently wrapped it around his face as a blindfold.

He sat there, hands chained, gagged and blindfolded listening intently for any sounds. She was close by, he could smell her scent, but he didn't know where. Suddenly she gently bit one of his ears. The surprise made him move and almost tear the panties around his neck. "Careful," she purred.

She then bit down gently on the back of his neck, he jumped, moved his head and heard one or two of the stitches in the panties give way. "I hope you like those mitt," she whispered into his ear.

Jessica then stood in front of him, lifted one leg and wrapped it around his head to pull him in closer to her. She felt his nose bury into the front of her knickers and used it to once again stimulate herself.

Once finally satisfied, Jessica dressed and picked up her keys and purse.

"OK, I'm going to buy us some wine," she said totally matter-of-factly. "If you're still tethered to my bed by my panties when I return, maybe you can join me."

Tom sat there in the darkness listening to doors close and lock. The mitts were driving him crazy; he knew that Jess's panties would definitely be holding him prisoner until she returned. Until she unlocked the mitts, he would obey.

