

Katie's Place

Part 1

Katie sat on a hard wooden chair looking disappointingly at the place she's inherited. What the solicitor had described as 'commercial premises' was not on the high street, but up a small, rarely use alleyway. No passing traffic and no chance to realise her initial hope of opening a high class clothing store.

The place itself comprised the basement and ground floors of a unit in old brick built commercial block. It had a small reception area and an empty room behind that didn't seem to serve any purpose. In the basement there was a further room containing three large cupboards. The place was clean and stylishly decorated in white with red feature walls. She stood up and walked around her new place, trying to imagine what, if anything, she could do with it.

Katie had recently quit her job as a shop assistant, one of a long line of failed jobs. She had the intelligence, but hadn't found anything to inspire her to make the necessary effort. She was 21 years old, limited qualifications, even more limited cash and no idea on how to make more. But she did now own this place.

For the last year she had lived in a bedsit, which was small and always in a mess. Her sink was always full and she was always behind with her laundry. The underwear she was wearing right then had been dirty when she'd put it on that morning.

Katie looked up with shock as she heard a knock on the front door. She stood totally still, wondering whether she'd imagined it. There it was again. Katie felt her heart race up as she slowly stepped forward in her old worn out, sockless trainers. She reached the door and turned the large silver key that was sitting in the deadlock.

Outside was a good looking guy who must have been in his late thirties. He was wearing a suit, without a tie and with a few shirt buttons undone to give him a casual look. As soon as he saw Katie, his casual smile changed to a look

of surprise and then to a look of slight embarrassment.

"Is Emily here?"

"No," Katie stammered in reply.

"Oh. Sorry to have bothered you." He started to walk away.

"Emily was my Aunt," Katie called after him.

He stopped and turned, with a look of concern. "Was?"

"She's no longer with us. Car accident."

He stood there in slight shock as he ran a hand through his salt and pepper hair. He didn't seem to know what to do or say.

At Katie's invitation, the guy followed her into the small reception area and they sat down on the wooden chairs facing each other. Having each said their condolences to the other, they sat saying nothing.

He watched the slim girl sitting in front of him. She had her hands on the edges of her chair and was nervously fidgeting. Her eyes darted around the room, occasionally resting on him for just a second. She was sniffing slightly, although he wasn't sure whether that was from a cold or just grief.

Her long brown hair was up in a very untidy pony tail. Her white t-shirt and denim shorts were unironed and in need of a wash. Her shoes were in need of chucking out. She was medium height, slightly slimmer than perhaps she should have been, but attractive enough, particularly on the rare occasion she smiled.

He watched her eyes. They were large, brown and surrounded by unusually long lashes which gave her a slight Disney appearance. After a few more minutes to reflect on the news, he stood to leave.

"What did my Aunt use this place for?" she asked, not moving from her seat.

"Oh... you know," he knew it was a poor answer as soon as he's opened his

mouth.

"No I don't!"

Katie had now stood up and walked over so that her back was resting against the front door. Although she looked light enough for him to pick up with one hand, he knew he couldn't leave. She crossed her slim arms and looked at him.

"Tell me!"

"Storage, mainly," he replied.

"Storage? Of what?"

He was starting to feel uncomfortable. He would either have to forcefully move the young woman or tell her things he had no intention of sharing. He watched as she reached to her side and turned the key in the door before withdrawing it and slipping it into her pocket. The 'forcefully move' option was getting harder.

"People," he finally said as he stepped back and leaned against the small counter.

Her open mouth and look of complete surprise confirmed his suspicions that his girl was not ready to learn more about her Aunt.

Still in possession of the key to the front door, she walked passed him, down the stairs and into the basement. Unable to open the front door, he followed.

The small windowless basement had three heavy steel doors along the back wall and behind each door was a small windowless space; 6 feet by 4 feet and only 6 feet high. Each had a heavy grille in the middle of their concrete ceiling.

It had been a warm summer and the heavy brick and concrete walls seemed to act as a heat sink, creating an oppressive atmosphere. The dim wall lights in the basement only added to the unique ambiance that had no doubt led many astray.

"You mean my Aunt held people in here?!" the young brunette exclaimed.

He didn't reply, but even so it only took Katie a few moments to get the full message.

"That's why there's a tap and drain in the corner!"

He nodded.

"And I bet if I go back upstairs I can see down through that metal grille."

She ran back up taking two steps at a time. With one foot either side, she bent down and pulled up a metal hatch. Looking down between her long legs she could see through the heavy grille and into the cell beneath.

"At least I could explain the mystery for you," he smiled as he walked back to the front door.

"I just don't understand why anyone would want to be locked up."

"Yes, I know."

"Well you came here today!" she said having taken up her previous position between him and the front door.

"It's hard to explain," he smiled as he waited for her to open the door, "I guess it's just the opportunity to give away complete control to someone else and remove all need to think or make decisions."

Katie considered this for a few moments.

"You know..... I can always lock you up if that's what you want," Katie offered.

He smiled and shook his head, "Thank you, but no that's fine."

"Why? That's why you came."

"Well yes, with Emily."

The truth was that Emily had been both incredibly attractive and incredibly

seductive, with a way of controlling him that extended way passed just sexual.

"What's wrong with me?" her hands were back on her hips.

"Nothing..."

"Well it's up to you."

"Look, I appreciate the offer".

Katie still hadn't taken the front door key from her pocket and so he still wasn't at liberty to leave. He tried the handle just to check.

"It's locked," she said matter-of-factly.

"You could unlock it."

"Yes, but what other plans do you have tonight?" she asked as she looked straight into his eyes.

As he smelt Emily's perfume still engrained in the room, it seemed that her niece had also inherited some of her dominant tendencies.

"Well yeah, I didn't book a hotel."

"Hotel? You mean you stay all night."

He could see the exhaustion in her face, it had obviously been a long day. She seemed more relaxed now, but no doubt just wanted to go home and crash.

"You're tired," he said as he motioned towards the locked door.

"Look, its easy enough for me to lock you up, especially as I seem to have just inherited a jail. One click of the padlock and you get what you came for."

The indecisive look on his face was enough. She took him by the wrist and led him into the back room. Still unsure of how to play it, he followed the now bare foot woman, briefly glancing at her butt as he went.

"So how does this work?" she asked.

It was a rhetorical question as she immediately closed the door of the first cell and slid the bolt across with a force that sent a clang around the small enclosed space.

"And then it locks with the padlock," he added.

"Why do I need to lock it" she asked innocently, "you can't open the bolt from inside."

"True, but it makes it more secure and personal," he finally replied, "not only will I be trapped, but you will be the only person in the world able to free me."

"OK" she said as she shrugged her shoulders and bent down to thread the heavy padlock in place behind the metal shield which prevented it from ever being cut off.

Katie stood up and tugged at her denim shorts that were beginning to ride up into her butt. She pulled the key from the lock and swung it from the small key ring.

"And then I leave this on the bus on the way home," she joked.

The look on his face told her that it wasn't the right thing to say and she quickly tucked the key right down into the front pocket of her shorts.

"I'm sorry, I'll keep it safely in here," she smiled as she repeatedly patted the front of her shorts.

He handed her the cash which she immediately counted and then with a big grin on her face, stuffed into the back pocket of her shorts.

"OK, this time with you inside."

He waited for her to unlock the same door and, feeling slightly embarrassed and self-conscious, he walked inside. He turned around only just in time to see the door bang closed behind him. It was only then that he realised he was in the pitch black as he hadn't told her about the lights. He walked up to the door

and pushed, but it was too late, he was the wrong side of two inches of steel.

As he laid in the dark concrete box his thoughts jumped from one thing to the next. Emily was no more, but who was her niece. Could he trust her? It was too late to worry about that now. Whoever she was, she had a great figure. No, he mustn't think like that, she must be fifteen years younger than him. What was her name? He should have asked her? He'd given away all control to a girl whose name he didn't even know.

His thoughts were stopped as the mystery woman lifted the metal cover and looked down at him through the heavy grate.

"Oh it's dark down there!"

"Yes, all light switches.... and door handles are on the outside."

Katie jumped up and with one bare foot still standing on the grate, started to play with the light switch.

"On. Off. On. Off," she giggled as she played with the switch.

He looked up from underneath her wondering if he'd made a mistake by letting her lock him up. She wasn't taking this seriously. Would she even remember to let him out?

But when she had tired of playing with the light, she sat down on the edge of the grille with her legs hanging down between the bars. She swung her legs back and forth as she drank from a bottle of beer.

He had to grab her feet to avoid being kicked in the face as they swung towards him. He looked up at her slim figure sitting on the barred grille above him and as he did so, started to inadvertently massage her feet.

"Mmm that's nice," she smiled.

"What?"

"My feet, it's nice. Keep going."

"What's your name?" he asked.

She giggled as she let down her hair so that it hung untidily around her head.

"You really don't know much about me, do you."

"Well maybe you should tell me."

He ran his lips up her calf muscles and watched as tiny goose bumps started to form. She smiled, threw her head back and took another sip of beer. Whether it was the situation or just tiredness, the mystery woman was starting to look more and more attractive.

He reached up and ran his hands up her thighs. Katie let him do this, partly because it felt nice being touched by this sexy guy, but also because she was taking note of the very expensive watch on his wrist.

"OK, until tomorrow," she purred as she pulled her legs out from between the bars and stood on the grille above him.

He instinctively tried to reach up through the grill and touch her body that was now hopelessly out of reach. Instead he had to quickly retrieve his hands as Katie lowered the metal hatch that covered the grille and locked it with the padlock. He sat down on the hard cell floor, now sure that he wanted to spend the night as her prisoner.

Katie sat down cross legged on top of the hatch in one of her yoga positions and started to breathe more slowly. Right then she was earning more cash per hour than she had in her last job and all she had to do was look after a key.

She stood up and pulled her dishevelled hair back into a ponytail. Her tight shorts were starting to ride up again and so she reached behind her to pull them down. She slipped into her old trainers walked back out to reception.

Once there she turned off the main power switch, plunging the whole place into darkness and with very little light coming from the alley outside, the place had a very quiet and still mood. Katie unlocked the front door and stepped out in the evening air, warm even though the sun had set.

Katie locked the front door behind her and slipped the silver key in beside the padlock key. She assumed he'd be OK, after all what trouble could anyone get into inside her concrete cell. She stuffed her hands into her pockets and walked quickly down the alley and joined the busy main street less than one hundred meters away. As she walked, she started to plan for the next day. Things were not going to work out quite how her guest was expecting.

Part 2

That night, in complete darkness, he had removed his suit and shirt and laid them down carefully on the floor. He didn't have his phone and the complete lack of any light made his watch as good as useless. She had effectively left him in complete sensory deprivation, unable to hear or see anything. He lay down and was soon asleep. He woke at various times but had no way of knowing whether ten minutes or ten hours had passed.

At one point he climbed to his feet and felt for the door. The metal was colder than the room as he pushed hard against it. He smiled as he imagined the padlock just inches away, that she had snapped shut and which he had no hope of ever opening. He felt very safe and relaxed as he lay back down and returned to sleep.

Katie was tossing and turning in her small flat ten minutes walk away. There was no air conditioning and the fan did little to cool the humid air. She lay in the middle of her double bed naked, having long since kicked off the sheet.

At 5am, just as the sun was rising, she finally gave up trying to sleep and stepped across her untidy room collecting several days of discarded clothing. With just a towel around her, she walked down to the communal laundry and stuffed everything into the washing machine. Carrying the keys to the cell that she'd kept close to her body ever since locking him up, she ran barefoot back up to her room.

She threaded the keys on to a silver chain that she wore around her neck and jumped into the shower. She washed her hair twice and scrubbed her body until steam and the smell of body wash filled her small flat.

She waxed her legs and dressed in a short blue dress that hugged her body,

but did little to cover her legs. She put her hair in a neat ponytail and applied make up and heels. She finally returned to the laundry to retrieve and slip on a clean bra and pair of panties.

With two takeaway coffees in one hand and her keys in the other, she made the short walk back to the alleyway, stumbling a couple of times of the unaccustomed heels. She opened the door and walked into the back room where she un-padlocked the steel hatch.

A shiver of excitement ran the length of her body as she lifted the steel and saw the fit, bare-chested guy beneath her, shielding his eyes from the light.

"You still here?" Katie smiled as she crouched down, knees together and handed him a coffee through the heavy grille.

"Actually I was just leaving." he joked with his dry throat from lack of talking.

"Like to see you try!"

Katie giggled, shaking her head as she sat down on the grille above him and again slipped her feet through the bars. He noticed her new look. Even her feet which again she swung and which this time almost knocked over his coffee had been cut and painted pink.

"Well if the coffee's any good I may stay."

"Good I have a proposition for you," Katie said as she instinctively tried to cross her legs, but couldn't with the grille between her knees.

"A proposition?"

"I want you to help me make this business work."

"What business?"

"This business, my Aunt's business!" she exclaimed.

He smiled and rolled his eyes. In response she pulled out her dress from under her so that her skimpy pink panties were resting on the bars just above his

head.

"Oh don't do that," he complained as he buried his face into the back of her calves.

"Why?"

"Because... I'm a guy who's just spend all night locked in sensory deprivation and now your body in that dress is giving me sensory overload!"

"Good." she smiled oblivious to the anguish she was causing below.

He ran his hand through his slightly greying, dark hair.

"There's more to this business than you know," he replied having finally refocused on the question.

"That's why I'm making you the offer. I need your help."

"Look I don't know."

Katie was pouting as she wrapped her ankles around his neck and squeezed.

"Look at it this way, who else can I ask?"

It seemed as though she needed his help, at least this might give him some leverage.

"Maybe we should talk in the cafe over another coffee."

"No I like you down there," she smiled as she tried to rub her feet against his face.

OK, it gave him no leverage. He grabbed her feet and again started to massage them mainly as a way of controlling them and stopping himself from getting kicked in the face.

"First I need to know my business partner's name." Katie said.

"Tom," he replied after a short pause.

"OK Tom, pass me your wallet, I just need to check."

"That's not necessary."

He was still distracted by her slim legs when she pulled them back through the bars and stood up.

"Maybe you will show me your wallet tomorrow!"

She spoke calmly, but firmly as she lowered the steel hatch cover, plunging him yet again into darkness. Standing in bare feet on the hatch, she counted in her head until she heard the inevitable cries of help from underneath. She listened with amusement they grew more desperate before finally reopening the hatch.

Katie then spent the next ten minutes going through the contents of his wallet while he rubbed her feet. Having examined and taken photos of the array of identifications and platinum credit cards she handed it back down to him intact.

"So you really are Tom."

"And you are?" he asked.

"Why, Katie," she giggled innocently.

The smiling brunette continued.

"You made the right decision to be my business partner. I wasn't going to unlock you until you did".

Tom smiled, although the seriousness of her voice and the way her brown eyes focused on him was slightly unsettling.

Katie closed the hatch and walked back down to the basement. She took the key from her necklace, where it had hung since her shower, and stepped bare foot into the cell.

Stood beside him, Katie looked very different to how she appeared when sitting on the grille above him. She was at least five inches shorter than him, slim, vulnerable and certainly less intimidating than when she'd had him under lock and key.

"Your home is very small." she observed as she placed one hand on each side wall of the room.

"It's not my home, Katie."

"Isn't it?"

"Don't you ever wear shoes?" he asked, keen to change the subject.

He pulled on his shirt as she ran her hand over his tight, fit abs.

"Katie!" he said admonishingly.

"What?"

With her most innocent expression, she ran her fingertips up and over his slim, muscled chest, occasionally catching his eye as she did so. He had to button up his shirt to make her stop.

The various delays, instigated by Katie, meant that Tom didn't have time to return to his apartment to shower before his meeting and so Katie suggested that he shower at her flat instead. Carrying the keys to her flat and a badly drawn map, Tom finally left the place almost twelve hours after arriving.

Ten minutes later, he reached her small and very untidy flat, which comprised a single room with an ensuite bathroom. He was starting to see why Katie was so keen to make a go of her recent inheritance.

He picked up her tiny denim shorts that she worn the day before and that had evidently missed the early morning wash. He held the soft worn denim against his face where he could smell her scent magnified from many many wears. He quickly folded them up and put them down. What was he doing? Why was his path becoming so entwined with this woman's?

After clearing the bathroom so that he could shower, he left for his meetings. By early afternoon he had finished and returned to the alleyway with sandwiches and coffee. He didn't know quite why he'd returned. Maybe because he'd promised her he would, or because she had the ability to blackmail him, or because she needed someone to stop her getting into trouble. Or maybe just because he wanted to experience the excitement of being locked up by her one more time.

Katie opened the door, let him in and then deadlocked it behind him. She skipped over and handed him one of two notepads that she'd bought and a pen. Even though he'd just left a meeting where they had discussed a major transaction, no one at that meeting had had anything like this girl's infectious enthusiasm.

The smooth curve of her nose seemed more pronounced as she put on her best business face. Although standing there bare foot, wiggling her hips slightly did detract from the business like image.

"I want you in the cell so I can visualise our service!"

"Our service?"

"I hope you're not thinking of breaking your promise," she replied with determination that contained the slightest hint of menace.

Tom smiled as he put his hands up and led the way down to the basement and into the middle cell. She stood in the doorway watching him loosen his tie.

"What?" he asked.

She blew him a kiss before shutting the door on him. The sound of the door clanging shut and the padlock locking always gave him a chill of excitement and the pink panties that soon appeared sitting cross legged on the grille above him were also taking him to a place that he was trying to avoid.

"OK, sexy guys come and I lock them up," Katie spoke as she scribbled into her notebook.

"Well yes, but the punters may want a little more than that."

"Like what?"

Tom was determined to put her off and make it all sound too hard but so far it wasn't working. Her youthful enthusiasm would take more stopping. At the very least he needed to make sure she knew what she was getting into.

"Discipline, caning, face sitting..."

"Sure, no problem," she replied as she wrote more notes.

"But you have no experience of any of this!" Tom was getting exasperated.

"I have the rest of the day to practice sitting on your face."

"They may want certain role plays." Tom continued.

"Sure, they play the role of the guy locked up tight and I play the mean bitch with the keys."

The pink panties disappeared and the hatch slammed shut. A minute later there was a jangle of keys and Katie was back with him in the cell.

"Lie down!"

He rolled his eyes but obeyed as Katie stood with one foot either side of his head.

"Let's see how difficult this sitting on people's face thing really is, shall we?"

With that she sat down straight on his face with her full weight and stayed there until he struggled.

"Air, Katie, I have to breathe."

"Go on then," she replied a little annoyed that she hadn't worked that out.

"And maybe kneel down first and then lower your butt more slowly and

sensually?"

They spend the next hour experimenting with every position they could think of, both enjoying the feeling.

"Do I past teacher?" she finally asked.

"You're good, you have one cute butt," he panted.

"That's good as I have a guy coming this afternoon who wants me to sit on him."

"What? No way!" Tom exclaimed.

Katie, who was now sitting on his chest, reached behind her and unbuckled his suit trousers and reached inside. Tom started to protest and tried to sit up, but she slipped forward so that she pinned him with his head between her thighs. She squeezed her thighs together as she continued to massage him.

But then, before making him come, Katie simply stood up and walked out of the cell. Tom realised too late and by the time he got to his feet she had closed and bolted the door. Tom stood in the pitch black and listened desperately as she locked the padlock.

"No Katie, don't do it." he cried.

"I'm sorry I have to shut you in Tommy."

"I thought were business partners?" he said trying to play her at her own game.

"I promise I'll let you out when he's gone."

Rubbing herself against his face had turned her on and she sat down, legs apart leaning against the outside of the door, and with her hand inside her underwear brought herself to orgasm.

At the same time, Tom was leaning against the inside of the same door, knowing that there was no possible way out. Why was he so concern anyway,

he hardly knew this girl? Surely he hadn't started to care that much. He could still smell her scent on his face. Her body, that was now out of reach, was about to pleasure another guy. But surely he couldn't be jealous, could he?

The hatch in the ceiling opened for just a second and something dropped to the floor. He felt for it and unable to see, held it up to his face. It was her pink underwear, no doubt some sort of present to keep him company while she was away.

Shit, she probably was up to this job, within less than a day she'd taken him from uninterested to bordering on the obsessed. When she finally released him, he would need to find a way to extract himself from her web, without any comeback or blackmail. Although as he lay on the small mattress in the dark, with her panties held to his face, he knew it wouldn't be easy.

Part 3

Katie smoothed her dress down as she climbed the steps back to the reception. She dropped the keys that would unlock Tom's cell into her handbag and picked up the keys to the second padlock, the one she would be using to incarcerate her afternoon guest.

Katie hadn't known her Aunt that well, only that she had money and always dressed beautifully. On the rare occasion that she visited Katie's parents, she had driven a small Mercedes sport car. More often than not, though, she was travelling around the world, seeing things and going places that Katie parent's never had. Judging by the amount of money Tom had given her yesterday, things were starting to make sense.

She had always admired her Aunt and now she had a chance to emulate her. If she got this right, she could have everything her aunt had. The excitement of this revelation had given her a focus like never before. She sat on a wooden chair in the reception nervously tapping her bare feet on the floor as she thought.

The last few hours with Tom had given her a much better insight into why he visited a dominatrix. It seemed to be more than just a sexual experience. After all, Tom could easily achieve that by hanging out in any of the bars in town. Instead, it seemed to be a way to take him away from the stresses life. For

anyone locked in a cell, the only thing to do is listen and wait for their release. In that way, it brought them into the present as good as any meditation.

What Katie didn't understand yet, was why the power her role gave her infatuated her so. Possibly it was because she liked Tom? He was a good looking guy, but somehow she suspected that she'd enjoy locking other up just as much. Was it because her Dad had left them, or that every other guy she'd met had been an unreliable bum? Maybe this was just her chance to get revenge on the male of the species. But then she wasn't trying to get revenge on Tom, far from it.

It was after 8pm by the time punter number two had left, Katie walked over to her handbag and fished around for Tom's key. After a frustrating minute of searching she tipped the entire contents of the bag out on to the counter, some of which then rolled and clattered on to the floor. With the key found, she clutched it in her hand, returned to the basement and unlocked Tom's padlock. She flicked on the light and pulled back the heavy steel bolt.

"How did it go?" Tom asked casually, sitting on the mattress with his back pressed up against the corner of the cell.

"Good, I did what you suggested and he seemed happy."

"I'm not surprised."

Katie sat down on the mattress next to him and smiled as he put his arm around her. She brought her knees up to her chest and cuddled into him.

"He asked if I could handcuff him next time," she said, obviously tired from the excitement of the day.

"You OK with that?" Tom asked.

"Mmm, but only if can do it to you first."

Katie climbed to her feet, recharged and reassured by the hug.

"Too bad we can't spend the night with both of us locked in here," Katie smiled as she pulled the door of the cell closed from the inside. "If only there

was only someone the other side to slide the bolt across."

The thought of spending the night with Katie was certainly appealing, but what was left of Tom's sanity was telling him 'no'.

"I could call a girlfriend, one push and we'd be stuck together." she fantasised.

"Let me walk you home." he said, pulling on his jacket.

Tom pushed open the steel door and followed Katie through the small doorway and at Tom's request, Katie relocked the empty cell. He watched with interest as the muscles in both her toned arms and legs tensed and her hips swung as she pushed the bolt across. The way her athletic body moved was so sexy that he almost asked her to reopen the cell and lock it again with him inside.

Once Katie had finally found her heels, they walked together back to Katie's small flat. Tom placed his suit jacket over her shoulders to stop her short flimsy dress being buffeted by the wind and the first few drops of the approaching storm.

Over a week had passed before they met again. Tom had been travelling with work and it was well after dark when he returned to the alley and to Katie's Place. He opened the front door and walked in to find Katie dancing in the semi lit reception, with tinny pop music blaring from her phone. The short denim shorts were back, but this time washed and she wore a pink gym top. Her hair was down and was swinging as she moved.

"Quite night?" Tom asked as he walked up to her and kissed her on the cheek.

"No, fully booked."

Katie was smiling as she danced over to her phone to shut off the music. She then started to pat the back and the front of her shorts. After much patting, during which time she had a slightly confused look on her face, she dug her hand into one of her front pockets and pulled out two keys. With one in each hand, she proudly held them up to show Tom.

"This one is an older guy, but kind of nice. And this one is actually a couple, bit

alternative. They only wanted to be locked up, which is just as well as I wouldn't know what to do to two people."

Tom smiled at how Katie seemed to have reduced her guests to keys stuffed into her pocket. But then given the set up and the very real difficulty of extracting them from the cells without those keys, then maybe it was fair enough. Those keys were pretty fundamental to her guest's future lives.

"You realise that those are keys and not people?" he smiled.

"Are they?"

"Yes, your guests are real people." he clarified.

"No you're wrong. Once locked up they become my property, exactly like these keys." she replied, playfully sticking out her tongue.

The reality was that Katie was charging so little for her services, far less than a night in an average hotel in fact, that she had already gained the attention of the city's fetish scene as well as others tempted to try something new. But even at these prices, she was making more money than she ever had.

But while she was playful and innocent, her service wasn't without risks to both her and her clients. The fact that she often didn't spend the night there, instead locking them up and returning to her flat, was an obvious risk. In the event of a fire, her guests had no chance. Tom had ordered her a portable bed which she'd promised to use in future.

"So what's your problem, you'll be a key soon." the brunette giggled.

"Just a key?"

"Yes and where exactly would you like me to keep you?" she smiled provocatively as she slipped her hand down inside the front of her tight shorts.

"Look I don't know about tonight."

"What!"

Her mood changed suddenly and she stared straight at him. She didn't like to be refused. While he liked her, cared about her even, it was these sudden and dramatic mood swings that worried him.

"OK, why not," he smiled carefully.

Katie instantly switched back, her smile returning in a way that was disconcerting. She ran over and locked the front door before slowly unbuttoning and slipping out of her shorts.

"Great, I've got a new move I want to try out on you."

With the shorts hanging around one ankle, she flicked her foot and sent them flying across the room where they landed out of sight behind the counter.

"The keys are still in there." Tom said with slight concern.

"So?"

"Well they're pretty important to certain people."

"So?"

"Well I'm going to become one of those people!"

Katie ignored him as she slipped off her t-shirt and stood in front of him wearing only white panties and bra. The material obviously contained some elastic as it glistened slightly as it wrapped around her butt and breasts.

"OK serious now." Katie tried to suppress a smile.

Tom put his hands to his neck. Not again! Why does she keep doing this to me?

"Now at all times your lips must be in contact with my panties." Katie commanded. "Fail to do that and the next time I close the cell door it will be for good."

Her words and her body took his breath away and he could do nothing but

kneel down and comply. Within seconds of her order, his mouth was pushed up against her clit. She then turned closely so that he was pressed against her butt.

"Push in." the girl demanded.

He pushed his nose deep between her cheeks and breathed in deeply. Oh shit, he was going to that place again. Still on his knees, he followed her closely down the stairs and into the basement.

Katie stopped by each of the two locked doors and inspected the padlocks, which were of course securely locked behind the steel covers that prevented anyone using bolt cutters. With his nose still between her cheeks he couldn't see anything as they moved on and into the far cell.

As Katie turned around again, so that he was again kissing her clit, Tom looked passed her hip to see three heavy chains that were padlocked to the metal bolts attached to the floor of the cell. At the end of the first chain was a heavy pair of rigid foot cuffs that could be closed and locked centrally with a single padlock. At the end of the next chain was a similar pair of rigid metal handcuffs. The end of the third chain had an unlocked padlock looped through the last link, presumably for locking around the prisoner's neck.

With his lips still in constant contact with Katie's panties, he laid on the small mattress while she knelt above his head. She positioned the foot cuffs around his ankles and locked them with a padlock.

He'd just been chained to the wall and lost the ability to separate his ankles by more than an inch. He could no longer walk or run and all he'd been concerned about was keeping his lips in contact with this woman's underwear. A moment later and she'd taken away the use of his arms by cuffing his hands together. Two moments later and she'd also locked his neck to the wall.

"Well done, you did it." Katie smiled as she stood up, hands on hips.

"Is that your new move?" he asked.

"What do you think?"

"It worked for me."

"Good, those cuffs cost enough."

He tried to edge his way closer to her sexy body but the chains held him frustratingly out of reach. The only possible contact was his lips with her bare feet and so he kissed them.

He looked up at the 'CK' label on the back of her panties, they were probably the most expensive piece of clothing that she owned, certainly the newest. She was just a poor young woman, with who knew what problems and issues. Neediness and a fear of betrayal and abandonment had to be on the list somewhere.

"Mmm and to think that you lost your freedom just because you were busy kissing my butt".

"It is cute, come here."

Katie smiled as she swayed her CKs from side to side for his benefit while keeping them annoying out of reach.

Tom inspected the cuffs, pulling at them and trying to twist and wriggle his way out.

"Quite secure." he concluded.

Katie nodded slowly and crossed her arms.

"Special privilege for my business partner." she smiled.

"I guess the privilege doesn't extend to being given the key to the cuffs?"

Katie grinned and held up her fingers which she slowly kissed one by one.

"Those padlocks don't have a key. They only open with a fingerprint."

Tom looked and tried his finger against the sensor. Nothing happened.

"Mine, not yours silly!"

Tom lay comfortably on the mattress watching his jailer giggle. It was warm and the noise and stress of the day seemed to have disappeared. He had nowhere to go, which was just as well as the shackles she'd locked him in would hold him for his lifetime and plenty thereafter. Maybe he had a proposition for her.

"You need cash to kit this place out." he didn't mention the need to upgrade her flat and her wardrobe. "Why don't you rent me this cell on a long term lease for me to use whenever I want?"

He made her an offer, after which she opened her mouth and quickly covered it her hand.

"On one condition." she finally said.

"OK?"

"You will use it whenever I want."

Without fully understanding the full implication of what she had said and struggling sightly against the cuffs, he passed her his wallet and gave her the password that would allow her to transfer the first year's rent from his account to hers. Tom also handed her his phone and his keys.

"You can use the laptop in my apartment if you want." he offered.

With so many things to hold, Katie tucked his phone into the back of her panties and held his wallet and apartment keys one in each hand.

"You're very trusting Tom."

"That's part of the thrill."

"Is it?" she asked slowly.

"I can trust you, can't I?"

She looked at him without saying anything and then left the cell to deposit his belongings into her handbag. She returned a few minutes later, still in her underwear, and sat astride his face. She unbuttoned his trousers and slid his hard cock into her mouth. He thrashed about underneath her for the few minutes it took.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked in a strangely casually way as she stood up.

He nodded as he watched her lithe slim body glide back out of the cell. When she returned, she was holding her shorts.

"You OK?" he asked.

She ignored him and instead removed her panties and replaced them with her shorts. Even though her butt was slim and toned, the even tighter shorts had to stretch before they would enclose her.

"Is this where I become just a key in your pocket?"

"Aha. You can go in here."

Katie's fingers pushed the key deep into one of her front pockets. She then picked up her used underwear and stretched it over his face.

"I expect it to still be there when I come back."

"Yes Katie."

The semi naked woman just shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly and walked towards the door. Until, at the last minute she paused, turned and walked back. She then knelt down and gave Tom a passionate kiss on the lips which lasted several seconds before leaving again.

Completely confused, Tom listened as the bolt slid home and was locked in place with the padlock. A second later the lights turned off and all was pitch black.

He fought violently against the cuffs for a few moments, even though he knew

it was completely pointless. What had he done now? Not only was he back in her cell, but this time he'd let her chain him up as well. Emergency services wouldn't be able to free him from this. Plus he'd agreed to let this unknown and slightly crazy woman keep him here whenever she wanted and he'd paid for the privilege. She also had the keys to his apartment. He was even forced to breathe and smell through her used panties.

Katie now had almost complete control over him. It was the most exciting feeling he'd ever felt. He closed his eyes and waited for the next instalment.

Part 4

Katie unlocked the door to Tom's penthouse apartment. It may have only had two bedrooms, but it was enormous, with floor to ceiling windows and views over the city. It was minimalist and incredibly tidy. Katie closed the door and ran around exploring the amazing place. The difference between his apartment and the tiny concrete cell that he was currently locked in couldn't have been more stark. Yet Tom had willingly traded places for the night at least.

Katie slipped out of her equally minimal clothing, which she left in an untidy pile in the middle of the bathroom, and stepped into the large shower where water started to pour from the oversized showerhead. She took her time examining the range of shampoos and body washes; a far cry from the almost empty home brand bottles that filled her shower.

She dried herself on a large clean towel, wrapped another around her long dark hair, and walked into Tom's walk in robe to find something to wear. Not surprisingly nothing fit her and she ended up wearing one of his blue shirts that reached down further than many of her dresses.

She then picked up her favourite pair of jeans that were now decidedly worn and the sewing kit that she had brought with her, and sat cross-legged in the middle of his king size double bed and started to work. She had yet another idea to test on Tom.

For Tom, it had been another surreal night where time had had little meaning and the captivity had played games with his mind, only this time heightened

by the heavy clanking cuffs that restricted his movement even further. He could have removed Katie's panties from his face, but the truth was that they felt nice and added to the sensation of being trapped and owned. The air was warm and still, and Katie's scent still lingered both in the cell and on his body.

At unknown o'clock, the light in his cell clicked on, thereby effectively returning his sight. A second later he heard the padlock scrap against the door and the bolt slide back.

"Hi."

Katie smiled as she sat cross-legged next to him in a way that made her short blue dress ride up revealing most of her thighs and a glimpse of her white underwear beneath. She handed him one of the two takeaway coffees.

"The other 'guests'?" he asked.

"Release back into the wild." Katie smiled.

Tom half smiled back and held up his manacled hands that had been hurting for the last few hours.

"Please... my shoulders are starting to ache.

Katie just sipped her drink indifferently while fishing a few wayward strands of her long hair from the coffee.

"Please, just my hands!"

"But you're my prisoner." she replied.

"Katie, I just can't get my hands out of here."

"Well of course not, I cuffed them." her mouth was straight, but a smile was creeping across her eyes.

"Well can you un-cuff them?"

"Yes, I can." Katie was starting to enjoy his frustration.

"Will you? Please?"

Katie continued to watch him with amusement for another minute before reaching out and simply touching the lock. Sensing her unique fingerprint, the lock immediately clicked open and she just watched some more as Tom struggled to remove the open padlock and release his aching arms. Katie just sat in front of him watching closely.

After they had eaten and drunk, Katie held up her pair of worn blue jeans which she had spent the night modifying. She had made a cut through the crotch and then sewn in an extra piece of denim from another pair of jeans to one side of the cut. She had then sewn a heavy duty zip in place that would secure the other side of the extra denim back on to the jeans. The end result was a standard pair of jeans with an extra baggy backside, almost like a small denim bag attached to the crotch and butt.

"What do you think of my two people jeans?" she asked proud of her evening's work.

"Two people?"

"Well two legs, one butt and one head to be precise."

Tom watched with interest as Katie flicked her blue dress off over her head and started to ease into the jeans that were still a tight fit around her hips, almost doing a little dance as she squeezed inside and buttoned them up.

She then lay on her side on the mattress and undid the new zip. Following her instructions, Tom slowly moved his head between her legs and through the opening in the denim until his face was resting up against her panties. His chin was deeply buried in her crotch and his forehead was halfway up her butt. Katie then re-zipped, thereby enclosing his head inside the back of her jeans.

The denim was now tight around his neck with no chance of him pulling his head back out without first undoing the zip. Katie rested her top leg back down, squeezing his neck between her thighs.

"What do you think?" she asked.

The modified jeans were perfectly designed to completely enclose his head along with her legs and butt. Inside there was just enough room for him to pull his face out from between her butt cheeks and even turn his head sideways. In this position he could partially free himself from her soft black underwear and get some air and some light that filtered through the seams of the denim.

"I didn't make it too tight as that would be fatal." Katie explained as she ran her hands over the material to check the fit.

"I feel like I'm inside your jeans." came the muffled response.

"Well that's because you are."

Tom twisted and pulled to see if there was a way out. There wasn't.

"This is the closest you can get to being inside a girl's jeans." Katie purred.

Tom's voice was muffled as they continued to talk. Katie was enjoying the feeling of his face moving, tickling, pressing against her butt. She propped herself up on one elbow and watched the sexy headless man struggle next to her. The denim was old and worn, but still as strong as ever and impossible to tear without scissors or a knife. The zip and her stitching were also strong and more than capable of keeping his head inside.

"And I can even padlock the zip like this so that there's no way to free your head."

Katie clicked the small padlock shut and then explained to Tom that she was threading the padlock key on to a small combination padlock which she then fitted around the metal button on the front of her jeans. Tom was well aware that once the button was locked, there was absolutely no way that those jeans could be removed from Katie's slim hips.

"Now are you sure you can breathe?" She asked, her hand poised over the padlock.

"Just about."

"Yes or no Tom! I've set this lock to a random combination and I have no idea what it is. Whose knows how long it will take me to break the code and until I do, you and I will be inseparable."

"Are we talking minutes, hours or days?" Tom mumbled into her butt.

"We'll soon know." she purred as she locked it up and turned the three dials.

With the jeans locked around her waist she tried to slip her hand inside the waist band, but could only get as far in as her fingers. She pulled her fingers out and ran them over her hips and over the lump on her butt that contained Tom's head.

"You sure you're OK inside there? It looks tighter than I imagined."

Inside her jeans Tom found that there was something of a trade off. If he rested the side of his head against her butt and looked up, there was slightly more air and some light shone through some of the stitching, however the denim was pulled tightly around his head. He could relieve this pressure on his head by turning his face back towards her butt and burying his face into her black silk panties. However, in there was very little light or air.

Katie had obviously brought some paper with her as she started to give him a running commentary as she wrote down a list of her services, before moving on to working out how much she might make per week.

"How should I advertise." she asked casually, as if to someone sitting across from her in a meeting room.

"Your Aunt had an Internet site." a muffled voice replied.

"Mmm, yes."

The air was getting hotter and Tom found that he was breathing heavily just to get enough oxygen.

"How's it going with the finding the combination?" He asked.

"Well it's not 0-0-0."

"And?" he panted.

"Only another 999 numbers left to try."

With the business plan in good shape, Katie finally turned to the padlock and it took her about half an hour to run through the remaining combinations, but unfortunately none seemed to unlock the padlock.

"You must have missed one." Tom said as he ran his hands over the material to find a point of weakness.

"Shut up." she hissed.

Again her mood changed for no reason and this time Tom's position was even more compromised. Being locked inside a girl's jeans was one thing. Being locked inside the jeans of an angry, pissed off girl was something else.

He quickly tried to calm her down and then they spent the next ten minutes working together to try and escape from the denim. What would have been easy enough with a pair of scissors was impossible with just bare fingers, the denim was just too strong.

"Wow, it really works." Katie smiled as she lay back down on the mattress, her mood now back to normal.

"Yes, but we're still stuck."

"It could be worse... I could fart." Katie laughed.

Tom turned his head back and buried himself into her panties, their efforts having raised the temperature inside her jeans by several degrees. He lay there panting as perspiration from her butt soaked into her underwear and into Tom's face. Katie continued to turn the padlock dials, with no certainty that they'd ever be freed.

After a further half an hour of waiting in his increasingly humid jail, Katie finally cracked the code. She removed the padlock and wriggled out of her jeans. Tom sat up, the denim still locked around his neck, but with his head

poking out of the top of the jeans, breathing fresh air.

"What shall we name that service?" Katie asked matter-of-factly as she slipped the blue dress back over her head.

"The near death experience?"

"Oh stop it you loved it." she reprimanded crossly, not seeing the funny side.

Increasingly Tom found that he had to be carefully as to what he said. One negative comment, even if only in jest and she could react badly, her mood changing in an instant. But that aside, she was right of course, that had been one of the most sexy and exciting things he'd ever done.

"Right for that I'll relock your hands." Katie cried, still angry.

She pushed him over on to his front and pulled his hands behind his back. Kneeling on the bed, she used the little used 'sit on the head' technique to control her prisoner. Little used or not it worked, and his hands were soon locked behind his back.

"Hey aren't you supposed to be unlocking me?" Tom said, remembering that he'd already spent the night in her shackles.

"Am I?" Katie asked, her cute smile returning.

"Well you can't leave me here all day."

"Can't I?."

The truth was she could keep him there as long as she wanted. She had fed him and there was a drain and tap that he could use as a toilet.

With only a cute smile, the young girl in the short blue dress flitted back out of the cell and closed and locked the door behind her. All went black and he could do nothing but wait for her return.

Hands cuffed behind his back were much more uncomfortable and after only an hour Tom's arms were starting to ache. He struggled against the cuffs as

much as he dared without marking his wrists, but he knew that relief wouldn't come without Katie's fingerprint.

But relief wasn't going to come as Katie was back at Tom's apartment. She'd been delighted to find that he'd left his safe unlocked as this meant that she could change the access code. With a new eight digit code of her choosing and with his passport, wallet, phone and a range of other important items inside, she locked it all up again.

She then accessed his online banking and transferred the agreed amount for rent of the cell from his account to hers, leaving the rest of his funds safely in the account. However Katie then changed his banking password just because she could.

She then showered again in his large shower and dressed in her same short blue dress, but with new underwear, this time black silk garments purchased from the proceeds of her business.

Before leaving the apartment, she found a bunch of keys that she discovered fitted all of the windows and internal doors. With a mischievous smile on her face, she walked around and locked every window and door securely and then added that sets of keys to the growing list of items locked with her code inside the safe.

It was mid-afternoon when Katie returned to the alley. She opened Tom's cell to find him in pain from the cuffs.

"Please Katie, I'm begging you." were his first words.

As much as she liked him to see him beg, she could see the pain on his face and quickly crouched down and touched the padlock. This time she even removed it and opened up the heavy cuffs.

Tom sat up and rubbed his stiff shoulders.

"New?" he smiled, looking at her panties that once again the blue dress did little to hide.

"Hey!"

Katie looked cross as she modestly tried to pull her dress down and then crossed her arms. She stood there in bare feet, having somehow discarded her shoes between the front door and the cell. She had her hair up in an untidy ponytail and her dress was slightly creased, but otherwise her fit slim body looked as good as always.

"I've been in these chains for almost twenty four hours." Tom said as he pulled at his foot cuffs and the chain around his neck as if to demonstrate the point.

Katie smiled and shrugged.

"Do you plan on letting me out?"

Tom chose his words carefully again not quite able to read her mood.

"Not tonight." she smiled.

At least she smiled. He was to be held in chains for another whole night and yet her softly spoken words only sent yet another chill of excitement through his body.

Katie opened her handbag and pulled out the modified jeans and dropped them on to the floor. She then walked to the door of the cell and started talking to someone. From his chained position, Tom couldn't see who.

As Katie stood inside the cell, the heavy steel door slowly swung shut on her. They both listened as the bolt was slid home and padlocked.

"Who was that!" Tom exclaimed.

"My new assistant."

"Assistant?"

"You'll like being locked up by her."

Katie was excited and giggling slightly nervously, she had always wanted to be locked up inside her own cells. She pushed up against the inside of the steel

door and touched herself against it.

"And when will your assistant return?"

"In the morning."

"And until then?"

"It's just you and me."

Tom lay there as Katie re-cuffed his hands, this time in front of him. She looked cuter than ever. He just hoped her good mood would last the night.

Katie then unpacked food and a bottle of wine from her handbag and laid it out on the floor in front of them. She poured the wine, she was eager to get started. She had many fantasies to explore and refine. Everything was planned.

The final thing on the list, before they both fell asleep, was to retry the two person jeans. Only this time there would be no going back. They would be locked in with secure key operated padlocks, the keys to which were in the possession of her new assistant. And Jess wouldn't be returning until the morning.

Part 5

Tom had slept surprising well considering, but then the evening spent locked in the cell with Katie had been demanding. He now lay with her on the mattress, his head having been inside her jeans for the last six hours. It was warm and damp from their perspiration and Katie's scent was growing stronger by the minute.

Katie was still asleep, her breathing slow and deep. Every now and again she twitched in her sleep, no doubt in reaction to some crazy dreams. Tom didn't even want to imagine what those dreams might be. Katie only woke when the cell door opened and the new assistant, Jess, walked in.

Tom couldn't see the other woman, but listened to her soft voice which had a

slight Eastern European inflection. She sounded about the same age as Katie, probably a friend, but otherwise she was a mystery. Their soft voices were difficult to hear from inside her jeans, but Tom was intent on following the conversation.

As far as Tom could tell, the new girl had brought both coffees and the keys to the jeans. But given that Katie was sipping at her drink and his head was still intimate with her butt, she had evidently decided to go for the coffee first.

"Katie?"

"Morning sleepy."

Sleepy! He'd spent the last hour awake listening to her sleep, although he decided not to point this out.

"There's coffee here for you." she purred as she continued with her own caffeine intake.

"Great, but I can't drink from in here."

"No, I guess not." she giggled.

His dry mouth and the thought of the coffee were making his confines even more frustrating, but at least she had woken in a good mood. He ran his nose along the edge of her panties and then gently kissed her, which made the small hairs on her butt stand on end. If he was lucky, maybe he'd get time off for good behaviour.

But it didn't seem to be working. The padlocks that secured them together remained locked. Even though Katie now had the keys to release them, evidently she thought that six hours inside her jeans, worshipping her ass, was not enough.

He lay still listening, but hearing almost complete silence. There was no way through the denim that enclosed his head and so he turned his head and buried his face once more into the girl's butt. He breathed deeply, getting a small amount of warm air, before the black silk moulded round his features, once more sealing off his mouth and nose.

It was a while later when Katie finally unlocked the jeans from around her waist and wriggled her way out, once again leaving the jeans hanging around Tom's neck. But Tom took no notice of the jeans, the slight ache from the cuffs or the fact that it was Sunday morning and he'd been locked up since Friday night, as he sat up and started his lukewarm coffee.

Katie sat against the opposite cell wall and pushed her feet up against his, her big eyes and long lashes looking innocently at him as she sipped.

"I smell like your butt." Tom said as he held his hand to his face.

Katie looked slightly embarrassed and hid behind her coffee cup as she spoke.

"I guess you will.... for a while."

"Do you know what it felt like in there?" He continued.

"Hot and humid?"

"Yes. And airless, claustrophobic, overpowered by your scent. I could go on."

"Is it something the punters will like?" she asked, starting to take notes.

"Fuck yeah."

Katie had a big grin on her face as she finished her coffee and slipped her blue dress back on over her damp black underwear. She picked up her pad of paper and walked out of the cell and back upstairs. Tom sat there, eyes closed, listening to the familiar clang of the door followed by the metallic scrapping of the padlock. Tom was in chains, inside a locked cell and in complete darkness, yet he felt happier than he'd felt in a long while.

He thought about his life outside of Katie's world. He enjoyed his work, he'd just finished a big deal last week, but somehow that didn't excite him as much as it used to. He'd made enough money and maybe that was why he no longer cared. He had many friends, most through work, but again no one that really excited him.

However in Katie's place even the long hours of incarceration didn't seem tedious. With Katie he felt out of control, no need to think or make decisions. Everything he did was controlled by the crazy, cute brunette. Tom had deliberately mentioned that he had no work for the next few weeks and he hoped that she would take the hint and keep him close. Although maybe not as close as last night.

Later that morning, Katie released Tom and gave him the keys to her small flat. As he entered, he found a bag of his clothes that Katie had brought from his apartment. Stepping over the usual mess, he showered and dressed in clean clothes. He went out to buy some coffee, only realising at the last minute that Katie only had his wallet. With no money and unable to get into his own apartment, he returned to the alleyway.

He walked in to find a strange girl sitting on one of the wooden chairs. She was wearing a blue sleeveless top, short green cotton shorts and trainers. She was about the same height as Katie and fit, but her figure was fuller and more curvy. She had short dark hair that framed her tanned face.

"Hi Tom, we haven't met. I'm Jess." she smiled nervously with her slight accent.

Tom smiled back at the woman who he'd never met, but who had incarcerated him for the whole of the previous night.

"Katie said to get you ready." she mumbled self consciously.

"Ready for what?"

Jess didn't really know how to answer that and so led the way down to the basement and gestured for Tom to follow her. As before, the first two cells doors were locked.

"Other guests?" Tom asked.

"Yes, I already put them in."

Jess continued through the open door and into the far cell. She knelt down and threaded a heavy bicycle 'D' shaped lock through a metal hoop that was

countersunk into the concrete floor.

"Sorry, Katie said I do this to you." she smiled apologetically.

"Do what?"

"This!"

"And is she around?"

"Yes, later, but first I must do you."

She looked keen to complete her designated task. Katie seemed to hold a certain power over this girl, just like Katie did over him. And like him, this girl was eager not to disappoint. Katie seemed to exert that power over people.

Tom lay down on his back and lowered his neck into place between the two sides of the lock. Jess knelt down beside him and positioned the straight edge of the lock over his throat. It was tight and allowed no room for Tom to lift his head what so ever. And with his neck held down, there would be no way to turn his shoulders, making the position even more restrictive.

"You OK if I lock?" she asked.

"If that's what Katie wants."

With a look of pity on her tanned face, the girl inserted the key and turned. She then stood up, feet together by his head and looked down.

"You locked now."

"So I see." Tom rattled the heavy steel.

"You want something?" she offered.

"The key?" he smiled.

She slowly smiled back and crouched down again, this time closer to his face. Her knee was close enough to kiss, so he did. She didn't seem to object, but

instead moved closer so that he could kiss the back of her thigh. She moved closer again and he kissed her thigh just below where the short shorts finished. Given the length of the shorts, this meant that he was almost kissing her butt.

"Did Katie ask you to do this?"

The girl blushed and moved back.

"Please don't tell."

"I won't. And if you take your shorts off I won't tell her that either."

The girl stood up and turned towards the door. She then put her knees together and put her hands to her waist. A moment later, she wriggled out of her little shorts to reveal blue underwear stretched over her round butt.

Her strong legs and butt stood there for a moment, considering options, before walking back towards him and quickly dropping down to cover his face. Her fuller figure engulfed him and he fought against both her weight and a lack of air as he inserted his tongue.

The shy foreign girl seemed to lose her inhibitions and cried out such that people walking past could almost hear. By the time they'd finished and she was pulling on her shorts, they were both breathing hard. She knelt down and kissed him on the lips.

"Thanks you, but I still have to take the key."

"Katie's orders?"

"I have to." she kissed him again.

With that she left the cell, locking Tom inside. Tom's mouth was sore and dry as he lay in the dark on the hard concrete. He reached down and touched himself, he was already so close. But he stopped, afraid of what Katie would say and just waited instead.

An hour later, the cell door was unlocked and the light turned on. Katie

walked in, but Tom had to look twice to check it really was her. She was wearing a dark skirt suit that looked to have been tailor made. The jacket wrapped in tightly around her waist and was secured by a single button. The skirt hugged, but not too tightly, her butt and thighs and modestly reached down to her knees. Underneath she wore a black blouse, with frill around the top.

She wore thin stocking and black high heels that came to a point. Her long hair, that before was almost un-bushed, was styled and worn up in a way that complimented her long silver earrings. Her make up again looked professionally done and somehow made her eyelashes look longer than ever.

She stood above the manacled guy looking down, one hand on her hip, the other playing with her hair.

"Wow Katie!" he breathed.

Katie giggled in a way that was at odds with her sophisticated look. She placed her feet over his wrists such that the soles and heels acted as cuffs, pinning his wrist to the floor.

Tom was struck by the uncanny resemblance to her Aunt. The inherited looks, the playful smile and now the sexy suit. When he'd first met Katie she barely looked her age of 21. Now her elegance made her look much older, much closer to his age and therefore all the more attractive.

Tom desperately wanted in touch her legs and struggled in vain to free his hands from beneath her shoes.

"Please let me up, I've got to see the new look."

Without moving her feet, Katie crouched down and inspected the lock around his neck.

"Do you really think there's anywhere to conceal a key in this suit?" she smiled standing back up.

"You don't have it?"

"I'm not going to ruin the elegant lines by carrying a key?" she purred as she caressed the soft material.

Katie saw him looking up her skirt and responded by opening her thighs a little wider.

"If you look up there, I'll put you in there." she said.

"Again?"

"Yes, again!"

Still without freeing his wrists, Katie crouched down and unbuttoned Tom's trousers and grabbed his cock. Given the morning's events, he only lasted for a few minutes. He lay there panting with Katie still crouched over him, her weight still securing his wrists in place.

Katie cleaned him up and then returned with a black market pen. She sat on his thighs and scribbled her name in handwriting just below his belly button on his hard slim stomach. It was only an inch long, but it clearly spelt out 'Katie's' in her distinctive curvy manuscript.

"What do you think?" she asked as she handcuffed his hands and then padlocked them to the lock around his neck.

"I can't really see."

Katie then cuffed his feet and padlocked the chain to the far wall.

"There will plenty of time to see, Jess is also a tattoo artist."

"What?"

"Yes, forever mine..."

Tom struggled against his shackles as he felt he had to try. But in fact there was nothing he wanted more right then than be the property of this beautiful woman. Regardless though, the reality was that he had no way of physically stopping the girls from permanently marking him as 'Katie's'.

Not hearing any real protest, Katie kissed him on the lips until they both needed air and then clipped back out of the cell.

An hour later and Jess was sat on his chest, marking him for life. It hurt, but then so did his chest which had taken Jess's full weight for the last thirty minutes. When she had finished, she unlocked his hand and foot cuffs.

"Please can you unlock this too?" Tom asked pulling at the lock around his neck, "The hard floor is starting to hurt."

"I can't unlock."

"Why? You lock." Tom said imitating her slightly incorrect grammar.

"Katie has the key."

"She said you had it."

Jess smiled and shrugged her shoulders before leaving the cell. Just before the heavy steel swung shut, thereby enclosing all sound waves, Tom repeated his offer of earlier. Jess stopped momentarily before once again slipping out of her shorts and this time also out of her underwear.

Again she took over half an hour to be fully satisfied and again Tom was exhausted. He lay helplessly shackled to the floor as she stood above him and slipped back into her shorts.

"OK, but only because that is wonderful." Jess said as she pulled a key from her pocket.

"You have it!"

"I have it all the time." she smiled.

"But you were going to leave me chained up in agony?"

"Yes and maybe I still will."

"No, please."

Jess knelt with one knee on his chest, which made him cry out in pain as she turned the key. Tom eased his stiff body up from the floor as Jess took the bicycle lock and relocked it around his neck, but at least this time he wasn't connected to the floor.

Tom was then released for the afternoon, with strict instructions to return by 8pm that night. He walked down the alley with the key to Katie's flat and a small ration of money. How had he let himself slip even further into Katie's web? He was now permanently marked as her property.

And Katie had now allowed Jess to torment him too. He'd spent much of the morning underneath her butt and she seemed to be developing a love of having his tongue in her clit. Plus he would have to spend his few hours of freedom with a bike lock fixed around his neck. He turned up his jacket collar to make sure the lock couldn't be seen as he turned on to the main road and attempted to readjust to the real world, if only for a few hours.

Part 6

Tom stopped at a small bar, ordered a beer and sat at a table at the back. The first beer went some way in reducing Jess's scent from his mouth and nose, but not completely. As he was drinking his second beer a woman smiled at him from a nearby table. He smiled back but nothing more, he just wasn't interested.

He walked back to Katie's small flat and undressed in the bathroom. He smiled as he saw the lock around his neck. It felt exciting knowing that there was no way he could remove it and it just reminded him of what might happen when he returned to Katie & Co.

He showered and then lay down on Katie's bed to stretch. He pulled her bed sheet over him and rolled a couple of times until the sheet was wrapped tightly around his body and head. He lay there breathing in the scent which had seeped from Katie's naked body over many many nights.

Was he starting to get obsessed? He hadn't thought about work, or indeed

anything else all weekend. He untangled himself from her sheet and looked down at the tattoo on his stomach. It was small and neat and her handwriting was kinda sexy, but shit it was with him for life. He rolled back into her sheet.

As far as he could tell, Katie wasn't spending much time at her flat, no doubt having moved into his apartment. He imagined her naked body laying on his king size bed. Maybe she would let him join her there one night, but strangely he wasn't that fussed, somehow he knew that whatever she had planned for him at the alley would be much more fun. Tom cleared a space on the floor to exercise and then showered again. It was now close to 8pm and so he redressed and returned.

With only one minute to go, he arrived and Katie unlocked the door and let him inside. She was still wearing her fitted skirt suit and again looked stunning. In the real world Tom would have had no hesitation in chatting her up and then doing everything within his power to get her into bed.

But right then he felt lucky to be her business partner, whatever that now meant, and happy that he had one of her cells on long term rent. It meant that he was assured of discovering much more about this amazing woman, even if he had no idea of the twists and turns his journey of discovery would take.

He already knew what it was like to be locked up by her and to have her sit on his face. He even knew what it was like to spend the night inside her jeans, smothered to the extreme with barely enough air to survive. Although looking at her butt in that skirt, he was ready to risk his life again.

"Just in time." she observed.

"Am I?" Tom smiled casually.

"You wouldn't want to experience the penalty for being late."

Katie stood there looking into his eyes as she casually locked rigid cuffs around his wrists. Just as she had double locked the second cuff, they heard a yell from the cells. Katie looked pained as she turned towards the stairs to where the noise had come. He was a new guy and Katie had made a mistake in giving him a session. He'd asked to be locked up, but now he was shouting and becoming more abusive.

"Would you like me to remove him?" Tom offered.

"Yes please." her voice gave away her obvious concern.

"It will be easier without the cuffs."

"Is this just an excuse to get me to unlock you?"

Katie gave him a half smile as she pulled a key from her jacket pocket and unlocked Tom's hands. They then walked down to the cells and Katie unlocked the cell. The guy staggered out and tried to grab Katie. Tom stepped in, blocked a punch and pushed him up against the wall. It wasn't much of a fight. Tom was stronger, trained in martial arts and sober, the other guy wasn't. Once outside and out of Katie's view, he took his wallet and explained graphically what would happen if he returned.

Tom was surprised by how angry he had felt and how protective he therefore must be of this girl who did nothing but torment him. Tom walked back inside and Katie quickly locked the front door behind him.

Katie's thanks comprised of relocking him in the rigid cuffs, although she did follow it up with a kiss on the lips.

"Where's Jess?" Tom asked, again worried about Katie's safety.

"Gone. She knew you were mine and yet she stuck her vagina in your face."

"Wasn't that her job?"

"No, that's my job." Katie emphasised the words as she spoke.

Tom couldn't even start to understand the relationship between these two women. They were about the same age, so maybe they had been college friends. Katie must have known her well enough to bring her into her confidence about this place. Or was Jess just a paid employee sourced through some fetish connection? Possibly, as the relationship certainly wasn't equal and Jess seemed to be under Katie's spell almost as much as he was.

Tom remembered the heavy bike lock around his neck.

"I think Jess has the key to this!"

"Mmm, that could be a problem....for you." Katie smiled.

Tom was ashamed at how he'd behaved with Jess and concerned that Katie knew. If she'd got rid of Jess that easily would she get rid of him? Although as if reading his mind, she walked up and kissed his cheek.

"I'll never kick you out."

"Thanks." he smiled.

"If you upset me I'll just lock you up and leave you to starve to death." she said calmly.

Tom started to laugh, Katie didn't.

Without saying another word, Katie clicked her fingers and pointed down towards the cells. As Katie unlocked his door, he was hit by the aroma that filled the airless concrete box. Not only had Katie sprayed her perfume around his cell, she had also scattered her dirty laundry over the floor.

As Tom walked in, he saw that she had also decorated 'his' cell with photos of herself. Various provocative poses, in various states of undress. He was still admiring them when Katie clicked her fingers again and pointed to the floor. Tom immediately obeyed and sat down against the far wall.

"So do you think I'm pissed with you as well?" Katie said mischievously.

"I hope not."

"I'm sure you do." she said with a teasing smile in her big eyes.

Tom swallowed nervously as Katie, picked up a chain and padlocked one end to the bike lock around his neck and the other end to a bolt concreted into the wall. Katie then stood with the pointed toe of one shoe pushed into Tom's crotch.

"Where is this going? Am I your partner or your slave."

"Both." Katie replied as she looked down into his eyes.

Tom reached out and pulled Katie towards him. He pulled down on the zip and watched as Katie's fitted skirt fell down to her ankles. Underneath she was wearing black silk panties, black suspender belt and stockings. He pulled her further towards him and pushed his lips into the front of her underwear.

Her stern persona seemed to melt away to reveal the cute young woman with the big innocent eyes and long lashes. She rested her head and hands against the wall and started to moan. Tom reached for her ass so that he could push her further into him. His tongue was now well inside and she moaned breathlessly in a way that was very much at odds with the suit jacket and makeup that she was still wearing.

Wanting more, she leant in hard against him and for the next twenty minutes her cute cries echoed around the small cell.

When they had finished, Katie stood there still wearing her suit jacket, but almost naked from the waist down. Her big eyes looked almost bewildered, her hair a little messed up and her slim, lithe body rocking slightly.

"In this light you almost look innocent." he smiled.

"I'm not." said the young woman making the understatement of the night.

"I know."

"Yes, but you don't know how much..."

He reached for her waist and pulled her towards him again. Katie let him pull her in, but her interest was now in the chain and lock that connected him to the wall.

"You know I'm never going to release you?" she said.

"I don't want you to."

"No I mean never."

"OK."

"You'll spend the rest of your life as my captive." Katie replied, frustrated that he didn't seem understand the importance of her words.

Tom pulled her towards him and buried his face into her crotch.

"Stop it." she shrieked as she tried to pull away.

Her efforts made no difference as Tom kept his mouth pushed up against her. He massaged her with his tongue until she reached the point of no return and she changed from pulling away to pushing in. Again she moaned with pleasure for another half an hour, until she finally pulled herself away and staggered to the other side of the cell and out of his reach.

"Bad boy!" Katie scolded as she climbed unsteadily to her feet and pulled on her skirt and tried to regain her original composure.

"Come here." he smiled trying to reach her again.

"I'll deal with you later." she said as she stumbled out of the cell.

Katie slammed the door behind her and engaged the bolt, sealing him inside the airless box. She padlocked it shut and tried to straighten her clothing before climbing back up the stairs. She slammed Tom's cell key down on the counter and walked back out into the alley.

When the cell door opened the next morning, Katie was wearing an old t-shirt, her old denim shorts and old trainers. Her clothes were dusty and she looked hot from working. She even had a small piece of dirt on the end of her little nose which made Tom smile.

"Come, there's something I want to show you."

She skipped back leaving Tom still chained by the neck to the wall. She returned a minute later with a cross look on her face.

"What did I say!"

"I'm feeling a bit too tired to break high security chains with my bare hands today." Tom said.

"Oh!"

With a single touch of Katie's fingerprint, the padlock clicked open and she detached the chain from the wall. She thought for a moment before relocking the end of the chain around her narrow waist. Now tethered together, she walked to the next cell pulling Tom by the neck behind her.

This cell was the same as Tom's other than it had a small brick structure in one corner. It had four walls and was just big enough for someone's head. There was a gap in the front wall just wide enough for someone's neck. It had no top, but otherwise it was effectively a smother box made of bricks.

Tom lay on his back with his head inside the box as Katie unlocked the chain around her waist and relocked it to a metal bolt in the floor. She then positioned a metal grille on top of the box to form a lid.

"See if you can squeeze out." she said.

Tom simply reached up and removed the grille and sat up.

"Not through the top!" Katie exclaimed as she repositioned the grille and sat on it to make sure it wouldn't move.

After quickly admiring her cute butt, which was now less than an inch above his face, Tom tried to pull his head back out through the gap in the brick wall, but it was too narrow. He managed to scratch his jaw, but failed to get his head out of the brick box.

Katie then jumped up and left the cell, returning a minute later with a bucket filled with some sort of cement. Tom lay with his head still inside the brick box as Katie slowly and carefully spread the cement over the top layer of bricks in a way that suggested she'd had little bricklaying practice. She then carefully positioned the grill on top of the cement.

"Should I be worried?" he asked as he looked up at the dusty girl standing above him in the dirty outfit.

"The grille is hardly touching the cement....at least not yet." she observed.

Katie turned around and carefully lowered her dirty denim shorts down on to the middle of the metal grille. The weight of her butt pushed the grille down through the putty like cement.

"How long are you going to sit there?" Tom asked warily.

"Mmm that's the question."

The grille was the same size as the box, with no overhang. Therefore, as Tom couldn't get his hands inside the box, he could only try to lift the grille from the top. But Katie's butt and thighs covered almost the whole of the grille, leaving him nothing to grab hold of. Unable to use his hands to lift the grille, Tom tensed his abs and tried to push up on the grille with his face. He wasn't surprised to find he didn't have the strength to counteract her weight.

"Don't leave it too long." Tom warned as he starred at the only thing he could see, her butt.

"Can you hear something?" Katie held her finger to her lips.

"No?"

"Oh it just the sound of cement hardening." she giggled.

The seconds seemed to pass slowly for Tom as the seemingly big ass above him stayed firmly in place. Katie started to talk about the business and asked many questions that Tom did his best to answer quickly.

When she stopped talking he had nothing to do but stare at her butt. He focused on a small freckle on the back of her leg thigh just below where the short shorts finished. He watched it move as she shifted and wriggled above him. With nothing else to do, he set himself the objective of kissing the freckle. He tried, but the bars between him and her legs stopped him.

"What are you doing down there?"

"What are you doing up there?"

"Just sitting."

He had spent an hour now with his head inside the dusty atmosphere of the box and still she sat. At one point she leaned forward and her butt almost lifted from the bars. He both pushed up with his face, but before he'd made any progress, she leant back and her butt reapplied its unyielding pressure on the grille.

Katie had just reached for her handbag. With her bag now in reach, she took a piece of sushi and fed it to him, her fingers dropping between her thighs and down between the bars into his mouth. They then shared a bottle of beer which she also poured down between her legs.

Katie picked up the second piece of sushi with the chop sticks and again lowered it down between her thighs. But with the sushi right up near her crotch, she squeezed her legs together, crushing the small piece of raw fish between her thighs. When she finally opened her legs, Katie lowered the remains of the crushed fish down and into Tom's mouth.

"Funny, that's also how you look after being between my legs." Katie joked.

"Does all my food have to past through your crotch?"

"Yes, I think it does!"

With Tom fed, Katie bounced up and down on the grille.

"This small grille really is your only window on the world," Katie observed.

It was true, on all other sides Tom was enclosed by brick or concrete.

"Everything you can see, hear, smell or touch comes through the grille. It a pity that I'm sitting on it really."

Katie giggled as she closed her thighs again to seal his small window. Tom reached up and wrapped his hands around her legs, but they were already tensed and immovable. He then turned his attention to the brick box and the grille. He felt something hard around the grille which he realised was the cement.

"Katie, the cement's setting!"

Tom was alarmed and pointlessly tried to sit up again, banging his head on the bars. He then reached up and tried to push Katie off the box, but something stopped him. There seemed to be some strange force that prevented him from doing any harm to this beautiful girl, no matter what she was doing to him.

"Good boy, just lie quietly in your box." she said as she opened her thighs a little and looked down.

"Katie, how will I get out of here?"

"You trust me don't you...partner?" she purred.

The cement was hardening by the second and still her denim shorts sat stubbornly above him, they hadn't moved in over two hours. He looked up through the bars at the woman who seemed to have all the time in the world.

She continued to discuss 'their' business and Katie was even updating the website that he'd help her build. When she needed to show him something, she simply opened her thighs and pointed the screen down between her legs.

It was late when she finally stood up, but by then her butt had already done its work. The cement was hard and the grille was now fixed to the top of the brick box. With Katie no longer sitting on top, Tom tried to lift the grille. It wouldn't shift and therefore there was no way for Tom to extract his head.

"Katie, it won't move." Tom cried as he pulled on the grille with all his strength.

"Opps...silly me I sat there for a bit too long."

Katie sat astride his chest with her face against the top of the grille. Her large

eyes looked fantastic and he tried to kiss her through the bars. She smiled and lowered her lips to kiss him back.

She then pulled off her t-shirt and bra and pushed her breasts against the metal grille. Tom kissed them madly. She then stripped off her shorts and panties. The naked brunette then sat on top of the grille and slowly pushed her clothing down between her legs, through the bars and on to Tom's head.

"You can use them as a pillow... or anything else you like." she purred.

Her panties were the last to go and she pushed them straight into his mouth.

"Leave them in there...for me." Katie had a way of expressing orders in a way that Tom daren't disobey.

Free of her clothes, she pulled down Tom's trousers and sat astride him and made love. It felt fantastic. When they had finished, Katie simply stood up and left the cell. She didn't even lock the door behind her, there was no need.

Part 7

Having sex with Katie had been amazing, even with his head bricked up inside a box. Tom lay there looking up through the grille at the small glow of light that sneaked into the cell. He felt he was in love, although he knew that couldn't be the case, or if it was, he was in trouble.

Tom found he could get reasonably comfortable. Inside the box he rested his head on Katie's clothes and outside of the box he lay on the thin mattress. He also found that he could turn his neck within the gap in the wall and so could lie on his front, back or side. The only thing he couldn't do was remove his head from the box.

He tapped the side of the brick box with his hand and felt the vibrations. It felt different each time as the cement continued to harden. As he lay there he knew that the chemical reaction going on around him was making the box that contained his head even harder and even more impregnable.

He lay curled up on his side with her underwear still in his mouth. 'Leave

them in there...for me' was all she'd said. He knew that leaving her panties in his mouth all night would be uncomfortable, the fabric that had been against her butt all day would suck what little moisture he had left from his mouth.

He could easily have spat them out and not put them back into his mouth until the morning, Katie would never know, but for some reason he had to obey her. Maybe it was because she had thrown him a challenge that he wanted to achieve, or maybe he wanted to show his devotion, or maybe he just didn't want to disappoint her. He was still trying to make sense of everything when a few minutes later he fell asleep.

He woke the next morning and managed to piss into the strategically positioned floor drain. He could probably also shit into the drain if he had to. Her panties were still in his mouth which he clamped closed to ensure they remained in there when she returned.

Katie finally breezed in at 9am wearing a fitted black top, orange floral ra ra skirt and black heels. With her legs together, she stood by the box and looked in.

"Good morning." she smiled, obviously having got out of bed on the right side.

Tom moaned back.

"Thank you Tommy, you kept them in all night." Katie replied with a big smile on her face. She clasped her hands together in excitement.

Tom moaned again, this time with an intonation that implied he was asking a question.

"OK, you can take them out." she smiled.

Keeping Katie happy was easy, it just required complete and absolute loyalty and obedience, no matter what she did to you.

"You look fantastic." he said quite genuinely.

Katie giggled as she gave him a twirl which made her short ra ra skirt lift. But the performance was only brief as after one turn, she sat down on the grille

with her skirt covered the whole of the top of the box. Scented darkness returned to Tom's little world and once again he was left staring at her butt. Very brief white cotton panties with a frill around the top, Tom smiled, he was a world expert on Katie's choice of underwear.

"Shall I offer this service then?" she asked as she casually tapped her knees together.

"Maybe not for a one hour session."

"Mmm, yes it would have to be an overnighter."

"One nighter or one life timer?" Tom asked still unsure of how she planned to release him.

Katie opened her thighs, pulled up her skirt and looked down with a mock frown on her face. "Yes, how am I going to open it?"

"A hammer and chisel would help." Tom asked hopefully.

"And damage my lovely seat?"

"Is your seat really worth my freedom?"

"To me, yes." she said seriously as she closed her thighs and covered them with her skirt.

Tom listened carefully hoping for a giggle, but heard nothing. He stared at her butt in the half light, wondering what on earth was going through her pretty little head. She was sitting perfectly still, in silence. The seconds of his life ticked past as he lay imprisoned beneath her.

"Katie?"

There was no reply.

Finally, he heard her typing on her laptop and a few minutes later she started to talk business.

Katie already had more clients than she could deal with and yet still was reluctant to raise her prices. She still struggled with the idea that people would pay more for the pleasure of being locked up by her. But demand for her unique take on female domination was increasing by the day and with Jess gone and Tom plus two other cells to service, her offering was often limited.

Guys, and the occasional girl, would arrive and be chained up in a cell. She'd usually sit on their face whether they'd asked for it or not. It was a personal favourite of hers and once they were wrapped in chains there was little chance of declining.

They would then watch as she closed the cell door on them, thereby depriving them of their liberty. The more perceptive of her customers were learning not to make plans for immediately after the session, as an hour could easily stretch to two or three in Katie time. Value for money some might think, although others might have considered it false imprisonment. Either way, few complained.

Her limited repertoire meant that she was often providing a relaxation, even meditation service rather than anything overtly sexual. Whatever problems existed in the real world seemed to disappear inside her cell. The steel, the concrete, complete captivity, sensory deprivation. Inside the small cells, rationale thought was just impossible. The overworked executive would just lie in the dark, usually mesmerized by the pretty brunette that had just slammed the door. Nothing else really mattered.

From beneath her, Tom dictated words for a new page on the website and even talked her through the steps of registering the new company. He was to be a co-director, which made him smile as he'd been unable to direct anything, or indeed have a sane thought, since the day he met her.

They discussed whether they should employ anyone else, but it was clear that Katie was still bitter about Jess. Tom was still wearing the D-lock that Jess had casually locked around his neck just before she'd been fired. He could still picture the mysterious Eastern European brunette pop the keys into the front pocket of her shorts.

Tom smiled, Jess was cute, and those tight cotton shorts were to die for. He'd given her oral sex several times that day. She had tasted nice and her little

cries of pleasure had been adorable. Although that said, he'd liked the fact that Katie had been jealous. It was just a pity that Jess had taken the keys, keys that no doubt she had long since disposed of.

"Have you heard from Jess?" he asked as casually as possible.

"Are you still on about that bike lock?" she peered down between her legs.

"Well, yeah it's still kinda locked around my neck."

"There're only a few million people in this city, you might cross paths."

Tom was still formulating the right respond when Katie's thighs closed like the doors of a vault above him, once more sealing him off from the world. She didn't seem as concerned as him.

"If we do hire someone, you can interview them." Katie continued. "Please give me an example of when you chained your boss to the floor and forced him to give you oral sex."

"That's so clichéd." Tom joked.

"Well we want to make sure the hired help has the necessary skills." Katie's voice had a definite edge to it. She then crossed her legs which let in a small ray of light, but Tom read as a danger sign.

Later that morning, Katie bought a hammer and chisel and watched with an amused look on her face as he failed to make much impact on the solid brick structure.

With the other available cell holding some guy in a suit, Katie left Tom still hammering away. It was hot and awkward work, but the thought of getting out into fresh air and buying a litre of coffee drove him on. His ears were ringing and he was coughing from the dust and at least one finger was bleeding from a misplaced hammer strike.

He knew that Katie had left the cell door open, a 'schoolgirl' error on her part he thought. Strike that coffee, he would head straight to the bar for a beer. He swung again and felt a brick break free, he was only minutes away. At last the

grille broke free and clattered across the cell. Tom sat up for the first time in over twelve hours and climbed to his feet, but as he did so he felt a jolt on his neck.

"No!" he shouted as his eyes followed the heavy chain that connected his neck to the floor, "You bitch!" he cried.

In his frustration, Tom picked up a brick and smashed it down on to the padlock. Nothing and so he tried again. The sweat was running down his toned biceps, biceps that were now bulging from the exertion. Now on his knees, he continued to smash down until the brick shattered into pieces. The next brick went the same way.

He lay down panting, his bare chest, dirty, sweating and slightly cut, looking like something from a Rambo movie. Even with the cell door open there was no possible way to escape.

"Tom!" a voice woke him from his daydreams.

He looked up and saw long toned legs stretching up into the little ra ra skirt above him. The legs then crouched down until the ra ra skirt formed a tiny tent over his head. His angry immediately dissipated and he felt totally relaxed as he gazed out from underneath her skirt and watched as a manicured hand slipped a key into the slightly battered silver padlock. The key turned and the lock sprung open. The ra ra skirt then rose until it towered above him once more.

"Follow me." she spoke gently.

With the free end of the chain in her hand, she led him by the neck back upstairs and into the new shower. She removed his remaining clothes before swinging closed the barred shower door which locked with a small click.

Tom stood naked in the small shower cubicle, surrounded by tiles on three sides and a barred door on the fourth. Tom reached through the bars and felt for the empty keyhole.

"Won't you join me?" he asked hopefully.

He did look sexy covered in sweat and brick dust, but Katie just stood there in her little ra ra skirt and turned on the cold water that fell from the oversized showerhead.

"Arrh." he cried out, unable to avoid the icy water.

"What did you say?" she asked.

Her slim hand pulled the lever again and again the cold water hit him.

Half an hour later Tom was clean, but the suddenly bursts of hot and cold water combined with his sexy dominatrix, or should that be business partner, standing just the other side of the bars had left him exhausted on the floor.

He listened as Katie released the guy in the suit from his cell. If she could be jealous of Jess spending time with him, why couldn't he be jealous of her spending time with other guy? He certainly felt that way right then. With his face pushed up against the bars, he listened to Katie talking to the guy downstairs. Her calm slightly clipped voice purring in a way that any guy would obey. He felt for the empty keyhole again as jealousy started to consume him.

With a shower and proper toilet now installed, Katie really could keep someone imprisoned for as long as she chose. Indeed, two weeks had now passed and Tom had only left Katie's place on three occasions and during each of those times Katie had made sure he would return.

Each time, Katie had handcuffed him so tightly that if the cuffs weren't released within half an hour, they could start to do serious damage to the nerves in his wrists. Maybe he could run to the fire service and get them to cut him free, but then the cuffs were so tight around his skin that any angle grinder would also go straight through his wrists. And the locks were certainly too complicated to pick within the few minutes available. Each time as he walked through the cool night air, he knew he had no choice other than to return to the cute brunette with the key.

He had left it longer than usual this time and was relieved when Katie released the cuffs. He massaged his wrists as Katie led him back to his cell, which as usual was the only cell not already in use.

Laid out on the floor were twenty identical high security padlocks and over ten metres of industrial strength chain. Tom stripped down to his boxers and lay on his back on the thin mattress. Wearing jeans and t-shirt, Katie sat on Tom's waist and started to work.

"Many hits on the site today?" he asked as she locked the chain around each of his ankles with only a few inches between them.

"Yeah and I have some ideas for more clips."

"I believe you." Tom smiled as the chain reached up and encircled his knees and was locked by another padlock.

Katie was now sitting on Tom's chest and was admiring the word 'Katie's' that she had had tattooed on his waist. She kissed it as the chain continued to work its way up his body and now encircled his waist where it was locked by another padlock. Each wrist was then locked in turn to the waist chain before the chain reached down between his legs before coming back up and restraining his chest and upper arms.

Within ten minutes, Tom was wearing a full chain suit and could barely move. He struggled to roll on to his side, but then rolled back again to catch his breath.

"Katie, I hope you have the keys." he breathed as she stripped down to black silk G-string and skimpy bra.

"Key." Katie corrected holding up a single silver key.

"Is it the only one to all those locks?"

"Aha."

She held the key between her lips and then used one finger to push it all the way into her mouth. As if performing a magic trick, she waited a few moments building the tension and then brought the key back out on her tongue. Katie then withdrew the key back inside and closed her mouth. As her mouth closed, her big brown eyes seemed to get bigger.

She sat astride Tom's waist and pulled his boxers to one side. She did the same to her barely there panties and slipped him inside of her. Tom could read the excitement in her eyes and was increasingly worried about the fate of the key as she reached orgasm.

"Katie, the key..." Tom's voice tailed off as the feeling of making love to her took away all capacity for thought.

The pleasure was building in her eyes as he started to buck beneath her. Even with her body tantalisingly out of reach it felt incredible. He pulled instinctively at the chains as he tried to touch her body and was oblivious to the chains that were starting to bite into his wrists.

Katie was thrashing around wildly, her long hair flying from side to side. But even through it all and despite the obvious orgasm, Katie managed to keep her mouth closed with its precious cargo trapped inside.

Afterwards and while still sitting astride Tom, Katie leaned back, opened her mouth and let the key fall down her body and down inside her panties which she held open with one hand. With the key inside, she let the elastic snap shut.

"Wow!" she smiled.

He smiled back still short of breath.

"Were you worried?" she asked as she lay down and kissed him.

"No." he lied.

"Really?" she asked more firmly than expected as she sat up and picked the key out of her panties and held it above her open mouth.

Tom lay there wrapped in her chains, still trying in vain to free a hand so that he could touch her breasts that were almost hanging out of her bra. But as he watched, Katie swept her long brown hair out of her eyes and then dropped the key into her upturned mouth. She choked a little and then smiled.

"Maybe you should have been worried." she purred.

"Katie how do I get out of these chains!"

"You don't... not for now." Katie ran her fingers over her firm stomach, presumably somewhere near where the key had come to rest.

Tom's body was almost completely immobile and he was unable to stop Katie sliding up his body and planting her clit over his mouth.

"You wouldn't want to disappoint me, right?" she smiled as she felt his tongue on her.

His mouth and tongue were aching when the slim brunette finally climbed off him chained body. The room seemed to be spinning from emotions that overwhelmed him. Katie kissed him on the lips and he barely noticed.

"Don't worry, I'll look after you." she whispered.

Tom watched the 21 year old girl gather up her clothes and pile them under his head, her supple body gracefully moving above him. Still completely naked, Katie then left the cell and padlocked the door, leaving her plaything locked up and ready for another day.