

Kidnapped And Tricked

Bill Cavanaugh was lost and late, but he still had enough time to find the campus and get a little shuteye before the class would begin in the morning.

Bill was a six-year veteran of the Savannah Police Department and recently had been assigned to the SWAT team. Two days before, he had heard that he was accepted to the FBI's Hostage Rescue Team training course in Quantico, Virginia. The class was highly sought after by SWAT operators nationwide and he really wanted to attend. Unfortunately, with the late notification he was only able to get a later flight and, of course, that flight ended up being delayed.

He grabbed his bag and ran to the rental car kiosk. Getting the car was painless, and he was even upgraded from an economy sized car to a red Ford Mustang when the clerk found out he was a police officer. Bill threw all his gear in the trunk and set out to find the FBI Academy. He felt naked without his sidearm, but the FBI was very clear in the fact that no students were allowed to carry their departmental issued firearms while attending the class. Bill figured it was for some stupid reason, but he was happy to have gotten a slot for the course.

He had decided not to get GPS from the rental car company. Instead, he would use his cell phone, but the phone was low on power and quickly shut down when the battery ran dry. Bill had stopped to ask directions but they seemed to get him even more lost.

He pulled back onto I-95 and headed south. He looked at his watch and sighed when he saw it was nearing midnight. Bill drove for several minutes and

peered intently at the passing signs – hoping to see one that mentioned Quantico or the FBI Academy – but had no luck.

He did see a sign that said a rest stop was one mile away. He figured he could take a leak and ask someone there if they knew the fastest way to get to Quantico. Bill pulled the Mustang into the back and was disappointed, but not surprised, to find only one car in the lot. It was a dark colored Audi A3 sedan and the windows were too darkly tinted to see if there was anyone sitting inside.

Bill parked the Ford a few spaces away from the Audi, turned off the engine and exited the car. He left the useless cell phone and his wallet in the car figuring there was no need for it here anyway. He locked the car with the remote and pocketed the keys. He looked around the lot and was surprised that it was this deserted. Then he looked at the Audi, but still could not see inside the car because of the dark tint.

He began walking toward the restroom when he heard a car door open. He glanced back and saw a woman exiting the Audi. Bill stopped in his tracks and stared. Even in the low light, he could tell that she was stunning.

She looked to be in her late twenties, was tall – about 5’9” – and had an athletic frame. Her dark hair was pulled straight back in a ponytail and it bobbed as she walked. She was dressed in a dark colored, tight fitting t-shirt that accentuated her large breasts. She had on dark colored skinny jeans that showed off every curve of her gorgeous figure. The four inch black high heels she was wearing clinked the concrete with every step she took. A dark colored purse dangled from her left shoulder.

Bill was awestruck at first, but quickly recovered and turned toward the woman. She had stopped at the hood of the Audi and turned away from him.

“Excuse me,” Bill said. “Can I bother you with a question?”

She glanced back over her shoulder but said nothing.

Bill cleared his throat. “I was hoping you could give me directions. I’m a little lost.”

She cocked her head slightly. “Know anything about cars?”

Bill knew nothing about automotive repairs. “Sure do,” he said confidently. “What seems to be the trouble?”

He started to walk toward the woman. She turned and faced him. When they were about ten feet apart, she reached her right hand into her purse and pulled out a semi-automatic handgun. She pointed it at Bill.

He instinctively reached for the area on his right hip where he always kept his sidearm, but quickly remembered that he was unarmed. He slowly held his hands out in front of him.

“Easy, lady. I’m not going to hurt you.”

“Get on the ground,” she said slowly. “On your belly. Do it now, or I will kill you.”

Bill figured if he could close the gap between them, he could possibly get his hands on her and disarm her before she could harm him. He slowly took a step in her direction.

“I don’t want any trouble, ma’am,” Bill said in a slow and low tone. “You can have my wallet. It’s in the car.”

The woman fired. The round just missed Bill’s head. He stopped moving.

“The next one will not miss,” she said. “Now get on the ground and do it right now!”

Bill slowly got on the ground and laid prone.

“Turn your head away from me and close your eyes,” she ordered.

Bill did as instructed.

“Now, place your hands behind your back,” she said. “Interlace your fingers like you’re praying.”

Bill said, "Lady, I don't have much money..."

"Don't make me ask you again," she snapped. "Hands behind your back...now!"

Bill complied.

He heard her heels clipping off the sidewalk as she quickly approached him. She straddled his back, and he felt the barrel of the gun press against the back of his head. Before he could figure out what to do, he heard a zipping sound as his wrists were cinched together with a pair of plastic zipties. Bill had used them on the street in Savannah many times. He also knew there was no getting out of them unless someone cut them off for him. He tested the bonds and knew immediately that he wasn't going to be able to slip his hands out of the restraint.

The woman stood up and told Bill to get to his feet. Without her assistance, he stood up, and she immediately grabbed him by the right bicep and pushed him toward her car. She walked him quickly to the rear of the Audi and made him face the front of the car. The trunk clicked open and rose up slowly. When it was fully open, she reached into the trunk and pulled something out that Bill could not see. He then heard the sound of tape being pulled from a roll, just as she applied the duct tape over his eyes – effectively blindfolding him. He started to say something but she shoved a wad of cloth into his mouth and applied more tape to ensure he was efficiently gagged as well. Then she spun Bill around and made him sit on the edge of the trunk. She bent down and secured his ankles together with another pair of zipties.

She then went through his pockets – finding only the rental car keys – and then roughly pushed him into the trunk. She rolled him over onto his belly and

secured another ziptie to his ankle bindings. She pulled his ankles to his rump and secured them to the ziptie securing his wrists – placing him in an inescapable hogtie.

She slammed the trunk closed, checked the lot to ensure no one had arrived and saw the commotion – she was still alone – and made sure the Mustang was locked by pressing the automatic lock button on the key fob. She then got into the Audi, started the car and drove onto the interstate.

In the trunk, Bill struggled to get loose, but quickly realized there was no escaping the bonds. He replayed the incident over and over in his mind – trying to think what he did wrong – but he could not see any way he could have avoided this mess. He rolled onto his side and tried to feel around for something in the trunk that he could use to cut the plastic restraints. But he was so cramped and she had expertly hogtied and blinded him that he could find nothing in the trunk.

He thought about his predicament and was seriously unnerved. He realized if he did not show up for the course in the morning, the FBI would more than likely just assume he was not attending. They probably would not contact the Savannah Police Department to inquire about his status. His department would assume he was at the class – a two-week long course – and would not know he was missing. Bill knew he would not be missed by anyone for well over two weeks, so no one would be looking for him any time soon.

Bill realized he was on his own and would have to rely on himself to escape the clutches of an obviously disturbed woman.

He had no idea how long they had traveled, but the car soon began making stops and turns. He assumed this meant they were no longer on the interstate. After a long while, the car stopped and Bill could hear what he thought was the sound of a garage door closing automatically. The engine turned off and he heard the woman open the car door and slam it shut. He could then hear her heels clapping on what he figured was the concrete floor of a garage.

The trunk door popped open and her hands roughly grabbed him. She rolled him onto his belly and the ziptie that secured his bound wrists to his ankles was cut away. He was then pulled unceremoniously out of the trunk and made to sit on the back of the car. Then the zipties securing his ankles were cut away.

She grabbed him by the right elbow and dragged him along behind her fast moving self. She led him into a more confined space and he realized that there was now carpeting under his feet. She led him through the structure and then they were walking down a long flight of stairs. At the bottom, she walked him away from the stairs until she stopped and said, "Stand here and don't do anything stupid."

Bill was waiting for an opportunity to turn the tables on his captor and did as he was instructed. He could tell they were no longer on a carpeted floor. By the sounds of her heels they were on another hard surface.

"I abhor plastic restraints," she said. "I will remove them but do not try to resist me. If you try to escape, the punishment will be dire."

Bill finally thought he might have an opportunity in the very near future. If she removed the bindings around his wrists – even though he was blindfolded and

gagged – he would have a good chance of overpowering her. All he would have to do is get his hands on her.

But before she removed the ziptie around his wrists, she kneeled down and unlaced his shoes. She pulled them off and then the socks. Then she unfastened his belt and undid his jeans. She pulled them down along with his boxer briefs. She made him lift one foot off the ground at a time, removed the pants and drawers, and then tossed them aside. Next, she pulled his shirt over his head and down his arms to his secured wrists.

This is going to be my chance, he thought. Once she takes the cuffs off to remove the shirt, I'm going to attack!

He readied himself, but she walked away from him saying, "Stand right there and don't move."

She returned in less than a minutes, and Bill could tell she had only walked away a few yards. He tensed as he prepared to spring into action.

Then he felt her wrap something around his elbows. Before he could guess what she was doing, she pulled hard and his elbows were drawn together painfully. Then the ziptie around his wrists were cut away. His hands were free, but the binding around his elbows made it impossible for him to use them. He was still very much secured and unable to fight back.

The shirt was yanked free from his hands and she walked away again. She returned quickly and began to wrap rope around Bill's wrists. Within seconds, his hands were tightly tied behind his back. Then the strap securing his

elbows was removed and she used rope to bind his elbows together. She tied a rope around his waist and secured his bound wrists to that rope, effectively pinning his hands against the small of his back.

Next, she set to work on his legs. She bound rope around his ankles and then again above and just below his knees. The woman stood up and said into his ear, "I hate duct tape, too. I'm going to remove your gag and blindfold."

The tape covering his mouth was ripped off and the cloth was pulled out. Before Bill could say anything, a bottle of water was forced into his mouth and she began pouring. Bill suddenly realized how thirsty he was, so he tilted his head back and happily chugged the water down. She pulled it away before he had his fill. He started to protest when a large, spongy ball was shoved into his mouth. She forced it deep behind his teeth and then secured the strap tightly behind his head. Bill tried to say something but the only sound he heard was inaudible grunts.

She ripped the tape covering his eyes away and he squinted against the sudden bright lights. He squinted at the beautiful woman in front of him but then quickly noticed his surroundings.

Like he figured, they appeared to be in a basement, but this basement looked like a dungeon. There were all sorts of bondage items hanging from the walls – ropes, shackles, cuffs – and also a plethora of whips, riding crops, paddles and other items Bill assumed were to inflict pain. The room had an examination table, a wooden sawhorse and a sturdy wooden chair scattered throughout. There were also chains dangling from the ceiling.

Bill looked back to the woman just as she pulled a black leather hood over his head and secured it tightly by pulling the laces in the back. The hood fit very snug to his head and had no holes for his mouth or eyes. Just a small hole where his nose poked out. The hood also muffled the already garbled sounds Bill was trying to mutter. Then she snapped a tight leather collar around his neck, and she stepped back.

She stood there in silence for several minutes. Bill had no idea what she was doing. He thought that maybe the hood prevented him from hearing her moving around. That's when she grabbed his nose and pinched his nostrils shut.

Bill panicked when he realized that he could not breathe. He pulled back instinctually but lost his balance and fell backward. Bound as he was, there was no way to break his fall. He hit the ground hard, bouncing his head off the hard floor. Bill saw stars but remained conscious.

The woman never lost the grip on his nostrils and Bill began struggling against his bonds. His efforts were futile and his lungs began to burn for air. He bucked and yanked at the ropes that secured him but quickly slowed as he began to feel lightheaded from oxygen deprivation.

He could hear her saying, "That's it... fight! Struggle! You're making me so wet!"

He tried to shake his head from side to side but the woman would not release his nose. Bill's struggles ebbed as he began to pass out. That's when she let go and he inhaled hard through his nose.

As his mind began to clear, he could hear her saying, "I just wanted you to know who was in charge. If you don't do just as I say, I will pinch your nose and you will die. You now depend on me for your life... your very existence..."

Bill continued to suck in air. He tried to curse at the woman but only grunts were heard.

"I want you to think about what just happened," she said. "Think about what I can do to you with only two fingers. Think about how small and powerless you truly are. I will be back shortly and we will talk... and your training will begin in earnest."

With that, she walked away, up the stairs and through a door at the top. Bill could distinctly hear the door shut and a lock engaged.

He rolled onto his side to take the pressure off his bound arms that were pinned under his body. Then he tried to find the knots – any knots – in the ropes near his hands. But he found none. His bondage was applied expertly. This woman obviously knew how to tie people up, if the brief glance at the basement was any indication.

He bent his legs back toward his hands to try and feel if he could locate a knot, but he could not even touch the ropes securing his legs with his hands. He grunted in frustration. He was used to being in control of situations, but right now he never felt so helpless. He continued to pull against the ropes but they did not give an inch. Bill finally quit trying to squirm out of the bondage. He

knew it was hopeless. He would have to bide his time and wait for the right moment to attempt an escape.

After a while, Bill woke up when he heard the lock disengage and the door open. Then the sounds of the woman – Bill assumed it was her – coming down the stairs again. He tried to clear his head. Somehow he had fallen asleep, and he had no idea how long he had been lying on the floor.

The woman walked past Bill. He turned his hooded head and followed the sound of her heels on the hard floor even though he could not see. She seemed to be close to him but not paying any attention to him. He tried to get her attention but he was sure the sounds she heard – if any – were unable to be understood.

After a few minutes, she walked to Bill, stopped and knelt down. He was waiting for her to say something when an intense pain erupted from his right nipple. Immediately followed from his left nipple. The woman had attached something to his nipples that pinched him excruciatingly. Bill's thrashing resumed but stopped when she immediately grabbed him by his scrotum and yanked.

“Stand up,” she ordered.

Bill tried to ignore the pain at his nipples and followed her as she stood up – with his balls still firmly gripped in her hand. Somehow, he was able to get to his feet. The woman steadied him by letting go of his package and grabbing him by his right bicep.

“Come this way,” she ordered and started pulling him to his right.

Bill hopped with his bound feet and did his best not to fall. She stopped and spun him around. Without warning, she began to stroke his penis. He was surprised to find that he was already hard, and despite the discomfort from his bindings and the pain from his nipples, and almost ready to orgasm.

He began to thrust his pelvis with the rhythm of her strokes and felt himself nearing climax. He moaned into the gag in pleasure.

Then she stopped.

Bill grunted in frustration. He had forgotten everything he had been through up to this point and only wanted to grab his member and finish the job – but the rope prevented that from happening.

She ordered, “Sit!”

Bill sat down –completely expecting to fall on the floor – when his rear slapped down in a hard, uncomfortable chair. She pushed him until his back was against the high back of the chair. He could tell the chair was wood because of the feel beneath his bare rear and thighs. Then she buckled a thick strap across his chest and then began removing the hood.

When the laces were loosened, the hood was pulled away. Bill was pleasantly surprised that the lights were dimmed, and he was not forced to let his eyes adjust to sudden brightness as he did before.

He looked at his captor, who was standing directly in front of him. Like he remembered, she was stunning. Her dark hair was no longer pulled back, but rather hung around her shoulders. The T-shirt and jeans were gone. Replaced by what could be best described as a little black dress made from soft leather. It was tight and showed off her ample breasts. She wore knee-high, black boots with four-inch heels. She studied Bill in silence for several minutes and then slowly turned and walked toward the near wall.

Bill followed her with his eyes and was in total rapture over her gorgeous body and how it moved. He still knew his predicament, but he could not help to be so turned on by his captor.

She plucked a riding crop off the wall, turned and walked back to where she had studied him just moments earlier. She smiled and then, without warning, slapped his still hard penis with the crop. Bill tried to buck out of the chair, but the thick leather strap across his chest kept him situated. The chair did not move in the slightest, which made Bill think it must be secured to the floor somehow.

“You can put that thing away, naïve,” she said. “I’ll decide if and when you can use it.”

The woman slapped the crop into her other hand lightly as she began to pace in front of Bill.

“I gave you some pleasure – not a lot, just a little – because you were a good boy,” she said. “You did not try to attack me when you were abducted. You’ve

done what you were told. You did not try to escape while I changed out your bindings.”

Bill would have attacked her if she did not crank a round past his ear. And he was more than willing to attack her when she was changing from zipties to rope, but she did not give him the slightest opportunity. He would have told her but the ball gag made that impossible.

“I’m sure you’re wondering what’s happening,” she said. “Now is where I explain to you what the rest of your pathetic life is going to be.”

She stopped pacing and looked down on Bill.

“I make my living – a very profitable one – at capturing and then preparing new slaves for their masters,” she said. “I hunt for suitable candidates. I capture them. Then I train them for their new life as sex slaves.”

Bill was hearing her clearly, but it made no sense. Slaves? Masters? Sex slaves!?!

“I found you quite by accident,” she said with a slight grin. “I had just met a client in the parking lot – only minutes before you arrived – to deliver his new slave. She was some mousy little slut I found waiting tables in a bar in D.C. She was so easily trainable. She wanted the life, even if she hadn’t admitted it to herself.”

This woman is insane! Bill thought.

“The client paid me the remaining amount he owed me and asked if I could find him an alpha man,” she said. “A cock-strong man who would not be a push over. A man who was in charge all time – until, that is, I break him...”

Bill pulled at his wrists. He had to get free. The thought about no one knowing he was missing for at least two weeks entered his mind again.

“My name is not important,” she said, “but you will call me Mistress from now on. Of course, you will not call me anything for a long time. It will take a lot of training before you lose the gag.”

He pulled at the ropes around his wrists and elbows but did nothing to loosen them.

Mistress leaned toward him and said, “The struggling is a waste of time, but it gets me so damn wet. Can you smell me? Keep struggling. I love a challenge. I knew you would be a tough colt to break. My client had just left when you drove into the lot. As soon as you got out of your car, I could tell you were exactly what he wanted. You were confident, sure, in charge and composed. You will be my greatest trainee.”

Bill stopped pulling at the ropes. It was a futile attempt, and all the moving made his nipples hurt even more. He closed his eyes and took several deep breaths in attempt to calm himself.

Mistress unbuckled the strap across his chest and walked over to the wall again. She retrieved a silver chain leash. She returned to the chair and clipped it to the collar around Bill's neck. She then tugged playfully and said, "Let's go, naïve. It's time for your lessons to begin."

He struggled to his feet and hopped along behind Mistress as she moved to the center of the room. She stopped and put the hood back over Bill's head. After it was tightly secured, she untied the rope around his waist and his wrists had a little room to maneuver. Next she untied the rope around his elbows. The stress and pain began to ebb away from Bill's arms and shoulders. Then, she removed the clamps from his nipples.

He almost tried to say thank you, but stopped himself. If she was reapplying the bindings in some way, she might slip up – or might untie his wrists – so he had to be alert and diligent. That's when he heard the sound of a chain rattling and then the sound of a motorized garage door opener. Before he could guess at what the sound was, he was slowly lifted off the ground by his collar!

Immediately, Bill could not breathe at all. He was being hanged!

"Stop thrusting about, naïve," Mistress said. "Once I get your hands resecured I'll let you down."

She grabbed his bound wrists and quickly untied them. Bill instantly reached up toward his neck and tried to get the collar off but it was locked securely.

"Put your hands in front of you if you want to live," Mistress said calmly.

Bill stuck his hands in front of him as he felt as if he would soon lose consciousness. Mistress quickly snapped on a pair of handcuffs and clicked the remote. The apparatus lowered Bill and he collapsed on the floor. As he tried to catch his breath, Mistress unclipped the leash from the apparatus and clipped it to the chain between the cuffs on his wrists. She then hit the remote again, and Bill was pulled to a standing position with his hands stretched over his head. Mistress placed him high enough where he had to stand on his toes or he would dangle from the ceiling.

“You will not hesitate when you are told to do something,” Mistress said. “Hesitation is defiance, and defiance will not be tolerated. Defiance will be met with swift punishment. Acceptance and submission will bring you pleasure.”

Then she swatted his rear with the riding crop. The pain was electric and caused Bill to leave his feet. Mistress began rhythmically spanking Bill’s backside.

“You will learn to take the pain,” Mistress said. “In time, you will love the pain. You will look forward to the pain, because your pain makes your master happy.”

Periodically, Mistress would strike Bill on the thighs or back, but the majority of the strikes went to his now beet-red rump.

After what seemed like forever to Bill, Mistress stopped and slowly caressed his backside. Her touch was loving – almost motherly. Then she tenderly grabbed his penis and began to stroke. He was hard instantly.

He had no idea how he could be aroused in the slightest after what he had endured over the last few hours, but he was.

Mistress leaned into Bill's ear and whispered in a seductive voice, "Does it feel good naïve? Do you want to cum?"

Unbeknownst to Bill, he nodded vigorously.

Mistress stroked him harder and faster. Bill began thrusting his hips and groaning into the gag and hood.

"You may cum, dear," she whispered.

Bill came hard and long. Mistress kept stroking him until he was so weak in the knees, he was hanging from his wrists with no leg support. Mistress stopped and lowered him to the ground again.

Bill laid there in a heap trying to collect himself. She unclipped the chain from the handcuffs and reapplied it to his collar. Bill tried to protest but was too spent to move.

"I'm going to remove the handcuffs," she said. "I can hang you while I do it, again, or you can just submit. Which will it be?"

Bill weakly nodded his head.

“Good boy,” she said and then kissed him on top of his head.

Mistress unlocked the handcuffs and told him to place his hands behind his back. Bill complied. She bound his wrists together tightly. She then secured his bound ankles to his bound wrists with a separate piece of rope and placed him in another hogtie.

Then, without a word, Mistress patted him on his red rear and walked away. At the top of the steps, before she unlocked the door, she mentioned that he should get some rest because he would need the energy.

But Bill was unconscious and never heard a word.

Bill had no idea how long he had been out, but he woke up when the lock on the door disengaged loudly. He heard Mistress’ shoes clapping off the hard surface as she approached him.

“Wake up, naïve,” she said happily. “A new day of training awaits.”

Mistress unlaced the hood and rolled it off his mouth and removed the ball gag. Bill flexed his jaw and tried to work the kinks out. A bottle of water was placed at his lips and he drank greedily from it. When he bottle was empty, another bottle was at his lips. Bill finished that one off too.

He cleared his dry throat and started saying, "Mistr..."

But go no further. A ring was forced into his mouth and strapped into place. The ring gag silenced him as effectively as the ball gag. That's when Mistress removed the hood. The room was still dimly lit so his eyes adjusted quickly. He looked at Mistress and saw that she had changed clothes. She was now wearing a black PVC catsuit and five-inch heels. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail.

Mistress walked seductively over to the chair he had been strapped into the last time they were together and sat down. She leaned back in the chair and said, "Come to me."

Bill was trying to figure out how he would get up when she added, "Crawl..."

Bill crawled along the hard concrete floor as quickly as his bound legs and wrists would allow. He reached the foot of the chair and stopped to catch his breath.

Mistress threw each of her legs over the opposite arms of the chair. "Now, pleasure me, naïve. Pleasure me with your tongue."

Bill squirmed into a kneeling position and saw that there was an opening in the crotch of the catsuit. Mistress' sex was fully exposed to him.

"Get to it, boy!" she ordered.

Bill leaned forward and began to lick her clit as best as the ring gag would allow. After a few minutes, Mistress said, "This is pathetic. Fuck me with your mouth or you will be punished!"

Bill leaned into her sex and began to use his nose and chin as well as his tongue. After a few minutes, Mistress began to moan in ecstasy.

"That's it, boy," she murmured. "I knew you had it in you."

Soon after that, Mistress arched her back and screamed as she came. She leaned back, closed her eyes and smiled. "Maybe there's hope for you yet."

Mistress opened her eyes and playfully tussled his short hair. Then she swung her legs around Bill and stood up. She walked around the backside of the chair and said, "Come here."

Bill crawled to where Mistress was standing. He saw she was standing next to a padded item that seemed secured to the floor. It was approximately three feet tall, three feet long and two feet wide. He had no idea what it was supposed to be.

Mistress patted the top of the item. "Up here, love. I want you to lay your chest on this. Feet still on the floor. Your head can hang off the far end."

Bill struggled to get to his feet, but he was able to lean on the padded rectangle and use it for support. After a few minutes, he was laying on his belly where he had been directed, feet on the floor and head hanging off the far end.

Mistress pulled hidden straps from the item he was on and secured them across his back and butt – pinning his chest to the padded item. She untied Bill’s ankles and knees, and he let out a groan of relief. As he worked the kinks out of his legs, Mistress walked where he could not see and returned with a new toy. She applied the three-foot spreader bar to Bill’s ankles and then secured straps across the back of his thighs – pinning them to the item. Bill was now secured in a standing “L” shape with his ankles spread three feet apart and unable to move them.

Mistress moved away again. Bill tried to look back but was unable to see what she was doing. He then heard the door open and someone was on the stairs. He assumed Mistress was leaving him but she soon appeared next to him. Someone it seems was joining the party.

“Your new master will be that – a man,” she said. “Are you gay?”

Bill shook his head.

“Didn’t think so,” she said with a smile. “Ever have a gay encounter?”

Bill shook his head faster.

“Not ever? Not drunk in college? Never at all?”

Bill kept shaking his head no.

Mistress nodded. "Then this is going to be fun."

She stepped in full view of him and saw that she was wearing an enormous strap-on dildo.

Bill kept shaking his head no.

"And we have a visitor," Mistress said, looking past Bill.

He looked that way as a man idled up next to him. He was an average-sized man, who was totally shaved, totally naked and apparently totally aroused. Then man's penis was as stiff as a board and Bill could see it was already wet at the tip. The only thing on his body was a black leather collar around his neck.

"This is Caesar," Mistress said. "He's my pet. He helps me train the newbies who have never been... taken by a man..."

Bill began to pull at his bounds and thrash about, but he could hardly move. Mistress grabbed him by the chin and forced him to look at her.

“The struggling makes me so wet, but you have a decision to make,” Mistress said. “I’m going to fuck you in the ass, and Caesar is going to fuck you in the mouth. Of this, there is no doubt. But if you willingly do this, you will receive pleasure. If you resist... it’s the crop again... or worse...”

Bill was lost. He had no idea what to do. He had never even thought about putting a penis in his mouth. He nodded without even knowing he was doing it.

“I knew you’d see it my way,” Mistress said.

Caesar began to remove the ring gag as Mistress applied some gel to Bill’s rosebud. She lubed it up quickly and then violently entered his rear with the strap-on. Just then, the ring gag came out and Caesar forced his cock into Bill’s mouth.

The strap-on was vibrating inside of him, and Bill had no idea what he was feeling. Caesar was thrusting harder and harder, and he was grunting louder with each thrust. Mistress was like a piston behind him. She never stopped or slowed her assault on Bill’s rear. Amazingly, during all this, Bill realized he was getting hard again. His manhood was pinned against the vertical side of the item he was secured to, but it was trying to get loose and join the party.

Bill was trying to think why he could be the least bit aroused. He was in the process of being raped. This was not supposed to be stimulating.

That’s when Caesar came in Bill’s mouth. It shot to the back of his throat and Caesar pulled out. Mistress also stopped and pulled out from Bill’s rear.

He tried to collect Caesar's cum and spit it out, but Mistress covered his mouth with her hand and said, "Swallow it or face the crop."

Bill sighed in frustration, and then forced Caesar's seed down his throat. Bill dry heaved but was able to keep it down. He opened his mouth, just in case he vomited, and Mistress shoved some cloth into his mouth. This was followed by the ball gag he had on earlier, which was tightly wedged deep in his mouth and buckled uncomfortably behind his head.

Mistress unsecured the straps holding Bill to the leather-covered dais and unceremoniously rolled him off and onto the floor. He was trying to move the rag in his mouth with his tongue – getting it into a position where he would not choke – when Mistress put on the hood and secured it tightly. Bill was plunged into total darkness again.

Bill was rolled onto his back and he felt Mistress grab his erect member and began stroking him tenderly.

"I knew you would enjoy your training, my pet," Mistress said seductively.

Mistress continued massaging his manhood as Bill felt close to climaxing. Just as he was about to come, she stopped. Bill moaned into the gag in frustration. Then, he felt something being secured around his member. It was tight and constrictive, but the discomfort was not intense. Then he was rolled onto his belly and the hogtie was reapplied.

“The chastity device will keep you from completing the act of pleasure,” Mistress said. “You will only be pleased when I decide you will be pleased.”

Still, Bill tried to rub his engorged member on the floor, but there was no way he could finish the deed with the chastity device secured.

“You did well, my pet,” Mistress said. “Now get your rest. When I return later, you will experience pain like you’ve never experienced in your pathetic life. If you survive, maybe I will allow you to be completely pleased.”

Bill could hear her walking away and then up the stairs.

“This way, Caesar,” Mistress said. “I will allow you to play with him later.”

The door was closed and the lock engaged.

Bill woke when the lock was disengaged. He could hear someone – he assumed Mistress – walking down the stairs, but the sound was muffled. As if she was no longer wearing heels.

The person approached him and knelt next to him without uttering a word. The rope securing his bound ankles to his wrists was removed, and Bill stretched out his legs as much as the ropes would allow. He was sore and just wanted to be able to stretch. Escape was the furthest thing from his mind. He just wanted to be comfortable.

The chastity device was removed. Then, he was rolled back onto his belly. The rope around his wrists was untied and then the person walked away. The rope was still wrapped around his wrists, but was no longer tied.

Bill waited for the crop or something else to inflict pain, but nothing happened. He could hear the person walking back up the stairs, the door opened and closed.

Then there was no sound except for his labored breathing.

This has to be a trap, Bill thought. A trick...

He waited several minutes but nothing happened. He did not know if he was truly alone, but he thought he was supposed to try something. Maybe it was a test...

Bill wriggled his hands until the rope became loose, and he pulled his hands free. She rolled onto his back and stretched his arms out. They were sore and stiff, but he relished the freedom.

Again, he stopped and listened but heard nothing.

He reached behind his head and fumbled around with the hood. It took a while, but he was able to finally loosen it and pulled it free.

The lights were on but dimmed, so he was able to look around without pain in his eyes while they adjusted. He removed the ball gag and pulled the rag from his mouth. As he threw the rag onto the floor, he saw three bottles of water.

Bill grabbed one, opened it and chugged it down. He opened the second and began drinking it when he wondered if it may be drugged.

But he was so thirsty, he ignored the possibility and finished the second and then downed the third. Bill waited a few seconds to see if he felt groggy or drugged.

Nothing.

He untied his ankles and stood up. As he surmised, he was alone in the dungeon. He unfastened the collar around his neck and threw it to the floor. He walked to the stairs and saw his clothes neatly folded on the floor at the foot of the staircase. He dressed quickly and slowly ascended the stairs. He moved slowly and cautiously – trying his best to make as little noise as possible – and reached the door.

Bill debated Mistress' intentions. She had a gun, but he was free. If this was a trap or a trick or a test, he figured at least he had a fighting chance. He may be sore and stiff, but his limbs were getting loser by the minute. And the adrenalin was helping him in a big way. As he reached for the doorknob, Bill decided he was not going to let Mistress win – no matter what.

He turned the knob and the door swung open.

He listened but heard nothing.

Then he slowly walked into the adjoining room.

He was in a kitchen. The appliances were top rate. It was modern and very well kept. At the far end was a breakfast nook with a very nice table and chair set. Sitting at the table was Mistress.

She was looking at him but said nothing. Bill stared at her but remained silent. Then he noticed the gun. Not in her hand, but on the table. It was on the far side of the table – closer to him than to Mistress. Next to the gun was a pair of handcuffs – probably the ones she had used on him yesterday – and what appeared to be his wallet and cell phone from his rental car. There was also a set of keys that Bill thought were they car keys he had in his pocket when Mistress had abducted him.

She said, “You can have the gun. All I ask is that you allow me to explain.”

Bill stepped forward quickly and snatched the pistol off the table. He quickly pulled back the slide a tiny bit and saw that it was indeed loaded. He then held it down. Not pointing it at her but ready if he needed it. He scanned the kitchen for Caesar – or anyone else for that matter – but they were alone.

He looked back at Mistress and noticed something different. Her eyes. The look of superiority was no longer there. She kept eye contact with him for only a few seconds before looking down.

“What the hell, lady,” was all Bill could say and keep his cool.

She looked back at Bill and said, “There’s been a terrible mistake.”

“No kidding!” Bill snapped. “Who the hell do you think you are?”

Mistress put her hands out. “I’m so sorry.”

“I bet you are!”

“All I ask is that you give me a few minutes to explain,” she said. “After that, you can do whatever you want. You can call the police if you want.”

“You can count on that, lady!”

She closed her eyes and nodded. “And I wouldn’t blame you, but, please, let me explain...”

Bill tried to calm himself. He took a deep breath, held it for a few seconds and then exhaled loudly. “Okay. Explain.”

She motioned toward the chair closest to him. "Please sit."

"I'll stand!"

She nodded. "Of course. Of course."

Bill took a step back, sighed and said, "Just explain."

She nodded again. "My name is Colleen Jernigan. I'm a professional dominatrix."

"A what?"

"A dominatrix," Colleen said. "I entertain clients whose wishes are to be dominated by a woman."

Bill had a decent idea what a dominatrix was. He had heard about them from a friend on the department who worked in the Vice Unit.

"So what gives you the right to kidnap me?" Bill said sternly. "You shot at me! You beat me! Hell, lady, you raped me!"

Colleen closed her eyes and nodded again. "I know. I'm so sorry. It was an error on my part."

"No shit!"

Colleen opened her eyes. "I thought you were a client."

"Huh?"

"I thought you were a client," she repeated.

"Why the hell did you think that?" Bill snapped.

"I had a client contact me," she explained. "He wanted the kidnapping fantasy that I advertise on my website."

"You advertise on a website?" Bill asked skeptically.

She nodded. "Yes. All doms do nowadays."

Bill nodded but said nothing.

Colleen had a few piece of paper on the table next to her. She pushed them across the table and said, "Here are the correspondences I've had with the client. I've never met him so I didn't know exactly what he looked like."

Bill stepped forward and took the papers. He put the handgun in his waistband and studied the papers. They were printouts of several emails back and forth from "Mistress Colleen and "Boundslave1213".

The emails stated that Boundslave wanted the 48-hour kidnapping special. In one of the emails from Colleen, she asked about Boundslave's hard limits. Boundslave stated he had none. He was open to "anything and everything".

"Jesus Christ," Bill muttered.

"The client said he wanted to be bound at all times and broken by me," Colleen said. "He described himself and the car he would be driving. The description matched you. Your car too."

Bill read all of the emails. The description Boundslave gave of himself sounded like Bill's description. He even said he would be driving a red Ford Mustang.

Just my luck! Bill thought. What are the odds!!!

"When he said "no hard limits" that tells me I can do whatever I advertise on my website," Colleen continued. "And it says on my site that I will perform severe corporal punishment and forced gay encounters."

When Bill finished reading and then rereading the emails he sighed again. Then he sat down in the chair closest to him – across the table from Colleen.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” he mumbled.

“This morning, I went and got your car from the rest area,” she said. “I found your wallet, and badge and ID card. I got a little nervous and looked around the car some more and saw your paperwork for the class at the FBI Academy. I was really confused, and when I got home...I had another email from the client.”

She pushed another piece of paper across the table.

Bill picked it up and read.

I’m sorry I didn’t make it to the link up site, Mistress Colleen. I had a family emergency and had to leave town immediately. Please keep the initial down payment for any troubles I have caused you. Hopefully you’ll allow me to reschedule.

Respectfully,

Boundslave1213

“That’s when I knew I had made a terrible mistake,” Colleen implored. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t know what to do. So I untied your hands and figured I’d wait up here for you.”

Bill looked up from the email. “And what do you expect me to do?”

“You’re well within your rights to call the police and press charges,” Colleen said. “I wouldn’t blame you. I’m a professional and I screwed up. I’m willing to face the consequences of my actions – but I was hoping you’d find it in your heart to forgive me.”

“Forgive you?” Bill said. “And let bygones be bygones?”

Colleen nodded. “If you would, I’d be in your debt.”

“What about that freak, Caesar?” Bill snapped. “What about him?”

“He’s just another client,” Colleen explained. “He wanted to be part of a forced sexual experience on a straight guy. Listen, Mr. Cavanaugh, I can’t fix what I’ve done but please understand I thought you were a client and you wanted me to do these things to you.”

The anger began to ebb from Bill. He sighed again and leaned back in the chair. “This is your job?”

Colleen nodded. "Yes. I've made quite a good living doing what I'm doing, but this incident has made me consider quitting. I can't tell you how terrible I feel."

Bill shut his eyes and rubbed his face. He opened his eyes and looked at Colleen. She was definitely a looker. She was wearing a pink t-shirt – not too tight but tight enough – a denim mini-skirt and white sneakers.

"Don't quit," he said. "You're obviously good at what you do."

Colleen perked up. "So, are you going to call the police?"

Bill sighed again and shook his head. "No..."

Colleen smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Cavanaugh. There's no way I can repay your kindness and understanding."

Bill shook his head and smirked. He motioned to the handcuffs on the table next to his wallet and cell phone. "What are those for?"

Colleen smiled and shrugged. "I figured you could cuff me if you were going to call the police."

"I bet you'd like that," said Bill.

She smiled again and shook her head. "No, not at all. I'm a dom. I don't like to be on the bottom."

Bill was not sure what she meant but he got the drift. "So, this job of yours. It's not just a job?"

"No," she answered. "I'm an honest to God dominatrix. I love the life style. I'm also a sadist. Not a bit of masochist in my body."

Bill smiled. "Well, I'm not a masochist either, and your beatings sucked!"

Colleen laughed. "Again, I'm sorry... but you did enjoy some of it."

"Very little," Bill said.

"You're not little at all, Mr. Cavanaugh," Colleen said teasingly.

Bill shook his head and chuckled. He was well aware that they were now flirting and figured he should stop while he was ahead. "Where are we?"

"This is my house," Colleen said. "It's in a suburb of DC in Virginia. I can give you directions to the FBI Academy. It's only an hour or so away from here."

Bill shook his head. "No need. I'm already late. I don't think they'll allow me to jump in the course now that they started. The feds are sticklers for that sort of thing."

"Again, I'm sorry."

Bill shrugged. "Oh well. What are you going to do? Not like I can tell them I was late because of what really happened! They'd laugh me out of town!"

Colleen laughed again. Bill really liked her laugh.

"I'm glad I figured out my screw up," she said. "If I didn't, I bet the SWAT team would've been breaking down my door by tonight."

"Not likely," Bill said. "I was scared to death because I knew that no one would probably have known I was missing for at least two weeks."

"Huh?"

Bill explained that his agency was not expecting him back for two weeks, and the FBI probably would not be contacting the Savannah PD to check on his whereabouts.

Colleen actually blushed a little. "I bet you were worried."

“Worried, hell! I was scared to death!” Bill said. “Like I said, you’re good at what you do. You had me convinced.”

Colleen stood up. “Thank you, Mr. Cavanaugh. For the compliment and for being so understanding.”

Bill smiled and nodded his head.

“What are you going to do now?” Colleen asked.

“I guess I’ll go home,” he answered. “I’ll try and catch a flight sometime today or tomorrow, I guess. And you can stop calling me Mr. Cavanaugh. I think we’re close enough now that you can call me Bill.”

Colleen smiled. “Okay, Bill. I’m an eternal optimist and hoped that you’d not press charges. So I took the liberty of checking out the flights from DC to Savannah. The earliest you can leave is tomorrow morning.”

Bill stood up. He pulled the handgun out of his waistband and placed it on the table. “I guess this is yours. Can I use your computer to book the flight?”

“Of course,” Colleen said. “And I’ll pay for the flight. It’s the least I can do.”

“Thank you,” Bill said.

“Would you like a cup of coffee or something else to drink?” Colleen asked.

He wanted a stiff drink but said yes to the coffee.

Colleen started preparing the coffee at the Keurig machine. “The computer is in the den. If you want, you can book your flight. You can stay here tonight if you want. Again, it’s the least I can do.”

Bill seriously considered the offer, but he was not sure where that would lead. So he thanked her but declined her hospitality and said he would go stay at a hotel near the airport. He walked out of the kitchen and found the den. He turned on the desktop computer and started to sit down at the desk when he heard Colleen say, “It’s an older computer. It takes a while for it to boot up.”

Bill walked back into the kitchen and saw that his coffee was waiting at the table. There was sugar and cream already on the table too. Colleen was waiting on her cup to pour out of the machine.

“How long does it take to boot up?” he asked.

Colleen looked at him and said, “Long enough to finish your cup of coffee. I should get a new computer but I’m familiar with it. It’s like an old friend.”

Bill sat down, added the cream and sugar and stirred with a spoon. Colleen sat down at the chair next to him.

“Can I ask you a question, Bill?”

He sipped his coffee. “Shoot.”

“Was there anything with the experience that you enjoyed?” she asked. “I just wanted to know for myself. I want my clients to enjoy the experience.”

Bill shrugged. “I’m not into pain. Definitely not into the gay thing... but I was turned on just a little bit.”

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

He shrugged again. “Never had it done before. Never even considered it, but I guess it was pretty... cool.”

Colleen smiled. “So you enjoyed being tied up by me?”

Bill put the coffee mug down. “There was a quality of excitement to the whole thing. I guess I was somewhat aroused... at times... but not with your buddy Caesar. That’s not my thing.”

“Homophobic?”

He shook his head. "No. Not at all. I'm just not into it... but you had me turned on... a little."

Colleen's eyes sparkled. She took a sip of her coffee and said, "Spend the night, Bill. Let me make it up to you. Let me tie you up and make you feel good. Let me show you what you've been missing."

Bill almost spilled his coffee. "No, thank you... I think I've been tied up enough for one day."

"Two days," Colleen corrected. "I've had you for two days. You slept a lot. Apparently you were worn out from the... sessions I was putting you through."

Bill was shocked about how long he had been with Colleen, but that was quickly pushed to the back of his mind and all he could focus in on was his growing erection.

Colleen put her mug down. "I know what you like and don't like now. Let me make it up to you. I promise you won't be disappointed."

Bill knew that was the craziest idea he had ever heard. He knew that he should finish his coffee and leave before things got even crazier. Then he heard himself say, "You'll untie me if I ask you to?"

"Absolutely!" Colleen said. "I'll give you a safe word. If you say the word, I'll stop immediately and untie you. I promise."

“A safe word?” he asked. “If I say the word you’ll stop and untied me?”

She nodded. “Yes! We can use Savannah. You say Savannah, and I’ll stop everything I’m doing. The scene ends, you get untied and you can leave or stay. And I’ll still pay for your flight home.”

Bill knew this was the dumbest thing he was ever going to do, but he was seriously turned on by this woman.

“Okay,” he said. “Let’s go for it.”

Colleen leaned over and kissed him passionately. She pulled back and said, “Get undressed and I’ll be right back.”

She left in a hurry, obviously excited, as he undressed. He placed his clothes on the table. He was wearing only his underwear when Colleen came back into the kitchen carrying a large black duffel bag.

“Take those drawers off,” Colleen ordered. “How am I supposed to go down on you if you’re wearing those?”

Bill yanked of his underwear and tossed them on the table.

Colleen unzipped the bag and pulled out a coil of soft white rope. “Turn around and put your hands behind your back.”

“And if I say Savannah...”

“I stop,” she said. “Hand to God.”

Bill turned his back to Colleen and placed his hands behind his back. She put his hands palm to palm and began wrapping the rope around his wrists. Then she cinched it tight and Bill was once again tied – but this time of his own free will. Colleen began to rub his shoulders and moved her hands down his back. Her touch felt electric and she continued down to his rear where she gave it a playful squeeze.

She knelt down and pulled out a leather blindfold and placed it over Bill’s eyes. She whispered, “Trust me, dear. It’s always better blindfolded.”

“I trust you,” Bill breathed.

After he was effectively blinded, he could hear her grabbing something else from her bag of goodies.

“Put your legs together,” she said.

Bill did as instructed and she quickly and expertly bound his ankles together. He tested the bounds and knew he was once again helpless and at her mercy.

“You look so hot, Officer Cavanaugh,” Colleen said in a sultry voice as she knelt in front of Bill.

“I have to admit,” Bill said. “I’m seriously turned on right now.”

“I can tell...” Colleen said just as she took his engorged penis in her mouth.

Bill actually yelped in surprise and excitement. She reached around and gripped his rear and slowly made love to him with her mouth. It felt wonderful and Bill started thrusting along with her strokes. As he got closer to climaxing, he began to grunt in anticipation.

“You’re so damn hot!” Bill muttered.

Colleen withdrew from him and stood up. Before Bill could complain, she was kissing him hard and passionately. Her tongue hungrily invaded his mouth. He kissed her back with the same ferocity.

She pulled back and said, “You’re so damn hot too, Officer Cavanaugh.”

“Call me Bill,” he stammered.

“I’ve always wanted to tie up a cop,” Colleen said.

“It’s amazing...”

“Kiss me again,” Colleen said.

Bill leaned in and opened his mouth. That’s when she shoved in a sponge and the ball gag right after it. As she was buckling it tightly behind his head, she said, “The gag makes it better. Just like the blindfold. Trust me, Officer Cavanaugh.”

Bill tried to say that he did trust her, but all that was heard was muffled gibberish. Bill tried to adjust the sponge in his mouth. It was far less uncomfortable than the rag had been, but the ball gag was already starting to cause some discomfort in his jaw. That discomfort was quickly forgotten when Colleen took him once again in her mouth.

She stroked him several times in that same slow rhythmic motion she had just before, but then withdrew again.

Bill tried to beg her to let him cum, but anything he said was lost to the very effective gag. He heard her digging around in the duffle bag. Then she began to wrap more rope around him. She bound his legs above and below the knees. Then she bound his elbows as close together as she could get them.

Immediately, the soreness returned and Bill tried to voice his ache, but the gag was overly efficient. Colleen navigated him to the chair and helped him sit

down. Then she began to make love to him orally again – but this time she was voracious. She attacked his manhood and Bill came in seconds. The release was beyond gratifying. Colleen continued until Bill was slumped in the chair out of exhaustion.

Colleen stood up, moved around behind the chair, began removing the blindfold and whispered, “I have a wonderful surprise for you, Officer Cavanaugh.”

When the blindfold was removed, Caesar was standing in front of Bill. He was naked and was sporting a huge erection. Bill’s eyes flew open wide just before the leather bondage hood was pulled over his head and tightened severely around his face.

He pulled at his restraints but there was no escape. He was yelling into the gag but it was all a muffled garble.

“Savannah?” Colleen said teasingly into his right ear. “Is that what you’re saying, Officer Cavanaugh? Well, you should have read my emails to Boundslave more closely – where I mentioned I refuse to use a safe word. I abhor safety, Officer Cavanaugh.”

Bill tried to get control of himself. This must be all part of the game. Part of the rush. Colleen had been sincerely apologetic about the mishap, and she was willing to face the music if he had decided to call the police and press charges.

Colleen straddled Bill's lap, leaned in close to his leather encased head and said, "I'm so fucking hot right now, Officer Cavanaugh. The thrill of not knowing if you were going to call the police and turn me in... so exhilarating!"

Bill was unable to loosen the ropes encircling his wrists or elbows, and considering his attempts for the past two days had been fruitless, he assumed he was stuck until she decided to untie him again. He tried to convince himself that Caesar appearing out of the blue was just Colleen's way to get him wound up and nervous.

"Of course, if you had called 911, I really wouldn't have gotten into too much trouble," Colleen said. "The local DA and chief of police are both frequent clients of mine. As soon as you left town, I'm sure the charges would have been – shall we say – dropped?"

Bill focused on what she was telling him. If she was lying or acting a part, she was very convincing.

Colleen began to rub herself slowly on Bill's softening penis. "When I found out I had screwed up and abducted the wrong guy – and that guy was a cop who was supposed to be at the FBI Academy – I went into serious damage control. I honestly thought they would be looking for you, and it was only a matter of time before they kicked in my door with a search warrant. So I might as well let you go, explain what had happened and hoped you didn't cause a stink."

Despite his apprehension, Bill was starting to harden again as Colleen slowly rubbed herself on his sex. He stopped fighting the bonds and hoped that this was all part of the game.

She kissed him lightly on the nose and said, "And you, Officer Cavanaugh, were nice enough not to call the police – even if I figured I could quietly get out of any serious trouble. Then, you told me about how you were not going to be missed for at least two weeks, and I knew that I had to seize the opportunity."

Bill tried to say something about her letting him go, but the sponge, ball gag and bondage hood prevented anything resembling understandable speech to be heard.

"You're a man," she continued, "and you're weak. All I had to do was get you to admit you enjoyed the situation I put you through in the least. Once you did, all you wanted to do was get laid. You voluntarily let me bind you again – after what I had put you through! You let me tie you up, and now you are truly my property. To do with what I wish. For as long as I want."

Bill was now hard again and it was an effort to keep listening intently to Colleen.

"Your cell phone," she said. "It's dead, but I'm going to ensure it finds its way into a body of water at the earliest possible convenience. I'm going to drop your car off at a shopping mall. When it's located, no one will know how it got there or where you are."

Bill was close to shooting his load again, but Colleen suddenly stood up. She moved behind the chair and he felt another collar being tightly secured around his neck.

“Every pet needs a collar,” she said. “No, my pet, here is what is going to happen to you. You are now my property. I will do whatever I want to you, whenever I want to. You are my slave, and I will train you. You will be obedient and loyal, or you will be severely punished. You will be bound – at all times – and only allowed brief periods to eat and relieve yourself.”

Bill started to try and tell her that he was going to see that she went to prison, but stopped when he realized nothing he said sounded like human speech.

“I hope you’re comfortable, my pet,” she said. “You will be in that bondage for the next 48 hours. I will not untie you for anything. If you have to relieve yourself, just go on the floor where you are. If you’re a good pet, I may pop an IV in you to give you some fluids, but if your bad...”

She let her words hang for a few moments before continuing. “Over the next 48 hours, I am going to auction you to some of my clients and other people I know through my profession. For a substantial fee, I will allow them one hour of uninterrupted fun with you. The only stipulation is that you are not killed and never untied.”

Bill shook his head from side to side and cursed Colleen.

“I know you’re excited! This is going to be so much fun!” she said. “After the 48 hours are up, I may rearrange your bondage – if you have been a good pet. Caesar was the first person I texted when I figured out what I was going to do. I told you the truth when I said he was a client with an affinity for forcing rape on straight guys. He’s paid me a handsome rate for the first hour with you, Officer Cavanaugh.”

Bill felt hands roughly grab him and hoist him out of the chair and into the air. He heard a man grunt as he was placed over Caesar's shoulder. Caesar started to walk down the stairs into the dungeon with his new toy.

Before Colleen shut the door, she said, "And Officer Cavanaugh, Caesar paid twice my asking price for you. You see, he's spent some time in prison over the years... and when I mentioned that you were a cop... well, he couldn't resist the opportunity for a little – shall we say – payback."

Bill tried to struggle but Caesar had a firm hold on him as they descended into the dungeon.

"Enjoy yourself, Caesar," Colleen said. "Just leave some for my next client. He'll be here in an hour."

"Yes, Mistress Colleen," Caesar replied in a gravelly voice.

The door slammed shut.

When they reached the dungeon, Caesar placed Bill on the floor face first. Bill felt Caesar begin to apply lubricant to his rosebud.

Caesar's raspy voice uttered, "You and I are going to have so much fun, Officer Cavanaugh. I've had wet dreams hoping for a situation just like this. You are now my bitch!"

Bill could not believe that he had allowed himself to be in this predicament, and he knew he had to get loose – as fast as possible – or he would quite possibly never be heard from or seen again.....